

STORIES BY A DETECTIVE. THE COLBY MURDER.

CONCLUDED.

THE next day, a visitor, who had the look and action of a detective, did actually pass through the shop, and something about Kingston's face made the stranger pause and take a long look.

"That's the same man who came along yesterday! He is looking after the Colby murderer!"

You might think that a man already in prison for a long sentence for burglary would care but little if suspected of a worse crime, but you would be mistaken.

"Pshaw, man! you'll be all right in the morning," I whispered. "If there's anything on your mind, spit it out! I have made many a corpse in my time, and if I can give you any advice, I'll cheerfully do it."

"Will you?" he whispered back, his voice trembling with excitement. "If any one were looking for me, could you fix it so that I would not be known?"

"I think I could," I replied. "Why, there was that Chicago detective who was after me for a double murder, while I was at Waupun prison. I got a hint about it, and fixed myself up so that he passed me half a dozen times and went off without a thought that I was the cove he wanted.

He hesitated a while, and then replied that he was only joking, declaring that he was innocent of any murder, and that he did not care how often the detective came. I had either been too fast, and thus frightened him, or his mulish spirit had got the better of his sense, and he had made up his mind that nothing could be proven against him.

My month was rapidly wasting away, and I made up my mind that I must attack him in a bolder way, gaining my object or defeating my plans at one venture. I went to bed one night, determined that I would push him to the wall within a day or two and arranged all the details of the plan.

"I am sick," I replied, "and I want some help right away. Go and call Dick for me."

Dick was the name of one of the turnkey's who was in my secret, and my real object was to get a word of conversation with him. The guard complied with the request, and in a few minutes the turnkey appeared. Speaking loudly, I told him that I had a severe attack of the colic, and must have some medicine, but in a whisper, I stated my desire to have a private word.

The man went off, and soon returned with a bottle in his hand. He entered my cell, and we conversed about the case in voices loud enough to be heard by the inmates of three or four adjacent cells, but in whispers, we talked to each other of Kingston. I told Dick that I must have a chance for a talk with Kingston better than any which had yet been offered, and in a few minutes we had arranged a plan which gave promise of success.

In the morning, just as we were ready to march out to breakfast, the turnkey came along and informed Kingston and myself that we were to go up into the upholstering room of the furniture department and work that day at assorting some curled hair which had been somewhat damaged. This was the first step in my plan, and I had no doubt that the balance of it would be faithfully carried out according to agreement.

Three feet back of us, and cutting us off from one of the corners, was a canvas which a painter had been fixing up for

oil-cloth. I could not see, but I was certain in my mind that behind that screen was a clerk with pen and paper, near enough to listen, and ready to note every word of our conversation. He had been included in my plan.

Kingston looked really ill. His face was pale, his hands trembled, his eyes had a wild stare, and I could not help but pity him. I knew that his conscience was pricking him hard. I did not wish to open the conversation in a way to frighten him, and we worked away half an hour before a word was spoken. Just as I was going to broach the subject uppermost in my mind, I looked up and saw at the far end of the room the man who had given Kingston such a scare a few days before.

"Good heavens! Kingston!" I whispered, giving him a push with my foot, "there's that detective again! He is after you for the Colby murder!"

"What can I do—what shall I say?" "Just wait a moment," I replied. "Keep your face this way, and don't let him catch sight of your eyes. He is going down stairs now, probably to get the superintendent to help identify you."

"Now, see here, comrade," I continued, as I saw by his agitation that the crisis was at hand, "I know that you are the man who murdered Richard Colby, and if you want any of my assistance you can have it. Just go on and give me the story, and then I think I have a plan to get you out of the scrape. You look like a fellow with some backbone, and I hope you won't be a baby about this thing any longer. Come, now, out with the story, and then I'll take care of you!"

The man hesitated a little, but the desire to get my advice, and his fear of arrest, worked upon him until he was forced to confess. He took a seat close beside me, and in a low tone told me the whole thing from beginning to end. I heard the pen scratching behind the canvas, and he would have heard it only for his agitation.

"I didn't go up there that night intending to commit murder," said Kingston, after relating the first part of the story known to the reader, "I went up there intending to rob him. I saw him draw a large sum of money from the bank that day, and I hoped to get possession of it. As he was an old man, I planned to ask him to change some large notes, and then, when he should unlock his safe, I calculated to knock him down, gag him, and be off with his dollars. The game with the girl was all up, and so I did not care how soon the old man knew me in my real character. I took Temple's suit along, to be prepared for an emergency. I knew that if the old man were to make any fuss about his money I should get mad and hurt him. Of course, I had a bad grudge against young Temple; and if I hadn't, I would have sworn the thing on to him as soon as any one else."

"In going to the house," resumed Kingston, after a pause, "I was followed by a strange dog, one which I never saw before nor afterwards. I knew that old Colby would be in the library from eight to nine, and, to avoid the servants, I determined to go in at a door which leads out upon a veranda. This door stood open, and just as I got near enough to peep in and see that Temple and the old man were talking, the cursed dog trotted along the veranda pushed the door open, and walked into the room. Colby got up, seized a chair, and shouted out to the dog:

"Begone, sir! Go away this moment!" "The dog backed out, trotted down the veranda, and I never saw him again.— Temple passed close to me as he came out, but I was in the dark and escaped discovery. As soon as he was away, I went in by the veranda door. The old gent used me rather stiffly, asking my business, and stating that he had no time to spare. I felt my blood growing hot, but I told my errand. He pulled out a roll of bills from a drawer, gave me the change, and I saw that the safe was locked, and likely to remain so. Giving the old man a blow with one hand, I grabbed for the notes with the other, but he was stronger than I thought for. As I jerked away the notes and crammed them into my pocket, he rose up and seized me. I struck him once or twice, but he held on, and then I got hold of a bar of iron lying on his desk, some bar connected with the safe, and whacked him until he let go. I might have stopped then, but I didn't. My blood was up, and I jerked out my knife and gave him a few finishing touches. There was nothing to be gained by staying, and so I left, going out by the veranda door. The bar of iron I carried away, and I threw it under the little bridge by the woolen mill."

Kingston continued his account to the last, telling me all that I told you in the first of this narrative. He stated that he only got about a hundred dollars from Colby, and while counting it over in his room at the hotel, saw that one of the bills had a corner torn off. Being suspicious, he had hidden the bill behind a bit of loose wall paper. He had put up this job of

burglary several days before, and was going through the store when caught, it being his intention to leave Georgetown that night and let Temple get out of the scrape the best way he could.

It was noon before I had the whole confession. I had heard the pen constantly going, and knew that the clerk would have every word. I could compare my own knowledge of circumstances with the statement of the murderer, and realize that he had told me nothing but the truth. I was somewhat excited myself when the whole story had been told, but there were reasons why I should exult a little.

"And now," said Kingston, when he had given me the whole, "what would you advise me to do?" "Nothing, just now," I replied. "Keep still to-day, and during the night I'll fix up matters so that both of us can make our way out of here. I have had my plans working for some time, and I think I can bribe one of the officials to let us out."

Just then came the order to fall in and march to dinner, and there was no further opportunity for conversation. As I expected, the unseen secretary had informed the superintendent of my success, and when we were marched out, Kingston went back to the blacksmith shop, and I to the superintendent's room.

The clerk had taken a faithful copy, and the superintendent made a written statement of what he knew concerning the case. Armed with these documents, I left the prison that evening, and before noon the next day had laid the matter before the governor. I looked up two lawyers, they looked up some one else, and in a couple of days Temple was given the freedom of the jail and taken as an inmate of the jailor's family. His detention was now to be a mere matter of form, for I had shown every one that he was an innocent man.

The bar of iron was found under the bridge, and the bill where Kingston had hidden it. Nothing now remained but to bring him from prison and give him a trial. At the proper time he was taken to Georgetown, and given a cell in the jail to wait his examination, which would come off in a day or two. Here, in some way, he learned something concerning the trick which I had played on him, but the details given him were not sufficient to convince him that his fellow-prisoner and the detective were one and the same. I had not seen him since leaving the prison, and one day went into the Circuit Court as a witness against him. I slipped out my false teeth as I mounted to the box, and Kingston recognized me in a moment. His confession was there, the clerk was there, I was in the box, and he saw that the game was up. He rose up in his seat interrupting proceedings, and informed the court that he desired to change his plea to "guilty." This stopped further proceedings, and he was remanded to jail for sentence next morning. Next morning, there was no prisoner to sentence. During the night, he had tied his suspenders together, arranged a noose, and his body was found stiff and cold at daybreak.

As for Earl—well, you can imagine all that happened. He was released, there was a happy marriage, and he is one of the leading men of Georgetown to-day, living with his handsome wife at the big mansion. As for me, I made some money, more reputation, and had the consolation of knowing that the innocent did not suffer for the guilty.

This is the way the Chicago milkman manipulates the lactical fluid before selling it to their customers as a pure article, a more profitable way than watering it. They skim the milk, taking from every eight gallons from two to four quarts of cream. They then put about a tablespoonful of brown sugar in liquid form, to every eight-gallon can of this skimmed milk, and this restores the rich, creamy color to such an extent that the most experienced dairy woman would be deceived. They also add a trifle of salt, which improves the taste, and the fluid is then ready for sale. All this from the indignant milkman, who contends that the public will not pay enough for pure milk, and goes on to expose the tricks of the trade.

The farmer is the only man whose calling is essential to life; the only man for whose immediate and material ends all the forces of Nature work without ceasing. In return, she demands of him the service of every faculty, as of every muscle. If he will learn, she teaches him all the mystery and miracle of existence. If he will not, the penalty is a vacant mind in a listless body; nay more, it is a state of vassalage to men who have learned to employ, though to base ends, that capability and god-like reason which, in him, rust unused.

A stranger in a Detroit street car, when asked for his fare, pulled off one of his shoes and drew up a fifty cent note, remarking that if a little prudence on his part would prevent it, he didn't propose being left penniless in a strange city by having his pocket picked.

A young man named Rowland Hull, on a day's shooting with some friends, at Trenton, N. J., in putting his gun into the wagon struck the hammer against the seat, which discharged the contents into his heart, killing him instantly.

The Secret Drawer.

Says the Milwaukee News: "A gentleman residing on the South Side, and for many years a resident of Milwaukee, is in daily expectation of the arrival of an aunt, on a short visit, the history of whose latter years surpasses anything in fiction. She was born and reared in New England, and has lived there all her lifetime, being now past sixty years of age. She married in early life to Captain Knight, a seafaring man, and bore him sons and daughters, several of whom are living, married, and comfortably settled. About sixteen years ago her husband sailed on his final voyage to Cuba, and no word from him, his vessel, or crew, has ever been received since. The ship undoubtedly foundered and carried down all on board. Mrs. Knight struggled on a few years, reared her children, who remained home at the time of her misfortune, and, in doing so, exhausted the last remnant of property left by her husband, and finally broke down in health under the accumulated weight of years, misfortune, and poverty. Her youngest son, just married, furnished her a home for a short time, and then refused to shelter her longer. Her other children each in turn declined to burden themselves with 'mother's support,' or to do anything toward procuring her a home. She finally came on the town as a pauper, and was knocked off to the lowest bidder for her support, and was for several years a poor old broken-hearted creature, unable to do more than knit stockings and assist in tending children. Previous to becoming so utterly destitute, she had sold off her furniture, piece at a time, 'to keep the wolf from the door,' and among other articles, sold her husband's old secretary to a townsman and acquaintance. He used it a few years, and then knocked it to pieces as rubbish. In doing this, he found in a secret drawer a paid-up insurance on Captain Knight's life for ten thousand dollars in the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Being an honest man, and knowing Mrs. Knight's location and destitution, he hunted her up, took her to Hartford, and she actually procured the payment of the entire sum. The officers of the company informed her that her husband paid one hundred dollars as advance premium just before sailing, and that they had long been waiting for the presentation of the policy for payment. Her graceless children were not long in hearing of 'mother's good fortune, and have been vying with each other ever since in kind attentions to the old lady, and pressing her to come and live with them, and make their houses her home, &c., &c. She has sense enough, however, to take such professions for what they are worth, and has resolved to maintain her independence to the end of her days. The name of Mrs. Knight's nephew is known to all old settlers in the English Ward, and is at the service of any one who doubts this statement."

The Pin Machine.

This machine is the closest approach that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. It is about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only much stronger. On the side at the back a light belt descends from a long shaft in the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of the machine hangs on a peg a reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers. The wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this voracious little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly—one hundred and forty bites to the minute. Just as he seizes each bite a little hammer with a concave face hits the end of the wire three times, "upseta" it to a head, while he grips it to a counter-sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust of his tongue he then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the pins, and a series of cams, levers and springs are made to play like lightning. Thus the pins are dropped in a little shower into a box. Twenty-eight pounds are a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. The machines reject crooked pins, the slightest irregularity in any of them being detected.

On Monday evening a week, a very mysterious murder or attempt at murder took place at Oil City. William Scott, a cooper, was returning home in the evening with a basket of butter, and had just stepped within his door when some man sprang from behind it and putting a revolver near his head fired three shots, all taking effect in the head. Mr. Scott, fell and the would be murderer fled. But Scott was not dead, and on being assisted to his bed, said, "Botsford did it," meaning a young man named Botsford Chandler, who had once boarded at his house.

"Punch" thinks some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

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Beware of Counterfeits.—The genuine are put up in square tin boxes, with "Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders" stamped on the lid, and the signature of "Thompson & Crawford," on the wrapper.—No others can possibly be genuine.

PREPARED ONLY BY CRAWFORD & FOBES, 141 Market St., Philadelphia. THOMPSON'S RHEUMATIC AND HORSE LINIMENT, The Great External Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c. EQUALLY GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

This Liniment has earned for itself a reputation unequalled in the history of external applications. Thousands who now suffer from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., would find immediate relief from all their pains by using this certain remedy. It is equally effectual in Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Stiffness of the Neck, Sore Throat, Swellings, Inflammations, Frost Bites, Pains in the Side and Back, Bites of Spiders or Stings of Insects. One rubbing will in all cases give immediate relief, and a few applications complete a cure. On account of its powerful penetrating properties it is beyond doubt, the SUREST REMEDY for the most troublesome diseases to which horses and cattle are liable. It cures Scratches, Old and Fresh Cuts and Sores, Chafes produced by collar or saddle. Injuries caused by nails or splints entering the flesh or hoofs, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Spavin, Thrush, and all diseases which destroy the hoofs or bones of the feet. Full directions accompany each bottle. Prepared only

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New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children. The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$8.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10. per month. Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$8. and \$15. per month. Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates. Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service, upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions. The undersigned, having had over 10 years experience in the claim agency business, will attend promptly to claims under the above act. Call on or address

LEWIS POTTER, Attorney for Claimants, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

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 Bankruptcy Act of March 2, 1867, and that the 9th of September, 1873, fixed for the final examination before Chas. A. Barnett, one of the Registers in Bankruptcy 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.