

PREFACE

IN again submitting to the public a volume of my Detective Experiences, a few words of introduction may not be out of place.

The life of a Detective is naturally a varied and excitable one. At one time he is engaged in the pursuit of the hardened Criminal, whose hands are crimson with the blood of his victim—at another, the Burglar, whose manipulations of the protecting appliances, which have been invented to secure the wealth of others from his rapacious grasp, engrosses his attention—and anon he is found working his silent way through the intricate mazes of science, where the Counterfeiter and the Forger, with their miraculous chemicals and deft handiwork, require not only a familiarity with their mode of procedure, but an astute knowledge of human nature and their various characteristics.

The Criminal is not always the rough and uncouth Defendant in a Court of Quarter Sessions. He appears quite as frequently as the well-dressed, polished, and educated gentleman, as the distinguished foreigner and as the profound scientist, as he does in the guise of the ignorant; the open defier of the law or the midnight robber.

Through all grades of Society the evil influences of a desire to enrich oneself at the expense of others is manifested; through all classes of humanity, the greed of gain, the ambition to be