

THE HEARTHSTONE

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For the Hearthstone.
LIFE'S TRUE IMPORT.

BY H. PATTERSON.

Life's not a time to carelessly spend,
Or pass in selfish ease;
But life's the time to all befriend;
And God, our Maker please!

Heart-thrills should ever regulate
The precious, passing hours;
I'll tend to nobly elevate,
The soul's aspiring powers.

We live in actions from the mind;
In thoughts which breathe the soul;
In feeling's glow towards our kind,
That from the heart-springs roll!

He truest lives who warmest feels;
Who acts his very best;
Who ever rises to his ideals,
Yet spotless keeps his breast.

(For the Hearthstone.)

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE.

Mr. Benson did not find his luck in New York an easy one. He did not find so many of his old friends in Wall Street as he expected. "Black Friday," "the collapse in Marlboro," "the big rise in Central," and other prominent events in that speculative locality had taken place during Mr. Benson's absence from the home of American gambling, and many of his friends had been "on the wrong side" and had been squeezed dry by the bulls and bears, and had retired sadder and wiser men, but infinitely poorer ones also. Wall Street brokers are not, as a rule, communicative men; if they are very anxious and willing to give you "a point," you may be pretty sure the "point" is the wrong way; and it is not at all likely that brokers to whom he was partially unknown would tell Mr. Benson that they were dealing in bonds or securities which were known to have been stolen, or inform him which of them had received ten thousand dollars which was known to have been obtained on a forged cheque. His only way of gaining the information he wanted was through his old fellow clerks; but most of them had either developed into full blown brokers, or had speculated, got ruined, and "left the street." The two or three that he found in their old positions either knew nothing of either bonds or money, or knew too much to say anything; and Mr. Benson found that his acquaintance in Wall Street availed him nothing. It took him a week to arrive at this conclusion, and when he had arrived at it, he felt rather discouraged; he had counted surely on being able to trace some of the bonds or securities by their numbers—he had obtained a list of numbers, &c., of the securities from Mr. Lownds, who had found it in Arthur's desk;—but his efforts were unavailing, and although he left a printed description of the various securities with every broker, nothing was known of them, and he began to fear that they had either not been placed on the market, or had been sent elsewhere than New York. He applied to Captain Young of the detective force, and offered him five thousand dollars for the recovery of the securities—it is no use trying to get a detective in New York to do anything unless you offer him a big reward,—but nothing came of it. Day after day, Mr. Benson's spirits fell more and more, and when the first of June came, and he had discovered nothing, his spirits fell to zero, and he very nearly abandoned his luck as hopeless. Captain Young told him the same story every time he called on him: the bonds had not been offered on the market and nothing was known of Mr. Brydon. On the fourth of June, Mr. Benson sat in his room at the Hoffman House after dinner, ruminating on his failure, and thinking himself the most miserable fellow in New York. Again and again he read over the following telegram, received a few minutes before from Miss Frank:

"What are you about? Why don't you find out something at once? Arthur is to be tried to-morrow and will be convicted unless you do something. Please do something!"

And the more he read it, the more convinced he became that he could not "do something." At last, in sheer desperation, he put on his hat and started for Police headquarters to see Captain Young and find out if he could "do something." He strolled leisurely down Broadway, putting at a very doubtful cigar, for which he had been charged a quarter and which obstinately refused to "draw," and thinking whether it would not be better for him to telegraph Chimpson that he had "done something," and that he must get the trial postponed until the next term. The idea did not strike him as very brilliant, but he thought postponement would be better than nothing, and he had almost decided to send the telegram when, just as he was passing Wallace's Theatre, that prince of ticket speculators, Gus Hamilton, accented him with:

"Want a ticket, Sir? Good seats in the orchestra or dress circle. House very full. Can't get any seats at the box office."

Mr. Benson paused for a moment, and looking at the posters on the side of the entry way, saw advertised: "Last nights of the season. Last appearance of Mr. Lester Wallack in Rosendale." He was a great admirer of Lester Wallack, and



THE INTELLIGENT JURY, AFTER MUCH DELIBERATION, BROUGHT IN A VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

as he had not seen him not for some time he thought he would go in "for an hour or so;" he, therefore, invested to the extent of a dollar and a half with the obliging Mr. Hamilton and got a pretty good seat in the dress circle. When a man goes to Wallace's to see "Rosendale" "for an hour or so," he generally stays until the performance is over, and it was a quarter past eleven when Mr. Benson left the theatre. It was too late then, he thought, to see Captain Young, and he walked down 14th Street to Delmonico's to get some supper, his dinner having been rather light, and nature reminding him that she needed support. He entered that fashionable restaurant, and was making his way to a vacant table near a window opening on Fifth Avenue, when a gentleman, who was sitting at one of the centre tables with a couple of young ladies, suddenly rose and came towards him exclaiming:

"Why, Charlie, old boy, where did you drop from?"

"Fred, old fellow, I'm delighted to see you. I've been wondering several times that I have not met you. I called at Clarke Dodge & Co's, but the boy in the office at the time told me you had left, and did not know where you were."

"Yes; I left them over a year ago. I am with Frank Work & Co. now. Come over to our table and take supper with us. I'll introduce you to some nice girls."

Mr. Benson went, was duly introduced to the "nice girls," and chatted for a quarter of an hour on unimportant topics, varying his conversation with a spirited attack on an excellent chicken salad—you can't get chicken salad in perfection anywhere but at Delmonico's—and an occasional sip of champagne. His friend, Mr. Fred Parsons, was desperately attentive to one of the young ladies, and the conversation was almost entirely confined to matters dramatic, Mr. Parsons and his party having been to Niblo's, and the young ladies being rather ostentatious about the scenery of the "Black Crook," and the wonderful dancing of the beautiful young ladies in very scant clothing. After the salad had been finished, and theatrical matters pretty well discussed, conversation flagged a little, and Mr. Parsons found time to ask Benson something about his own affairs.

"Well, Charlie," he said, after rather an awkward pause, "where have you been, and what have you been doing, the last two years?"

"I've been in my native city, Montreal; you know I left New York to go there to my father, who is in business there, and I have been with him ever since."

"And what brings you to New York?"

"Well," replied Mr. Benson, rather hesitatingly, "partly business, partly pleasure," he did not want to tell Mr. Parsons exactly what business he was on, and how miserably he had failed.

"Oh yes! I know. You Montreal chaps seem to be lucky. You've come on to 'invest,' I suppose. By the by, do you remember Brydon who used to be with Austin & Son some five years ago? Of course you don't, that was before your time in Wall Street. Well, he seems to have had a fat thing in Montreal. I hope you were in with him."

"No, I wasn't," half gasped Mr. Benson. "I know Brydon; what fat thing had he been into? I never heard of it in Montreal."

"No! why, he sent us on a lot of bonds and other things three or four weeks ago, and ordered them all to be sold and invested in New York Central and Erie; he knows what he is about, both stocks are sure to rise."

"Oh yes! He knows—that is I know—how much did he send?" said Mr. Benson, in such a strange, excited manner that his friend, instead of replying, asked:

"Charlie, old boy, what's the matter? You don't look well."

"I'm all right; how much? Tell me quickly, how much?"

"I don't know. Something like fifty thousand, I think."

"I've got him," half shouted Mr. Benson, "I—n him, I've got him, and I've done something after all!" he was so much excited that he brought his hand down with a sudden slip on the table—mistaking it, no doubt, for Mr. Brydon's head;—the ladies screamed a little, and the polite waiter, almost struggled in a white tie, with deferentially up to the table to see if the gentleman had not been taking too much wine.

"What is the matter, Charlie?" said Mr. Parsons, a little alarmed about his friend's sanity. "Are you ill?"

"All right, old fellow," said Mr. Benson, regaining his composure, "I'm all right now. Excuse me, ladies," he continued, bowing to them, "you can have no idea of the importance of the information Fred has given me, or you

would forgive my apparent rudeness; let me hope you will forgive me anyway, and I will not offend again."

The ladies, of course, bowed forgiveness, but looked uncomfortable, and the one to whom Mr. Parsons seemed devoted gave that gentleman a very meaningful nod, and pushed her chair back a little, intimating that it was time to go. Mr. Parsons was greatly astonished at Mr. Benson's warmth of manner; but he managed to stammer out:

"My information, old boy, what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Benson, who had quite recovered his composure; "I was a little astonished at something you said, but this is not the place to talk about it. Can you call at the Hoffman to-night for half an hour? You will do me a great favor, and the matter is urgent and important."

"All right, old fellow, I will be there in about—" he hesitated, looked at his young lady, she shook her head, he sighed, and then added, "half an hour."

The party left the restaurant, Mr. Parsons to escort the two young ladies home, and Mr. Benson to rush up Fifth Avenue to the Hoffman House as though his life depended on his being there before Mr. Parsons. Once arrived at the Hotel he stationed himself at the entrance, and impatiently awaited Mr. Benson. That gentleman was late; he found that he had had "last words" to say to his young lady than he had thought of, and many times he had to stop her as she was going from the door to tell her something very important and to—well, never mind; most of us, I suppose, know how a fellow feels when he is talking nonsense (he thinks it sound common sense) to the girl he loves, or thinks he loves, at the door of her house, late at night, and when he knows he ought to go away at once, but don't want to, and generally don't under an hour. Mr. Benson got awfully impatient, and stamped about the pavement in a most impatient way, but that did not hurry Mr. Parsons, and it was nearly one o'clock before that gentleman appeared to fill his engagement, and even then he looked as if he would greatly have preferred to be standing at the door he had just left, with his arm around—well, never mind, most of us like to get our arms around some one at some time or other, so I will not trouble about Mr. Parsons any more.

Mr. Benson at once took Mr. Parsons up to his room, and explained fully to him the nature of his business in New York, and how the information of Brydon's sending a large sum of money from Montreal immediately after the robbery would affect the case.

Mr. Parsons had known Arthur when he was one of the luminaries of Wall Street, and it was an honor to know him, and he was willing and ready to help him now. He told Mr. Benson that some three or four weeks since Frank Work & Co.—the firm he was employed by—had received a letter from Mr. Brydon, who was an old customer of theirs, enclosing a large amount of U. S. and other American securities, with orders to sell them, and make other investments; they had received no gold or notes. Mr. Parsons, of course, did not know the numbers of the bonds, but promised to get a list of them in the morning, as well as the letter from Brydon to Frank Work & Co., and volunteered to accompany Benson to Montreal.

Mr. Benson slept happily and contentedly that night, although he dreamt a little; but his dreams only added to his happiness, for he dreamt only two dreams, in one of which he saw Mr. Brydon hung up by the neck, and in the other he (Mr. Benson) was leading Miss Frank to the altar. He dreamt these dreams over and over, and awoke in the morning in a great state of ecstasy, feeling that he was much more than a match for Mr. Brydon, and very confident that he would soon prove too much for that gentleman. He met Mr. Parsons at the time appointed; but was greatly disappointed to find that the bonds and securities sent on by Mr. Brydon did not agree in any particular with the list found in Arthur's desk. Mr. Parsons was quite sure about the numbers, denominations, &c., of the securities received by Frank Work & Co. being correct, and Mr. Benson did thoroughly comprehend. At last he thought he would call on Captain Young and see if that clear-headed detective could throw any light on the subject.

They found him in his office talking to a rather disappointed looking individual, who rose on their entrance, and, lowering himself out of the room, said he would call again in an hour. The Captain heard Mr. Benson's story, paused for a moment to consider, and then said:

"Mr. Benson, your case is as good as finished; the list of securities you have is a forged one, put in the drawer it was found in by Brydon, to throw suspicion on the wrong track. We have been trying to find bonds and other securities which either don't exist, or are out of the market, while the stolen bonds have been quietly disposed of through one of the most respectable firms on Broad Street. It was a clever scheme of Brydon's—he must be a mighty sharp customer, and it is some credit to get square with him;—but the game can be spoiled easy enough now. You want to take Mr. Parsons, and another witness, if possible, on to Montreal with Brydon's letter to Frank Work & Co.; you also want a good expert to compare the letter with Brydon's writing in the books of the firm, &c., and with the forged cheque. It's just about as easy a case as I ever saw, and is almost dead sure to be all right. I wish I could say as much for another case I'm engaged in, but that is a tough one."

"What is it?" said Mr. Benson, not feeling the least interest, but simply because the detective seemed interested in it, and appeared anxious to tell the story.

"Well, you see it's a case of mistaken identity, and has led to some queer developments. Something like six months ago a man calling himself Richard Cranston went to Richmond, Va., put up at the Spotswood House, and cut quite a swell for a few days. He opened an account in the First National Bank of Richmond, depositing a couple of thousand dollars in bills, and getting pretty well liked about the Hotel on account of his easy pleasant way, and the strong Southern principles he advocated. After about a week he went into a tobacco speculation, and bought several hundred cases of plug to be shipped to New York. It was a pretty big purchase, and his money ran out, so he paid in a cheque of the Cashier of the Bank of Commerce, New York, to the First National Bank and draw against it. The Cashier was a little doubtful, so he telegraphed to New York and found that the cheque was a forgery; of course, payment was stopped, the tobacco was not shipped, and Mr. Cranston only gained a couple of hundred dollars, but he made good his escape, and has not been found since. A few days after he had left it was found that the bills he had paid into the bank were counterfeit and the bank determined to take active measures to find Mr. Cranston; they offered \$1,000 reward, and Brownson, of the Richmond force, came on here. He applied to me, and together we traced Cranston to the St. Charles Hotel, where we found that he and his wife had been staying for a few days. They had left, and I could not get any clue of them until about ten days ago I discovered Cranston, by chance, living out at Flatbush; his description answered exactly, and I arrested him. Here comes in the funny part; the Cashier of the Richmond Bank and Brownson, both of whom know Cranston by sight, came on and identified him, but he pleaded innocence, and proved without a shadow of doubt by numerous responsible witnesses that he had not been out of Brooklyn for more than a day or two at a time for over two years; and on the very day the forged cheque was presented in Richmond, Cranston was in the Second Precinct Station House, Brooklyn, arrested for drunkenness. It was the clearest *alibi* I ever saw, but still it would have been hard to get him off, only the story he told and the way he accounted for his being taken for the Richard Cranston we wanted was so plausible and straightforward that we could not but believe him. This Cranston is a peculiar looking man, you saw him here when you entered to-day, with long shaggy red hair and whiskers, and rather marked features, now it seems that there