# JSTORIES OF THE RFT®FR

STORY No. 1 THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS

Being an Account of the Attempted Desoration of the Grave of the Martyr President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a . Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It. By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

(Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Scheitlin.) [Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Schellin.] I was fully aware that Swegles was working to win the confidence of the counterfeiters that met at the "Hub." but it was about two months before I had any other communication from my "roper" that was of importance. He "roper" that was of importance. He then confided to me that the band had under way a sensational plot-not along counterfeiting lines-but to steal the body of Abraham Lincoln and bold it for a large ransom. Accustomed as I was to the daring operations of these men, the audacity of this plot startled me. Swegles mentioned \$200,000 as the amount the conspirators had fixed as the price of the return of the body. For a time I found it difficult to con-wince myself that these men, cunning and daredevil as they had proved themselves to be in other crimes, would actually attempt to carry out a plot so bold and which struck so deep-ity at the roots of one of the country's the body of Abraham Lincoln and hold

coln and its reverence for all of him that was earthly. enigence of no sentiment. The inforrevious instances been accurate, and I had no reason even to surmise that. he was playing me false in this case or that he had allowed himself to be guiled by Hughes and Mullen. Beguiled by Hugnes and multer. Be-sides, my informant had given as one of the metives for the proposed crime the desire for the release of Ben Boyd, which I knew to be a consderation of the utmost importance to the men whose operations had been so abruptcurtailed by the plate cutter's inarceration

ly at the roots of one of the country's

The moment was one for action, even at the risk of finding later that the secret service had been led into unnecessary activity by misinforma-tion. My informant had learned that tion tion. My informant had learned that certain St. Louis men, whose names he did not know, were parties to the plot. Previously a similar plot, em-anating from the same sources, had been revealed to Chief of Police Wil-kinson, of Springfield. In this plan James Kinealy had evidently been the promoter, and had decided to use the Lincoln counterfeiting contingent as his agents. Thomas J. Sharp, editor of the Statesman: Nathin L. Cuttla. his agents. Thomas J. Sharp, editor of the Statesman; Nathin L. Cuttis, his assistant, and Vive G. Williams, a bartender, of Lincoin, as the first step, opened a saloon in Springfield, which they made their counterfeiting head-quarters as well as the place from which they could gather, without ex-citing suspicion, such information as they needed to ald them in their work of staeling the holdy of Lincoin. of stealing the body of Lincoln.

of staaling the body of Lincoln. From the facts that the sum of ran-som money proposed in this plot and the later sum were the same and that the interests of all the men in both plots were closely allied, there was little doubt that one man had con-ceived the scheme to release Boyd, and there was also little doubt that the one man was James Kincaly. He was one man was James Kinealy. He was capable of concocting and trying to carry out such a plot.

Carry out such a plot. The dream of the easy acquisition of \$200,000 led the counterfeiters who had opened the saloon in Springfield into the lavish expenditure of money and dissipation. In one of these bouts Thomas Sharp confided to a woman of the town of Springfield that he ex-pected soon to become one of the bene-ficiaries of the \$200,000 ransom fund and intimated to her; the plan by which the money was to be secured. This woman informed Chief Wilkinson of the druken beasts of her admirer. Wilkinson immediately took steps to place anditional guards over the Lin-coin tomb and took such other pre-cautions as indicated to the conspir-ators that their plan could not be car-ried out. It was in this first plot that

concerning the location of the body-in short, they foresaw that Boyd would have to be in position to prove to the authorities that he had accurate knowledge of its whereabouts.

In order to overcome this obstacle t was decided that a copy of an English or some other foreign newspaper should be secured, a foreign paper be-ing decided upon so that Boyd could convince the government representa-tives that the copy of the paper of which he had a part was not one that could have been obtained in any other way than the one claimed by him. This newspaper was to be torn into two pieces, in an irregular fashion. One piece was to be left in the Lin-coln tomb, where it was certain to be found when the discovery of the loss of the body was made, and the other lish or some other foreign newspape of the body was made, and the other piece was to be sent to Boyd in prison. piece was to be sent to Boyd in prison. After the discovery of the work of the ghouls Boyd was to let it be known that he could solve the mystery and, to prove at told the truth, could pro-duce the missing part of the foreign paper which, of course, would demon-strate to the authorities that the tomb robbars had, sent Boyd the paper and

robbers had sent Boyd the paper and with it the key to the location of the body. in its details the plot was carefully vorked out. So far had Swegles in its details the plot was carefully worked out. So far had Swegles wormed aimself into the confidence of the conspirators that on the night of the first of November they met in his room to complete the details of the plot. Five days later I learned that Dueden November 2 had hear obtain plot. Five days later I learned that Tuesday, November 7, had been chosen as the night to commit the crime, this date being chosen on account of its being presidential election day, on the inght of which, the criminals judged, the excitement incident to the receiv-ing of the returns. would serve to shield them from any attention they might attract under ordinary droum-stances. Hughes, Mullen anu Swegles were to open the tomb, extract the cas-ket and load it into the wraiting wag-on. Swegles' part of the preliminaries was to secure the wagon and driver, on. Swegles part of the preliminaries was to secure the wagon and driver, which he assured his coconspirators had been done, and after the work at the tomb had been done he was to ac-company the contractor furnishing the conveyance into Indiana. It had also been decided that the trio should go to Springfield on the night of Novem-ber 6 in order to be able to make such ber 6, in order to be able to make such preliminary surveys and arrangements as might be found necessary.

as might be found necessary. On the theory that, with the infor-mation in hand, there could be no diffi-culty in preventing the conspirators from carrying out their plan, there had been no dissent among the government employes as to the wisdom of going further and permitting the tomb robbers to progress far enough with their work to enable the law offi-cers to capture the criminals red-handed. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyr president, and Leonard Swett had been kept fully informed of the conception and development of the plot and had agreed that the capture of the counterfeiters in their initial grave-robbing effort would be prefer-able merely to frightening them out of the aurept, a course that had been ment employes as to the wisdom of of the attempt, a course that had been pursued in the instance of the plot of eight months before. At a conference at which Mr. Lincoln was present the

at which Mr. Lincoin was present the services of Elmer Washburn, who had in the meantime been superseded in the chiefship of the secret service; John McDonaid, who had assisted in the capture of Een Boyd, and John McGinn and George Hay. Pinkerton men, were provided for to assist in the capture of the vandais. Owing to the importance of the case Allan Pinker-ton had assigned his best two men. ton had assigned his best two men.

ton had assigned his best two men. Mr. Lincoln protested against the plot being allowed to proceed to the point where profane hands might actually be laid on his father's coffin, but Mr. Swett insisted that an overt act must be committed by them before the vandals could be successfully pros-cented and our plans were not ecuted, and our plans were not changed. This conference was held in the aft-ernoon, and at nine o'clock the evening of the same day Mullen, Hughes and

Swegles swung aboard the front plat-form of the front coach of the Alton train just as it moved out of the Chi-cago station. McGinn, Hay and I boarded the last sleeper of the same cautions as indicated to the conspir-ators that their plan could not be car-ried out. It was in this first plot that the leaden casket containing the body of Lincoh was to be sunk in the San-gamon river till its hiding place should be revealed by Ben Boyd. After coming into passension of the



THE FLARE OF A BULL'S-EYE LA NTERN SHOT THROUGH THE BARS

THE LINCOLN TOMB AT SPRING-

FIELD.

came over me, and that is "cheap-ness." After weeks of careful plan-ning to catch red-handed the men whose criminality had taken on so de-praved a turn that they would resort to the theft of the body of the most belowed American we found that they

clearly enough to identify them

never occurred to me that they might be other than Hughes and Mullen, and

be other than Hughes and Mullen, and I called out for the men below to come up. I fired at them, and they returned the fire, running at the same time to the northeast corner of the terrace. I fired again and again. The shot was, answered, the bullets whisjing past my head. Then one of the men shout-ed:

I made no answer, believing that

ed: "Tyrrell, is that you?"

such tools as he thought necessary for forcing open the tomb and marble sarcophagus. At five o'clock Detec tive Hay was dispatched to the eeme-tery to inform Custodian Power that the other officers were coming, and two hours later, after a conference in the hotel where the work of aach man the hotel where the work of each man had been assigned to him, we reached the monument

The day had been dark, and at six o'clock all daylight had faded from the cemetery. Inside Memorial hall the darkness was intense. By those the darkness was intense. By those of my readers who have seen the burial place of Abraham Lincoln it will be remembered that Memorial hall is at the south end of the monu-ment structure and the catacomb con-taining the body at the north end, 175 feet away. I had selected Memorial. hall as the best hiding place for our men Sweelse having promised to inmen. Swegles having promised to inmen, Swegles having promised to in-form us in our hiding place when the right moment was at hand for us to appear at the door of the catacomb and thereby entrap the ghouls at their work. Swegles was to work with Hughes and Mullen until the sarco-phagus was opened and the casked medu to be loaded into the uncert ready to be loaded into the wagon. Then he was to go for the conveyance, which was supposed to be hidden near by. While on this mission he was to by. While on this mission he was to make his way around the base of the hill, come to the door of Memorial: hall and give the signal that the time

hall and give the signal that the time for action had come. That there might be no mistake in the darkness a countersign, the word "Wash," had been agreed upon. We had been concealed in Memorial hall in almost breathless quiet for about two hours, when suddenly the flare of a bulk-eye lantern was chot through the bars of the iron door leading into the hall, and we knew that the conspiracy was rapidly being put into actual execution. From their hurried examination of the hall by the aid of the lanter the ghouls evithe aid of the lantern the ghouls evithe aid of the lantern the ghouls evi-dently satisfied themselves that no one was inside. At any rate, they depart-ed in a moment and made around the base of the monument to the north end, where lay the body they were running such desperate risks to se-cure. We knew that the next few minutes would be fraught with events that might mean death to any of us. I now had more reason than ever be-I now had more reason than ever before to believe in the truthfulness of

fore to believe in the truthfulness of Swegles and that he would keep his promise to signal us when the right time arrived. So we waited for this signal, and at last it came. If this story were a fancy of my brain instead of a narrative of facts, the current of it would here take a sud-den turn from the lines I am com-pelled to pen. For more than a year. I had plotted to outwit the shrewd and desperate criminals with whom we I had pictule to obtwit the shrewd and desperate criminals with whom we were dealing and, up to this point, had been successful. As soon as Swegles had given the signal we moved cautiously out of Memorial hall and I ordered the others to fol-low me

low me. At the giving of this order every man drew his revolver, to be prepared for the fight that we all believed inevitable. In doing so Detective Hay, of the Pinkerton force, accidentally of the Pinkerton force, accidentally discharged a percussion cap in the old-style Colt's revolver he carried. As the detonation was not loud I paid little attention to it, and ran awiftly around to the door of the catacomb, with the others behind me. The staple containing the lock of the iron door had been sawed and filed off, and the door stood a few inches ata. door stood a few inches ajar.

I called on whomsoever was within to surrender. There was no response. I called again and then listened. Not even the sound of breathing

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### HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Good For a Year More. "James," began the principal when that arch mischief maker of the high school entered his office in obedience to benos cartered in some no much regarding your class behavior. Miss Shaw says she fada it necessary to reprove you during the history period, the super-visor of music complains of your wil-fully poor singing. Mr. Cowles tells me your attention is usually wandering from class experiments to unscientific demonstrations of your own. Now, James, how long must this lecturing from your different feachers con-tinue?" asked the principal severely. "I don't know," replied the truthful James, "but I suppose I have a season ticket."-Judge. his request, "I hear too much regarding

A Truly Good Man. "Brother Spotcash," said his pastor. "what would you do if the injunction came to you, 'Sell all thon hast and give to the poor?" "I should obey it, of course," answer

ed the great merchant, "as I have always done. Everything I have in stock is for sale, and I give more to the poor than any two men in this block."-Chicago Tribune.

Encogh Said. "Now," said Mr. Oldbeau tentatively as he stroked his gray beard, "if a man were, say, fifty and the woman of his choice about twenty, do you think that would lead to an unhappy

"I think," promptly replied Miss Young, "it would be more likely to lead to a rejected proposal."-Philadelphia Press.

His Dream. "I guess," said Mrs. Migglecham, "it must be true that dreams go by contraries.'

"Why?" her husband asked. "Last night when you were talking in your sleep you said; 'No good. I've got kings full.' But I couldn't seem to find a cent in your clothes."-Chicago Record-Herald.



He-I hear that your husband is dead? She-Yes, but the loss was fully covered by insurance

Would Not Interfere

Would Not Interfere. "It's raining hard," said the boy who looked through the dripping window pane. From behind his paper his father growled. "I don't care--tet it rain?" The little lad hi grave surprise glanced sweetly up at him. "Why, I--I was a-goin' to," acknowledged little Jim.--Harper's Weekly.

one of the men was Hughes and know-ing he would recognize my voice. Again the excited question was asked, The Pattern Egg. "See what I got!" cried Bobby, a city bred boy, as he came running from a chicken coop, holding in his hand a

china egg. "Oh, go put it back!" exclaimed Ma-bel, his slx-year-old sister. "That's the egg the hen measures by."-Judge.

His Idea of It. "Wonderful thing-this eddication,

"In what way?" "In this way? John knows Jest enough Latin an' Greek an' French to know nothin' at all about makin' a livin"."-Atlanta Constitution.

ing he would recognize my voice. Again the excited question was asked, and I still kept silent. It took but a moment, however, for the pursued men to make themselves known as McGinn, and Hay, the Pinkerton men, who had mounted the steps in the hope of find-ing the ghouls hidden there. Thus for a time was the most se-rious and dastardly plot ever devised turned into a farce. Our prey had es-caped, and in order to justify ourselves against the ridicule that would be heaped on us when the events of the night became known I immediately took up the trail of Hughes and Mul-len. After finding they had break-fisted at a farmhouse about seven miles from Springfield the next morn-ing, they were again lost to us. There run to earth. Ten days later they were located in the saloon at 294 West Madison street and arrested by De-Why He Is Wonfried. Tom-Why are you worried so be-cause Julia has taken your picture out of her watch? She does that every time she gets a little miffed. Dick-Yes, but this time she's got an Madison street and arrested by De other fellow's picture in my place.—De troit Free Press.

mainson street and arrested by De-tectives Sfimmons, of the Chicage city force; McGinn, of the Pinkertons, and Elmer Washburn and myself, of the secret service. They were taken to Springfield, in-

Reason For Reverence. Little Willo-You are awful proud of your gran'pop, ain't you? Little Bob-You betcha! Why, he used to lick pop reg'lar.-Tom Watson's Magazine.



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in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Chat H. Tlitcher. sonal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Initations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

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After coming into possession of the information concerning the second plot I sent Swegles back to Hughes to second istered at the St. Nicholas hote under assumed names. We found that Mul-len and Hughes, also under false keep in touch with the movements of len and Hughes, also under faise names, had registered at the St. Charles hotel, a small house not far from the St. Nicholas. They had reconspirators as closely as possible. He succeeded so well in turs that he

The succeeded so well in tuis that he was chosen to be one of the men to fungage actively in the work, and the details of the plan were intrusted to him without reservation. He was to from Springfield. The plan to sink the casket in the Sangamon river, pro-domed, and instead the body was to be hauled swiftly from Springfield dues of northern Indiana and buried. The conseptrate that the shift. An hour before that time I received a call by appointment from John T. Stuart, of the Lincoln guard of honor, in whose office Abraham Lincoln had read law. We proceeded at once to the Lincoln monument, in Oak Ridge cemetery, where I was introduced to John C. Power, custodian ot the Lin-coln tomb, with whom I made a thor-ough examination and mental survey of the monument structure and surconspirators calculated that the shift ing of these dunes due to the action of the wind would soon obliterate all on the wind would soon obliterate all trace of wagon tracks and signs of burial and make a hiding place abso-lutely past the power of any man to and. of the monument structure and surrounding grounds. A spot was select-ed at which one of the detectives could

ed at which one of the detectives could be stationed from which he could hear the robbers at work on the sarco-phagus. Custodian Power was told that during the afternoon two men whose descriptions were given would rappear at the fomb and that any ques-tions asked by them should be an-swered with the customary courtesy accorded visitors to the monument. It was about three o'clock in the The ghouis were to keep track of the place of burial by taking measure-ments from some natural object, such as a tree, transmitting the key to the burial spot to Ben Boyd in Jolist. The negotiations for the return of the body, in exchange for his own release and the payment of \$200,000 ransom, were to be conducted by Boyd on be-half of the counterfeiters. In order to tions the easier, the conspirators cal-culated, a plan would have to be de-tions the easier, the conspirators cal-tered false names in the visitors' reg-later. Hughes asked many questions, which were toily and truthfully an-world be easily convinced that Boyd swered. Mullen, as we found later, had remained in the city to collect body, in exchange for his own release

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even the sound of breathing was audible. I then struck a match. The tools used by the ghouts lay scattered over the floor and the sarcophagus was battered to pleces in such a way as to allow the casket to be moved lengthwise toward the door. The van-dals had fied. defense was too apparent to save the ounterfeiters from prison. This is the true fecord of a plot that

This is the true fecord of a plot that failed. It is not known to this day why Hughes and Mullen left the tomb after Swegles went after the team he was supposed to have, but which, in fact, did not exist. One theory is that they heard the detonation of Hay's revolver and field. Another is that they left the tomb to meet Swegles and the driver, and instead saw the officers rushing on them. Whatever may be the correct theory, their esched **DR. KENNEDY'S** FAVORITE

cape from the tomb before we reached it was merely one of the innumerable breaks in the plans of all detectivesexcept in story books.

### Story No. 2 Will Be "The Bothamley Murder Mystery."

Misleading. "Several old subscribers passed in their checks while you were away," said the country editor's assistant. "What?" gasped the editor, who had been off on a vacation. Then, grasp ing the other's meaning, he added: "See here! You'll have to stop using those ambiguous expressions or some deay wou'll give me heart disease."-

day you'll give me heart disease. Philadelphia Press.

Every Married Man Knows This. There are many more ways of being wrong than right.--N. Y. Press.

