POOR DOCUMENT

ST. JOHN, N. B.

True Detective Stories

THE MAN WHO CALLED AT NIGHT by criminals and that he is a counterfeiter." The State's Attorney said he had no more questions

BY A. L. DRUMMOND, FORMER CHIEF OF THE U. S SECRET SERVICE.

when the doorbell rang. The servant who answered the beil would not let the caller in. She came back and told me a very ugly looking man was came back and told me a very ugly looking man was and veracity is so bad."

All pretested their immocence.

The mea were indicted and placed on trial at Mount is bad because on the night he swore that Keene was in his saloon in Wilmington all the evening I saw him in his saloon in Wil came back and told me a very ugly looking man was
came back and told me a very ugly looking man was
tanding on the porch. I went out to investigate and
Just before we reached the man's house we saw a

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Just before we reached the man's house we saw a found—an old friend. In his time he had been one of the worst criminals in Philadelphia. He still associated with criminals, but not for the purpose of joinof the bands. The man was not at home, and we had
ing them in any of their undertakings. His business taken up a position outside to wait for him to return, was to learn the secrets of his crooked friends and sell the information to the government. And I bought what he had to sell just as the government, in time of var will compensate a traiter for revealing facts re-

ling the plant or the enemy. t much," he said. "Maybe you will not case about to live not in your line. But the gang out to night to do a job somewhere in Jer-

y, I don't know engely, where. They've found a safetic farmer, who is supposed to have quite a lot of may in his house, and they intend to roast his feet the safety. Who is going along? Oh, Occar without, Copyer Wilson, Austin Reene, Dick King

made more counterfeit money than was pro-in any other city in the United States. They id burglaries, held-ups, tie-ups, assembs and an onal murder. A tie-up consisted of taking an farmer unawares, lashing his hands behind his bare feet against a hot stove. In those days there was ace in banks than there is now, and the

ular criminal method of bringing forth hidden scare, as they walked on less menacingly, and when scare, as they walked on less menacingly, and when the members of the bands differed as much in they returned to Keesey's saloon the rest of the band carance and ability as the grimes did in character.

his pockets. On nights when there was nothing else lock, when a charge of shot tore through the door to do they amused themselves with cock fights and dog fights. Occasionally dog fighting would seem too tame and one of the outlit would yield to the imbe. He had heard Coogan boring away at the door, mitted to kick as well as to strike, but the dog caught seriously wounding him. The band fied in confusion.

him by the throat and had to be besten off with a club. The farmer's feet were not roasted. His hoarded

I do not know, however, that I can give any ade- wealth, if he had any, was not molested. event in which I was concerned that occurred one tained nething to show the identity of those who had evening. Dick Brunnassi, an Italian Secret Service attempted the robbery. But before the evening newsman, had seen a thief smatch a ghi's watch and had papers were off the press—in fact, early in the morn-turned the thief over to the police. The girl's father ing—I had gone to the office of Kennard Jones, Chief came to my office and wanted to give Dick \$25.

crowd of roughs around Keesey's saloen, at Eleventh and Ellsworth streets, which was the hang-out of one when we saw two of the ugliest of the band start toward us, one following the other. Dick and I both knew they were coming to make trouble. During the four years I was in Philadelphia I was the means of putting 126 of these fellows into the penitentiary, and at that time I had convicted so many that threats had been freely made against my life. Dick was a cool, dependable fellow, however, and I felt we were

a match for any two of them. "Stand on the outside of the sidewalk, Dick," I said. "and when they are within ten feet of us turn sharply and face them until they have passed. I will

"If they make da trouble," said Dick, "you kille da front man; I killa da back one."

"All right," said I. "Here they come." The two roughs were swinging along as if they meant to bump into us and start a fight. One of them was the brother-in-law of Lawrence Keene, whom I had sent to the penitentiary for counterfeiting. Dick and I had our revolvers in our side peckets, our fingers on the triggers so we could shoot right through the cloth without drawing our weapons. When the front one came within ten feet of us we both turned with military precision and faced them. I suspect this trick was all that saved our livesor possibly theirs—as Lawrence Keene told me afterward that the two men had set out to "do me up." Our quick turn, however, evidently gave them a

Five men of this kind started out on the night of of the men would pass anywhere they were not

Five men of this kind started out on the night of
October 18, 1877, to roast the deaf old farmer's feet. ther Lewrence, for instance, had inherited a Their intended victim proved to be Joseph Petts, deal of property. They owned a brick block in who lived near Mount Holly, New Jersey. They business district of Philadelphia until gambling reached his house about midnight, got their tools get it away from them, and even after they took to out of the bags and began work. Somebody tried to raise the windows with a jimmy, but the old prospersus. re were plain roughs. If they were drinking wouldn't bend or break. Then Oscar Coogan started tranger entered who looked as if he had at least to bore holes through the front door near the lock. and a stranger entered who looked as if he had at least to bore notes through the holes close together he made an opening two dollars he was invited to take a drink. While his By boring the holes close together he made an opening head was tipped back to drain the glass his host through which he could put his hand. He was reachwould knock him out with the ice pitcher and search ing through the hole, trying to turn the key in the

itles of his friends and the allurement of a seized his double barrelled shotgun, hastened from his small purse by going down into the pit to fight one of the dogs. A big buildeg once nearly killed his human antagonist. The animal was known to be so vicious and let go with the other barrel, this time putting a that all rules were suspended and the man was per- few shots under the skin of Austin Keene, though not

quate idea of what may be called the "toughness" of All these facts came out in the newspapers the next truth and veracity?" I was asked. some of this crewd without telling a story about an afterneon. The newspaper accounts, however, conevent in which I was concerned that occurred one tained nothing to show the identity of those who had

"De you knew William Carrell, of Wilmington,

to ask, and I was turned over to Keene's lawyer for It was a frosty winter's night. Wiltsey was suppross-examination. Keene's attorney was "Bud" posed to be occupying a room on the second floor. I

"I can," I said. "In this particular case I know it of a furnace. The counterfeiters themselves, at such in his saloon in Wilmington all the evening I saw him Leaving the Chief with the man at the foot of the

"Where did you see him?"



Austin W. Keene.

TWO OF A FAMOUS BAND OF CRIMINALS WITH HEADQUARTERS IN PHILADELPHIA WHICH MADE MORE COUNTERFEIT MONEY THAN WAS PRODUCED IN ANY OTHER CITY IN THE UNITED STATES. "Yes," I replied. "I know who he is. I know he is Eleventh and Ellsworth streets." erfeiter and that he runs a lew saloon that is

ort of counterfeiters and other criminals." worn that on the night of the attempted robbery at Potts' house Austin Keene was in his saloon in Wilmington all the evening. They are trying to set up an alibi for him. Carroll has so intimidated two Wilmington detectives who know he is lying that they dare not testify to the truth. Wfil you go to Mount Holly and tell what you know about Carroll's

"I will if my chief will permit me to. More than that. I will ask him to let me go.' I wired to Chief Brockes in Washington the same day, and before night had permission to make the trip.

The next day I was put on the stand by the prose-

"What is it?"

"Would you believe him under oath?" "Do you know what his business is?"

"How did you happen to be in Keesey's saloen?" "I went there with a man whom I had employed to try to buy counterfeit money from Keene-and he

Deacon dropped like a hot potato. My testimony for the prosecution had hurt his client little in comparison with what he himself had brought out upon

"Why," said he, "I had no intimation of what was coming. Keene had told me he had never seen you."

Coogan, Keene and Chapman were convicted and sentenced to ten years each in the Trenton Penitentiary. Cooper Wiltsey, another of the band that went

to the Potts farm house, was still at large. Wiltsey's time came the next year. He was a character. A big, powerful man, he had about as wicked eyes as I ever saw in any human being. Men gen-"Do you know William Carroll's reputation for erally hated him. Such women as he met almost invariably liked him. He was fifty years old, but the sprinkling of gray in his hair did not handicap him. Always there was some woman to be found who would swear that Cooper Wiltsey was all right.

I knew he was all wrong, but I couldn't prove it. I knew he was a counterfeiter, because men whom I had convicted of passing counterfeit had told me they

got their stuff from him. But the celebrated dea not more clusive than he. Every time I put my h out to grab him I found that he had just gone. Still I kept an eye out for him, and the year after his midnight visit to the Potts farmhouse I got word that he was living in a back room of a house in the business district of Philadelphia. Chief Brockes, whose home was in Philadelphia, happened to be in town when I was ready to make the raid, and he came

posed to be occupying a room on the second floor. I beacon, of Mount Holly, whom I had never seen before, but with whom I afterward became well it would be against the law to accept it and that he windows of the suspected room. Though every other window in the vicinity was closed, around their accustomed haunts and within a few acquainted.

Though every other window in the vicinity was closed, around their accustomed haunts and within a few acquainted.

Well," said Mr. Deacon, "you seem to know so would have to perjure himself the next pay day if he acquainted.

Well," said Mr. Deacon, "you seem to know so did. When Brunnazzi went home the following night her sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found two tons of coal in his cellar, and we were sading in my home, No. 781 Wood street, her found the found that he acquainted.

Court and two tons of the five men who, my informant told me, because well when they are at work the air about them is like that

stairs, I went up to the room and knocked at the door. There was no response nor was there a sound "I saw him in Keesey's saloon at the corner of inside. I knocked again, at the same time calling out, "Open this door, in the name of the law, or I will knock it down." Still there was no response. I stepped back three paces, took a running jump at the door, striking it with my shoulder, and knocked

> two figures—that of a woman standing as if she were cast in bronze and that of Wiltsey leaping at me with a fifteen inch stiletto-like carving knife clasped in his hand. I levelled my revolver at his head and told him to stop or I would kill him. He stopped. As I covered him with my gun, I presume twenty seconds elapsed before I spoke again. Then I called to the man I had left down stairs to come up. As I called, Wiltsey's eyes shifted from me to

> the head of the stairs. And then I did what the Chief and the others said was a very foolish thing. I dropped my revolver on the floor and grabbed the wrist in which he held the knife. It was all done in a twinkling, without thought on my part, and for a few seconds we struggled, he trying to reverse the direction of the wrist. But in less time than it takes to tell it the Chief and the other man who had stood at the foot of the stairs bounded into the room. The detective who accompanied the Chief thrust a revolver in Wiltsey's face with a command to drop the knife or have his head blown off the next instant. Wiltsey released his hold on the knife and it fell to the floor.

I picked it up and threw it behind a bureau.
"Why didn't you shoot him?" said Chief Breckes. "Never risk your life like that again."

The woman was Sarah Page. We bundled her and Wiltsey off to jail and then went back to clean out the room. Wiltsey's specialty was the making of trade-dollars and we had caught them in the midst of their day's work. His method was to buy block tin and imony, melt them up, run the metal into a mould and then, with an electric battery, put a light plating of silver over the composition. A silver dollar contained enough silver to plate five hundred tin dollars and, as tin was comparatively cheap, Wiltsey made a good profit even though he sold his product at twentyfive or thirty cents on the dollar.

I think we found a bushel of counterfeit dollars strewn about the room and perhaps another bushel of melting pots, moulds, metal, batteries and so forth.
Wiltsey was convicted and given a long term—ten years, if I remember correctly. The woman was

The last of the series of events that began with the ringing of my doorbell the time the servant would not let my caller in occurred a year or two later. William: Carroll had never forgiven me for the testimony I gave carroll had never forgiven me for the testimony I gave about him the time ne was trying to fix up an alibi for Austin Keene in the Potts case. I had met Carroll in the street once afterward and he had taken off his hat to me, but those who knew him better than I did advised me always to keep my eyes on him when he was around. I never saw him again, hewever, and my attention was next directed to him when a friend in Wilmington wrote me that he was dead. He had gone into a saloon next door to his own, fixed at the barkeeper, missed him, and the barkeeper had put a bullet through his brain. He died with his boots on.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DRAKE A Story.

BY F. W. EDDY.

mandiate family, but also the inner hundred in which he moved, the clubs he frequented, business ciates to whom he was an asset and minor circles of acqueintances who ordinarily kept in touch with sloop that lay at the pier. Such jewelled treasure him. Beyond telephone range the telegraph raked the land for tidings of him. Mrs. Drake avoided only the police in her search, for publicity would have been too humiliating, and through all her distresses she held to the faith that all would come right in the end.

Drake's office sign is non-committal as to his occu-ation. (When he takes of business his friends understand that he refers to properties that he manages.
There is enough truth in that to pass review. He might have lived quietly and moved well on a gensel inheritance, represented in properties that he sive corapany, to give his wife a place as a social now; did you come here for a picnic, young man, or what's your business?" he accepted in his early married life the confidential of magic had indeed shifted the scene. Something of magic Cumberland Club—a function which enabled him to gratify his social desires at no sacrifice of

He had the knack of obtaining orders without so-liciting them—by mere suggestion or advice as an apparently disinterested party. His methods, there-fore, were far superior to those of a self-confessed wine agent. It was that diplometic manipulation of trade which rated him high with his principals, and his convivial qualities kept him in brisk demand

ome, current affairs the honor and pleasure of supplying this interesting as, a happy meeme and freedom customer with as large a fish as he could carry. ent there was no Instead of moving homeward with his prize, Drake reason why Sidney Drake should vanish, turned into South street, sauntered up to Peck slip and crossed over to the water front. The air lured him on with just enough motion to cool him gratufully after stuffy hours uptown. He thought the river must look pretty under the moonlight. In order the better to watch its dancing sheen he stepped on a

"Skipper, come and see this fine-catch."

"What's that, got a haul already?"

"Yes, sure enough haul; don't look like a mermaid exactly, but I guess it's part human." Drake caught the drift of this exchange, but it semed to him to fit naturally into the enchanting scene until he felt himself lifted by the shoulders and a gruff but kindly voice said:-"Ahoy, steady

sheen of moving color, the luring night breeze, and projected in its place the glare of daylight and the grimed faces of a ship's crew; and the sky matched the gray of the sea, over which the ship was bumping with sails double reefed. The night had been real;

"You den't look like a seafaring man," the gruff voice went on; "and if you think you're a passenger,

we sin't allowed to carry passengers." Drake surveyed his questioner and then himself. the merits of Three C's called He was forward of the forecastle hatch and had been the next at night. Dutil now it had never interfered lifted from a heap of seine nets on which to all appearances he had lain. His silk hat now reposed At three o'clock that meening, when Drake came out of the cafe where he and some friends had been proving the superior attractions of the Three O's, he decided that he must have a fresh maskerel for breakfast. broadcloth needed the iron. Spray had flecked with and share its neartiness. He learned to address them by their first names, and parents to drive milk wagons before school, starting the starting whitish spots like incipient mildew his patent leathers. Cester on the sloop, were a wholesome sort and let It is not often that the fish desiers there have a The ensemble was too tangible to mistake it for a him help with

stands. They entered into veciferous competition for am I, please?"

pergies off Cape May. New, what are you going to do about it?"

"What do you want me to do about it?" "We can't stand for a passenger or put you ashere."

You had better turn to and work your way, I recken." "That suits me, but you must show me. I am

green at this business." you'll be glad to have it to fall back on. Now come to the cabin and I'll rig you out."

In the outfit which the skipper gave him Drake joined the men on deck. A shift of wind enabled hem to let out the reefs, and under a full spread of canvas the Lucy Ann fairly flew ahead. Drake had crossed the ocean often enough to know

it, and in craft of his own in lesser waters he had felt himself a tolerable saflor, but this was a new senself-transported to a realm of perfect peace and conof the sea as the birds on its surface or the fish be- at two hundred bushels of porgies. neath. The crew, who had come round from Glou-



"WHERE AM I?"

at three in the morning while they are dressing their "I must have made a blunder," he said. "Where "Shipmate," said the skipper early the next morning, "I suppose you know the sailor's Eleventh Com- the Lucy Ann when he first observed her at sea, he race will surely result.

"Well, you're outside the three mile limit. In fact, mandment:—'Six days shalt theu labor and do all thy had grown really fond of her with ripening you're on the Lucy Ann, of Gloucester, bound for work, and on the seventh scrub down the rigging and holystone the deck.' We let you off the watch last night, so get busy."

Drake put in the Sunday according to the gosp the sea, and a pair of chafed legs and bruised knuckles and blistered palms convinced him that he was earning his passage. That night the Lucy Ann lay-to er furled sails at the fishing grounds three hundred miles off Cape May.

At four o'clock next morning all hands turned out. They lowered two yawls, piled them with seine nets and rowed off to lay the nets, eight men at the oars in each beat. Then they came back for dories and set out their pickets to keep the nets in order. The breakfast hern blew at eight. No one had to be called twice. Then there was another stretch of picketing and net hauling until the noon meal. The same work had to be done in the afternoon. By dusk, when the sation. The Lucy Ann seemed to him as much a part last haul had been made, the day's catch was reckoned

This did not finish the day. There remained the work of cleaning the catch and packing it down in ice. With all hands bustling to their capacity, it was eleven o'clock before they finished. Drake's face smarted with sunburn, his hands were red and swollen and the lines had dug deep into his blistered palms. He made no complaint. Everybody got the same treatment, the same hours, the same labor, and everybody took his medicine man fashion. The skipper fed his crew well. That kind of work demanded it. But fagged out as he was, when Drake got to his bunk at eleven that night he found time before he went to sleep to wonder if the folks at home were

worried, and to wish himself back. The second day passed as had the first at the fishing grounds-up at four o'clock, breakfast at eight, oing the nets properly laid and hauling them in on occasion, and that night the catch again measured two hundred bushels. At meals Drake was carried back to the ravenous hunger of his youth in outing

Good luck had saved him from a hoodlum crew, recruited along the city wharves, and had cast him are responsible in most instances. In certain cases among messmates from the far North, where sailors where children were observed to fall asleep over their know only the sea and share its heartiness. He lessons it was found that they had been forced by their

ance. So it was with a tinge of regret that he found the Lucy Ann, just one week after departure from port, tying up again at Peck shp. Druke senght the

skipper.

"You have been mighty good to me," he said, "and I don't remember when I felt as well as I do now. I know I must have been a lot of treuble to you. How much will make it right?"

"Cut that short, Sid," came the skipper's reply. "We were all glad to have you along even if you weren't invited. You may be a gentleman, but you held your end up. I wish we had you for regular company. As to how much will make it right, I am sorry I can't allow you wages, for the list was full when you joined us; but we had a quick trip and good catch and you are in on the division of extra profits. I

lgure your share is \$4.50." As unexpectedly as the sea had swallowed him it yielded him up. Mrs. Drake had quite decided that she must ask the police to put out their drag net when Drake appeared before her. The sight made her speechless, for her astonished gaze fell, not on her well groomed husband of other days, but on his presentment in an oil smeared sweater and ill used be and trousers, his countenance like a pumpits and his hands rough and calloused and furrowed. A bit of well roped tarpaulin encased the evening attire in which she had last seen him. Unfolding another bundle, he exposed a mess of porgies.

"Caught them myself," he said, "and can guarant

"Some other time, my dear. I've had the experience of my life. It has made a new man of me. And I think it has taught me to quit being my ewn best

SCHOOL CHILDREN AND SLEEP.

CHOOL children sleep on an average about three hours less a day than they ought. This condays, when everything tasted good, and he wanted the plate piled high and often. He could feel the clusion, drawn from investigation of 6,000 cases in England, has just been reported to the Child Study return of youth, also, in the surging of his blood, and, lame as they were, his muscles quickened with the children get insufficient sleep, but what they have is unsatisfactory. Bad ventilation, noise and late work sleep than adults, and to deprive them of it in this way