

and plenty of money he became a member of the New York Produce Exchange, and at No. 60 Broadway carried on a successful business as agent for the Belgian Stone Company, dealing largely in all manner of fancy marbles.

On the eventual discovery of the forgeries, Sheridan quietly gathered his assets together, and sped to Belgium—that fashionable retreat for Americans having too little honesty and too much brains.

It is not known just how large an amount Sheridan succeeded in disposing of, but it must have equalled all that of the other large operators. "Steve" Raymond sold ninety thousand dollars' worth, and Charles Williams, *alias* Perrin, one hundred and ten thousand; while the American public was mulcted fully two millions in excess of the amount secured from our English cousins in the Bank of England forgeries.

When I sent my son, William A. Pinkerton, to Europe, to capture and return Raymond, which he accomplished, he met Sheridan in Brussels, where he was then living like a prince, with the avowed determination of never returning to America. But he did return here; and that mistake eventually led to my capturing him. He could not live without the excitement of scheming, speculating, criminal adventure, and what was to him the genuine pleasure of transacting business on a large scale.

He slipped back to America, and, under the name of Walter A. Stewart, suddenly appeared at Denver, where he established probably the largest and most expensive hot-house in America, did an immense business in supplying that market with vegetables and rare plants, was elected a director of the German National Bank of that city, and soon established a bank of his own at Rosita, in the Colorado mining districts. There his spirit of speculation took possession of him again, and he began the wildest kind of gambling in mining stocks, which resulted in his losing every dollar he possessed on earth.

About this time I again got upon Sheridan's trail, and, following him from point to point, learned that he contemplated a trip to the East, to discover his old companions and inaugurate some new and brilliant scheme of robbery. Entrusting matters at New York to my son, Robert A. Pinkerton, Superintendent of my New York office, I gradually caused the lines