

STORIES BY A DETECTIVE.

THE COLBY MURDER.

DID you ever hear of the Colby murder? Perhaps not, although the facts in regard to it were published far and wide, and the large reward offered for the detection of the murderer, as well as other circumstances connected with the case, gave it notoriety throughout the whole West.

A handsomer girl than handsome Nellie Colby was never seen in Georgetown. I say Georgetown, because I intend to conceal the real name of the place, acting upon the request of at least two individuals who were chief actors in the sad drama.

A tall, red-cheeked, black-eyed girl, with tresses which a romancer would call raven, with pearly teeth and little white hands, a form lithe and graceful, a voice soft and sweet as the song of a bird—was it any wonder that the old, the young and the middle-aged of Georgetown said, "God bless Nellie Colby!" whenever she appeared? And she was not praised entirely for her beauty. She was as good as she was lovely, the wealth of her father, Richard Colby, allowing her to give rein to her desire to aid and assist the worthy unfortunate, and to bring sunshine to dozens of homes in her own and neighboring towns which were far more used to the black shadows of poverty and degradation.—Richard Colby was a retired merchant, living in a fine mansion just outside of Georgetown. His wife had long been dead and all his love was given to Nellie, his only child. Her request was law to him, and her presence was his only enjoyment. No father's love could be stronger, and no daughter ever proved herself more worthy of a parent's affection and indulgence.

So much for the family. It would have been strange if handsome Nellie Colby had no suitors. She had them almost without number. The leading lawyer of Georgetown, the banker over at K—, the minister who had arrived shortly before from Middleville, and I can't tell you how many more, were only too anxious to hear the word which should give them Nellie Colby for a wife. So much adulation might have worked to alter a nature less generous, pure, confiding and upright, but Nellie's noble qualities shone out the better for her many social trials. Firmly, but in a manner which did not wound again the wounded heart, she told the clergyman, and the banker, that she had no desire to leave her father, or to break in upon the routine which was his happiness, and they went away feeling more than ever before that the girl had a heart found only once in years.

But was there ever a woman who could turn every one away? whose heart could not be made to tremble at some one's tender expressions? Pahaw? Think of me, almost an old man, three or four children playing and whooping about me as I write, and a quiet wife sitting over in the corner with her needle—think of me writing a love story! The more especially, as I long ago learned that success in my profession was greatly enhanced by one's quickly learning to steel one's heart against the power of money and the wiles of a handsome woman.

But in this case I am the historian as well as one of the actors, and I must not interrupt myself.

Well, there came a day when Nellie Colby's heart could not find words to dismiss a suitor—could not or did not wish to. It was not a clergyman, banker or lawyer, this time—it was handsome Earl Temple. Coming to Georgetown a year before, he had put out a modest little sign over the door of his office, bearing the words, "E. Temple, Physician and Surgeon," and thus proceeded to make the acquaintance of every man, woman and child in Georgetown who would take a kind "good-morning," or desired to feel the grip of a hand which had never yet wronged a human being. No one knew much about the new-comer, except that he had but little money, was exceedingly generous with what he had, and that Georgetown was altogether too healthy a location to make the sign over the door return more than enough to foot the weekly bill of the buxom landlady around the corner. True there was a legend that Earl Temple came of a good family, that he had wealthy parents somewhere in the East, that he was a young man of talent and education, and had established himself at Georgetown from an ambitious desire to win a name and a place among people by his own unaided efforts. But village legends seldom have any foundation to build on, and in time the people of the town forgot all about what Earl Temple had been, and loved and respected him for what he was.

There was no sickness at the Colby mansion, and people at last began to wonder what drew the handsome doctor up the shady avenue so often. If any one really doubted at first, there was no longer any cause to doubt after a time. When Nellie passed through the village leaning upon the doctor's arm, or he drove her and her father long rides into the beautiful country, the gossips put this and that together, and Dame Rumor said that Nellie Colby would one day be Mrs. Earl Temple. No one was prepared to say that the "match" was not a good one, that Earl would not prove a de-

voted husband and a filial son-in-law, and when the question was settled, it was satisfactorily settled.

It is not for me to say how handsome Temple won the girl's heart—how Mr. Colby one day joined their hands and blessed them, how happy every one felt around the big mansion—for this formed no part of the task which I undertook several weeks after the gossips knew that the marriage day had been set.

There came another stranger to Georgetown one day, one who did not receive the generous welcome extended to Earl Temple. He was a tall dark-haired man, perhaps a little flashily dressed, with a proud aristocratic bearing, which looked more like despotism to the simple people of the village, and he took great pains that the information should speedily go abroad that he was extremely wealthy. He gave his name as Arthur Kingston, but subsequent events proved that he could have given a dozen others without seriously impairing his ready stock of aliases. One of the first acquaintances which Kingston made was Earl Temple. He dropped into the office, hoped that Earl would assist him in cultivating the friendship of other citizens, as he intended to make the place his future home, and the two were soon quite good friends. If Earl had stopped to ask himself if he prized the acquaintance of the stranger, he would have immediately answered "no." There can be nothing more than seeming friendship between an open generous nature and one which tries to shield itself behind a mantle of icy dignity, throwing off the reserve once in a while to let the presence of a villain be seen. Earl was not one to refuse an extended hand, or to withhold a kind word and a smile in reply, and so it came about that Kingston was seen much in his company.

"The man has no business among us," growled a citizen and a firm friend of Earl's one day when the two were canvassing the stranger's characteristics. "If he has any money, why don't he exhibit it? And if he intends to erect a large manufactory in Georgetown and settle among us, why don't he commence operations? He gets strange letters, goes to the city frequently, and once or twice I have seen him in the company of men whose faces would convict them of murder in any court."

"Some judge Kingston too harshly, my friend," replied Earl. "I admit that there is something about him which repels me, even when I try to be sociable, and that his looks and his actions are against him. Still, one is not to blame that nature gave him a pair of wicked eyes and the appearance of a prowling tiger. I do not wish his friendship, neither would I offend him until convinced that our suspicions have some foundation."

You may easily guess that Kingston was not long in ascertaining how matters stood at the Colby mansion, and that soon he became a visitor there himself. He called without invitation, solely on business, he said. Mr. Colby was the owner of a water-power which Kingston was anxious to purchase, in pursuance of his intention to erect a large manufactory which would add greatly to the business and wealth of the village. He had, he stated, many thousands of dollars lying idle, and would cheerfully pay Mr. Colby a high price for the power in question.

Mr. Colby received the stranger in his usual urbane manner, and promised him the water-power at his own figures. Kingston wished to delay a few days, until he could advise with his friends; and when he left he received an invitation to call again and talk the matter over further. He did not, on his first visit, secure even a sight of handsome Nellie, but at the second call, it so happened that Mr. Colby was out, and Nellie was obliged to receive and entertain the stranger.

When Kingston left the house, it was with the determination to make Nellie his wife. He cared little for what the father might say, or the girl think. In his heart he resolved that if she would not accept him she should never marry Earl Temple. Earl heard of the visit, of course, and from that hour he was no longer seen in the company of the stranger. In fact, it seemed as if both purposely shunned each other. But Earl was not jealous. He had no cause to be. A handsomer face and a better address than that of the stranger would have been needed to even start the tongue of a single gossip. Nellie's feeling was that of dislike and fear, and she hoped that the call would not be repeated.

Yet Kingston came again and again. Regularly each afternoon he strolled up to the mansion, consulted Mr. Colby about the water-power, and finally grew so bold as to drop all talk of that subject and ask for Nellie, who never appeared in sight during his stay. Earl often encountered him at the house, but nothing occurred to create an open breach for two or three weeks, and then the difficulty grew to be a serious one. Earl had been called into the country to see a patient, and Kingston made his usual afternoon call upon the Colbys. The father, who was not feeling well, was enjoying a nap, and Nellie sat in the shade of a tree growing at the margin of a miniature lake a few rods back of the mansion. Kingston found her there, and coolly took a seat beside her.

"Sit still, pretty one—don't fly away in such a hurry!" he exclaimed, as Nellie

rose to her feet with something like resentment visible in her eyes.

"Your conduct is very strange, as well as insulting," she replied. And the red roses came to her cheeks to make her look more beautiful in his eyes.

"Old friends needn't be so precise and particular that they can't sit together and talk love in the shade," retorted the man, laughing in an impudent way. "Come, sit down here, my dear, and let us arrange for the wedding!"

Nellie was yards away before he finished the sentence, but as he rose up, she returned in company with Earl Temple. Hot words passed between the two men, a blow was struck, and Kingston went reeling to the ground.

"I will have a life for this!" he hissed, as he recovered his feet and stood for a moment; but he turned and left the grounds without further demonstrations.

That he was a villain there could be no longer any doubt; and while Earl accepted Nellie's warning to beware of his personal safety, she agreed that her father should know of the transaction, and Kingston should be forbidden the house in future.

That evening the stranger departed for the city, saying that he would return on the third day. On the third day, soon after noon, Mr. Colby received a telegram from a neighboring town, saying that a relative of his was seriously ill, and wished to see him and his daughter. Both were ready to go, when some business affair detained the father, and Nellie went on alone, he promising to follow on the next morning.

That night a fearful tragedy was enacted at Colby House. At eight o'clock, as sworn to by several of the servants, Earl Temple came to ask after Nellie, and finding her gone, remained until a quarter to nine, chatting with Mr. Colby in the library. At the subsequent trial the head-servant, William, testified that a few moments before Earl left he heard the master use the expressions, "Begone, sir!" "Go away this moment!" accompanied by a stamp of the foot, as if the speaker were angry. He further testified that Earl displayed considerable confusion in his manner when leaving, but was free to confess that he might not have recalled the actions had it not been for the discovery made soon after, and the trial of the man for murder. At exactly a quarter to nine Earl left. William knew the exact moment, for he was just then winding the great-hall clock.

Fifteen minutes after, on going to the library, William saw a terrible sight. Mr. Colby was lying at full length on the floor, blood pouring out from a broken skull and two knife wounds in the body; and the master's heart had long before ceased to beat. A murder had been committed, and half an hour afterwards every inhabitant of Georgetown was aware of the tragical event. A crowd surged up the avenue, surrounded the house, forced its way in to view the body and its surroundings, and for half an hour no one thought of the one who had committed the atrocious act. Then the constables made a show of searching, which amounted to nothing, and it was decided to send to the city for a detective to work the case out. The coroner empanelled a jury, the body was deposited in a coffin, Nellie was telegraphed to, and then a despatch called me to Georgetown.

Seated in the office of the chief of police at C—at ten o'clock that evening, a boy came in with a despatch which the chief handed to me, remarking:

"Here is a job for you, Colby, out at Georgetown, was murdered an hour ago. Go out on the half past ten train and see what you can do. The murderer has probably made his escape, but perhaps you can hit his trail."

Half an hour after I was whirling away towards the village, and arrived there at eleven, o'clock to find that the excitement had scarcely abated. It may not be so with other detectives, but in my case, the moment I hear of a murder or robbery I form in my mind an idea of the looks of the criminal. I am sometimes mistaken, I admit that, but have been correct so often as to surprise my friends, and lead them to believe that I dabble in spiritualism and receive unseen aid.

Well, I formed an idea of how this murderer would look. Resting my head on the seat as I rode along, and closing my eyes, I called up a pretty perfect picture of Kingston. I had never seen the Colby mansion, but I pictured it out, even to counting the doors in the library, for the despatch had stated the room in which the murder took place. Library rooms in private mansions differ, of course, as to size, arrangement of cases, and so forth, but still there is a general similarity which would strike the eyes of any detective. I made up my mind that money was the incentive; that the murderer entered and departed through a door opening upon a veranda; that he was tall and dark, and that I should have an easy task to hunt him down.

I had not yet found the officials of Georgetown, not having been ten minutes in the place, when I heard it shouted that the murderer had been caught, and pressed my way forward with the crowd to the jail to catch a view of Earl Temple.

After introducing myself, the crowd was cleared out, and the two constables sat

down and related to me the most of what I have already told you. They gave me an account of Earl's coming among them, narrated the appearance of Kingston, told me about the murder, the arrest of Temple and then left the case in my hands. Temple had been arrested only a few minutes before, as stated. He was not in the crowd at the mansion, was not to be seen when the constables searched, and might never have been suspected but for Kingston. The stranger had boldly charged the crime upon Earl, stating that he had seen him running along a back street at a fast gait, enter his office, lock the door, and then open it and rush out a few minutes after. No one credited the story at first, but finally, headed by Kingston, a crowd rushed to the little office. Earl was just coming out, pale, nervous, laboring under much excitement, and the constables took charge of him, while some of the men searched the office. In a small closet they found a suit of clothing stained with blood, fresh blood—the blood of Richard Colby—and under the clothing was a blood-covered knife, which some one recollected to have seen in Earl's possession. This was enough. Paying no heed to his protestations, they led Temple away to jail, where I found him. I looked in at the prisoner, and saw him sobbing like a child. Aware of my presence, he raised his face, and the moment I caught sight of it I would have wagered my life against a shilling that he was not the guilty party. More than this, I dared to tell him so, much to the amazement of the rural officers, who had no doubt of his great guilt. Asking the prisoner to post me as to his movements since dark, he gave me a full account of every moment of time.

He had called at the mansion, had a pleasant interview with Mr. Colby, and had departed at the time indicated without having his feelings disturbed in the least. On reaching the avenue he had encountered a person who wished him to visit a patient six miles in the country, and had just returned from the call and learned of the murder when arrested. He accounted for his confusion by saying that he was greatly shocked at the sad news, which looked reasonable enough.

"Who is this Kingston?" I asked of Earl, when he had concluded his statement. "Is he a tall, dark-skinned man, black hair, black eyes, and a long black goatee, who moves about like a prowling cat?"

"Yes, that's his photograph exactly!" replied Ned, rising up in his excitement. "Do you know him?" Continued.

In the Wrong Pocket.

A young lady, who was in the habit frequently of making the journey between N. Y., and Boston, discovered one day when she arrived in New York that her purse had been stolen. She told her loss to an acquaintance, and he enjoined her to be very careful of any stranger who, during her frequent journeys, should sit near her in the dark tunnels. Accordingly, whenever she passed through the tunnels afterwards, a stranger chanced to be sitting next to her, she used to put her hand into her pocket, and hold fast to her purse.

On one of her journeys soon after, from Boston to New York, a gentleman got into the car at Springfield, and took the vacant seat next to her. He was respectable in appearance, and tried more than once in a manner that was perfectly polite, to get into conversation with his neighbor, but not to much purpose. She always answered him in monosyllables, showing that she did not wish to hold any communication with him. When the train entered the tunnel she remembered the warning of her friend and her precautions, and put her hand into her pocket to take hold of her purse. What was her astonishment then to find another hand already there. Being a resolute woman she seized it, held it tightly so that the thief could not withdraw it, and determined to hand him over to the charge of the conductor, as soon as the train should emerge from the tunnel. The train was slow, the time seemed never likely to end, but, fortunately, the thief made no efforts to release his hand. Either he was thinking how to escape from a very unpleasant position, or perhaps he was pleased at the feeling his hand so vigorously pressed by that of a pretty woman. But great was the amazement of the lady, when the train left the tunnel, and all was light again, to see that she had not put her hand, as she thought, into her own pocket, but into that of her neighbor! And there still she had got his hand and was squeezing it with a will! They were two droll faces with which the couple now looked at each other, and explanations were necessary.

At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven.— At Stockholm the longest day has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg the longest day has nineteen and the shortest five hours.— At Finland the longest has twenty-one and a half and the shortest two-and-a-half hours. At Wonderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the twenty-second of May to the first of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the North. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

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Notice in Bankruptcy.
In the United States District Court. For the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of Edwin Shuman, Bankrupt. To the creditors of said Bankrupt:
NOTICE is hereby given that said Bankrupt has filed his petition for a discharge and a certificate thereof from all his debts and other claims provable under the Bankrupt Act of March 2, 1867, and that the 6th of September, 1873, fixed for the final examination before Chas. A. Barnes, one of the Justices of the Peace at his office in New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa., at 10 o'clock a. m., and the 24th day of September, 1873, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the final hearing before the said Court at Philadelphia.

BY ORDER OF SAID COURT.

August 12, 1873.