"WE NEVER SLEEP"

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BUCHOLZ AND THE DETECTIVES.

By

ALLAN PINKERTON,

AUTHOR OF
"THE EXPRESSMAN AND THE DETECTIVE," "THE MODEL TOWN AND THE DETECTIVES," "THE SPIRITUALISTS AND THE DETECTIVES," "THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES AND THE DETECTIVES," "STRIKERS, COMMUNISTS, TRAMPS AND DETECTIVES," "THE GYPSIES AND THE DETECTIVES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

The following pages narrate a story of detective experience, which, in many respects, is alike peculiar and interesting, and one which evinces in a marked degree the correctness of one of the cardinal principles of my detective system, viz.: "That crime can and must be detected by the pure and honest heart obtaining a controlling power over that of the criminal."

The history of the old man who, although in the possession of unlimited wealth, leaves the shores of his native land to escape the imagined dangers of assassination, and arrives in America, only to meet his death—violent and mysterious—at the hands of a trusted servant, is in all essential points a recital of actual events. While it is true that in describing the early career of this man, the mind may have roamed through the field of romance, yet the important events which are related of him are based entirely upon information authentically derived.

The strange operation of circumstances which brought these two men together, although they had journeyed across the seas—each with no knowledge of the existence of the other—to meet and to participate in the sad drama of crime, is one of those realistic evidences of the inscrutable operations of fate, which are of frequent occurrence in daily life.

The system of detection which was adopted in this case, and which was pursued to a successful termination, is not a new one in the annals of criminal detection. From the inception of my career as a detective, I have believed that crime is an element as foreign to the human mind as a poisonous substance is to the body, and that by the commission of a crime, the man or the woman so offending, weakens, in a material degree, the mental and moral strength of their characters and dispositions. Upon this weakness the intelligent detective must bring to bear the force and influence of a superior, moral and intellectual power, and then successful detection is assured.

The criminal, yielding to a natural impulse of human nature, must seek for sympathy. His crime haunts him continually, and the burden of concealment becomes at last too heavy to bear alone. It must find a voice; and whether it be to the empty air in fitful dreamings, or into the ears of a sympathetic friend—he must relieve himself of the terrible secret which is bearing him down. Then it is that the watchful detective may seize the criminal in his moment of weakness and by his sympathy, and from the confidence he has engendered, he will force from him the story of his crime.

That such a course was necessary to be pursued in this case will be apparent to all. The suspected man had been precipitately arrested, and no opportunity was afforded to watch his movements or to become associated with him while he was at liberty. He was an inmate of a prison when I assumed the task of his detection, and the course pursued was the only one which afforded the slightest promise of success; hence its adoption.

Severe moralists may question whether this course is a legitimate or defensible one; but as long as crime exists, the necessity for detection is apparent. That a murderous criminal should go unwhipt of justice because the process of his detection is distasteful to the high moral sensibilities of those to whom crime is, perhaps, a stranger, is an argument at once puerile and absurd. The office of the detective is to serve the ends of justice; to purge society of the degrading influences of crime; and to protect the lives, the property and the honor of the community at large; and in this righteous work the end will unquestionably justify the means adopted to secure the desired result.

That the means used in this case were justifiable the result has proven. By no

other course could the murderer of Henry Schulte have been successfully punished or the money which he had stolen recovered.

The detective, a gentleman of education and refinement, in the interests of justice assumes the garb of the criminal; endures the privations and restraints of imprisonment, and for weeks and months associates with those who have defied the law, and have stained their hands with blood; but in the end he emerges from the trying and fiery ordeal through which he has passed triumphant. The law is vindicated, and the criminal is punished.

Despite the warnings of his indefatigable counsel, and the fears which they had implanted in his mind, the detective had gained a control over the mind of the guilty man, which impelled him to confess his crime and reveal the hiding place of the money which had led to its commission.

That conviction has followed this man should be a subject of congratulation to all law-abiding men and women; and if the fate of this unhappy man, now condemned to long weary years of imprisonment, shall result in deterring others from the commission of crime, surely the operations of the detective have been more powerfully beneficial to society than all the eloquence and nicely-balanced theories—incapable of practical application—of the theoretical moralist, who doubts the efficiency or the propriety of the manner in which this great result has been accomplished.

ALLAN PINKERTON.

BUCHOLZ AND THE DETECTIVES.

THE CRIME.

CHAPTER I.

The Arrival in South Norwalk.—The Purchase of the Farm.—A Miser's Peculiarities, and the Villagers' Curiosity.

About a mile and a half from the city of South Norwalk, in the State of Connecticut, rises an eminence known as Roton Hill. The situation is beautiful and romantic in the extreme. Far away in the distance, glistening in the bright sunshine of an August morning, roll the green waters of Long Island Sound, bearing upon its broad bosom the numerous vessels that ply between the City of New York and the various towns and cities along the coast. The massive and luxurious steamers and the little white-winged yachts, the tall "three-masters" and the trim and gracefully-sailing schooners, are in full view. At the base of the hill runs the New York and New Haven Railroad, with its iron horse and long trains of cars, carrying their wealth of freights and armies of passengers to all points in the East, while to the left lies the town of South Norwalk—the spires of its churches rising up into the blue sky, like monuments pointing heaven-ward—and whose beautiful and capacious school-houses are filled with the bright eyes and rosy faces of the youths who receive from competent teachers the lessons that will prove so valuable in the time to come.

Various manufactories add to the wealth of the inhabitants, whose luxurious homes and bright gardens are undoubted indications of prosperity and domestic comfort. The placid river runs through the town, which, with the heavy barges lying at the wharves, the draw-bridges which span its shores, and the smaller crafts, which afford amusement to the youthful fraternity, contribute to the general picturesqueness of the scene.

The citizens, descended from good old revolutionary sires, possess the sturdy ambitions, the indomitable will and the undoubted honor of their ancestors, and,

as is the case with all progressive American towns, South Norwalk boasts of its daily journal, which furnishes the latest intelligence of current events, proffers its opinions upon the important questions of the day, and, like the *Sentinel* of old, stands immovable and unimpeachable between the people and any attempted encroachment upon their rights.

On a beautiful, sunny day in August, 1878, there descended from the train that came puffing up to the commodious station at South Norwalk, an old man, apparently a German, accompanied by a much younger one, evidently of the same nationality. The old gentleman was not prepossessing in appearance, and seemed to be avoided by his well-dressed fellow-passengers. He was a tall, smooth-faced man about sixty years of age, but his broad shoulders and erect carriage gave evidence of an amount of physical power and strength scarcely in accord with his years. Nor was his appearance calculated to impress the observer with favor. He wore a wretched-looking coat, and upon his head a dingy, faded hat of foreign manufacture. His shoes showed frequent patches, and looked very much as though their owner had performed the duties of an amateur cobbler.

he Arrival at South Norwalk.

The Arrival at South Norwalk.

It was not a matter of wonder, therefore, that the round-faced Squire shrugged his burly shoulders as the new-comer entered his office, or that he was about to bestow upon the forlorn-looking old man some trifling token of charity.

The old gentleman, however, was not an applicant for alms. He did not deliver any stereotyped plea for assistance, nor did he recite a tale of sorrow and suffering calculated to melt the obdurate heart of the average listener to sympathy, and so with a wave of his hand he declined the proffered coin, and stated the nature of his business.

The Squire soon discovered his error, for instead of asking for charity, his visitor desired to make a purchase, and in place of being a victim of necessity, he intended to become a land-owner in that vicinity.

The young man who accompanied him, and who was dressed in clothing of

good quality and style, was discovered to be his servant, and the old gentlemen, in a few words, completed a bargain in which thousands of dollars were involved.

The blue eyes of the worthy Squire opened in amazement as the supposed beggar, drawing forth a well-filled but much-worn leather wallet, and taking from one of its dingy compartments the amount of the purchase-money agreed upon, afforded the astonished magistrate a glimpse of additional wealth of which the amount paid seemed but a small fraction.

The land in question which thus so suddenly and strangely changed hands was a farm of nearly thirty acres, situate upon Roton Hill, and which had been offered for sale for some time previous, without attracting the attention of an available purchaser. When, therefore, the new-comer completed his arrangements in comparatively such few words, and by the payment of the purchase-money in full, he so completely surprised the people to whom the facts were speedily related by the voluble Squire, that the miserably apparelled owner of the "Hill," became at once an object of curiosity and interest.

A few days after this event, the old gentleman, whose name was ascertained to be John Henry Schulte, formally entered into possession of his land, and with his servants took up his abode at Roton Hill.

The dwelling-house upon the estate was an unpretentious frame building, with gable roof, whose white walls, with their proverbial green painted window shutters overlooking the road, showed too plainly the absence of that care and attention which is necessary for comfort and essential to preservation. It was occupied at this time by a family who had been tenants under the previous owner, and arrangements were soon satisfactorily made by Henry Schulte by which they were to continue their residence in the white farm-house upon the "Hill."

This family consisted of a middle-aged man, whose name was Joseph Waring, his wife and children—a son and two blooming daughters, and as the family of Henry Schulte consisted only of himself and his servant, the domestic arrangements were soon completed, and he became domiciled at once upon the estate which he had purchased.

The young man who occupied the position as servant, or valet, to the eccentric old gentleman, was a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking young fellow, whose clear-cut features and prominent cheek-bones at once pronounced him to be a German. His eyes were large, light blue in color, and seemed capable of flashing with anger or melting with affection; his complexion was clear and bright, but his mouth was large and with an expression of sternness which detracted from the pleasing expression of his face; while his teeth, which were somewhat decayed, added to the unpleasing effect thus produced. He was, however, rather a good-looking fellow, with the erect carriage and jaunty air of the soldier, and it was a matter of surprise to many, that a young man of his appearance should occupy so subservient a position, and under such a singular master.

Such was William Bucholz, the servant of Henry Schulte.

Between master and man there appeared to exist a peculiar relation, partaking, at times, more of the nature of a protector than the servant, and in their frequent walks William Bucholz would invariably be found striding on in advance, while his aged, but seemingly robust, employer would follow silently and thoughtfully at a distance of a few yards. At home, however, his position was more clearly defined, and William became the humble valet and the nimble waiter.

The reserved disposition and retired habits of the master were regarded as very eccentric by his neighbors, and furnished frequent food for comment and speculation among the gossips which usually abound in country villages—and not in this case without cause. His manner of living was miserly and penurious in the extreme, and all ideas of comfort seemed to be utterly disregarded.

The furniture of the room which he occupied was of the commonest description, consisting of an iron bedstead, old and broken, which, with its hard bed, scanty covering and inverted camp-stool for a pillow, was painfully suggestive of discomfort and unrest. A large chest, which was used as a receptacle for food; a small deal table, and two or three unpainted chairs, completed the inventory of the contents of the chamber in which the greater portion of his time was passed when at home.

The adjoining chamber, which was occupied by Bucholz, was scarcely more

luxurious, except that some articles for toilet use were added to the scanty and uninviting stock.

The supplies for his table were provided by himself, and prepared for his consumption by Mrs. Waring. In this regard, also, the utmost parsimony was evinced, and the daily fare consisted of the commonest articles of diet that he was able to purchase. Salt meats and fish, brown bread and cheese, seemed to be the staple articles of food. At the expiration of every week, accompanied by William, he would journey to South Norwalk, to purchase the necessary stores for the following seven days, and he soon became well-known to the shopkeepers for the niggardly manner of his dealings. Upon his return his purchases would be carefully locked up in the strong box which he kept in his room, and would be doled out regularly to the servant for cooking in the apartments below, with a stinting exactness painfully amusing to witness.

The only luxury which he allowed himself was a certain quantity of Rhenish wine, of poor quality and unpleasant flavor, which was partaken of by himself alone, and apparently very much enjoyed. At his meals Bucholz was required to perform the duties of waiter; arranging the cloth, carrying the food and dancing in constant attendance—after which he would be permitted to partake of his own repast, either with the family, who frequently invited him, and thus saved expense, or in the chamber of his master.

Gossip in a country village travels fast and loses nothing in its passage. Over many a friendly cup of tea did the matrons and maids discuss the peculiarities of the wealthy and eccentric old man who had so suddenly appeared among them, while the male portion of the community speculated illimitably as to his history and his possessions.

He was frequently met walking along the highway with his hands folded behind his back, his head bent down, apparently in deep thought, William in advance, and the master plodding slowly after him, and many efforts were made to cultivate his acquaintance, but always without success.

This evidence of an avoidance of conversation and refusal to make acquaintances, instead of repressing a tendency to gossip, only seemed to supply an opportunity for exaggeration, and speculation largely supplied the want of fact in regard to his wealth and his antecedents.

Entirely undisturbed by the many reports in circulation about him, Henry Schulte pursued the isolated life he seemed to prefer, paying no heed to the curious eyes that were bent upon him, and entirely oblivious to the vast amount of interest which others evinced in his welfare.

He was in the habit of making frequent journeys to the City of New York alone, and on these occasions William would meet him upon his return and the two would then pursue their lonely walk home.

One day upon reaching South Norwalk, after a visit to the metropolis, he brought with him a large iron box which he immediately consigned to the safe keeping of the bank located in the town, and this fact furnished another and more important subject for conversation.

He had hitherto seemed to have no confidence in banking institutions and trust companies, and preferred to be his own banker, carrying large sums of money about his person which he was at no pains to conceal, and so, as he continued this practice, and as his possessions were seemingly increased by the portentous-looking iron chest, the speculations as to his wealth became unbounded.

Many of the old gossips had no hesitancy in declaring that he was none other than a foreign count or some other scion of nobility, who had, no doubt, left his native land on account of some political persecution, or that he had been expatriated by his government for some offense which had gained for the old man that dreadful punishment—royal disfavor.

Oblivious of all this, however, the innocent occasion of their wonderment and speculation pursued his lonely way unheeding and undisturbed.

CHAPTER II.

William Bucholz.—Life at Roton Hill.—A Visit to New York City.

William Bucholz, the servant of the old gentleman, did not possess the morose disposition nor the desire for isolation evinced by his master, for, instead of shunning the society of those with whom he came in contact, he made many acquaintances during his leisure hours among the people of the town and village, and with whom he soon became on terms of perfect intimacy. To him, therefore, perhaps as much as to any other agency, was due in a great measure the fabulous stories of the old man's wealth.

Being of a communicative disposition, and gifted with a seemingly frank and open manner, he found no difficulty in extending his circle of acquaintances, particularly among those of a curious turn of mind. In response to their eager questioning, he would relate such wonderful stories in reference to his master, of the large amount of money which he daily carried about his person, and of reputed wealth in Germany, that it was believed by some that a modern Crœsus had settled in their midst, and while, in common with the rest of humanity, they paid homage to his gold, they could not repress a feeling of contempt for the miserly actions and parsimonious dealings of its possessor.

With the young ladies also William seemed to be a favorite, and his manner of expressing himself in such English words as he had acquired, afforded them much interest and no little amusement. Above all the rest, however, the two daughters of Mrs. Waring possessed the greatest attractions for him, and the major part of his time, when not engaged in attending upon his employer, was spent in their company. Of the eldest daughter he appeared to be a devoted admirer, and this fact was far from being disagreeable to the young lady herself, who smiled her sweetest smiles upon the sturdy young German who sued for her

favors.

Sadie Waring was a wild, frolicsome young lady of about twenty years of age, with an impulsive disposition, and an inclination for mischief which was irrepressible. Several experiences were related of her, which, while not being of a nature to deserve the censure of her associates, frequently brought upon her the reproof of her parents, who looked with disfavor upon the exuberance of a disposition that acknowledged no control.

Bucholz and Sadie became warm friends, and during the pleasant days of the early Autumn, they indulged in frequent and extended rambles; he became her constant chaperone to the various traveling shows which visited the town, and to the merry-makings in the vicinity. Through her influence also, he engaged the services of a tutor, and commenced the study of the English language, in which, with her assistance, he soon began to make rapid progress.

In this quiet, uneventful way, the time passed on, and nothing occurred to disturb the usual serenity of their existence. No attempt was made by Henry Schulte to cultivate the land which he had purchased, and, except a small patch of ground which was devoted to the raising of a few late vegetables, the grass and weeds vied with each other for supremacy in the broad acres which surrounded the house.

Daily during the pleasant weather the old gentleman would wend his way to the river, and indulge in the luxury of a bath, which seemed to be the only recreation that he permitted himself to take; and in the evening, during which he invariably remained in the house, he would spend the few hours before retiring in playing upon the violin, an instrument of which he was very fond, and upon which he played with no ordinary skill.

The Autumn passed away, and Winter, cold, bleak, and cheerless, settled over the land. The bright and many-colored leaves that had flashed their myriad beauties in the full glare of the sunlight, had fallen from the trees, leaving their trunks, gnarled and bare, to the mercy of the sweeping winds. The streams were frozen, and the merry-makers skimmed lightly and gracefully over the glassy surface of pond and lake. Christmas, that season of festivity, when the hearts of the children are gladdened by the visit of that fabulous gift-maker, and when music and joy rule the hour in the homes of the rich—but when also, pinched

faces and hungry eyes are seen in the houses of the poor—had come and gone.

To the farm-house on the "Hill," there had come no change during this festive season, and the day was passed in the ordinary dull and uneventful manner. William Bucholz and Sadie Waring had perhaps derived more enjoyment from the day than any of the others, and in the afternoon had joined a party of skaters on the lake in the vicinity, but beyond this, no incident occurred to recall very forcibly the joyous time that was passing.

On the second day after Christmas, Henry Schulte informed William of his intention to go to New York upon a matter of business, and after a scanty breakfast, accompanied by his valet, he wended his way to the station.

They had become accustomed to ignore the main road in their journeys to the town, and taking a path that ran from the rear of the house, they would walk over the fields, now hard and frozen, and passing through a little strip of woods they would reach the track of the railroad, and following this they would reach the station, thereby materially lessening the distance that intervened, and shortening the time that would be necessary to reach their destination.

Placing the old gentleman safely upon the train, and with instructions to meet him upon his arrival home in the evening, Bucholz retraced his steps and prepared to enjoy the leisure accorded to him by the absence of the master.

In the afternoon his tutor came, and he spent an hour engaged in the study of the English language, and in writing. Shortly after the departure of the teacher Mrs. Waring requested him to accompany her to a town a few miles distant, whither she was going to transact some business, and he cheerfully consenting, they went off together.

Returning in the gathering twilight Bucholz was in excellent spirits and in great good humor, and as they neared their dwelling they discovered Sadie slightly in advance of them, with her skates under her arm, returning from the lake, where she had been spending the afternoon in skating. William, with a view of having a laugh at the expense of the young lady, when within a short distance of her, drew a revolver which he carried, and discharged it in the direction in which she was walking. The girl uttered a frightened scream, but William's mocking laughter reassured her, and after a mutual laugh at her sudden fright the

three proceeded merrily to the house.

It was now time for William to go to the station for his master, who was to return that evening, and he started off to walk to the train, reaching there in good time, and in advance of its arrival.

Soon the bright light of the locomotive was seen coming around a curve in the road, the shrill whistle resounded through the wintry air, and in a few minutes the train came rumbling up to the station, when instantly all was bustle and confusion.

Train hands were running hither and thither, porters were loudly calling the names of the hotels to which they were attached, the inevitable Jehu was there with his nasal ejaculation of "Kerige!" while trunks were unloaded and passengers were disembarking.

Bright eyes were among the eager crowd as the friendly salutations were exchanged, and merry voices were heard in greeting to returning friends. Rich and poor jostled each other in the hurry of the moment, and the waiting servant soon discovered among the passengers the form of the man he was waiting for.

The old gentleman was burdened with some purchases of provisions which he had made, and in an old satchel which he carried the necks of several bottles of wine were protruding. Assisting him to alight, Bucholz took the satchel, and they waited until the train started from the depot and left the trackway clear. The old man looked fatigued and worn, and directed Bucholz to accompany him to a saloon opposite, which they entered, and walking up to the bar, he requested a couple of bottles of beer for himself and servant. This evidence of unwonted generosity created considerable wonderment among those who were seated around, but the old gentleman paid no attention to their whispered comments, and, after liquidating his indebtedness, the two took up their packages and proceeded up the track upon their journey home.

What transpired upon that homeward journey was destined to remain for a long time an inscrutable mystery, but after leaving that little inn no man among the curious villagers ever looked upon that old man's face in life again. The two forms faded away in the distance, and the weary wind sighed through the leafless trees; the bright glare of the lights of the station gleamed behind them, but the

shadows of the melancholy hills seemed to envelop them in their dark embrace —and to one of them, at least, it was the embrace of death.

CHAPTER III.

An Alarm at the Farm-house.—The Dreadful Announcement of William Bucholz.—The Finding of the Murdered Man.

The evening shadows gathered over Roton Hill, and darkness settled over the scene. The wind rustled mournfully through the leafless branches of the trees, as though with a soft, sad sigh, while overhead the stars glittered coldly in their far-off setting of blue.

Within the farm-house the fire glowed brightly and cheerily; the lamps were lighted; the cloth had been laid for the frugal evening meal, and the kettle hummed musically upon the hob. The family of the Warings, with the exception of the father, whose business was in a distant city, were gathered together. Samuel Waring, the son, had returned from his labor, and with the two girls were seated around the hearth awaiting the return of the old gentleman and William, while Mrs. Waring busied herself in the preparations for tea.

"Now, if Mr. Schulte would come," said Mrs. Waring, "we would ask him to take tea with us this evening; the poor man will be cold and hungry."

"No use in asking him, mother," replied Samuel, "he wouldn't accept."

"It is pretty nearly time they were here," said Sadie, with a longing look toward the inviting table.

"Well, if they do not come soon we will not wait for them," said Mrs. Waring.

As she spoke a shrill, startled cry rose upon the air; the voice of a man, and evidently in distress. Breathless they stopped to listen—the two girls clinging to

each other with blanched faces and staring eyes.

"Sammy! Sammy!" again sounded that frightened call.

Samuel Waring started to his feet and moved rapidly toward the door.

"It sounds like William!" he cried, "something must have happened."

He had reached the door and his hand was upon the latch, when it was violently thrown open and Bucholz rushed in and fell fainting upon the floor.

Bucholz rushed in and fell fainting to the floor.

"*Bucholz rushed in and fell fainting to the floor.*"

He was instantly surrounded by the astonished family, and upon examination it was discovered that his face was bleeding, while the flesh was lacerated as though he had been struck with some sharp instrument. He had carried in his hand the old satchel which contained the wine purchased by Mr. Schulte, and which had been consigned to his care on leaving the depot, and as he fell unconscious the satchel dropped from his nerveless grasp upon the floor.

Recovering quickly, he stared wildly around. "What has happened, William, what is the matter?" inquired Samuel.

"Oh, Mr. Schulte, he is killed, he is killed!"

"Where is he now?"

"Down in the woods by the railroad," cried Bucholz. "We must go and find him."

Meanwhile the female members of the family had stood wonder-stricken at the sudden appearance of Bucholz, and the fearful information which he conveyed.

"How did it happen?" inquired Samuel Waring.

"Oh, Sammy," exclaimed Bucholz, "I don't know. When we left the station,

Mr. Schulte gave me the satchel to carry, and we walked along the track. I was walking ahead. Then we came through the woods, and just as I was about to climb over the stone wall by the field, I heard Mr. Schulte call out, 'Bucholz!' 'Bucholz!' It was dark, I could not see anything, and just as I turned around to go to Mr. Schulte, a man sprang at me and hit me in the face. I jumped away from him and then I saw another one on the other side of me. Then I ran home, and now I know that Mr. Schulte is killed. Oh Sammy! Sammy! we must go and find him."

Bucholz told his story brokenly and seemed to be in great distress.

"If I had my pistol I would not run," he continued, as if in reply to a look upon Samuel Waring's face, "but I left it at home."

Sadie went up to him, and, laying her hand upon his arm, inquired anxiously if he was much hurt.

"No, my dear, I think not, but I was struck pretty hard," he replied. "But come," he continued, "while we are talking, Mr. Schulte is lying out there in the woods. We must go after him."

Bucholz went to the place where he usually kept his revolver, and placing it in his pocket, he announced his readiness to go in search of his master.

"Wait till I get my gun," said Samuel Waring, going up-stairs, and soon returning with the desired article.

Just as he returned, another attack of faintness overcame William, and again he fell to the floor, dropping the revolver from his pocket as he did so.

Sammy assisted him to arise, and after he had sufficiently recovered, the two men, accompanied by the mother and two daughters, started toward the house of the next neighbor, where, arousing old Farmer Allen, and leaving the ladies in his care, they proceeded in the direction where the attack was said to have been made.

On their way they aroused two other neighbors, who, lighting lanterns, joined the party in their search for the body of Mr. Schulte.

Following the beaten path through the fields, and climbing over the stone wall where Bucholz was reported to have been attacked, they struck the narrow path that led through the woods. A short distance beyond this the flickering rays of the lantern, as they penetrated into the darkness beyond them, fell upon the prostrate form of a man.

The body lay upon its back; the clothing had been forcibly torn open, and the coat and vest were thrown back as though they had been hastily searched and hurriedly abandoned.

The man was dead. Those glassy eyes, with their look of horror, which were reflected in the rays of the glimmering light; that pallid, rigid face, with blood drops upon the sunken cheeks, told them too plainly that the life of that old man had departed, and that they stood in the awful presence of death.

Murdered! A terrible word, even when used in the recital of an event that happened long ago. An awful word to be uttered by the cheerful fireside as we read of the ordinary circumstances of every-day life. But what horrible intensity is given to the enunciation of its syllables when it is forced from the trembling lips of stalwart men, as they stand like weird spirits in the darkness of the night, and with staring eyes, behold the bleeding victim of a man's foul deed. It seemed to thrill the ears and freeze the blood of the listeners, as old Farmer Allen, kneeling down by that lifeless form, pronounced the direful word.

It seemed to penetrate the air confusedly—not as a word, but as a sound of fear and dread. The wind seemed to take up the burden of the sad refrain, and whispered it shudderingly to the tall trees that shook their trembling branches beneath its blast.

I wonder did it penetrate into the crime-stained heart of him who had laid this harmless old man low? Was it even now ringing in his ears? Ah, strive as he may —earth and sky and air will repeat in chorus that dreadful sound, which is but the echo of his own accusing conscience, and he will never cease to hear it until, worn and weary, the plotting brain shall cease its functions, and the murderous heart shall be cold and pulseless in a dishonored grave.

CHAPTER IV.

The Excitement in the Village.—The Coroner's Investigation.—The Secret Ambuscade.

Samuel Waring knelt down beside the form of the old man, and laid his trembling hand upon the heart that had ceased to throb forever.

"He is dead!" he uttered, in a low, subdued voice, as though he too was impressed with the solemnity of the scene.

Bucholz uttered a half articulate moan, and grasped more firmly in his nerveless hand the pistol which he carried.

One of the neighbors who had accompanied the party was about to search the pockets of the murdered man, when Farmer Allen, raising his hand, cried:

"Stop! This is work for the law. A man has been murdered, and the officers of the law must be informed of it. Who will go?"

Samuel Waring and Bucholz at once volunteered their services and started towards the village to notify the coroner, and those whose duty it was to take charge of such cases.

Farmer Allen gazed at the rigid form of the old man lying there before him, whose life had been such an enigma to his neighbors, then at the retreating forms of the two men who were slowly wending their way to the village, and a strange, uncertain light came into his eyes as he thus looked. He said nothing, however, of the thoughts that occupied his mind, and after bidding the others watch beside the body, he returned to his own home and informed the frightened females of what had been discovered.

The news spread with wonderful rapidity, and soon the dreadful tidings were the theme of universal conversation. A man rushed into the saloon in which the old man and Bucholz had drank their beer, and cried out:

"The old man that was in here to-night has been murdered!"

Instantly everybody were upon their feet. The old gentleman was generally known, and although no one was intimately acquainted with him, all seemed to evince an interest in the cause of his death.

Many rumors were at once put in circulation, and many wild and extravagant stories were soon floating through the crowds that gathered at the corners of the streets.

Samuel Waring and Bucholz had gone directly to the office of the coroner, and informing him of the sad affair, had proceeded to the drug-store in the village, with the view of having the wounds upon his face dressed. They were found to be of a very slight character, and a few pieces of court-plaster dexterously applied were all that seemed to be required.

By this time the coroner had succeeded in impanneling a jury to accompany him to the scene of the murder, and they proceeded in a body toward the place. The lights from the lanterns, held by those who watched beside the body, directed them to the spot, and they soon arrived at the scene of the tragedy.

The coroner immediately took charge of the body, and the physician who accompanied him made an examination into the cause of his death.

Upon turning the body over, two ugly gashes were found in the back of his head, one of them cutting completely through the hat which covered it and cutting off a piece of the skull, and the other penetrating several inches into the brain, forcing the fractured bones of the skull inward.

It seemed evident that the first blow had been struck some distance from the place where the body had fallen, and that the stunned man had staggered nearly thirty feet before he fell. The second blow, which was immediately behind the left ear, had been dealt with the blunt end of an axe, and while he was prostrate upon the ground.

Death must have instantly followed this second crushing blow, and he had died without a struggle. Silently and stealthily the assassins must have come upon him, and perhaps in the midst of some pleasant dream of a boyhood home; some sweet whisper of a love of the long ago, his life had been beaten out by the murderous hand of one who had been lying in wait for his unsuspecting victim.

From the nature of the wounds the physician at once declared that they were produced by an axe. The cut in the back of the head, and from which the blood had profusely flowed, was of the exact shape of the blade of an instrument of that nature—and the other must have been produced by the back of the same weapon. The last blow must have been a crushing one, for the wound produced was several inches deep.

An examination of the body revealed the fact that the clothing had been forcibly torn open, as several buttons had been pulled from the vest which he wore, in the frantic effort to secure the wealth which he was supposed to have carried upon his person.

In the inner pocket of his coat, which had evidently been overlooked by the murderers, was discovered a worn, yellow envelope, which, on being opened, was found to contain twenty thousand dollars in German mark bills, and about nine hundred and forty dollars in United States government notes. His watch had been wrenched from the guard around his neck, and had been carried off, while by his side lay an empty money purse, and some old letters and newspapers.

Tenderly and reverently they lifted the corpse from the ground after this examination had been made, William Bucholz assisting, and the mournful procession bore the body to the home which he had left in the morning in health and spirits, and with no premonitory warning of the fearful fate that was to overtake him upon his return.

The lights flashed through the darkness, and the dark forms, outlined in their glimmering beams, seemed like beings of an unreal world; the bearers of the body, with their unconscious burden, appeared like a mournful procession of medieval times, when in the solemn hours of the night the bodies of the dead were borne away to their final resting-place.

They entered the house and laid their burden down. The lids were now closed

over those wild, staring eyes, and the clothing had been decently arranged about the rigid form. The harsh lines that had marked his face in life, seemed to have been smoothed away by some unseen hand, and a smile of peace, such as he might have worn when a child, rested upon those closed and pallid lips, clothing the features with an expression of sweetness that none who saw him then ever remembered to have seen before.

After depositing the body in the house, several of the parties proceeded to search the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the murder. Near where the body had fallen a package was found, containing some meat which the frugal old man had evidently purchased while in the city. Another parcel, which contained a pair of what are commonly known as overalls, apparently new and unworn, was also discovered. An old pistol of the "pepper-box" pattern, and a rusty revolver, the handle of which was smeared with blood, was found near where the body was lying. No instrument by which the murder could have been committed was discovered, and no clue that would lead to the identification of the murderers was unearthed. They were about to abandon their labor for the night, when an important discovery was made, which tended to show conclusively that the murder had been premeditated, and that the crime had been in preparation before the hour of its execution.

By the side of the narrow path which led through the woods, stood a small cedar tree upon the summit of a slight rise in the ground. Its spare, straggling branches were found to have been interwoven with branches of another tree, so as to form a complete screen from the approach from the railroad, in the direction which Henry Schulte must inevitably come on his way from the depot. Here, undoubtedly, the murderer had been concealed, and as the old man passed by, unconscious of the danger that threatened him, he had glided stealthily after him and struck the murderous blow.

These, and these only, were the facts discovered, and the question as to whose hand had committed the foul deed remained a seemingly fathomless mystery.

Midnight tolled its solemn hour, and as the tones of the bell that rang out its numbers died away upon the air, the weary party wended their way homeward, leaving the dead and the living in the little farm-house upon the "Hill," memorable ever after for the dark deed of this dreary night.

CHAPTER V.

The Hearing before the Coroner.—Romantic Rumors and Vague Suspicions.—An Unexpected Telegram.—Bucholz Suspected.

The next day the sun shone gloriously over a beautiful winter's day, and as its bright rays lighted up the ice-laden trees in the little wood, causing their branches to shimmer with the brilliant hues of a rainbow's magnificence, no one would have imagined that in the gloom of the night before, a human cry for help had gone up through the quiet air or that a human life had been beaten out under their glittering branches.

The night had been drearily spent in the home which Henry Schulte had occupied, and the body of the murdered man had been guarded by officers of the law, designated by the coroner who designed holding the customary inquest upon the morrow.

To the inmates of the house the hours had stretched their weary lengths along, and sleep came tardily to bring relief to their overwrought minds. Bucholz, nervous and uneasy, had, without undressing, thrown himself upon the bed with Sammy Waring, and during his broken slumbers had frequently started nervously and uttered moaning exclamations of pain or fear, and in the morning arose feverish and unrefreshed.

The two girls, who had wept profusely during the night, and before whose minds there flitted unpleasant anticipations of a public examination, in which they would no doubt play prominent parts, and from which they involuntarily shrank, made their appearance at the table heavy-eyed and sorrowful.

As the morning advanced, hundreds of the villagers, prompted by idle

curiosity and that inherent love of excitement which characterizes all communities, visited the scene of the murder, and as they gazed vacantly around, or pointed out the place where the body had been found, many and varied opinions were expressed as to the manner in which the deed was committed, and of the individuals who were concerned in the perpetration of the crime.

A rumor, vague at first, but assuming systematic proportions as the various points of information were elucidated, passed through the crowd, and was eagerly accepted as the solution of the seeming mystery.

It appeared that several loungers around the depot at Stamford, a town about eight miles distant, on the night previous had observed two conspicuous-looking foreigners, who had reached the depot at about ten o'clock. They seemed to be exhausted and out of breath, as though they had been running a long distance, and in broken English, scarcely intelligible, had inquired (in an apparently excited manner), when the next train was to leave for New York. There were several cabmen and hangers-on who usually make a railroad depot their headquarters about, and by them the two men were informed that there were no more trains running to New York that night. This information seemed to occasion them considerable annoyance and disappointment; they walked up and down the platform talking and gesticulating excitedly, and separating ever and anon, when they imagined themselves noticed by those who happened to be at the station.

Soon after this an eastern-bound train reached the depot, and these same individuals, instead of going to New York, took passage on this train. They did not go into the car together, and after entering took seats quite apart from each other. The conductor, who had mentioned these circumstances, and who distinctly remembered the parties, as they had especially attracted his attention by their strange behavior, recollected that they did not present any tickets, but paid their fares in money. He also remembered that they were odd-looking and acted in an awkward manner. They both left the train at New Haven, and from thence all trace of them was lost for the present.

Upon this slight foundation, a wonderful edifice of speculation was built by the credulous and imaginative people of South Norwalk. The romance of their dispositions was stirred to its very depths, and their enthusiastic minds drew a vivid picture, in which the manner and cause of Henry Schulte's death was

successfully explained and duly accounted for.

These men were without a doubt the emissaries of some person or persons in Germany, who were interested in the old gentleman and would be benefited by his death. As this story coincided so fully with the mysterious appearance of the old man at South Norwalk; his recluse habits and avoidance of society, it soon gained many believers, who were thoroughly convinced of the correctness of the theory thus advanced.

Meanwhile the coroner had made the necessary arrangements for the holding of the inquest as required by the law, and his office was soon crowded to overflowing by the eager citizens of the village, who pushed and jostled each other in their attempts to effect an entrance into the room.

The first and most important witness was William Bucholz, the servant of the old gentleman, and who had accompanied him on that fatal walk home.

He told his story in a plain, straightforward manner, and without any show of hesitation or embarrassment. He described his meeting Mr. Schulte at the depot; their entering the saloon, and their journey homeward.

"After we left the saloon," said Bucholz, who was allowed to tell his story without interruption and without questioning, "Mr. Schulte said to me, 'Now, William, we will go home;' we walked up the railroad track and when we reached the stone wall that is built along by the road, Mr. Schulte told me to take the satchel, and as the path was narrow, he directed me to walk in advance of him. He was silent, and, I thought, looked very tired. I had not walked very far into the woods, when I heard him call from behind me, as though he was hurt or frightened, 'Bucholz! Bucholz!' I heard no blow struck, nor any sound of footsteps. I was startled with the suddenness of the cry, and as I was about to lay down the satchel and go to him, I saw a man on my right hand about six paces from me; at the same time I heard a noise on my left, and as I turned in that direction I received a blow upon my face. This frightened me so that I turned, and leaping over the wall, I ran as fast as I could towards the house. One of the men, who was tall and stoutly built, chased me till I got within a short distance of the barn. He then stopped, and calling out, 'Greenhorn, I catch you another time,' he went back in the direction of the woods. He spoke in English, but from his accent I should think he was a Frenchman. I did not stop running until I

reached the house, and calling for help to Sammy Waring, I opened the door and fell down. I was exhausted, and the blow I received had hurt me very much." He then proceeded to detail the incidents which followed, all of which the reader has already been made aware of.

He told his story in German, and, through one of the citizens present, who acted as interpreter, it was translated into English. While he was speaking, a boy hurriedly entered the room, and pushing his way toward the coroner, who was conducting the examination, he handed to him a sealed envelope.

Upon reading the meager, but startling, contents of the telegram, for such it proved to be, Mr. Craw gazed at Bucholz with an expression of pained surprise, in which sympathy and doubtfulness seemed to contend for mastery.

The telegram was from the State's Attorney, Mr. Olmstead, who, while on the train, going from Stamford to Bridgeport, had perused the account of the murder of the night before, in the daily journal. Being a man of clear understanding, of quick impulse, and indomitable will, for him to think was to act. Learning that the investigation was to be held that morning, immediately upon his arrival at Bridgeport he entered the telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch:

"*Arrest the servant.*"

It was this message which was received by the coroner, while Bucholz, all unconscious of the danger which threatened him, was relating the circumstances that had occurred the night before.

Mr. Craw communicated to no one the contents of the message he had received, and the investigation was continued as though nothing had occurred to disturb the regularity of the proceedings thus begun.

Mr. Olmstead, however, determined to allow nothing to interfere with the proper carrying out of the theory which his mind had formed, and taking the next train, he returned to South Norwalk, arriving there before Bucholz had finished his statement.

When he entered the room he found that Bucholz had not been arrested as yet, and so, instead of having this done, he resolved to place an officer in charge of him, thus preventing any attempt to escape, should such be made, and depriving him practically of the services of legal counsel.

Mr. Olmstead conducted the proceedings before the coroner, and his questioning of the various witnesses soon developed the theory he had formed, and those who were present listened with surprise as the assumption of Bucholz's guilty participation in the murder of his master was gradually unfolded.

Yet under the searching examination that followed, Bucholz never flinched; he seemed oblivious of the fact that he was suspected, and told his story in an emotionless manner, and with an innocent expression of countenance that was convincing to most of those who listened to his recital.

No person ever appeared more innocent under such trying circumstances than did this man, and but for a slight flush that now and then appeared upon his face, one would have been at a loss to discover any evidence of feeling upon his part, which would show that he was alive to the position which he then occupied.

His bearing at the investigation made him many friends who were very outspoken in their defense of Bucholz, and their belief in his entire innocence.

Mr. Olmstead, however, was resolute, and Bucholz returned to the house upon the conclusion of the testimony for that day, in charge of an officer of the law, who was instructed to treat him kindly, but under no circumstances to allow him out of his sight, and the further investigation was deferred until the following week.

CHAPTER VI.

The Miser's Wealth.—Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Stolen from the Murdered Man.—A Strange Financial Transaction.—A Verdict, and the Arrest of Bucholz.

Meantime there existed a necessity for some action in regard to the effects of which Henry Schulte was possessed at the time of his death, and two reputable gentlemen of South Norwalk were duly authorized to act as administrators of his estate, and to perform such necessary duties as were required in the matter.

From an examination of his papers it was discovered that his only living relatives consisted of a brother and his family, who resided near Dortmund, Westphalia, in Prussia, and that they too were apparently wealthy and extensive land-owners in the vicinity of that place.

To this brother the information was immediately telegraphed of the old gentleman's death, and the inquiry was made as to the disposition of the body. To this inquiry the following reply was received:

"TO THE MAYOR OF SOUTH NORWALK:

"I beg of you to see that the body of my brother is properly forwarded to Barop, near Dortmund, so as to insure its safe arrival. I further request that you inform me at once whether his effects have been secured, and how much has been found of the large amount of specie which he took with him from here? Have they found the murderer of my brother?

Signed, "FREDRICK W. SCHULTE."

Had those who knew the previous history of Henry Schulte expected to have received any expression of sorrow for the death of the old gentleman, they were doomed to be disappointed, and the telegram itself fully dissipated any such idea. The man was dead, and the heirs were claiming their inheritance—that was all.

Shortly after this a representative of the German Consul at New York arrived, and, presenting his authority, at once proceeded to take charge of the remains, and to make the arrangements necessary towards having them sent to Europe.

The iron box which had proved such an object of interest to the residents of South Norwalk, was opened at the bank, and to the surprise of many, was found to contain valuable securities and investments which represented nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

It was at first supposed that the murderers had been foiled in their attempt to rob as well as to murder, or that they had been frightened off before they had accomplished their purpose of plunder. The finding of twenty thousand dollars upon his person seemed to be convincing proof that no robbery had been committed, and the friends of Bucholz, who were numerous, pointed to this fact as significantly establishing his innocence.

Indeed, many people wondered at the action of the State's attorney, and doubtfully shook their heads as they thought of the meager evidence that existed to connect Bucholz with the crime. A further examination of the accounts of the murdered man, however, disclosed the startling fact that a sum of money aggregating to over fifty thousand dollars had disappeared, and, as he was supposed to have carried this amount upon his person, it must have been taken from him on the night of the murder.

Here, then, was food for speculation. The man had been killed, and robbery had undoubtedly been the incentive. Who could have committed the deed and so successfully have escaped suspicion and detection?

Could it have been William Bucholz?

Of a certainty the opportunity had been afforded him, and he could have struck the old man down with no one near to tell the story. But if, in the silence

of that lonely evening, his hand had dealt the fatal blow, where was the instrument with which the deed was committed? If he had rifled the dead man's pockets and had taken from him his greedily hoarded wealth, where was it now secured, or what disposition had he made of it?

From the time that he had fallen fainting upon the floor of the farm-house kitchen, until the present, he was not known to have been alone.

Tearful in his grief for the death of his master, his voice had been the first that suggested the necessity for going in search of him. He was seen to go to the place where he usually kept his pistol, and prepare himself for defense in accompanying Samuel Waring.

He had stood sorrowfully beside that prostrate form as the hand of the neighbor had been laid upon the stilled and silent heart, and life had been pronounced extinct. He had journeyed with Sammy Waring to the village to give the alarm and to notify the coroner, and on his return his arms had assisted in carrying the unconscious burden to the house. Could a murderer, fresh from his bloody work, have done this?

From that evening officers had been in charge of the premises. Bucholz, nervous, and physically worn out, had retired with Sammy Waring, and had not left the house during the evening. If he had committed this deed he must have the money, but the house was thoroughly searched, and no trace of this money was discovered.

His bearing upon the inquest had been such that scarcely any one present was disposed to believe in his guilty participation in the foul crime, or that he had any knowledge of the circumstances, save such as he had previously related.

Where then was this large sum of money which had so mysteriously disappeared?

A stack of straw that stood beside the barn—the barn had been thoroughly searched before—was purchased by an enterprising and ambitious officer in charge of Bucholz, and although he did not own a horse, he had the stack removed, the ground surrounding it diligently searched, in the vague hope that something would be discovered hidden beneath it.

But thus far, speculation, search and inquiry had availed nothing, and as the crowd gathered at the station, and the sealed casket that contained the body of the murdered man was placed upon the train to begin its journey to the far distant home which he had left but a short time before, many thought that with its departure there had also disappeared all possibility of discovering his assassin, and penetrating into the deep mystery which surrounded his death.

An important discovery was, however, made at this time, which changed the current of affairs, and seemed for a time to react against the innocence of the man against whom suspicion attached.

In the village there resided an individual named Paul Herscher, who was the proprietor of the saloon in which the deceased and his servant had taken their drink of beer, after leaving the train upon the night of the murder.

During the residence of Mr. Schulte at Roton Hill, Bucholz and Paul Herscher had become intimate acquaintances, and Bucholz had stated upon his examination that during the month of the previous October he had loaned to Paul the sum of two hundred dollars. That the servant of so parsimonious a man should have been possessed of such a sum of money seemed very doubtful, and inquiries were started with the view of ascertaining the facts of the case.

The investigation was still going on, and Paul was called as a witness. His story went far towards disturbing the implicit confidence in Bucholz's innocence, and caused a reaction of feeling in the minds of many, which, while it did not confirm them in a belief in his guilt, at least made them doubtful of his entire ignorance of the crime.

Paul Herscher stated that on the morning after the murder Bucholz had entered his saloon, and calling him into an adjoining room, had placed in his hands a roll of bills, saying at the same time, in German:

"Here is two hundred dollars of my money. I want you to keep it until I make my report to the coroner. *If anybody asks you about it, tell them I gave it to you some time ago.*"

Here was an attempt to deceive somebody, and, although Paul had retained this money for several days, without mentioning the fact of its existence, his

revelation had its effect. Upon comparing the notes, all of which were marked with a peculiar arrangement of numbers, and by the hand of the deceased, they were found to correspond with a list found among the papers of Henry Schulte, and then in the custody of his administrators.

To this charge, however, Bucholz gave a free, full and, so far as outward demeanor was concerned, truthful explanation, which, while it failed to fully satisfy the minds of those who heard it, served to make them less confident of his duplicity or his guilt.

He acknowledged the statements made by Paul Herscher to be true, but stated in explanation that he received the money from Mr. Schulte on their way home on the evening of the murder, in payment of a debt due him, and that, fearing he might be suspected, he had gone to Paul, and handing him the money, had requested him, if inquiries were instituted, to confirm the statement which he had then made.

That this statement seemed of a doubtful character was recognized by every one, and that a full examination into the truthfulness of his assertions was required was admitted by all; and, after other testimony, not, however, of a character implicating him in the murder, was heard, the State's attorney pressed for such a verdict as would result in holding Bucholz over for a trial.

After a long deliberation, in which every portion of the evidence was considered by the jury, which had listened intently to its relation, they returned the following verdict:

"That John Henry Schulte came to his death from wounds inflicted with some unknown instrument, in the hands of some person or persons known to William Bucholz, and we do find that said William Bucholz has a guilty knowledge of said crime."

This announcement occasioned great surprise among the people assembled; but to none, perhaps, was the result more unexpected than to William Bucholz himself. He stood in a dazed, uncertain manner for a few moments, and then, uttering a smothered groan, sank heavily in his seat.

The officers of the law advanced and laid their hands upon his shoulder; and,

scarcely knowing what he did, and without uttering a word, he arose and followed them from the building. He was placed upon the train to Bridgeport, and before nightfall the iron doors of a prison closed upon him, and he found himself a prisoner to be placed on trial for his life."

The officers of the law advanced and laid their hands upon his shoulders--

"The officers of the law advanced and laid their hands upon his shoulders"—

CHAPTER VII.

Bucholz in Prison.—Extravagant Habits and Suspicious Expenditures.—The German Consul Interests Himself. —Bucholz committed.

Sorrowful looks followed the young man as he was conducted away, and frequent words of sympathy and hope were expressed as he passed through the throng on his way to the depot, but he heeded them not. A dull, heavy pain was gnawing at his heart, and a stupor seemed to have settled over his senses. The figures around him appeared like the moving specters in a horrible dream, while a black cloud of despair seemed to envelop him.

He followed the officers meekly, and obeyed their orders in a mechanical manner, that showed too plainly that his mind was wandering from the scenes about him. He looked helplessly around, and did not appear to realize the situation in which he was so suddenly and unexpectedly placed.

He experienced the pangs of hunger, and felt as though food was necessary to stop the dreadful pain which had taken possession of him, but he made no sign, and from the jury-room to the prison he uttered not a word.

It was only when he found himself in the presence of the officials of the prison, whose gloomy walls now surrounded him, that he recovered his equanimity, and when he was ordered to surrender the contents of his clothing, or submit to a search, his eyes flashed with indignation, and the tears that welled up into them dropped upon his pallid cheek.

With a Herculean effort, however, he recovered his strong calmness, and drawing up his erect figure he submitted in silence to the necessary preparations for his being conducted to a cell.

But as the door of the cell clanged to, shutting him in, and the noise reverberated through the dimly-lighted corridors, he clutched wildly at the bars, and with a paroxysm of frenzy seemed as though he would rend them from their fastenings; then, realizing how fruitless were his efforts, he sank upon the narrow bed in a state of stupefying despair.

The pangs of hunger were forgotten now, he could not have partaken of the choicest viands that could have been placed before him, and alone and friendless he fed upon the bitterness of his own thoughts.

In vain did he attempt to close his eyes to the dreadful surroundings, and to clear his confused mind of the horrible visions that appalled him. The dark cloud gathered about him, and he could discover no avenue of escape.

The night was long and terrible, and the throbbing of his brain seemed to measure the minutes as they slowly dragged on, relieved only at intervals by the steady tramp of the keepers, as they went their customary rounds. The lamp from the corridor glowed with an unearthly light upon his haggard face and burning eyes, while his mind restlessly flitted from thought to thought, in the vain attempt of seeking some faint relief from the shadows that surrounded him.

All through the weary watches of the night he walked his narrow cell, miserable and sleepless. Hour after hour went by, but there came no drooping of the heavy lids, betokening the long-looked-for approach of sleep. At length, when the darkness of the night began to flee away and the gray dawn was breaking without, but ere any ray had penetrated the gloom of his comfortless apartment, he threw himself upon the bed, weary, worn and heart-sick—there stole over his senses forgetfulness of his surroundings, and he slept.

The body, worn and insensible, lay upon the narrow couch, but the mind, that wonderful and mysterious agency, was still busy—he dreamed and muttered in his dreaming thoughts.

Oh, for the power to look within, and to know through what scenes he is passing now!

Leaving the young man in the distressing position of a suspected criminal, and deprived of his liberty, let us retrace our steps, and gather up some links in

the chain of the testimony against him, which were procured during the days that intervened between the night of the murder and the day of his commitment.

It will be remembered that he had been placed in charge of two officers of South Norwalk, who, without restraining him of his liberty, accompanied him wherever he went, and watched his every movement.

Bucholz soon developed a talent for spending money, which had never been noticed in him before. He became exceedingly extravagant in his habits, purchased clothing for which he had apparently no use, and seemed to have an abundance of funds with which to gratify his tastes. At each place he went and offered a large note in payment of the purchases which he had made, the note was secured by the officers, and was invariably found to contain the peculiar marks which designated that it had once belonged to the murdered man. He displayed a disposition for dissipation, and would drink to excess, smoking inordinately, and indulging in carriage-rides, always in company with the officers, whose watchful eyes never left him and whose vigilance was unrelaxed.

The State's attorney was indefatigable in his efforts to force upon Bucholz the responsibility of the murder, and no means were left untried to accomplish that purpose. As yet the only evidence was his possession of a moderate amount of money, which bore the marks made upon it by the man who had been slain, and which might or might not have come to him in a legitimate manner and for legitimate services.

The important fact still remained that more than fifty thousand dollars had been taken from the body of the old man, and that the murderer, whoever he might be, had possessed himself of that amount. It was considered, therefore, a matter of paramount importance that this money should be recovered, as well as that the identity of the murderer should be established.

The case was a mysterious one, and thus far had defied the efforts of the ablest men who had given their knowledge and their energies to this perplexing matter.

Mr. Olmstead, who remained firm in belief in Bucholz's guilt, and who refused to listen to any theory adverse to this state of affairs, determined in his heart that something should be done that would prove beyond peradventure the

correctness of his opinions.

About this time two discoveries were made, which, while affording no additional light upon the mysterious affair, proved conclusively that whoever the guilty parties were they were still industrious in their attempts to avert suspicion and destroy any evidence that might be used against them.

One of these discoveries was the finding of a piece of linen cloth, folded up and partly stained with blood, as though it had been used in wiping some instrument which had been covered with the crimson fluid. This was found a short distance from the scene of the murder, but partially hid by a stone wall, where Bucholz and Samuel Waring were alleged to have stood upon the night of its occurrence.

The other event was the mysterious cutting down of the cedar tree, whose branches had been intertwined with others, and which had evidently been used as an ambuscade by the assassins who had lain in wait for their unsuspecting victim.

Meantime, the German Consul-General had been clothed with full authority to act in the matter, and had become an interested party in the recovery of the large sum of money which had so mysteriously disappeared. With him, however, the position of affairs presented two difficulties which were to be successfully overcome, and two interests which it was his duty to maintain. As the representative of a foreign government, high in authority and with plenary powers of an official nature, he was required to use his utmost efforts to recover the property of a citizen of the country he represented, and at the same time guard, as far as possible, the rights of the accused man, who was also a constituent of his, whose liberty had been restrained and whose life was now in jeopardy.

The course of justice could not be retarded, however, and an investigation duly followed by the grand jury of the County of Fairfield, at which the evidence thus far obtained was presented and William Bucholz was eventually indicted for the murder of John Henry Schulte, and committed to await his trial.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Agency is Employed—The work of Detection begun.

The events attendant upon the investigation and the consequent imprisonment of Bucholz had consumed much time. The new year had dawned; January had passed away and the second month of the year had nearly run its course before the circumstances heretofore narrated had reached the position in which they now stood.

The ingenuity and resources of the officers at South Norwalk had been fully exerted, and no result further than that already mentioned had been achieved. The evidence against Bucholz, although circumstantially telling against him, was not of sufficient weight or directness to warrant a conviction upon the charge preferred against him. He had employed eminent legal counsel, and their hopeful views of the case had communicated themselves to the mercurial temperament of the prisoner, and visions of a full and entire acquittal from the grave charge under which he was laboring, thronged his brain.

The violence of his grief had abated; his despair had been dissipated by the sunshine of a fondly-cherished hopefulness, and his manner became cheerful and contented.

It was at this time that the services of my agency were called into requisition, and the process of the detection of the real criminal was begun.

Upon arriving at my agency in New York City one morning in the latter part of February, Mr. George H. Bangs, my General Superintendent, was waited upon by a representative of the German Consul-General, who was the bearer of a letter from the Consulate, containing a short account of the murder of Henry Schulte, and placing the matter fully in my hands for the discovery of the following facts:

I. Who is the murderer?

II. Where is the money which is supposed to have been upon the person of Henry Schulte at the time of his death?

Up to this time no information of the particulars of this case had reached my agency, and, except for casual newspaper reports, nothing was known of the affair, nor of the connection which the German Consul had with the matter.

At the interview which followed, however, such information as was known to that officer, who courteously communicated it, was obtained, and my identification with the case began.

It became necessary at the outset that the support of the State's Attorney should be secured, as without that nothing could be successfully accomplished, and an interview was had with Mr. Olmstead, which resulted in his entire and cordial indorsement of our employment.

The difficulties in the way of successful operation beset us at the commencement, and were apparent to the minds of all. The murder had taken place two months prior to our receiving any information concerning it, and many of the traces of the crime that might have existed at the time of its occurrence, and would have been of incalculable assistance to us, were at this late day no doubt obliterated.

Undismayed, however, by the adverse circumstances with which it would be necessary to contend, and with a determination to persevere until success had crowned their efforts, the office was assumed and the work commenced.

Mr. Bangs and my son, Robert A. Pinkerton, who is in charge of my New York agency, procured another interview with Mr. Olmstead, and received from him all the information which he then possessed.

Mr. Olmstead continued firm in his belief that the crime had been committed by Bucholz, and being a man of stern inflexibility of mind, and of a determined disposition, he was resolved that justice should be done and the guilty parties brought to punishment.

Declining to offer any opinion upon the subject until the matter had been fully investigated in the thorough manner which always characterizes my operations, it was decided to send a trusted and experienced operative to the scene of the murder, to obtain from all persons who possessed any knowledge of the affair every item of information that it was possible at that late day to secure.

Accordingly, John Woodford, an intelligent and active man upon my force, was detailed to the scene of operations with full authority to glean from the already well-harvested field whatever material was possible, and from his reports the particulars as detailed in the preceding chapters were obtained. The inquiries were made in the most thorough manner, and at the end of his labors every item of information connected with the matter was in our possession and the foundation was laid for a system of detection that promised success.

The particulars of the case were communicated to me at my headquarters in Chicago, and I was resolved also to learn the antecedents of John Henry Schulte and his servant, in order to unravel the mystery which attended his appearance at South Norwalk, and to discover the relations which existed between the master and the man who now stood charged with a foul crime.

That this eccentric man, possessed of such large means, should thus have taken up his abode in a land of strangers, and should have lived the secluded life he did, was an added mystery in the case, which I resolved to become acquainted with. I considered this necessary, also, in order to discover some motive for the crime, if any existed except that of robbery, and to guide me in my dealings with any suspected persons who might thereafter be found.

His brother was communicated with, and another operative was detailed to gather up the history of the man from the time of his landing in America.

John Cornwell, a young operative in the service of my New York agency, was delegated for this service, and he performed the duty assigned him in a manner which furnished me with all the information I desired to possess, and as the story contains much that is of interest, I will give it here.

THE HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

Dortmund.—Railroad Enterprise and Prospective Fortune. —Henry Schulte's Love.—An Insult and its Resentment. —An Oath of Revenge.

How true it is, that in the life of every one, there exists a vein of romance which justifies the adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

No page of history may bear their names. No chronicle of important events may tell to the world the story of their trials and sufferings. No volume of poetry or song may portray the sunshine and the storms through which they journeyed from the cradle to the grave. But in their quiet, humble lives, they may have exemplified the vices or virtues of humanity, and may have been prominent actors in unpublished dramas, that would excite the wonderment or the admiration, the sympathy or the condemnation of communities.

The life of Henry Schulte evinces this fact, in a remarkable degree.

The town of Dortmund in Prussia, in 1845.

A quiet, sleepy, German town, in the Province of Westphalia, whose inclosing walls seemed eminently fitted to shut out the spirit of energy and activity with which the world around them was imbued, and whose five gates gave ample ingress and egress to the limited trade of the manufacturers within its limits.

Once a free imperial city, it had acquired some importance, and was a member of that commercial alliance of early times known as the "Hanseatic League," but its prosperity, from some cause, afterwards declined, and passing into the hands of Prussia in 1815, Dortmund had slumbered on in adolescent quiet, undisturbed by the march of improvement, and unaffected by the changes

that were everywhere apparent in the great world without her boundaries.

This sober, easy-going method of existence seemed to be in perfect accord with the habits and dispositions of the people. The honest old burghers pursued the even tenor of their way, paying but little heed to the whirl and excitement of the large cities, and plodding on with machine-like regularity in their daily pleasures, and their slow but sure acquirement of fortune. Children were born, much in the usual manner of such events—grew into man and womanhood—were married, and they—in their turn, raised families. Altogether, life in this old town partook very much of the monotonous and uneventful existence of a Van Winkle.

Such was Dortmund in 1845.

About this time, however, the wave of the advancing spirit of business activity had traveled sufficiently westward to reach this dreamy village, and a railroad was projected between Dortmund and the City of Dusseldorf.

Dusseldorf, even at that time, was the great focus of railroad and steamboat communication, and situated as it was, at the confluence of the Dussel and Rhine rivers, much of the transit trade of the Rhine was carried on by its merchants.

Here, then, was an opportunity afforded for such an added impetus to trade, such a natural increase in fortune, that it would readily be imagined that the entire community would have hailed with delight an enterprize which promised such important results, and that new life and energy would have been infused into the sluggish communities of Dortmund.

Such was the case, to a very great extent, and a large majority of the people hailed with delight a project which would place their town in direct communication with the great cities of their own country and with all the ports of foreign lands. But of this we shall speak hereafter.

On the road which led from Dortmund to Hagen, about fifteen miles distant, dwelt Henry Schulte, a quiet, reserved man, who had tilled the soil for many years. Of a reserved and morose disposition, he mingled but rarely with the people who surrounded him, and among his neighbors he was regarded as peculiar and eccentric. His broad acres evinced a degree of cultivation which

proved that their owner was well versed in the science of agriculture; the large crops that were annually gathered added materially to the wealth of their proprietor, and the general appearance of thrift about the farm denoted that Henry Schulte was possessed of a considerable amount of the world's goods.

But while every care was taken of the fruitful fields, and every attention paid to the proper management of his lands, the cottage in which he lived, stood in marked contrast to its surroundings. A low, one-story structure, with thatched roof, and with its broken windows filled here and there with articles of old clothing, proclaimed the fact that its occupant was not possessed of that liberal nature which the general appearance of the farm indicated.

There was an air of squalor and poverty about the cottage, which told unmistakably of the absence of feminine care, and of the lack of woman's ministrations—and this was true.

For many years Henry Schulte had lived alone, with only his hired man for company; and together they would perform the necessary domestic duties, and provide for their own wants in the most economical manner possible.

Many stories were told among the villagers about Henry Schulte, for, like most all other localities, gossip and scandal were prevailing topics of conversation.

It is a great mistake to suppose that in the country, people may live alone and undisturbed, and that anyone can hope to escape the prying eyes or the listening ears of the village gossip, male or female. Such things are only possible in large cities, where men take no interest in each other's affairs, and where one man may meet another daily for years without ever thinking of inquiring who he is or what he does, and where you pass a human being without a greeting or even a look. In the country, however, where everybody knows everybody, each one is compelled to account to all the others for what he does, and no one can ever be satisfied with his own judgment.

Notwithstanding the charm which exists in this communion of work and rest in word and deed, the custom has very serious drawbacks, and any person having good or bad reasons of his own for disposing of his time in a manner different from what is customary, has to contend against the gossip, the jibes and

the mockery of all. Hence, almost all localities have their peculiar characters, whose idiosyncrasies are well known, and who are frequently the subject of raillery, and often of persecution.

To the gay and simple villagers of Hagen, Henry Schulte was an object of great interest, and to most of them the story of his past was well known. Many of the old men who sat around the broad fire-place in the village inn, could remember when he was as gay a lad as any in the village, and had joined in their sports with all the zest and enthusiasm of a wild and unrestrained disposition; and when he marched away to join his regiment, no step was firmer, and no form more erect than his.

When he had waved adieu to the friends who had accompanied him to the limits of the town, and had bidden farewell to the tearful Emerence, his betrothed, who had come with the others; many were the prayers and good wishes that followed him upon his journey. He was a great favorite with both the young and old people of Hagen, and no merry-making was considered complete without the company of young Henry Schulte and his violin.

It was at one of the May-day festivals that Henry had met the beautiful Emerence, the daughter of old Herr Bauer, the brewer, and as their regard proved to be mutual, and the father of the young lady being propitious, nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the young people, and the course of their true love flowed on as smoothly as the gentle river until Henry was required to do service for his king and to enter the ranks as a soldier.

It is needless to follow the young man through the various episodes of his soldier life, in which he distinguished himself for his uniform good nature, cheerful obedience of orders and strict attention to duty; it is enough to know that at the expiration of his term of service he returned home, and was welcomed by the many friends who had known and loved him from his youthful days.

It was at this time that the catastrophe occurred which changed the whole tenor of his life, and made him the reserved, hard man that we find him at the commencement of our story.

In the village there lived a wild, reckless young man by the name of Nat Toner, who had just returned to his native place after an absence of several years,

and who since his return had spent his time at the village tavern amid scenes of dissipation and rioting, in which he was joined by the idle fellows of the village, who hailed with delight the advent of the gay fellow whose money furnished their wine, and whose stories of romantic adventure contributed to their entertainment.

Nat was a bold, handsome fellow, whose curling black hair and flashing black eyes and wild, careless manner played sad havoc with the hearts of the young girls of Hagen, and many a comely maiden would have been made supremely happy by a careless nod of greeting from this reckless young vagabond.

Not so with Emerence Bauer. Her timid, gentle nature shrank involuntarily from the rough, uncouth manners of the handsome Nat, and the stories of his extravagances only filled her mind with loathing for the life he was leading and the follies he was committing.

As she compared her own cheerful, manly Henry to this dissipated Adonis, whose roistering conduct had made him the talk of the village, she felt that her love was well placed and her heart well bestowed.

To Nat Toner the aversion manifested by Emerence only served to create in him a passionate love for her, and he was seized with an uncontrollable longing to possess her for his own.

Up to this time he had not been informed of the betrothal existing between Emerence and Henry Schulte, and his rage and disappointment on discovering this fact was fearful to behold. He cursed the young man, and swore that, come what would, and at whatever cost, he would permit no one to come between him and the object of his unholy affections.

His enmity to Henry Schulte, which soon became very evident, was manifested upon every possible occasion, until at length Henry's universal good nature gave way under the repeated taunts of his unsuccessful rival, and he resolved that further submission would be both useless and cowardly.

Nothing further occurred, however, for some time, but fresh fuel was added to the fire of Nat Toner's anger by an incident that he was an unobserved witness of. One evening he was returning home from the tavern, where he had been

drinking with his companions till a late hour. His way led him past the residence of Emerence Bauer, and as he passed by upon the other side of the lighted street he witnessed the affectionate parting of Henry Schulte and the lady of his love.

Setting his teeth firmly, his eyes flashing with the malignity of hate, he strode on, vowing vengeance upon the innocent cause of his anger, who, with his mind filled with many pleasant dreams of the future, pursued his way towards the little farm-house where he then dwelt with his father and mother.

The next evening as Henry was passing the village tavern on his return from Dortmund, where he had been to dispose of some of the produce of the farm, he found Nat and his companions in the midst of a wild and noisy revel.

Henry would have rode on unmindful of their presence, but Nat, spying his rival, and heated with wine, induced his companions to insist upon his stopping and drinking a glass of wine with them, which invitation Henry, after vainly attempting to be excused from, reluctantly accepted, and, dismounting from his horse, he joined their company.

After indulging in the proffered beverage, Henry seated himself with his companions and joined with them in singing one of those quaint German songs which are so full of sweetness and harmony, and which seem to fill the air with their volume of rude but inspiring music.

After the song was finished, Nat filled his glass, and rising to his feet said, in a taunting voice:

"Here is a health to the pretty Emerence, and here is to her loutish lover." Saying which he deliberately threw the contents of his glass full in the face of the astonished Henry.

With a smothered expression of rage, Henry Schulte sprang to his feet and with one blow from his right hand, planted firmly in the face of his insulter, he laid him prostrate upon the floor. Quickly recovering himself, the infuriated Nat rushed at his brawny antagonist, only to receive the same treatment, and again he went down beneath the crushing force of that mighty fist. An ox could not have stood up before the force of the blows of the sturdy farmer, much less the half-intoxicated ruffian who now succumbed to its weight.

And again he went down beneath the crushing force of that mighty fist.

"***And again he went down beneath the crushing force of that mighty fist.***"

Foaming with rage and bleeding from the wounds he had received, Nat Toner struggled to his feet the second time, and drawing a long, murderous-looking knife from his bosom, he made a frantic plunge at his assailant.

Quick as a flash, however, the iron grip of Henry Schulte's right hand was upon the wrist of the cowardly Nat, and with a wrench of his left hand the knife was wrested from him and thrown out of the window. Then Henry, unable to further restrain his angry feelings, shook his aggressor until his teeth fairly chattered, and, finally flinging him from him with an expression of loathing, said:

"Lie there, you contemptible little beast, and when next you try to be insulting, count upon your man in advance."

Saying which, and with a quiet good evening to the astonished company, he walked out of the house, and mounting his horse, rode slowly homeward.

The discomfited Nat slowly arose, and gaining his feet, glared around at his wonder-stricken friends, in whose faces, however, he failed to discover the faintest evidence of sympathy or support.

These honest, good-natured Germans were far too sensible and fair-minded to justify such an unwarrantable and unexpected insult as that which had been put upon one of their favorite friends, and consequently not one of the company lifted their voice or expressed any regrets for the punishment which Nat had so justly received. Henry had, in their opinion, acted in a manner which accorded entirely with their own views upon such matters, and much the same as they themselves would have done under similar circumstances.

Raising his clenched hand, and with face deadly pale, Nat Toner faced the silent group, and cried out, in the intensity of his passion:

"Henry Schulte shall pay dearly for this. As truly as we both live, I will have a full revenge, and in a way he little dreams of."

Uttering these words, he strode fiercely from the room, and disappeared in the darkness of the night. His companions, realizing that their pleasure for that evening was ended, silently took their leave, and wended their way to their several homes.

How well Nat Toner kept his oath will hereafter be seen, but many of the old men of Hagen yet recall with a shudder his dreadful words, and their fulfillment.

CHAPTER X.

A Curse.—Plans of Revenge.

As Nat strode onward to his home, after leaving his companions, his mind was in a chaotic state of excitement and rage. He was still smarting from the blows he had received, and the blood was flowing from his nostrils and lips. He paid no heed to this, however, for there was murder in his heart, and already his plans of revenge were being formed—plans which fiends incarnate might well shrink from, and from the execution of which even demoniac natures would have recoiled in horror.

As he walked on, the dark, lowering clouds that had been gathering overhead, broke into a terrific storm of rain; the wind whistled and howled through the valleys, and from the mountain gorges the lightning flashed with a vividness almost appalling; but, undismayed by the storm and the tempest, which seemed at that time to accord with the emotions of his own wicked heart, Nat continued on his way, which lay past the unpretending, but comfortable farm-house, where, in the peace and contentment of a happy home, Henry Schulte dwelt with his parents.

As he reached a point in the road opposite the dwelling of his hated rival, and from the windows of which the lights were gleaming cheerily, Nat stopped, and, unmindful of the drenching rain, he shook his uplifted hand at the inoffensive abode, and, in a voice choking with rage, cried:

"Curse you, Henry Schulte! Be on your guard, for if I live, you will know what it is to suffer for what you have done this night. Enjoy yourself and your victory while you can, but there will come a time when you would rather be dead than the miserable thing I will make you. Curse you! Curse you!"

Having relieved the exuberance of his passion in this manner, he silently resumed his journey, and reaching his home retired at once to his room, and throwing himself upon the bed, he gave himself up to the devilish meditations which filled his mind.

Ah, Nat Toner, far better for you, for that happy village of Hagen, and for the future happiness of two loving hearts, if to-night the lightning's flash had sent its deadly stroke through your murderous heart and laid you lifeless upon the road.

As may be imagined, the news of the encounter between Henry Schulte and Nat Toner was noised about the village, and during the next day the matter became the universal theme of conversation. It was astonishing, however, to remark the unanimity of opinion which prevailed with regard to it. The entire community with one accord united in condemning the insult and applauding its resentment; and when Nat Toner made his appearance the following day, bearing upon his face the marks of the punishment he had received, he was greeted with cold salutations and marked evidence of avoidance by those who heretofore had been disposed to be friendly, and even gracious.

This only intensified his anger at the cause of his humiliation, but he concealed his emotions and shortly afterwards returned to his home.

The anxiety of Emerence for the safety of her lover was most profound, and trembling with fear of the threatened revenge of Nat Toner, for his oath had also been repeated, she besought Henry to be watchful and cautious of his unscrupulous adversary, all of which he laughingly and assuringly promised to do. Not so much for his own security, of which he had no fear, as for the sake of the dear girl who was so solicitous for his welfare, and to whom his safety was a matter of so much importance.

The next few days passed uneventfully away, Nat remaining at home, nursing his wrath and the wounds upon his face, and Henry Schulte attending to his various duties upon the farm. The quarrel finally ceased to be a matter of remark, and the simple-minded villagers, believing that Nat's threats were only the utterances of a man crazed with drink, and smarting under the punishment he had received, quieted their fears and resumed their ordinary peaceful and contented mode of living.

To Nat Toner the days passed all too slowly, but with the slowly-moving hours, in the seclusion of his own home, and his own evil thoughts, his revenge became the one object of his life. His reckless, vagabond existence of the past few years, during which it was hinted by several of the villagers, with many shrugs of their shoulders and wise noddings of their venerable heads, he had been engaged in the service of a bold and successful French smuggler, had not tended to elevate his mind, or to humanize his disposition. His depraved nature and vicious habits were roused into full action by this encounter with Henry Schulte, and the anger of his heart was in no wise lessened, as he reflected that he had brought his injuries upon himself. All the brutal instincts of his degraded disposition were aflame, and he resolved that his revenge for the indignities that had been put upon him, should be full and complete.

With a fiendish malignity he determined to strike at the heart of his antagonist through the person of the object of his love, and by that means to be revenged upon both.

CHAPTER XI.

A Moonlight Walk.—An Unexpected Meeting.—The Murder of Emerence Bauer.—The Oath Fulfilled.

On a beautiful moonlight evening, about a week after the hostile meeting of Henry Schulte and Nat Toner, Emerence, all impatient to meet her lover, whom she had not seen for some days, and whom she fondly expected this evening, left the residence of her parents and walked towards a little stream that ran along the outskirts of the village, where she had been in the habit of meeting Henry upon the occasions of his visits.

The evening was a delightful one, and the scene one of surpassingly romantic beauty. The bright rays of the moon sparkled and danced upon the rippling water; the border of grand old trees that fringed the bank of the stream was reflected with exaggerated beauty far down among the waters; the glittering stars stole in and out among their branches, and shone in the clear crystal mirror. Now a fleecy speck of cloud floated over the face of the Queen of Night, from behind which she would soon emerge, with increased brilliancy, to dart her long arrowy beams away down to the pebbly bottom of the flowing river, kissing the fairies that the old German legends tell us dwelt there in the days of old.

Silently, but with happy heart and beaming eyes, the young girl gazed upon the scene that lay before her; then, walking to the center of the rustic bridge that spanned the stream from shore to shore, she leaned over the low railing and watched, with her mind teeming with pleasant visions of the future, her figure reflected as in a burnished mirror, upon the water beneath her.

Her sweet reverie was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and a blush illumined her face as she thought she would soon greet her coming lover, and feel his strong arms about her. Turning her head a little, she saw another

shadow there so distinctly traced that she had no difficulty in recognizing it, and she started in affright as she discovered that instead of Henry Schulte, the new-comer was none other than his enemy and hers, Nat Toner.

She would have yielded to an intuitive sense of danger, and fled from the spot, but Nat stepped quickly in the way and barred her passage, lifting his hat in mock reverence as he addressed her.

"Good evening, pretty Emerence, you look like a beautiful water sprite in the rays of this bright-beaming moon."

Did she imagine it, or was there a cold, hard ring in the voice that uttered these words, which filled her heart with an aching fear, and made her lips tremble as she acknowledged his salutation?

"You are waiting for Henry Schulte, I suppose!" he continued, in the same hard, mocking tone.

Mustering up all the latent courage which she possessed, she looked up unflinchingly, as she replied:

"I do not know that anyone has a right to question me upon my movements, or to assign a reason for my actions."

"Indeed, my pretty little spit-fire! You speak truly, but Nat Toner intends to assume a right which no one else possesses," answered Nat tauntingly, while his black eyes glistened in the moonlight with a baleful light.

"I cannot stop to listen further to such language, and must bid you good evening," said Emerence, drawing herself up haughtily, and turning to leave the bridge.

"Stop where you are and listen to me," cried Nat sharply, and with his right hand he grasped the wrist of the shrinking girl.

"Nat Toner!" at last said Emerence boldly, "remove your hand from my wrist, or I will call for help, and then perhaps your conduct will meet with its just punishment."

"Utter one word, at your peril. I have something to say to you, and you must listen to me," said Nat, releasing his hold, and glaring fiercely at the brave girl who stood before him.

"I will listen to nothing further from you to-night. Stand aside and let me pass," said Emerence firmly, and again turning to leave the bridge.

"Emerence Bauer, listen to me I say. I have something to tell you that concerns that lover of yours, Henry Schulte, and you shall hear what I have to say."

At the mention of Henry's name Emerence stopped, and thinking that perhaps she might serve her lover by remaining, she said:

"I will hear you, Nat Toner, but be as brief as possible."

"Aha! for the sake of your dear Henry, you will listen to me. I thought so. Do you know that he is my enemy till death; that the insults which he has heaped upon me can only be washed away by blood; and that you, my haughty beauty, alone can satisfy the hate I bear to Henry Schulte and the revenge I have sworn against him?"

"Nat Toner, what do you mean?" tremblingly inquired the affrighted girl, unable to stir.

Ah, well might she tremble now! There was murder in the flashing of those wicked black eyes that glared upon her, and the distorted, pallid face before her showed too plainly the passions of his heart, as he answered:

"What do I mean? I will tell you! I loved you, Emerence Bauer, and I hate Henry Schulte for the insult he has put upon me. You scorn my love, and Henry Schulte must pay the penalty. He shall never possess you, for—I mean to kill you!"

With a wild shriek, that rang through the air as the cry of a frightened bird, Emerence turned to flee from the fiend before her. But, alas, too late! The murderous weapon came down with a dull, heavy crushing sound upon that fair, girlish head, and she fell lifeless at the feet of the madman who had slain her.

She fell lifeless at the feet of the madman who had slain her.

"***She fell lifeless at the feet of the madman who had slain her.***"

Without uttering a word Nat Toner lifted up the body of the unfortunate girl and threw it over the low railing of the bridge into the rippling water beneath. A splash followed that sent the water in brightly burnished crystals high in the air —and then the river flowed on, as though unconscious and uncaring for the burden that had been committed to its keeping.

Raising himself to his full height and shaking his blood-red hand in the direction of the village, Nat Toner cried out with demoniac exultation:

"Now, Henry Schulte, I am revenged!"

Saying which, he plunged into a strip of woods that grew near by, and disappeared from view.

Oh, shimmering moon, did no pitying glance fall from thy cold, bright face as this fair, young life was cruelly beaten out by the hand of her brutal assassin? Oh, glittering stars, did no dark clouds intervene between thy merry twinklings and the dreadful scene below? And ye, oh, rippling river, did no murmur escape thee as the crimson tide of this fair dead girl mingled with thy transparent waves and floated away into the darkness of the night?

CHAPTER XII.

The Search for the Missing Girl.—The Lover's Judgment. —Henry Schulte's Grief.—The Genial Farmer becomes the Grasping Miser.

Half an hour later, Henry Schulte, who had been delayed beyond his wont in the village, came walking briskly along the road that led to the abode of Emerence. His heart was gay, and a blithe, merry song rose to his lips as he journeyed along. All unconscious of the dark deed that had been committed, he stood upon the rustic bridge, where he had expected to meet his betrothed, and gazed at the beauty of the landscape that was spread before him. No sound came from that gurgling stream, to tell the impatient lover of the fate of her he loved, and little did he dream, as he stood there in quiet contemplation of the glorious night, that directly beneath his feet, with her calm, dead face upturned towards him, could be seen, through the transparent waters, the lifeless body of the fair maiden, whose head had nestled on his bosom and whose loving lips had made him happy with their kisses of love.

Ah, nevermore for thee will the bright moon shine in its translucent splendor, and never again will you know the happiness and the peace of this beautiful evening, as you waited on that bridge for her who nevermore would come to your call again.

After waiting a short time, and not hearing the footsteps of his affianced, Henry resumed his journey and soon arrived at the residence of the wealthy brewer, whose hospitable doors flew open at his knock, and the mother of Emerence stood in the low, broad passage-way.

"Where is Emerence?" quickly inquired the mother of the girl, in surprise, at seeing him alone.

"Emerence! Is she not at home?" exclaimed Henry, equally surprised.

"No," replied the mother. "She went out about an hour ago, to meet you on the way."

Henry immediately became alarmed. He had not seen her, and it seemed incredible that she could have gone to visit any friends on the evening when she expected him, and certainly not without informing her parents of the fact.

"I will go at once in search of her," he said, as he turned away from the house, and hurriedly retraced his steps towards the village, with a terrible fear for her safety pressing upon his heart.

He inquired at every house where her friends resided, but everywhere was met with a wondering negative. No one appeared to have seen her, or to know anything of her whereabouts, and at length, wearied with his fruitless inquiries, and rendered almost desperate at his want of success, he went to the village tavern, and requested the aid of his comrades in searching for the missing girl, for whose safety and happiness he would willingly have laid down his life.

In a moment all was bustle and excitement; torches were procured and the party started upon their mission, resolved to discover some clue of the missing lady before the dawning of another day. Henry was in advance, and under his direction every part of the road which led from the residence of the brewer to the village, and the adjacent woods, were carefully examined, but all with no success. No trace could be discovered, and the superstitious villagers began to regard the disappearance as a supernatural mystery.

Utterly fatigued with their bootless investigation, and saddened by the thought that some harm must have come to the innocent maiden, they reluctantly left the house of the brewer and turned their footsteps towards the village, determined to continue their search in the morning. To Henry the suspense was agonizing. He seemed almost crazed at the uncertainty which shrouded the fate of the girl he loved so dearly, and he vainly attempted to discover some solution of the awful mystery.

As the silent party were crossing the bridge, they stopped for a temporary rest before proceeding further on their way, and indulged in subdued conversation

upon the mystery which thus far had defied their efforts to solve.

Suddenly they were startled by an exclamation from one of their number, who, on looking casually over the railing into the stream beneath, discovered in the bright reflection of the brilliant moon, the figure of the murdered girl lying in the shallow water. With an agonizing cry Henry sprang into the river, and in a few moments clasped the lifeless body in his strong arms and bore her to the shore.

It was too true—the pale, beautiful features that met their frightened gaze were none other than those of the village beauty—Emerence, and a stillness like that of death fell upon the assembly as they looked upon her.

At first it was supposed that she had been accidentally drowned, but upon the lights being brought, and that cruel blow upon the head being discovered, each one looked at the other, and the words burst almost simultaneously from the lips of all:

"*Nat Toner!*"

After the first cry which escaped him, Henry Schulte never spoke again during that painful time, but with reverent hands he smoothed the wet drapery about her shapely limbs, and closed the great staring eyes, which, when he last looked upon them, were full of love, and hope, and happiness—and then, as the men gathered up the fair form and bore it to her once happy home, he followed silently, and with faltering steps.

It had needed no words from the villagers to tell him of the author of this crime. Before they had spoken, his own mind had discovered the murderer, and he had resolved upon the course to be pursued, and when, immediately after the sad funeral rites had been performed, and the body of the fair young Emerence had been placed in the ground, Henry disappeared from the village, one and all felt that the mission he had gone upon was a righteous one, and no one disputed his right to go.

At the end of a month he returned, but with a face so changed that he was scarcely recognized. The happy light was gone forever from his eyes, and the hard stern lines about the mouth told the sad story of long suffering, and of a

harsh judgment that had been fulfilled.

No one questioned him upon his journey, or its result, and he gave no explanations, but when some weeks later a party of hunters in the forests on the mountains, near Werne, discovered the lifeless body of Nat Toner, with his pistol by his side, and a bullet-hole through the low, white forehead, the villagers felt that Henry's search had not been in vain, or his revenge incomplete.

To this day no one can tell, whether, suffering the pangs of remorse, the miserable man had put an end to his own life, or whether the wound in the low, white forehead was planted there by the man whom he had so dreadfully wronged.

No inquiries were made, however, and as time passed on, the history of Nat Toner passed out of the conversations of the simple village-folk, and, save as it was occasionally recalled by some romantic and unfortunate event abroad, was never mentioned.

To Henry Schulte the record of that sad night was always present, and was never effaced from his memory. The change that was wrought in him was apparent to all. He no longer mingled with the villagers in their merry-makings, but isolated himself entirely from their meetings and their pleasures.

A few years afterwards his parents died, and his elder brother assuming the control of the farm and estates of his father, Henry removed to the farm where we now find him, and to the lowly cottage which he had occupied to the time of which we write. He became a settled misanthropist, whose only aim in life seemed to be the acquirement of wealth, and whose once genial and generous nature had now become warped into the selfishness and avarice of the miser.

So he had lived, a social hermit, until in 1845 he had become a prematurely old man, with whitened hair and furrowed brow, whose love for gold had become the passion of his life, and whose only companions were a hired man and the old violin with which, in his younger days, he was wont to make merry music at the festivals in the village, but which now was tuned to mournful harmonies "cadenced by his grief."

CHAPTER XIII.

Henry Schulte becomes the Owner of "Alten Hagen."—Surprising Increase in Wealth.—An Imagined Attack upon His Life.—The Miser Determines to Sail for America.

It was at this time that the projected railroad between Dortmund and Dusseldorf began to assume definite proportions, and as the line of the contemplated road lay through the village of Hagen, much excitement was engendered in consequence.

The people of Dortmund were building extravagant castles in the air, and wild and vague were the dreams which filled their sanguine minds as they contemplated the advantages that were to accrue to them upon the completion of this enterprise.

The contagion spread rapidly to Hagen, and the simple-minded villagers, who saw in this movement the rapid growth of their little town; the possible increase in the value of their property and the consequent augmenting of their now limited fortunes, hailed with delight the information that energetic operations would soon be begun, with the view of successfully accomplishing the desired object.

Not so, however, thought the Baron von Lindenthal, whose vast estate lay in close proximity to the village, immediately adjoining the farm owned and occupied by Henry Schulte, and through whose domain the road must necessarily pass.

To him the idea of encroaching upon the ancestral acres of a von Lindenthal, was an act of sacrilege not to be complacently submitted to. The quiet and

peaceful seclusion in which he and those who had preceded him had lived, and the repose of his declining years was to be disturbed by the whistling of the locomotive and the rattle of the train. The din, and bustle and activity of trade was to be brought to his very threshold, and the ease and comfort of his aristocratic retirement would soon become a thing of the past. This must not and could not be permitted, and the blood of the patrician boiled within his noble veins as he contemplated the outrage that thus threatened him, and which was to result in laying profane hands upon his possessions. Improvements were all very well in their way, but then they must not be of such a character as to interfere with the pleasure or the luxurious ease of the Baron von Lindenthal. His comfort and happiness were things to be considered far above the material growth of a commercial town, and were not to be subordinated to the welfare of its ambitious inhabitants.

But then, as now, the march of public improvement was not to be retarded, and so, finding it impossible to successfully oppose or to prevent the building of the objectionable railroad, the incensed Baron very reluctantly determined to dispose of his baronial estates and to remove to a more congenial locality, where the encroachments of trade were not to be feared, and where, in undisturbed seclusion and retirement, he might pass the remainder of his days.

With the irascible and impetuous Baron, the formation of an opinion led to immediate action, and no sooner had he resolved to the satisfaction of his own mind to dispose of his broad acres, than he began to look about him for a purchaser.

When Henry Schulte heard of this intention of the Baron, he determined, if possible, to become the owner of this extensive demesne. His mind was sufficiently alive to the importance of this railroad movement to convince him that the real estate in proximity to the line of the road must necessarily increase in value, and he also realized the necessity of seeing the Baron without delay, in order to precede any of the railroad contractors, who would no doubt present themselves ere long.

He consequently waited upon the irate Baron on the morning following, and upon being ushered into the presence of the last of the von Lindenthals, at once broached the subject of his desire to purchase the land.

The gouty old land-owner looked with astonishment as his shabbily-dressed visitor proffered his request. He had never imagined that his unobtrusive neighbor was possessed of any money besides his farm, and the proposition to become the purchaser of "Alten-Hagen" was a complete surprise to him.

The Baron did not know of the hours of patient toil, nor of the habits of miserly economy which had enabled Henry Schulte to accumulate so large a sum of money as to warrant him in entertaining the desire to increase his estate; nor did he know that his economical neighbor could see further into the future, and better appreciate the advantages which would accrue to him from the possession of this additional property, than could their present aristocratic owner.

However, the Baron lost no time in idle speculations as to the means by which his visitor had grown wealthy. His land was for sale, a purchaser stood before him, and in a short time the wealthy miser became the owner of the Baron's land for a price entirely inadequate to the value which he received. When, a few weeks later, the question of appropriating the land and allowing the damage therefor came to be considered, the railroad company were required to treat with the miser of Hagen instead of the Baron von Lindenthal.

The wisdom and foresight displayed by Henry Schulte in becoming the purchaser of this estate was very soon clearly demonstrated, for in a very short time afterwards he received from the railroad company, as damages and for the right of way through his grounds, more than the sum he had originally paid to the impulsive Baron for the fee of the entire estate.

A few years after this several coal mines were opened in the vicinity, iron works were erected, and as Hagen became a thriving, flourishing city it naturally extended its industries. Henry Schulte's newly acquired property then became available for the erection of iron works and coal breakers, and his wealth was considerably increased by these means. A division of a part of his land into building lots, on the main road from Herdecke to Hagen, also swelled the volume of his increasing revenue. It seemed that he had suddenly fallen upon the wave of advancing fortune, for soon after this some parts of the soil being found to be of excellent quality for brick-making, he entered into arrangements with some extensive manufacturers and received a large sum for the use and occupation of his grounds for that purpose.

Thus, in a very few years, the patient, plodding, avaricious farmer found himself one of the wealthiest men in the locality. This fact, however, produced no change in his habits or his dress, nor did his mode of living undergo any improvement consequent upon the changed condition of his circumstances. This vast accumulation of money only seemed to intensify his avarice, to increase his meanness, and the desire for gain became the ruling passion of his heart and mind. He removed to the large and imposing mansion lately occupied by the Baron, but this was done simply because he could find no other occupant for it; while he could readily procure a tenant for the little cottage where he had previously resided.

The effect of his presence there was soon made manifest, and only a short time elapsed before this beautiful residence presented an appearance of negligence sadly at variance with the thrifty neatness that was everywhere apparent during the time of its occupancy by the Baron and his family. The general air of neglect and squalor surrounding it proclaimed that the habits of the miser had been too firmly grounded to be easily disturbed, and that the man remained the same, whether in the castle or the hovel.

Indeed, it seemed that his reserve and isolation became more marked, and he dressed so shabbily that he scarcely ever appeared in other than soiled and ragged garments. His heart became harder and more grasping, and the few people who had known him in his younger days, and were disposed to be friendly, soon dropped away from him, finding it impossible to endure his harshness of manner and his penurious ways.

His household now consisted of a housekeeper and a valet, the former an elderly woman, who had long been an object of charity to the people of Hagen, and whose services were procured by him at a mere nominal price, and the latter was a young, simple-minded fellow, who performed the multifarious duties of a man-of-all-work, for a stipulated sum that barely sufficed for his needs, exclusive of the daily fare which he received from the hands of his economical employer.

His administration of domestic affairs was in entire accord with his narrow-minded and contracted heart, and the servants found but little comfort while in his employ. He took sole charge of his domestic arrangements himself, and to the patient and uncomplaining Mrs. Scheller would daily furnish the meager complement of beans and potatoes which were required for the day's consumption. The balance of the store would then be religiously kept under lock and key to prevent any tendency towards extravagance on the part of those who served him.

In addition to the various other investments possessed by him, he cultivated a large portion of the land acquired from the Baron, and, being a practical farmer, thoroughly understanding the advantage of drainage, he succeeded in redeeming a great amount of land heretofore deemed worthless, and brought it to a high state of cultivation.

His farming land consisted of several hundred acres, which required the employment of many men, and the large forests, with their apparently inexhaustible timber, furnished occupation for a number of woodmen, all of whom were under the supervision of the master. Here, too, his parsimony extended, and, while no efforts were spared to improve the quality of the land, and to increase the crops that were gathered, in every other respect his miserly nature exerted itself.

The horses and cattle were lean and poorly fed, the buildings were out of repair, and a general system of rigorous and pinching economy was observed, all of which tended to the dissatisfaction of those employed by him, but which in no wise affected the firmly-grounded avarice of their employer, who every day appeared to grow more harsh and unfeeling.

He became grinding and pitiless in his dealings with those who were indebted to him, exacting full and prompt payment of all moneys due to him, without regard to the straitened circumstances of his debtors, or the destitution which frequently followed his summary means of enforcing his collections.

The various cares and anxieties attendant upon the management of his affairs were often vexatious and annoying, and as time wore on he became exceedingly captious and irritable. His ebullitions of temper, which now became quite

frequent, were vented upon the innocent heads of those who labored in his service, and much dissatisfaction was engendered in consequence. He became suspicious of all who surrounded him, and imagined that every one with whom he was connected were seeking to rob him, and finally an idea took possession of his mind, which completely destroyed his peace and made his existence perfectly miserable. He imagined that his life was in danger, and that there was a conspiracy formed to murder him for his money.

So firmly did this conviction cling to him that he became intensely nervous and restless, and was scarcely able to sleep in his bed at nights. He would bolt and bar himself in his chamber so securely that it was a matter of perfect impossibility to effect an entrance, and then, still doubtful, he would be wakeful and uneasy during the long, weary hours of the night, until from sheer exhaustion he would fall into a troubled sleep, which lasted late into the morning.

Nothing occurred of a character to justify his suspicions or to increase his fears, until one morning he was awakened at a very early hour by the breaking with a loud crash of one of the windows that opened into his room. Instantly he was awake, and, springing from his bed, he rushed frantically to the window, discharged his pistol several times in succession, at the same time calling loudly for help.

His cries alarmed his valet, who slept in a room communicating with that of his master, and who hastened at once to his assistance. It was too dark to discover anything of the cause of the breaking of the glass, and as no further demonstration occurred, he succeeded in quieting the fears of his master, and restoring him to tranquillity. As soon as it was daylight, he made an investigation into the cause of this seeming attack, and an examination of the outside of the premises disclosed the fact that the alarm had been occasioned by the falling of the branch of an old tree that stood near to the house, and on which some of the limbs were withered and dead.

This discovery, however, by no means allayed his fears or dissipated his suspicions, but, on the contrary, he became so fixed in the insane idea that he would be assassinated, that his life in the old home became a burden to him, and he longed for a change of scene that would ensure ease for his mind, and safety for his body.

Henry Schulte was at this time an old man—the sixty years of his life had passed away slowly, but eventfully to him, and his whitened hair and wrinkled face betokened that age had left its indelible mark upon the once stalwart form of the Henry Schulte of days gone by. His head was generally bowed as though in deep thought, whether at home or abroad, and the broad shoulders seemed to have yielded to the weight of trouble which had come upon him in those early days. He was never seen to smile, and the hard, set lines about the mouth never relaxed, however mirthful was the scene before him, or however pleasurable the association in which he might accidentally find himself placed. His violin was his only companion during the long evening hours, and almost every night the harmonious strains of the music which he evoked from that instrument could be heard by those who journeyed upon the lonely road which passed in front of his house.

In the early fall of 1877, an incident occurred, which, in the disordered state of his mind, rendered it impossible for him to remain any longer in fancied peace and security.

One morning about daybreak a party of gunners, who were in search of game, were passing the premises occupied by Henry Schulte, when one of their number, a nephew of the old man, being the son of his elder brother, knowing his weakness in regard to being assassinated, and from a spirit of mischief which prompted him, took careful aim and fired directly through the window of the sleeping apartment of his uncle, and then quickly and laughingly passed on. The old gentleman, suddenly aroused from his slumbers, jumped up in affright, calling loudly in the excess of his terror:

"Help! Help! The villains have attempted to murder me again!"

The old man jumped from his bed in affright, calling loudly for help.

"***The old man jumped from his bed in affright, calling loudly for help.***"

Frank Bruner, his servant, being thus awakened, ran to the window and saw the party rapidly disappearing around a bend in the road. He recognized Bartolf Schulte as being one of the party, and informed his master of the fact.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" exclaimed the old man. "My own brother's son try

to take my life—this is horrible. He wants my money and he tries to kill me."

It was a long time before his violence subsided, but when at length Frank succeeded in calming his excitement and restoring him to reason, one idea seemed to have taken possession of him, and that was that he must leave his home for his own safety, and that the sooner this was accomplished the better it would be for him and for his peace of mind.

No inducement that could be offered was sufficient to disturb his resolution upon this point. No argument that could be suggested, but what was urged against this seemingly insane notion, but all to no avail. His mind was fully made up, and nothing could overcome the settled determination which he had arrived at, to get away at once from the place which threatened so much danger to his person, and in which he was in constant dread and fear.

He therefore immediately began his preparations for departure, and placing his property in the hands of a careful attorney at Hagen, he lost no time in converting his available securities into money and decided to take passage for America—a land of which he had heard so much, and which promised a rest for his over-wrought mind.

He journeyed to Hamburg, and from thence in a few days, accompanied by his servant, he took passage in a steamer, arriving in New York City, "a stranger in a strange land," in the month of August in the same year.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Arrival in New York.—Frank Bruner determines to leave the Service of his Master.—The meeting of Frank Bruner and William Bucholz.

The vagaries of the human mind under all circumstances are frequently inscrutable, but under no other influence, perhaps, is the mind so susceptible of impressions of a governing character from unimportant causes as it is when controlled by the fear of personal safety.

It would readily be imagined that Henry Schulte, whose mind was filled with vague but distressing apprehensions for his life, could have found refuge, safe and unassailable, within the broad domain of his own native land, and that he might have considered himself free from impending danger if he could have placed even a short distance between himself and those whom he believed to be his mortal enemies. This, however, he found it impossible to do and rest contented; so, resisting all the arguments that were urged by his faithful but overtaxed servant and companion, and believing that his only safety lay in his getting away from his native land, he persisted in coming to America, where he felt assured he would be free from persecution, and where, in the quiet and repose of rural retirement, his peace of mind would be undisturbed.

That these fears must have been deeply-grounded there can be no doubt, for this old man, in leaving the home of his childhood and the many scenes which were endeared to him by the close association of early friendship and experience, turned his back upon the spot where he had first seen the light of day, and where he had grown from youth to manhood. Here, too, the joy and sorrow of his life had come to him, and in the little churchyard of the village, beneath the waving trees, reposed all that was mortal of the one great love of his life.

Stolid and seemingly indifferent, so far as outward evidence gave any demonstration, of the many tender associations surrounding him, he left his native village and set off upon the long journey that was to end in his death. Speeding away from the imagined assassin, he journeyed directly to the presence and companionship of the man who was to slay him.

Taking passage upon a steamer bound for America, they were soon riding upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and after an uneventful voyage landed safely in New York.

Not one of the many passengers of the vessel, or among the crowd that stood upon the pier and watched their disembarking, would for a moment have supposed that this old man, whose face gave evidence of the years through which he had passed, whose clothing showed too plainly the marks of long and hard usage, and whose general appearance resembled that of a beggar, was the possessor of wealth enough to render any of them independent of the world. Nor would they have thought that the worn and frequently-patched coat he wore concealed a sum of money equalling nearly a hundred thousand dollars. Yet such was the fact; for upon his person he carried fully this amount of money, most of which was in German mark bills, easily convertible into American money; and which, should the fact become known, would have been sufficient to excite the cupidity of many of them, who would not hesitate to attempt the operation of relieving him of his hoarded wealth, and who might, perhaps, scarcely consider an old man's life of sufficient importance to successfully interfere with their possessing themselves of his money.

He had jealously guarded his secret and his treasure, and although his sleep was frequently disturbed by startling visions of robbery and murder, not one of the many who surrounded him suspected for an instant the wealth that he possessed.

To his servant he was generally reticent, but not so excessively secretive, for Frank Bruner was well-informed of the extent of his master's treasures, although he was not fully aware of the amount he had brought with him.

Poor Frank led a miserable existence on that passage to New York, and many times after he had settled himself in his berth for a comfortable night's sleep he would be rudely awakened by his nervous and suspicious master, who was

continually imagining that somebody was forcing an entrance into his state-room. He would start up with affright, and nothing would allay his fears but a rigid examination of the premises, which invariably resulted in finding nothing of a suspicious or fear-inspiring nature.

Many times, upon remonstrating with his master about the groundlessness of his fears, he would be made to feel the heaviness of his hand, and chastisements were the reward of his devotion so frequently that his usually submissive spirit began to rebel, and Frank resolved to leave the service of so peculiar and so thankless a master upon the first favorable opportunity that presented itself.

The journey, as we have said, was made in safety, and Henry Schulte, with his wealth intact, arrived in New York, and, seeking a quiet, comfortable hotel, he was directed to "THE CRESCENT," where he soon wended his way, and to which he directed his servant to have his trunks conveyed without delay.

The hotel which he had selected was a German boarding-house, of modest dimensions and of unpretentious appearance. Over its doorway swung the faded sign of the Crescent, and over its destinies presided the portly, good-natured landlord, who dispensed the creature comforts to the limited number of guests who lodged beneath his roof.

Henry Schulte entered the little room of the hotel which was used as a bar-room, and, paying no attention to the other occupants, he seated himself at one of the tables, ordered a bottle of wine, which he proceeded to drink slowly until nearly finished, after which he pushed the bottle and glass towards his thirsty and longing servant and bade him consume the balance.

Seated around the room in various attitudes, but all engaged in the occupation of smoking and drinking, were a number of men, all inmates of the hotel, and all Germans, to whom the old man's appearance naturally gave occasion for considerable curiosity.

Several attempts were made to cultivate his acquaintance and to interrogate him upon the incidents of his passage over, but all of no avail. He maintained a reserve that was impossible to overcome; his answers were given in monosyllables, and, as but little encouragement was given to friendly converse, he was finally left alone to enjoy his musings.

At an early hour of the evening he signified his intention of retiring, and, accompanied by his servant, he left the room and shortly afterwards went to bed.

After attending to the requirements of the old gentleman, Frank Bruner returned to the bar-room and joined the group sitting around the table. His mind was fixed upon leaving a service that was distasteful to him, and in which he was made to feel the hand of the master too frequently and too heavily to be borne longer with submission or silence. He was anxious, therefore, to make some inquiries in regard to a change of position from those whom he supposed would be acquainted with the facts he was desirous of learning.

While they were thus conversing, a young man entered, and after saluting those present in a careless, off-hand manner, he seated himself among them. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young German, with blonde hair and smoothly-shaven face; his eyes were large and of a light blue color. His cheek-bones were rather prominent, and when he laughed he displayed his teeth, which, being somewhat decayed, gave a rather unpleasant expression to the countenance, otherwise he was what might have ordinarily been considered a good-looking fellow.

Upon seating himself, he was jocularly questioned by one of the number, in reference to some young lady, who was evidently known to them all.

"Ah, William, how did you find the lovely Clara this evening?" inquired his friend, in German.

William Bucholz, for that was the name of the new-comer, shrugged his shoulders, and with an amused expression upon his face, answered:

"Oh, as well as usual, and quite as charming."

And then, perceiving the presence of Frank, he looked inquiringly at his friends, and added: "Whom have we here?"

"A young man who has just arrived from Germany," was the reply.

Bucholz immediately arose, cordially shook hands with the stranger, and engaged him in conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

The History of William Bucholz.—An Abused Aunt who Disappoints His Hopes.—A Change of Fortune.—The Soldier becomes a Farmer.—The Voyage to New York.

William Bucholz had been an inmate of the hotel for several weeks prior to this time, having arrived from Germany in the latter part of July. He was somewhat of a favorite with the people with whom he associated, and being of a free and jovial disposition had made many friends during his limited residence in the city. As he is to bear an interesting part in the sequence of this narrative a few words may not be out of place in regard to his antecedents.

The father of Bucholz, who was a veterinary surgeon of some prominence in Schweigert, had reared his children in comparative comfort, and had provided them with a liberal education.

The early years of young Bucholz had been spent with an uncle, who was very fond of him, and delighted to have him near his person. This uncle was a brother of his father, and very late in life had married a lady of large fortune, but whose appearance was not at all prepossessing. As William grew into manhood he entered the army and became connected with the "Brunswick Hussars."

Here he distinguished himself principally by leading a life of dissipation and extravagance, which made him an object of remark in his regiment. There were many wild spirits among his comrades, but none who displayed such an irrepressible and reckless disposition as William Bucholz. His uncle, loving him as a son, and whose union had been blessed with no children, forgave his follies and liquidated his debts without a murmur, but shook his head frequently in a doubtful manner, as rumors reached him of some new exploit in which William had been a leading spirit, or some fresh scandal in which he was a prominent

participant.

The family of Bucholz, with that weakness which sometimes characterizes the relative of the wealthy, soon began to display a coolness and dislike toward the wife of the uncle, and as no children were born to them, they looked forward with certainty to inheriting the vast wealth of their childless relative, without seeming to regard the rights or interests of the wife, who, in Germany as well as in America, frequently exercises a potent influence in the disposition of her husband's affairs.

That this conduct was displeasing to the woman who had brought so much wealth into the family may readily be imagined, and being possessed of sufficient spirit to resent the affronts put upon her, she did not tamely submit to be thus ignored by the supercilious relatives of her husband, but determined to be revenged upon them in a manner which she knew would be complete and satisfactory to herself.

Among her numerous friends was the widow of a captain of hussars, who had been in the same regiment with Bucholz, but who had died a short time before, leaving his sorrow-stricken wife without sufficient income for her support, and with the care of an only son who had been born to them in their brief married life. To this lady William's aunt immediately offered her house as a home, and promised to take care of her child's education and provide for its future. This offer was gratefully accepted by the bereaved and impecunious widow, who, with her child, soon became domiciled beneath the roof of the uncle and the socially abused aunt.

As the boy grew into years he displayed so many traits of a noble, manly character and of a fond and loving disposition, that the hearts of the aged couple instinctively warmed towards him with an abiding affection, and the mother dying soon after, he was formally adopted by them.

The uncle continued, however, to supply the wants of his prodigal and degenerate nephew, but they increased so enormously that he was forced to remonstrate with the young man upon the recklessness of his conduct. His remonstrances were met with a spirit of impertinence and defiance that angered the old gentleman to such an extent that he declined at once to pay any further debts of his nephew's contracting, and limited his allowance to a sum which,

while sufficiently large to provide for his actual needs, afforded no opportunities for lavish outlays or indiscreet dissipations.

This action excited the ire of William and his family, who did not hesitate to ascribe it to the promptings of the wife, whom they had so consistently ignored, and whose feelings they had so frequently outraged.

The relations between the brothers ceased to be friendly, and an estrangement took place which was increased by the family of Bucholz, who spoke every where in the most disrespectful terms of the wife of the brother.

While matters were in this position the uncle was suddenly attacked with a malady which resulted in his death. After the funeral the will was opened, and it was found, to the mortification and disappointment of his relatives, that instead of leaving to them the bulk of his large fortune, he had bequeathed the major portion to his adopted son, and had only left the sum of twenty thousand dollars to be divided equally among the six children of his brother.

If the widow had desired to be revenged, she had succeeded admirably in her wishes, and the solemn countenances of the disappointed Bucholzes, as they wended their way homeward after the reading of the will, from which they had hoped so much, would have been full satisfaction for the years of insult she had been compelled to endure from them during the life of her husband.

This disposition of the estate of the uncle was a severe blow to those who had so confidently expected to have been enriched by his death, and produced a marked change in their manner of living. The bright, airy castles which they had builded, faded away—their hopes of prospective wealth were rudely dissipated, and the necessity for facing the actual position of affairs stared them in the face. William could no longer be permitted to lead the idle life of a soldier, and one and all would be compelled to labor for themselves. It was a bitter awakening from a bright dream, but the man of their hopes was dead, and their regrets were unavailing.

Bucholz, therefore, obtained an extended leave of absence, and in a short time entered into an engagement with an extensive farmer to learn the science of agriculture, and became domiciled beneath the roof of his employer and instructor. The dull routine of a farmer's life was, however, illy suited to his

impulsive disposition, and although he had no manual labor to perform, he soon grew tired of the monotony of his existence and longed for a change.

He had read of the wonderful success which attended the efforts of some of his countrymen who had emigrated to Australia, that arcadia of the agriculturist, and burning with a desire to seek his fortune in the new land of promise, he began to make inquiries of the place, its products, and of the possibilities of successful operations while there.

All the information which he gleaned was of such a character as to fill his mind with ambitious projects, and a desire to make his fortune in that far-off country, and he resolved to undertake the journey.

His preparations were soon made, and ere many days he was afloat upon the heaving ocean, bound for New York, where he was informed he could procure a sailing vessel direct to Australia, at a cost much less than he could by any other process of travel.

Arriving without accident in New York, he had taken up his quarters at "The Crescent Hotel," and proceeded to make inquiries concerning the continuance of his journey.

To his disappointment, however, he discovered that no vessels were likely to sail from New York directly to Australia, and the limited means he had brought with him were insufficient for the expense necessary to travel overland to a point of embarkation. He was therefore compelled to delay his journey until he could receive sufficient funds to enable him to continue farther. He immediately wrote to his family for the money he required, and it was while awaiting their reply that he met Frank Bruner, the servant of Henry Schulte, whose acquaintance was destined to produce such a marked and dramatic effect upon his future life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Frank leaves the Service of his Master.—A Bowery Concert Saloon.—The departure of Henry Schulte. —William Bucholz enters the employ of the old gentleman.

We left William Bucholz and Frank Bruner in conversation at "The Crescent Hotel." The young Hussar who had been reared in luxury, whose life until this time had been a round of pleasure and gayety, and who had come to America to seek his fortune—and the servant of the strange and silent old man who had crossed the sea to escape the imagined dangers which threatened him and to find peace and comfort in his declining years.

"You have just come over from Germany, I understand," said Bucholz, addressing his companion in German.

"Just arrived to-day," replied Bruner.

"Did you come alone?"

"Oh, no; I came with the old gentleman who has just gone to bed."

"Have you been long with him?"

"Long enough to want to get away from him," was the reply.

"What is the reason?" inquired Bucholz, with some indication of surprise and curiosity.

"Well, he does not use me properly, and I have grown tired of his abuse," answered Frank, sullenly.

After further questioning him, Bucholz learned the story of the old man's eccentricities, the fact of his large possessions, and the probability of his extending his travels as far West as California.

"I would not leave him," said Bucholz, after Frank had finished his narrative; "he may not live very long, and he will no doubt do something handsome for you."

"I don't care for that," replied Frank Bruner; "I would not continue many days longer in his service even if I knew that he would leave me all his money."

At that moment the sound of a cane struck angrily upon the floor above them admonished Frank that his master desired his services, and also that he was in no pleasant humor.

"There he goes!" cried Frank, "and I must go to him or I shall feel the weight of his stick. Good-night."

"Good-night!" said Bucholz, extending his hand, "I will see you again in the morning."

The young man turned and left the room, and Bucholz seated himself apart from the rest of the company, apparently lost in profound meditation. Shortly after, he roused himself, as with an effort, and bidding his comrades good-night he went up stairs to his room.

He did not immediately retire, however, but sat up until a late hour, revolving in his mind the information which he had just received and debating with himself as to his future course of action.

The result of this mental consultation appeared satisfactory to him, and he undressed himself and went to bed. He would encourage Frank to leave his distasteful employment, and he would offer himself as an applicant for the vacant position. He had no fears of the result, and felt no anxiety about the probabilities of his being made the subject of the old man's castigations. If the old gentleman designed going to California he would be so much nearer to the coveted place of his ambitious dreams, and he could very easily submit to temporary discomforts in order to secure the practical benefits which he so much

desired. With this comforting reflection he closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning he again met Frank Bruner, and the conversation of the night before was continued. Bucholz, without seeming to be anxious upon the subject, adroitly led the unsuspecting servant on in his dislike for his occupation, and he succeeded so well that before the day was passed, Frank had firmly resolved to inform Henry Schulte of his plans and of his intention to leave his service.

In the evening, immediately after supper, he communicated his intention to his master, who received it with violent manifestations of disappointment and anger, and almost instantly retired to his room, locked his door, thereby denying admission to Frank, who was prepared to serve his irate master until he could provide himself with another servant.

Finding himself left to his own resources, Frank cordially accepted an invitation to take a stroll with his newly-found associate, and putting on his hat he linked his arm in that of Bucholz, and they left the hotel together.

Walking slowly on they soon came to the brilliantly-lighted thoroughfare in the Bowery, known as Chatham Street, and here their ears were saluted with the sounds of music, which emanated from the illuminated saloons, which lined the sidewalks at frequent intervals.

Frank gazed with curious eyes at this phase of New York life, so new and startling to one whose early years had been passed in the rural simplicity of a German peasant, and as Bucholz stopped before one of these places and asked him if he would like to go inside, he made not the slightest objection. Quietly following his guide they found themselves within the walls of one of those gilded palaces of sin, that have so often proved the avenues through which many unsuspecting young men have entered upon a life of shame and dishonor.

To Frank, however, the scene was novel and exciting, the music was exhilarating, and the "pretty waiter girls" were objects of curiosity and unfeigned admiration. Pushing their way through the crowded assembly, where men and women were engaged in drinking and indulging in loud and boisterous laughter, they reached a position in front of a stage that had been erected in the rear end of the hall, and before which hung a gaudily-painted curtain, which hid from the

spectators the mysteries and perhaps the miseries that lay beyond.

Bucholz appeared to be perfectly at home among this mixed assemblage, and nodded familiarly to right and left in recognition of numerous friends and acquaintances. Presently a buxom-looking German girl, whose rosy cheeks and rotund figure gave evidence that her life in this place had been of short duration, advanced towards them, and, seating herself beside Bucholz, bade him good evening, in a tone of familiarity which betokened a long, or, at least, a well-understood acquaintance.

A buxom looking german girl sat down beside Bucholz, and bade him Good Evening.

"A buxom looking german girl sat down beside Bucholz, and bade him Good Evening."

To the young man who accompanied Bucholz there seemed to be a fascination in the glitter of his present surroundings, and he instinctively began to feel envious of his more fortunate companion, who appeared so much at his ease, and whose intimacy with the Teutonic siren was so much to be admired.

During the progress of the mixed entertainment that followed, in which dancing and singing, banjo playing, and a liberal display of the anatomy of the female "artists" formed the principal features, they sipped their beer and applauded loudly the efforts of those who ministered to their enjoyment.

Upon the conclusion of the performance, they returned to their hotel, and Frank Bruner's mind was more firmly settled in his determination to leave the service of Henry Schulte, and to find employment in the city, where such pleasures would be open to him at all times.

On their walk homeward to the hotel Frank again mentioned his resolve to Bucholz.

"I think you are very foolish," was the reply. "The old man has lots of money, and if I was in your place I would do very different."

Frank was immovable, however, and the words of his companion produced

no effect upon his mind.

The next morning Mr. Schulte endeavored in vain to induce Frank to change his determination, and at last, finding it impossible to do so, he paid him the amount that was due to him and dispensed, rather reluctantly, with his further services.

A few days after this, having completed the business which detained him in New York, the old gentleman announced his intention of departing, and, having his baggage transferred to the coach, he started for the depot, leaving Frank behind him, who now half regretted having so suddenly sundered his relations with his eccentric employer.

Bucholz's opportunity had now arrived, and jumping into the coach, he took his seat beside the old gentleman, whose acquaintance he had cultivated during his brief sojourn at the hotel.

"You are going away, Mr. Schulte?" said Bucholz.

The old man nodded his head affirmatively, but made no audible reply.

"Which way are you going?" asked Bucholz, unabashed by the manner of the other.

"I am going down to South Norwalk, in Connecticut, to buy a farm which was advertised for sale there," answered Mr. Schulte.

"Where is Frank?" asked Bucholz, as though in ignorance of their separation. "Is he not going with you?"

"Frank is no longer in my employ. I have discharged him, and he must now look out for himself."

"Don't you want somebody to take his place?" said Bucholz, eagerly.

"Yes, but I will get some one down there, I guess," replied the old man, as though he did not desire to talk any further about his affairs.

"Don't you think I would suit you, Mr. Schulte? I have nothing to do, and

would be very glad to take the place," urged Bucholz. The old gentleman looked up in surprise at this question, and said:

"You would not come for such wages as I would pay."

He named a sum ridiculously small, but Bucholz announced his perfect willingness to accept the position at the remuneration offered.

The old gentleman revolved the question in his mind for a few moments, gazing somewhat suspiciously at the young man the while, and at length said to Bucholz, who was anxiously awaiting his decision:

"Well, you may come along and see how you will like it. If it does not suit you, you can return, and we can make our arrangements afterward."

The matter was thus disposed of, and William Bucholz journeyed to South Norwalk with his employer. The gay soldier had become the humble servant, the prospective farmer had been transformed into the obsequious valet.

These two men had journeyed across the seas, for a far-off land, and thus had strangely met. The web of fate had woven itself around their two lives, and the compact this day made was only to be severed by the death, sudden and mysterious, of the eldest party to the agreement.

Who could have told that before many months had rolled away, that old man would have been brutally beaten to death, and that the bright-faced young man who sued for his favor would be sitting in a lonely cell under the dreadful charge of committing the foul deed!

Perhaps could either have glanced with prophetic vision into the future, their paths, by mutual consent, would have widely diverged, and their intimacy have ceased forever on that August afternoon.

THE DETECTION.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Detective.—His Experience and His Practice.—A Plan of Detection Perfected.—The Work is Begun.

The detective occupies a peculiar position in society, and is a prominent actor in many scenes of which the general public can have no knowledge. In his breast may be locked the secrets of many men who stand in proud pre-eminence before the public, and who are admired and respected for the possession of virtues that are but the cloak with which they hide the baser elements of their dispositions.

The canting hypocrite, whose voice may be loudest in chapel or meeting-house, and whose sanctimonious air and solemn visage will cover the sins of his heart to the general observer, is well known to the detective, who has seen that same face pale with apprehension, and has heard that same voice trembling with the fear of exposure.

That dapper young gentleman, who twirls his moustache and swings his cane so jauntily upon the promenade, is an object of admiration to many; but to the man who knows the secrets of his inner life another scene is opened, and he remembers when this same exquisite walked the cell of a prison—a convict guilty of a crime.

Through all the various grades of society the detective has wended his way, and he has looked into men's hearts when infamy stared them in the face and dishonor impended over them.

His experience has rendered him almost incapable of surprise, or mobility of feeling. He is ever watchful for the deceptiveness of appearances, ever prepared to admit everything, to explain everything, and to believe nothing—but what he sees.

The judicial officer, with the nicety and legal acumen of a thorough jurist, applies the technicalities of the law to the testimony submitted to him, but the detective observes with caution, and watches with suspicion all the odious combinations and circumstances which the law with all the power at its command cannot successfully reach.

He is made the unwilling, but necessary recipient of disgraceful details; of domestic crimes, and even of tolerated vices with which the law cannot deal.

If, when he entered upon his office, his mind teemed with illusions in regard to humanity, the experience of a year has dissipated them to the winds.

If he does not eventually become skeptical of the whole human race, it is because his experience has shown him that honor and vice may walk side by side without contamination; that virtue and crime may be closely connected, and yet no stain be left upon the white robe of purity, and that while upon the one hand he sees abominations indulged in with impunity, upon the other, he witnesses a sublime generosity which cannot be weakened or crushed. The modest violet may exhale its fragrance through an overgrowth of noxious weeds—and humanity bears out the simile.

He sees with contempt the proud bearing of the impudent scoundrels who are unjustly receiving public respect, but he sees also with pleasure many heroes in the modest and obscure walks of life, who deserve the rich rewards which they never receive.

He has so often pierced beneath the shining mask of virtue and discovered the distorted visage of vice, that he has almost reached a state of general doubtfulness until results shall demonstrate the correctness of his theories. He believes in nothing until it is proven—not in absolute evil more than in absolute good, and the results of his teachings have brought him to the conclusion that not men but events alone are worthy of consideration.

A knowledge of human nature is as necessary to him as that he shall have eyes and ears, and this knowledge experience alone can give.

In my eventful career as a detective, extending over a period of thirty years of active practice, my experience has been of such a character as to lead me to pay

no attention to the outward appearance of men or things. The burglar does not commit his depredations in the open light of day, nor in the full view of the spectator. Nor does the murderer usually select the brilliantly-lighted highway to strike the fatal blow. Quietly and secretly, and with every imagined precaution against detection, the criminal acts, and it is only by equally secretive ways that he can be reached.

Weeks and months may elapse before he is finally brought to bay, but I have never known it to fail, at least in my experience, that detection will follow crime as surely as the shadow will follow a moving body in the glare of sunlight.

From the facts collected by my operatives, and from every other available source, I was now put into possession of every point in the case of the murder of Henry Schulte, that could be arrived at, and we were prepared to define a plan of operation, which, if strictly adhered to, bore the impress of promised success.

An old man had been foully murdered, and his body had been robbed of a large sum of money. Money, therefore, was the cause of the murder, and the recovery and identification of this would undoubtedly lead to the discovery of the criminal.

The matter, with all its attendant facts, was placed in the hands of Mr. Bangs, my general superintendent, and of my son, Robert A. Pinkerton, who resolved to succeed in the undertaking if success were possible.

The details of our proposed line of action were submitted to the German Consul-General and to the State's attorney, Mr. Olmstead. The former, while expressing doubts of the expediency of the plan proposed, determined finally to allow us to pursue such course as in our judgment was advisable, while the latter gentleman signified his hearty approval, as it accorded in many respects with a plan which he had previously thought feasible in this very matter.

Our relations with these gentlemen were of a nature somewhat peculiar. The German Consul was acting in a double capacity, and had two interests to serve. He represented the heirs of the murdered man, and in that relation he was desirous of recovering the money that had been stolen, as well as discovering who the murderer was and bringing him to justice. At the same time, he was expected to render whatever assistance that was in his power to the unfortunate

man who stood accused of the crime, and who was also a native of Germany, requiring his protection. The German Consul also entertained a well-grounded faith in the innocence of Bucholz, and desired that every fact that would substantiate this opinion should be discovered and used for his benefit.

The State's attorney, on the contrary, was firmly established in his belief that the murder had been committed by Bucholz, and none other, and his desire was that this theory should be proved beyond the possibility of doubt, in order that he, as the prosecuting officer of the State, should be enabled to uphold the dignity of outraged law, and to bring the guilty man to the justice which he believed was so richly merited.

It was determined, therefore, after a conference with these gentlemen, that my agents should pursue the investigation in such a manner as seemed best, and which gave greatest promise of eventual success.

Armed with this double authority, our arrangements were soon made, and active operations were instituted. Whether our efforts resulted in victory or defeat, the sequel will prove.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Detective Reminiscence.—An Operation in Bridgeport in 1866.—The Adams Express Robbery.—A Half Million of Dollars Stolen.—Capture of the Thieves.—One of the Principals Turns State's Evidence.—Conviction and Punishment.

When a great crime has been committed the public mind experiences a sensation of horror. Imaginative persons are busy in the formation of all sorts of fancies with regard to the perpetrators. His probable appearance, gigantic proportions and horrible aspect are duly commented upon, and exaggeration invariably takes the place of fact in such estimations. In the majority of cases that have come under my notice the personal appearance of the criminal belied the possibility of his guilt.

The verdant spectator is frequently amazed to find the apparent gentleman, attired with the precision of the tailor's art, with immaculate linen, and of delicate, and sometimes refined appearance arraigned for the crime of robbery or murder.

Many times I have seen the eager spectator in a court-room, looking vainly among the group of lawyers before the bar, for the monster they have conjured up in their imaginations, and finally settling upon some sharp-featured, but unimpeachable attorney as the malefactor, indulge in wise reflections as to the impossibility of mistaking a rogue from his appearance.

I have seen their start of surprise as the real criminal, genteel, cool and gentlemanly, would rise from his seat and plead to the indictment that would be read to him, and their solemn shake of the head as their wise reflections were scattered to the winds.

My first experience with the town of Bridgeport was particularly suggestive of these reflections. I was engaged in a detective operation in which the Adams Express Company were the sufferers, having been robbed of a large amount of money, and, as the robbery took place in the vicinity of that city, the thieves, whom I succeeded in capturing, were confined in the jail there.

The affair occurred during the first week of January, 1866, and the facts were as follows:

On the night of the sixth of January, in the year just mentioned, the public mind was startled by the announcement that the Adams Express Company had been robbed of over a half million of dollars, by the thieves breaking into the car in which their valuables were placed, prying open the safes, and abstracting over six hundred thousand dollars, in notes, bonds and other valuable securities.

The train to which the car was attached had left New York for Boston at eight o' clock in the evening, and it was not until arriving at New Haven that the depredation was discovered.

The dismay of the company's officials may be imagined when, on entering the car at the latter place, the fractured safes met their astonished gaze. A marlin spike, three dark lanterns and a sledge hammer which lay beside them, told too plainly how the work had been accomplished, but it furnished no clue as to how, or when, or by whom.

The car was of the ordinary size of a box freight car, built with an iron frame, sheathed over with thick sheet iron plates, rivetted strongly together, and so closely made that a light placed inside could not be seen when the doors were closed. A messenger always accompanied this car, but he usually sat in the baggage car of the train, and as the train did not make any stoppages between New York and New Haven, it was only at this time that the theft was discovered by the entrance of the messenger.

It further appeared that the company's safes were taken from the depot in New York and placed in the iron car, which was waiting upon a side-track, and which was immediately afterwards attached to the train.

The safes having been placed in the car, the door was securely locked, and, as

the train was then ready to start, the agent of the company gave the word "All right!" The train started and sped upon its journey, and nothing further was known until its arrival at New Haven and the discovery of the theft.

I was immediately notified of the matter, and after a careful observation of the safes and an investigation into the facts of the case, I thought I detected the handiwork of a party of young thieves whom I had accidentally encountered in another operation in which I had been engaged some months previously.

Operatives were immediately despatched in various directions, and the movements of the suspected parties were carefully but unobservedly watched. Very soon after, I succeeded in running down two of the parties, named John Tristram and Thomas Clark, and upon arresting them each one had in his possession a gold watch, both of which were identified as stolen property. They were accordingly conveyed to Bridgeport and held to await their trial.

Mr. Wells, the genial and efficient keeper of the prison, whose acquaintance I had previously made, received the prisoners and securely fastened them up.

A few days following this, an old resident of Norwalk, who was also an uncle of one of the men arrested, was observed by one of my men, carrying a package of unusual weight from his residence to the house of a sister of Tristram in New York City, and an examination of the house resulted in finding nearly eighty seven thousand dollars of the stolen treasure. The old man was arrested, but developments proved too plainly that he was only acting as a mere blind messenger for the other parties, and he was accordingly discharged.

The trial of the two men, which subsequently took place at Bridgeport, was attended by a large array of New York burglars, shoplifters and pick-pockets—all friends of the criminals. They were closely watched, as it was feared that they intended making some attempt to rescue the prisoners. This precaution proved not to have been in vain, for during the sitting of the court an attempt was made to purloin an iron box in which most of the testimony intended for use in the case, was kept. This was fortunately discovered in time, and many of the individuals concerned in it left town immediately.

On the trial Tristram pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment of three years and six months.

From the evidence upon the part of the company, it appeared that the money in the safes was in four separate pouches, and consisted mainly of currency belonging to banking institutions, and all of which lacked the signatures of the bank officers to give it full character as money.

The amounts taken were as follows:

From the Washington Pouch,	$278,000.00
From the Baltimore Pouch,	150,000.00
From the Philadelphia Pouch,	100,000.00
From the New York Pouch,	150,000.00
	$678,000.00

The two watches that were found upon the prisoners and identified as stolen from the safes, were designed as gifts, and were being carried by the company for delivery to the friends of the givers in Boston.

Clark stood trial alone and was found guilty of only one count of the information against him, and his counsel obtained a stay of proceedings.

I was now determined to capture the other members of the gang, and my arrangements were made accordingly. I suspected an individual named James Wells as being a participant in the robbery, and therefore made him the principal object of attack.

Wells was living at home with his mother at that time, and I succeeded in introducing one of my operatives into the house as a boarder. This operative cultivated the acquaintance of James, and proved a very agreeable companion indeed, while by the female members of the family he was regarded as one of the most pleasant boarders imaginable. The work was admirably accomplished, and he obtained all the information that was necessary to enable me to act intelligently and actively in the matter.

Prompt arrests followed, and Martin Allen, James Wells, Gilly McGloyn, Eddy Watson and John Grady were pounced upon and conveyed to prison.

Thus far the evidence obtained had been of a character sufficient to warrant an arrest, but hardly of convincing force to justify a conviction upon a trial by jury.

Most of the stolen property had been recovered, and I finally decided to make an onslaught upon the weak points of Clark, the man previously arrested, and now awaiting the new trial which had been granted in his case.

Accordingly I visited the jail and had an interview with this individual, who did not, at first, appear at all delighted with the visit. In a short time, however, I had gained entire control of the man, and he became like wax in my hands. He made a full confession of the robbery, and declared his readiness to become a witness for the prosecution. Having accomplished my purpose, I announced to the officers of the State my readiness to proceed to trial, and my sanguine hopes of a full conviction of the parties implicated.

The trial took place shortly afterwards in Danbury, and I do not remember ever to have seen a more gentlemanly-looking array of prisoners before a bar of justice.

They were all dressed in the most exquisite style, and deported themselves in a manner far from what would ordinarily be expected from men engaged in professional criminal pursuits.

During the trial the Court House was thronged by the fair sex of Danbury, whose sympathetic hearts were profoundly touched at the sight of these gentlemanly-appearing rascals. The attendance was further augmented by the appearance of many of their friends, both male and female, who came from New York to witness the proceedings and offer their loving consolations to the unfortunates.

The alarm of these sympathetic friends reached a culminating point when the prosecuting attorney arose in his place and announced that he would place upon the stand one of the principals in the robbery, who would unfold the plot and its successful execution. Each prisoner looked at the other, and angry, suspicious

glances flashed from the eyes of them all. Threats were whispered audibly among their friends, but no demonstration took place, and the silence in the court-room became painfully oppressive as the State's attorney, after finishing his address to the jury, called the name of Thomas Clark.

The prisoner took the stand, and, unabashed by the angry glances that were directed towards him, he told the story of the robbery in a plain, straightforward manner, that carried conviction to the minds of both judge and jury.

The testimony which he gave was as follows:

"My connection with this robbery commenced on or about the 20th of December last (1865), at which time I met Martin Allen at a saloon in New York City. It was on that occasion that he told me that his brother-in-law, James Wells, who resided in Brooklyn, had an acquaintance named Gilly McGloyn, and that Gilly had a brother-in-law named Grady, who was a brakeman on the express train of the New York and New Haven Railroad, which left New York at 8 o'clock in the evening. He also said that Grady wanted McGloyn to get somebody to help throw the safes out of that train. McGloyn went to Wells on purpose to inform him, and Wells told him of it, and Allen told me.

"The next day Allen, Wells, McGloyn and Grady met me at Lafayette Hall, on Broadway, about the 21st of December. At that time Grady exhibited a piece of soap which contained an impression of a key-hole in the lock of the Adams Express car. In the course of the conversation which ensued at that time, Grady said that there were two messengers who looked after the Adams Express cars alternately, one on each alternate night. He said that the most careless of the two messengers was named Moore, and that his evenings from New York were Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Grady said he thought any one of those evenings would be the best to select for the purpose of committing the robbery.

"Some time afterward, on a night when Moore had charge of the express car, I got on the train at Forty-second street, and went into the smoking car. There was a man there busy making a fire in the stove, and in a few moments Grady came into the car, and in order to signalize to me who Moore was, slapped the man on the back, saying, 'Billy Moore, you don't know how to make a fire.'

"The place which I selected as the proper point for throwing off the safes was

between Coscob Bridge and Stamford. I hit upon that spot for the purpose, because at that point the distance between stoppages was short, being only three miles from Coscob Bridge to Stamford. I left the train at Bridgeport, where I stopped at the Atlantic Hotel, near the depot, all night. I returned to New York by the 10 o'clock train next morning. I think it was the same day that the parties I have named had another meeting at Lafayette Hall.

"It was at that time we arranged a plan for getting the safes out at Forty-second street, where we got the size of the lock of the express car. Next day Allen and myself visited nearly every hardware store in New York for the purpose of purchasing a lock similar to that on the car. The nearest to it in appearance was found in a store on Howard street, between Crosby street and Broadway. We wanted this lock to put on the door of the car after breaking the other off. That same day Allen and Wells went to the same store and bought a sledge hammer. On the evening of the same day Allen went to Crowe's livery stable and hired a horse and a heavy express wagon.

"Some time before this Allen and I went to a blacksmith shop and had a piece of steel made into shape for the purpose of prying the lock off the car. No less than five efforts were made to take the safes off the car at Forty-second street, on nights when Moore was messenger. Next day after our last attempt Allen, McGloyn, Grady and myself met at Lafayette Hall and arranged to abandon the Forty-second street plan. Tristram, Hudson and McGuire were never present at our conferences at Lafayette Hall. I used to meet McGuire and tell him what had transpired, and he used to convey the intelligence to Tristram and Hudson.

"The new plan was that three of us were to secrete ourselves in the express car during its brief stay at Forty-second street, and the other five were to go in the passenger cars. We three were to throw off the safes after the train got over the Harlem Bridge. The five were to get out at the bridge. After the three had thrown off the safes they were to ring the bell, stop the train, get off and walk back till they met the others. They were then to take the safes to some convenient place, break them open, and pack the money and valuables in two valises which they had with them, and leave the safes there.

"On the night of the 6th of January last, the eight of us, Allen, Tristram, McGuire, Hudson, Wells, McGloyn, Grady and myself met by previous agreement, about seven o'clock, near the depot and Forty-second street. McGuire

brought with him two carpet-bags, a marlin spike and a common mortising chisel. The others of us had a piece of steel, a lock, a sledge hammer and a dark lantern. Hudson, Grady, McGuire and myself got in between the express car and the freight train, and managed to break the lock with the marlin spike. We then drew back the door and three of us, Grady, McGuire and myself, got in. Hudson then placed the lock in the staple outside, but not in the hasp, and then closed the door. This was to save appearances.

"We sat quietly until the train got in the tunnel, between New York and Harlem. We found three safes in the car. We got one of them over and tried to break in the bottom with the sledge hammer, but we found this would not work. We then took the marlin spike, drove it into the door of the safe and pried it open. McGuire held the spike and Grady and I knocked it in. Having packed the contents of this in a carpet-bag, we broke open another safe, the contents of which we also packed away. The reason we did not get out after passing Harlem Bridge was because we discovered, after getting into the car, that the rope was in an iron tube, and that prevented our stopping the car.

We pried the safe open.

"*We pried the safe open.*"

"At Coscob Station we got out and hid one of the bags in a pile of lumber. We then walked up the track a mile toward Stamford, where we hid in a stone wall the large carpet-bag. The three of us then, unincumbered, walked to Stamford. Here Grady lived, and he wished us to go to a barn, and said he would bring us something to eat; but McGuire and I thought it best to go back to New York as soon as possible; so we got aboard a freight train for Norwalk and took the Owl, a midnight train, from there. Going to New York we sat in different parts of the car and did not speak. The train stopped for some reason or other at One Hundred and Twentieth street, and there McGuire and I got out.

"We were then on our way to Tristram's house, and there we met Allen, Hudson and Tristram. They told us they had got on the car as agreed upon, and had got off at Harlem Bridge, and walked up the track about six miles, but, failing to find us, had become disgusted and returned home. That evening Tristram, McGuire and I started for Norwalk in the five o'clock train. We all got off at Stamford, and I went to a livery stable, for the purpose of hiring a horse

and wagon in order to remove the stolen property. I told the stable keeper I was going to Norwalk, but it was so cold he would not hire his horses. We could not get a horse at Stamford, so we arranged to take the next train to Norwalk. We reached Norwalk the next day, and stopped at the house of old Josiah Tristram till Tuesday evening. On Monday evening we were joined by Hudson. He came to the house with Tristram in a Rockaway carriage. We then went to Coscob Bridge, got the hidden bags, and returned to Tristram's house. We here unpacked and repacked the bags, tying a couple of skate straps about them, so as to be handy for Josiah Tristram to carry them to New York next day, January 9. We remained here Tuesday evening, when Tristram and I were arrested."

The effect of Clark's evidence was thrilling in the extreme. The story was too potent for cross-examination. The enemy was badly shattered and demoralized. Ex-Judge Stuart, counsel for the prisoners, maintained the currency was not money because it was incomplete without the bank officers' signatures, but he was overruled by the court.

A host of witnesses were then produced to prove that Allen, Wells and some of the other prisoners were elsewhere on the night of the robbery. The characters of the witnesses for the defense broke down under cross-examination; but no matter, the jury disagreed—a result which had been anticipated owing to certain associations of one of the jurors with friends of some of the prisoners.

A second trial was ordered, and took place in Danbury during the latter part of the year. During the interval that elapsed before the second trial, McGuire, who was out on bail, took part in the bold robbery of the Bowdoinham Bank, in Maine, for which he is now serving out a fifteen years' sentence in State Prison.

Hudson managed to escape before the first arrest of the prisoners, and with ten thousand dollars of the stolen money went to Europe, where he has been ever since.

One of Allen's friends, who was visiting Danbury with his family during the first trial, and who was on visiting terms with one of the jurors, represented to an old friend who met him in the hotel that he "had found Jesus" and was "leading a new life." He was congratulated, but carefully watched.

One of the female witnesses for the *alibi*, a handsome brunette, said, on cross

examination, that she was a dressmaker, but seldom made dresses, as she was the recipient of two hundred dollars every week from a New York merchant, who admired her for her beauty.

At the second trial the four remaining prisoners, McGuire having gone into business in Maine, fared not so well. They were convicted and sent to Wethersfield, from whence some of them may have emerged wiser and better members of society. Some of them could not reform. The stolen money was nearly all recovered, and the Adams Express Company had, long previous to the end of the trial, indemnified all their customers for any loss sustained by the robbery.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Jail at Bridgeport.—An Important Arrest.—Bucholz Finds a Friend.—A Suspicious Character who Watches and Listens.—Bucholz Relates His Story.

A few days had elapsed after my taking charge of the case of William Bucholz, when two arrests were made by the officials of Bridgeport, one of which promised to have an important bearing upon the investigation in hand.

One was that of a shrewdly-educated young Irishman, whose sharp, piercing black eyes, and closely-cut black hair, gave him a look of acuteness that was apparent to the most casual observer. He had been charged with false pretense in assuming to be the agent of a publisher of chromos, and his practice was to take orders for the pictures which he exhibited, from his unsuspecting customers, the same to be delivered at some future time. He would then receive a part of the purchase money in advance, and take his departure, while the innocent subscriber would look in vain for the fulfillment of his contract.

The other arrest was that of a handsome and gentlemanly-looking man of about thirty-five years of age. His hair, which was prematurely gray, curled gracefully about his brow and temples, but his moustache, which was of a brownish color and carefully trimmed, lessened the indication of greater age on account of the color of his hair. He evinced a quiet reserve of manner, and a general air of respectability scarcely in accord with his appearing to answer for the commission of a crime, and many sympathetic remarks were made by the bystanders on the occasion of his hearing.

He was charged with forgery, and had been arrested in the act of presenting a forged order for a money package, at the office of the Adams Express Company at Bridgeport. The evidence of the forgery was unmistakable, and the agent of

the company detecting it, at once had the man arrested.

These two arrests were almost coincident; their hearing at the preliminary examination took place at the same session of the court, and as each of them waived a hearing and were unable to procure bail, they were both consigned to the jail to await their trial at the next sitting of the general court.

As a general thing there seems to be a sort of community of interest or fraternity of feeling existing between prisoners during their confinement. At certain hours in the day, in many places of imprisonment, the authorities permit the prisoners to leave their cells and to take exercise in the corridors. At such times they mingle together indiscriminately and indulge in general conversation, and many interesting episodes could be gathered from their recitals of the various scenes through which they have passed during their vicarious life, and the experiences thus related would tend to prove, beyond question, that the imagination of the romancer falls far short of the actual realities of life.

Many wild and seemingly extravagant stories are related, which fill the listener with incredulity, but which, upon inquiry, are usually found to be but truthful relations of actual occurrences.

But in this jail at Bridgeport there was one person, who, upon finding himself a prisoner, held himself aloof from the rest, declining to make any acquaintances or to engender any friendships, and this person was the quiet-looking man who had been arrested by the express company, and whose name was ascertained to be Edward Sommers. He studiously avoided his fellow-prisoners and maintained a degree of reserve which repelled their advances and at once induced their respect.

Thomas Brown, the black-haired, false pretender, however, immediately placed himself on friendly terms with every one within reach, and his merry stories were fully appreciated by the residents of the correctional institution in which they found themselves thrown together.

But how fared William Bucholz during the days that had intervened since his incarceration? His mind, it is true, had grown calmer since the first paroxysm of his grief had spent itself, and he had composed himself sufficiently to look the future hopefully in the face. As day after day was passed in the seclusion of his

cell, he had grown reconciled to a certain extent to the existing state of affairs, but he still looked forward anxiously to the day which was to deliver him from the enclosing walls that restrained him of his liberty.

He was moody and silent, and his mind was much disturbed. His waking thoughts were ever busy with the weighty and depressing consideration of his position and of the fate that hung over him like a pall. Hour after hour he would pace the corridors, seeking no companionship and taking no pleasure in the mirth-provoking actions of those who surrounded him, or in any of the events that transpired within the jail.

Mechanically he would walk backward and forward, apparently in deep and dejected thoughtfulness, and when the time came for the keepers to lock him up again he would yield a ready but listless obedience, and spend the remainder of the time in reading and profound meditation.

He appeared to have no visitors except his counsel and a few friends from South Norwalk. But his attorneys would invariably exercise a cheering influence upon him, and their visits were always looked forward to with pleasure.

Under their ministrations Bucholz seemed to have buoyed himself up with a certain well-grounded hope of ultimate acquittal, and the thought of the possibility of conviction, while it would frequently occur to him, never found a firm place in his mind.

During the infrequent and invariably short conversations that took place between himself and any of his fellow prisoners, he always spoke hopefully of his approaching trial, and ever asserted, with an air of conviction, that upon its completion he would walk out of the court-room a free man. His counsel had solemnly warned him against making a confidant of any one with whom he conversed, and he was always very careful in his utterances when speaking about his connection with the murder of Henry Schulte.

Thus the days sped on until Edward Sommers entered the jail, and then it seemed as though his disposition for reserve entirely left him. There appeared to be some feeling of personal attraction between Bucholz and the newcomer almost unaccountable, for as they both had avoided the companionship of the other inmates, they, strange to say, soon quietly, almost imperceptibly, drifted

into a friendship for each other seemingly as profound as it was demonstrative.

Both being natives of Germany, they conversed in the language of the Fatherland, and as they were familiar with many localities of joint interest, they became quite intimate, and many hours were whiled away in the relation of their earlier experiences and in fond recollections of bygone days.

During the entire time in which they were allowed to mingle with each other, these two would sit together, and their friendship soon became the topic of general conversation. Thomas Brown, however, seemed to be exceedingly uneasy under its manifestations, and he would oftentimes steal upon them unawares and endeavor to catch some fleeting words of their apparently interesting conversations.

Under the inspiration of a mutual interchange of thoughts the two friends became warmly attached to each other, particularly so far as Bucholz was concerned. They shared together their stores and the delicacies which would be furnished them by visiting ladies or by the counsel of Bucholz, who frequently visited his client and supplied him with needed articles of diet, which were not furnished by the authorities of the prison.

Thus matters went on, the friendship of Sommers and William Bucholz seeming to increase with every recurring day, and the watchful Brown still jealously watching their movements and attempting to listen to their confidences.

They were sitting together one day shortly after this, when Bucholz, in a jocular manner, addressing his companion, said:

"Ah, my dear Sommers, I am surprised to find you here in jail and upon such a charge as they have brought against you."

"Yes, but my dear Bucholz, consider my surprise to find you here, and upon the charge of murder, too. You must remember you are not clear yet," answered Sommers, with a tinge of annoyance in his voice, but whether it was his tone or the language used that brought the color to the face of the accused man, Sommers did not then know.

"Ah, you should not joke upon such a serious matter," he answered, with a degree of confusion that could not have escaped the attention of his friend.

"Never mind, my friend," replied Sommers. "It will all come out right in the end, only you must not talk to your fellow-prisoners about their troubles, nor allow them to talk to you about yours."

"Oh, no!" said Bucholz; "my lawyers always tell me to say nothing to anybody."

"That is right. You cannot tell who would be your friend or who your enemy, in a place of this kind."

The next day, as they were sitting together, two German newspapers were handed to Sommers by the hall-man, and upon receiving them he handed them at once to his companion. Bucholz opened the paper carelessly, but as his eyes glanced over its contents, he stopped, started to his feet, and then throwing the paper suddenly down upon the floor, he buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter now?" asked Sommers, astonished at this strange behavior, and picking up the discarded paper.

"Look there!" exclaimed Bucholz, pointing to a passage in the paper. "Read that. That is the first time that paper ever said I was guilty."

The article to which he alluded was in regard to a statement which Bucholz had made at the time of his arrest. In explaining the fact of his having several large sums of money in his possession, he had declared that his sister had sent them to him from Germany. This statement had just been discovered to be untrue, and the denial of the sister of the fact of her having sent any money at all, was the basis of the article in question.

"This looks rather bad for you, William," said Sommers, sorrowfully.

"It does look bad," he replied, "but I never did say that I received any money from my sister. I never did say anything of that kind."

The black eyes of the ubiquitous Brown were upon the two men as they stood talking, but he was too far away to hear what was transpiring between them.

"What can they have against you any how?" inquired Sommers. "Surely there must be some ground of suspicion upon which to base their charge."

"Ah, you do not know. After the old man was murdered; I was arrested; I was closely questioned, and I did say some things that I should not have said. I had no lawyer, and a white-haired fox whose name was Illing did every thing he could against me. I did not have an opportunity to explain myself at all."

"That was too bad, indeed," added Sommers; "but it can all be shown right upon the trial, and then you will come out safely."

"Oh, yes, it will come out all right on the trial, I know, for then I will have my lawyers to defend me."

"But, tell me, William, how did this murder occur?"

Thus questioned, Bucholz, without hesitation, at once commenced and related to his friend the circumstances of the affair, adhering strictly to the same story which he had told at the inquest, and which he had religiously repeated ever since.

While they were thus conversing, the jailer came to lock them in their cells for the night. Brown slipped quietly away, and the two men, thus so strangely thrown together, shook hands and retired to their separate apartments, where they spent the night in slumber. But ah, how pleasant or how fatiguing was that slumber!

CHAPTER XX.

Bucholz passes a Sleepless Night.—An Important Discovery.—The Finding of the Watch of the Murdered Man.—Edward Sommers consoles the Distressed Prisoner.

Our narrative must necessarily deal somewhat largely with the interior arrangements and experiences of a prison. Not a very gratifying spectacle certainly, nor one ordinarily calculated to give occasion for many incidents of a pleasurable character, or for those glossed with the tints of romance or gallantry.

How many untouched pillows there are as the sable folds of night gather around the dreary walls of the prison. How many aching hearts and weary brains are waiting and watching for the dawning of the day—the coming of the bright rays of the morning, which shall dispel the gloom and despair of their narrow chamber, and gild with golden beauty the darkened corners where, in the solemn hours of the night, lurk the grim specters that were born of their remorse or their fears.

Bucholz passed a sleepless night after the conversation just had with his companion, Edward Sommers; the buoyancy of his hopes was shaken, and between the fitful, restless slumbers, dark dreaming and frowning visitants came to him in all the forbidding presence of accusing spirits.

In the morning he arose unrested and unrefreshed, and as he greeted his friend, the latter detected traces of tears in his eyes, which were shrouded with the dark lines that gave token of a lack of sleep and of intense mental distress.

After the usual morning salutations were exchanged, they partook of their breakfast in silence. Upon the arrival of the hour for the admission of visitors, Paul Herscher, who had testified in regard to the money which Bucholz had

given him, was announced as desiring to see the prisoner, and together they went into his cell.

The information which he brought proved to be very important, though not in the least consoling, and appeared to have an effect upon Bucholz far from assuring. It appeared that a severe storm of snow had fallen on the Sunday afternoon following the murder, and which had remained upon the ground in the fields and woods until this time, when the March rains and warm sunshine had caused all traces of it to disappear, leaving the ground uncovered to the bright sunlight of a Spring morning.

On the morning previous to this visit, a farmer engaged in the fields adjoining the farm formerly occupied by Henry Schulte, had discovered a watch lying upon the ground, which had evidently been hidden from view by the snow. This watch had been immediately identified as belonging to the murdered man.

It will be remembered that at the inquest it had been discovered that the watch usually worn by Henry Schulte, had been torn forcibly from the guard around his neck, and from that time all traces of it had disappeared, until this unexpected resurrection from under its covering of snow.

What made this discovery of more importance was the fact that the watch was found, not far from a fence bordering a road along which Bucholz was known to have traveled on the night of the murder while on his way to the village to give the alarm. It verily seemed as though another link had been forged in the chain of evidence that was being drawn around him, and Bucholz realizing this felt his heart sink within him, as he listened to the loquacious visitor who seemed to be very well pleased in having something to tell.

Maintaining his composure, however, he listened to the recital without any evidence of emotion, and not one would have imagined that it had the slightest effect upon him other than that of curiosity, but after Paul Herscher had departed he threw himself upon his bed and sobbed bitterly.

In this condition he was found by Edward Sommers a few minutes afterwards, and almost immediately thereafter he was followed by the stealthy-moving Brown, who, passing the door of the cell occupied by Bucholz, and looking in, had discovered the strange proceedings that were taking place.

Posting himself upon the outside of the cell door Brown endeavored to listen to what ensued between the two men inside, but to his intense chagrin and disappointment he discovered that they were talking in German and he could not understand a word.

Sommers seated himself upon the bed beside his companion, and placing his hand upon his shoulder endeavored to solace him in his apparent distress.

"My dear fellow," said he, after Bucholz had told him the cause of his tears, "do not be so discouraged."

"Ah, how can I help it," replied Bucholz, "when everything seems to be turning against me?"

"Never mind, Bucholz; you have good lawyers, and they will tell you what to do," said his companion, soothingly. "Now, tell me, my friend, how many people ever saw this watch of Mr. Schulte? If he made no friends, he could not have shown his watch to many people."

"That is so," replied Bucholz, eagerly catching at the suggestion, and his face brightened at once. "There is only one person who can identify it—the old man's former servant, Frank Bruner, and he must be got out of the way."

Sommers gazed at his companion in astonishment. The change in him was wonderful—the depression of spirits had disappeared entirely, and this effect had been produced by a proposition to *dispose* of one who might prove a damaging witness against him. Rather a strange suggestion to come from one who was entirely guiltless of crime!

"You are a great fellow, Sommers," continued Bucholz, with glee, "and after we get out of this we will have a good time together."

"What will we do to have a good time?" asked Sommers, rather doubtfully.

"We will go to Australia," replied the other, in great good humor, "and we will enjoy ourselves there, I can tell you."

"Yes, but that will take a great deal of money, and where is that to come from?"

"Never you mind about the money; I will fix that all right. I do not intend to work, and you need not do so either."

Sommers looked up at his friend, who smiled in a peculiar manner, and was about to question him further upon the subject, but at that moment the conversation for that day was interrupted by the announcement of a visit from Mr. Bollman, one of the counsel Bucholz had employed to conduct his case, and who was the only one of the attorneys who made frequent visits to their client.

Sommers bade his friend good morning, and, as he left the cell, he ran forcibly against the listening Brown, who had ensconced himself near the door. The two men glared at each other for a moment, and then, without speaking, each went their separate ways. Sommers determined to keep his eye on this fellow, and dispose of him in a very decisive way should he prove further troublesome.

Thus day by day did the intimacy between Bucholz and Sommers increase, while the watchfulness of Brown had not diminished in the least. He seemed to keep his searching eyes upon the pair, and scarcely any movement was made that escaped his notice.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Romantic Theory Dissipated.—The Fair Clara becomes communicative.—An Interview with the Barkeeper of "The Crescent Hotel."

While these events were transpiring within the jail, I was actively engaged in the attempt to follow the clue in relation to the two suspicious individuals who had made their mysterious appearance at Stamford on the night of the murder of Henry Schulte.

It will be remembered that their actions attracted universal attention, and that, after inquiring for a train to New York, they had taken one going in a directly opposite direction.

Judicious inquiries soon brought my officers in personal contact with several parties who distinctly recollected the two strange persons above mentioned, and from their descriptions we were enabled to trace them to their places of residence.

It was ascertained that they were two respectable and peaceably-disposed Germans who resided at New Haven, and who had come to Stamford on that evening to attend a frolic at the house of a German farmer who lived near to that place. They had spent the evening in a jovial manner, and had left the house under the impression that by hastening their steps they would be in time to catch the train for their homes. They had consequently run the greater part of the distance to the station, which being nearly a mile away, accounted for their breathless condition upon reaching there. They had then inquired for a train *from* New York, and not *to* that city, and upon being informed that no further trains from that direction (as they understood it) would arrive that night, they had indulged in an extended personal altercation, each accusing the other of being

the cause of their detention. When the train did arrive, contrary to their expectations, their ill feelings had not sufficiently subsided, and they sat sullen and apart upon their journey to their places of abode.

These facts, of course, dissipated the romantic theory that foreign emissaries had been employed by the relatives of the deceased to put him out of the way in order to secure his wealth; and so that glittering edifice of speculation fell to the ground.

I did not have much faith in this story from the outset, but it is a rule with me to follow every point in an investigation to a definite and satisfactory conclusion, and this line of inquiry was diligently pursued to the results mentioned. I therefore dismissed the matter from further consideration.

Operatives were also detailed to visit the Crescent Saloon, where the fair and voluptuous Clara presided and ministered to the bibulous appetites of her numerous friends and admirers.

They succeeded in making the acquaintance of the young lady, and by a liberal purchase of drinks, were successful in getting the fair but frail damsel in a communicative mood. She related her previous experience with Bucholz and confessed to entertaining at one time a decided regard for him, which regard was, however, not unmixed with fear. She also related several incidents, in which Bucholz, after having gone to South Norwalk, had visited the saloon and had been very lavish in spending his money.

"He was here," said the girl, "only a few days before the murder, and he drank a great deal. He appeared to have plenty of money, and spent more than fifty dollars here at one time. He seemed wild and excited, and talked about the old man in a manner that frightened me. When I heard about the murder from the young servant that used to work for Mr. Schulte, I could not help thinking that Bucholz had something to do with it. His eyes had a wild, wicked look when he spoke about the old man's money, and I felt sure that he was robbing him during his lifetime. When I heard that he was dead and had been murdered, I could not help it, but I thought at once that Bucholz had done it. I do not know why I thought so, but I could not get rid of that impression."

These statements, although furnishing no proofs of Bucholz's guilt, were of a

character to convince me of the possibility of his having committed the murder. He had evidently been stealing from the old man before his death, and whether the murder had been committed to hide his previous robberies or to obtain possession of the great wealth which he carried about him, was the question I was resolved to determine.

A visit was also paid to the hotel where Bucholz had boarded and where he had met Mr. Schulte and engaged in his service. The cheery-faced landlord was very reticent upon the subject, and but little was learned from him. His barkeeper, however, was more disposed to talk, and it was ascertained that when Bucholz had left the hotel to enter the employ of Mr. Schulte he had left unpaid a bill for board which had been accumulating for some weeks, and that his trunk had been detained in consequence. After the murder he had visited the hotel in company with the officers who had him then in charge, and had paid his bill and taken his trunk away. The barkeeper shrugged his shoulders and declined to have anything to say when asked about any suspicious actions on the part of Bucholz during his residence in the house or since his engagement with Mr. Schulte.

From this person it was also discovered that a mail package, evidently containing some money, had been received at the hotel, addressed to William Bucholz. It purported to come from Germany, but an examination of the seals disclosed the fact that the package had been manufactured in the city, and that it had been designed to give color to the story of Bucholz's, of his having received money from his relatives who resided in Germany. There were, however, too many circumstances surrounding this package of a suspicious character to successfully deceive any one about its having come through the regular channels, or, in fact, having come from Germany at all. This package was the subject of discussion in the German paper, whose comments had produced such a marked effect upon the prisoner when he read it.

This information I was compelled to receive for what it was worth. The package had been delivered, and I could only depend upon the recollections of those who had seen it at the time. Their statements or opinions would certainly not be received as evidence, nor could they be used in any legal manner. They only served to strengthen my belief in William Bucholz's guilty participation in the murder, and determined me to pursue my present system of investigation vigorously and unremittingly to a successful conclusion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sommers suggests a doubt of Bucholz's Innocence.—He employs Bucholz's Counsel to effect his Release.—A Visit from the State's Attorney.—A Difficulty and an Estrangement.

We will now return to the prison at Bridgeport and to the unfortunate man confined within its walls for the murder of his master.

The intimacy and friendship existing between Sommers and Bucholz continued to increase as the days passed slowly on. By degrees and in fragmentary conversations Sommers had learned the story of the murder from his companion. He had advised him repeatedly about his deportment in the prison, and as to his manner of conducting himself upon his approaching trial. He had evinced a deep sympathy for his unfortunate position, and, by timely suggestions and judicious warnings, had led the accused man to rely upon him, in a material degree, for advice and comfort.

During all this long intimacy Bucholz never wavered in his protestations of innocence, or in his consistent statement of the knowledge which he professed to have of the murder of Henry Schulte.

One day they were sitting together in the cell of Sommers. Bucholz was in a very pleasant humor, owing to some event that had occurred—a visit from some ladies of the village—and turning to Sommers, he laughingly said:

"Ah, Sommers, it seems very strange that you and I should be in prison, while others are free and enjoying the brightness and pleasures of liberty."

"Yes," replied his companion, "but if we had both behaved ourselves better,

we would not be here."

Bucholz's manner changed instantly. He became livid in the face, his lips trembled, and casting a searching look at his companion, he said:

"But I did not do this thing that I am accused of."

Quietly and calmly his companion returned his glance, and then he laughingly said:

"Oh, I know all about that. You can't fool me."

Bucholz did not reply. In a few moments he turned away and left the cell, and the subject was not mentioned between them for several days.

A short time after this, Sommers complained of the length of his confinement, and wished that he might have his bail reduced, in order to effect his deliverance. He also suggested that if he could once get out of the jail he could work for his friend—in whose welfare he was warmly interested—in a manner that would greatly benefit him.

Bucholz, apparently ignoring this proposition, seemed anxious to revert to their previous conversation, and began by referring to his friendly relations with Henry Schulte during his lifetime, and complained of the absurdity of placing him in jail upon the charge of murdering him.

"Why," said he, "he promised to take me with him to Germany and make me inspector of his estates there, and I should probably have been heir to many thousands of dollars at his death. Would I not be a fool to kill him?"

Sommers listened patiently to the long recital, which he knew did not contain a particle of truth, and upon its conclusion he remarked, in a light, careless way:

"Now, William, between you and I, I actually believe that you had something to do with this murder."

Again that deathly pallor overspread his face; he became confused and scarcely able to speak—but at length, recovering himself with an effort, he declared his innocence, and said that he could not sit upon the bed enjoying

health if he had done this deed, or knew the parties who had.

"Why," continued he, "I would not have gone to Norwalk that night and reported the murder if I had done it. Ah, my dear Sommers, you will learn when you go to Norwalk yourself from everybody there that all my actions have been those of an innocent man."

Sommers looked doubtfully at his friend, and when he had finished speaking, he said:

"Well, Bucholz, it is none of my business. I hate to see you in this difficulty, and no matter whether you had anything to do with it or not, I will do all that I can to get you out of it. I feel almost as badly about it as you do."

"Ah, Sommers, I tremble at the thought of a verdict of guilty! I think I should die upon the spot if I should hear that word."

Sommers comforted him as well as he was able to do; promised him whatever assistance that was in his power to render him, and by repeated assurances, he succeeded in quieting his fears and restoring his tranquillity.

It was finally agreed between them that Sommers should make a decided effort to be admitted to bail, and then securing his liberty, he should devote himself to the interests of his friend Bucholz, but during all their after conferences he never asserted his innocence to Edward Sommers again.

The ubiquitous Brown had not been idle; he still watched these men with ceaseless and jealous vigilance, and whenever they were together he would endeavor to approach them as closely as possible. He saw many things that excited his curiosity, but their conversations he could not understand. These two men were the only prisoners who spoke German, and on that account they were as secure from interruption as though no prying eyes were watching them or no suspicions were entertained in regard to their intimacy.

One day an incident occurred, however, which threatened to mar the serenity of the intercourse of these two men, who had been so strangely thrown together, but which eventually resulted in cementing their union more closely.

Sommers had retained Mr. Bollman, the attorney for Bucholz, for the purpose

of having his bail reduced in order to effect his release from imprisonment. This course was deemed necessary for two reasons—his health had been considerably impaired by his long confinement, and, besides that, it was decided that he could work more successfully in the interests of Bucholz, could he be freed from the restraint of the prison.

Mr. Bollman had met Mr. Olmstead upon the train and had broached the matter to him. Mr. Olmstead had demurred to the reduction, for reasons which seemed sufficient for his action, and had informed Mr. Bollman that he would visit the jail, have an interview with Sommers, and ascertain the full particulars of his case.

In accordance with that suggestion, he had called at the jail, and Sommers had been notified of the desire of the State's attorney to see him.

He was conversing with Bucholz in their usual friendly manner when the notice was conveyed to him, and as Bucholz heard the name of the visitor and the nature of the communication, he became confused and apparently much frightened. He looked beseechingly at Sommers as he turned to obey the summons, and tears came into his eyes as his friend left the cell.

A hundred thoughts came crowding through his brain as Sommers departed. What object could the State's attorney have in sending for his friend? Could it be that their intimacy had been noticed and reported, and that Mr. Olmstead would attempt to force him to divulge their secrets? Would he offer such inducements to Sommers as would outweigh his proffered friendship and induce him to betray the confidence that had been reposed in him? He could not tell, and with bitter, anxious and doubtful thoughts pressing upon his mind, he left his cell and walked in the direction of the little room where he knew the conference was being held.

No sound of the conversation reached his ears, and with aching heart, his mind filled with perplexing and agonizing doubts, he returned to his cell, and throwing himself upon the bed, he gave himself up to the dreadful thoughts that possessed him.

At length he heard the opening and closing of the door, and soon the returning footsteps of Sommers sounded along the passage.

Bucholz hastened out, and at once communicated his fears to his friend—that he had betrayed him.

Sommers received this outburst with dignified calmness of demeanor, and finally turning upon his companion with a show of anger, he said:

"I did not think that you had such a small opinion of me. I have been a friend to you all along, and it is not probable that I should change my position towards you now, but if you think so, I cannot help it."

Saying which, and with an injured air, Sommers left his friend, and going at once to his own cell he shut the door forcibly behind him.

The quarrel between William Bucholz and Edward Sommers.

The quarrel between William Bucholz and Edward Sommers.

This was the commencement of an estrangement which lasted several days. These two men, formerly so intimate and friendly, avoided each other so pointedly that it was observed by all the inmates of the prison, and to none did it afford more gratification than to the curious and suspicious Brown, whose black eyes now glittered with a wicked satisfaction as he noticed the coolness that existed between the two men whose previous friendliness had occasioned him so much concern.

He immediately began to make advances toward Bucholz, with, however, but little success. William repelled his attempts at friendliness, and seemed to be sorrowful and despondent. He missed the companionship of Sommers. He felt convinced that he had accused him unjustly, and the only man he cared for among the many by whom he was surrounded held himself aloof from him, and he had no disposition to make new friends.

Three days elapsed, during which no communication took place between them, and this continued silence proved too much for William Bucholz. He missed the companionship that had whiled away so many weary hours, and unable to endure any longer the anger of his friend, he sat down and indited a letter to Sommers, apologizing for his actions and proffering a renewal of his friendship.

This message was duly received by Sommers, who, in addition to their estrangement, appeared to be distressed about his own affairs, but who, nevertheless, welcomed the repentant Bucholz with all the cordiality of his disposition, and the coldness of the past few days was forgotten in this renewal of their friendship.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Reconciliation.—Bucholz makes an Important Revelation.—Sommers obtains His Liberty and leaves the Jail.

It is a truism almost as old as Time itself, that true love is never fully known until after the lovers have once quarreled and made their peace. The kiss of reconciliation after a temporary estrangement is frequently more potent than the first declaration of affection.

Nor was the rule disproved in the present case, and as the two men clasped hands upon the renewal of their seeming friendship, the crisis of their intercourse was reached. The separation of the past few days had shown Bucholz the necessity of a friendly voice and a friendly hand. The guilty secret which he had been keeping so long in his heart must find utterance—it had become heavy to bear. From this day forth all the concealment which he had practiced upon Sommers were to be swept away before the tide of this reconciling influence. Hereafter they were to stand face to face, acknowledged criminals, whose joint interest was to secure their liberty; whose only object was to effect their escape from the meshes of the law they had outraged, and which now seemed to envelop them so completely.

No protestations of innocence or acknowledgments of guilt were necessary—the bedrock of an implicit and instinctive understanding had been reached, and each looked upon the other as fellow prisoners who were to suffer for their misdeeds, unless some potent agency intervened for their preservation.

From the nature of their intercourse preceding this event, Sommers did not entertain a single doubt of the guilt of William Bucholz. His avoidance of the matter while in conversation; the confusion which marked his demeanor as

Sommers conveyed to him indirectly or otherwise his belief that he knew more of the murder than he had as yet admitted, and his weak denials—all went very far to confirm him in the belief that William Bucholz, and him alone, was connected intimately and actively with the tragedy.

At the interview which followed their reconciliation, Sommers appeared to be very much depressed, and gave his companion to understand that all his hopes of being admitted to bail had been disappointed on account of the failure of his attorney—who was also acting for Bucholz—to have the amount reduced, and of the inability of the friends upon whom he relied to furnish the large sum required.

He also complained that the jailer had opened one of his letters and had discovered the fact that his relations were respectable people, who moved in good society, and who were as yet ignorant of his perilous and degrading situation. He was fearful that they would learn of his true condition unless he was enabled soon to effect his release. He regretted this fact particularly, because it prevented him from assisting his friend, who needed so much the services of some one to act in his behalf, which service, despite the previous doubts that had been entertained of him, he was still willing but unable to render.

The disappointment of Bucholz was no less acute than that of his companion. He had counted so securely upon the release of Sommers, in order to enlist his services for his own safety, that the effect of this unpleasant information was painful to witness.

At length, unable further to control himself, he threw his arms around Sommers, crying out:

"Oh, I wish I could only get out one night, one single night, then I could give you five hundred dollars, and all would be right!"

"That is easily said," replied Sommers, despondingly, "but if you did get out, where could you get the money?"

"I am speaking the truth," said Bucholz. "If you wanted five thousand, I could give it to you, if I was only out one night. I could tell you a secret that would open your eyes, but as long as you are here I can do you no good, and you

cannot help me."

Sommers, who was reclining upon the bed, raised himself upon his hand, and looking Bucholz in the face with a knowing smile, said:

"I suppose you would lift old Schulte's treasure!"

Bucholz started slightly, but he had gone too far to retreat, and he admitted at once that if he could get out, he knew where the money of the murdered man was hid, and that no one beside himself possessed the knowledge.

There was an instantaneous gleam of satisfaction in the eyes of Sommers as this information was conveyed to him, and he determined to secure his release at all hazards. New life seemed to be infused into him, and there was a glow of excitement in his ordinarily pallid face that told of the agitation of his mind.

He jumped from the bed, and facing his companion, said:

"I will get out of this if it is in the power of human effort to accomplish it. I will write to my friend at once, and no time shall be lost in the attempt."

This change in his manner soon communicated itself to Bucholz, and in a short time, under the influence of this new-born hope, their conversation assumed a more cheerful strain, and bright pictures of the future were indulged in.

Active measures were at once begun, the friends of Sommers were written to; another interview was had with the State's attorney, and sufficient reasons were offered for a reduction in the amount of the bail under which he was held.

Mr. Olmstead, after listening to the statements made to him, agreed to the reduction asked for, and in a few days the necessary forms were gone through with. The requisite amount of money was deposited with the Court, and everything was in readiness for the release of Edward Sommers from his place of confinement.

The information was conveyed to Bucholz and Sommers, while they were walking up and down the corridor during the hours in which they were released from their cells, and the effect was observable upon the faces of both. Bucholz,

while rejoicing in the accomplishment of a result that would prove of incalculable benefit to himself, was none the less reluctant as the time approached, to part with the friend who had brightened many gloomy hours, and whose intercourse had produced such a beneficial change upon his spirits and disposition.

He seemed loth, now that they were about to be separated, to utter the parting word, but as he thought of the advantage which this release would be to him, he assumed a cheerful demeanor, and appeared rejoiced at his speedy deliverance.

Their leave-taking was of the most friendly character, and after bestowing upon Bucholz the various articles which his cell contained, and many delicacies which had been received during his imprisonment, Sommers prepared to leave the prison.

Clasping the hand of Bucholz, he whispered:

"Courage, William. I will see you often, and between us we will succeed in our undertaking yet."

Saying which, and after a cordial parting salutation from the genial and pleasant jailer, Mr. Wells, the doors of the prison were unlocked, and Edward Sommers walked out into the bright sunshine and inhaled the sweet fragrance of a beautiful spring morning—a free man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sommers returns to Bridgeport.—An Interview with Mr. Bollman.—Sommers allays the Suspicions of Bucholz's Attorney, and engages him as his own Counsel.

The cold, bleak winds of March had yielded to the warm and invigorating showers of April, and these had brought forth the bright flowers and fragrant grasses that grew and blossomed on this beautiful May morning, when Edward Sommers left the confining walls of the prison at Bridgeport. More than two months had elapsed since he entered its frowning portals to commence the isolated life of a prisoner, and a sigh of grateful relief escaped him as he gazed around upon the brightness and beauty of the scene that was spread before him.

There was but little time given him for indulgence in these soothing and agreeable reveries. There was work for him to do, and he must summon up all his energies for the task before him. His release had been accomplished, and the promised revelation of Bucholz would be made to him in a few days, but he must visit those who had an interest in his welfare, and to whom he was responsible for his actions. He would also be enabled during the few days of rest to strengthen his shattered nerves and prepare himself for the important duties which would soon devolve upon him. He therefore took the train for New York and arrived there in due time.

To William Bucholz the absence of his friend and confidant was a severe blow, but as he realized the service he promised to perform for him, and the prospect of safety that was opening before his despairing mind, he became reconciled to his lonely fate, and waited patiently for the return of the man who was expected to devote himself to his interests.

The suspicious actions of Brown, the prisoner who had watched their

movements so zealously, had not escaped the notice of both Sommers and Bucholz, and, on leaving, the former had cautioned his companion particularly and repeatedly against saying anything to him or to any one else about matters connected with his case.

At the end of three days Edward Sommers returned to Bridgeport, and, selecting a private boarding-house, he took up his abode there and prepared to carry out the plans that were to be arranged between himself and William Bucholz.

He considered it of paramount importance at the outset to disabuse the minds of the attorneys for Bucholz of any suspicion in regard to the relations existing between them, and with that end in view he paid a visit to the city of New Haven, and finding Mr. Bollman, the counsel who had acted for both of them, at his office, he engaged him for the conduct of his own case when it should come to trial.

In the course of the conversation which ensued, Mr. Bollman turned suddenly to Sommers, and said:

"Do you know, Mr. Sommers, that I have earnestly and repeatedly warned my client against you? I had reason to believe that the prosecuting attorney had placed some one in the jail to cultivate the friendship of William Bucholz, in the attempt to obtain a confession from him, and I thought you were the man. William would not listen to this, however, and I myself believe now that such is not the case as regards yourself, but I told him that he must not trust any one with whom he was associated, nor make a confidant of any one in the prison. A man in his position, you know cannot be too careful."

Sommers listened attentively and good-humoredly to these remarks, and finally informed Mr. Bollman that he knew Bucholz had been warned against him, for he had told him so.

"But, Mr. Bollman," continued he, "you need not be afraid of me, for I have given him the same advice myself."

"Do you know of any suspicious persons in the jail?" asked Mr. Bollman.

"I cannot tell with any certainty," replied the other; "but I do not like the looks of one of the hall men, nor of that treacherous-looking Brown, who is always spying upon the actions of the inmates of the prison. I have warned Bucholz against these men myself, and I do not think he has given them any information whatever."

After a protracted conversation, during which Sommers labored diligently and successfully to erase any latent suspicions from the mind of the attorney, Mr. Bollman at length said:

"Well, Mr. Sommers, to be candid with you, my suspicions were the most decidedly aroused when I had my interview with Mr. Olmstead, the State's attorney, about your bail. He evinced an unwillingness to reduce the amount, and expressed a belief that you had known Bucholz before you came to the jail. His manner of speaking led me to think that he knew more about you than was good for my client, and I felt sure that he had been the means of placing you in the jail to watch him."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Bollman; it did look suspicious," said Sommers; "but Mr. Olmstead asked me the same questions when I spoke to him. I suppose he thought from our intimacy that I must have been acquainted with him before he was arrested."

With this explanation, and the ingenuous manner in which it was given, the mind of Mr. Bollman seemed to be at rest upon this subject, and their further conversation related to the case in which Sommers himself would appear as defendant, and in which Mr. Bollman was to act as his counsel.

Sommers informed him that he had seen the gentleman whose name had been forged, and that, in consideration of the family connections of the accused, he had agreed not to appear against him, and that there would be very little danger of his conviction of the crime of which he was charged.

This appeared to be very gratifying information for Mr. Bollman, who therefore anticipated very little trouble in clearing his client and earning his fee.

It was further arranged between them that a letter should be sent to the relations of Bucholz in Germany, who had not as yet displayed any sympathy for

the unfortunate man or made any offer of assistance to him, during the hour of his trial.

One noticeable feature of their conversation was the evident avoidance by both of them of a discussion of the probable guilt or innocence of the accused man, nor did either declare his belief in his innocence.

Mr. Bollman expressed himself very carefully: "I have followed up the theory of his guilt, and it does not agree with his own statements or those of other people. Then, again, I have taken up the theory of his innocence, and this does not agree with his story either. It is a most extraordinary case, and sometimes it seems to me that it cannot be otherwise but that William Bucholz is the guilty party; and then, again, there are some of his actions that tend positively to show that he did not do it. I am at a loss what to say about it myself."

Sommers gave Mr. Bollman to understand that he believed in the guilt of the accused man, but that, in despite of that fact, he was willing to help him to the extent of his power.

And so they parted, and Edward Sommers returned to Bridgeport to be near his fellow-prisoner, and to carry out the plan which was to be entrusted to him.

As he stepped from the train upon the platform, he was surprised to see the figure of Thomas Brown standing in the doorway of the station, evidently waiting for the train to bear him away for the time. Upon making inquiries he ascertained that he had been released on bail, and that he had found friends to assist him. He never saw him again. Whether this individual was an embryo detective, who was desirous of discovering the mystery of the Schulte murder, or whether he was simply a victim of intense curiosity, was never learned.

He disappeared, and, so far as his relation to this narrative is concerned, was never heard of again.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sommers' Visit to South Norwalk.—He makes the Acquaintance of Sadie Waring.—A Successful Ruse. —Bucholz Confides to His Friend the Hiding Place of the Murdered Man's Money.

Upon the return of Edward Sommers to the jail at Bridgeport he was warmly welcomed by his friend, to whom the intervening days had passed slowly and wearily.

His greeting was cordial and friendly, and as Sommers related his experiences during his absence, the eyes of William would light up with pleasure. No one to have looked at him now would have imagined for a moment that the face now wreathed with smiles had once been distorted by a murderous passion, or grown ashen pale with the fear of the consequences of his action.

Their conversation was long and seemingly interesting, and as Sommers unfolded his plans for the relief of the imprisoned man, all doubt of their success was dissipated from his mind, and visions of prospective safety came thick and fast. He still appeared doubtful of communicating the promised secret of the hiding-place of the old man's money to his companion. He avoided the subject by eager questions upon other topics, and when the time arrived for the departure of Sommers, the confidence was still withheld, and the position of the stolen money was known only to the man who had placed it there.

Sommers had informed him of his visit to Mr. Bollman and of the conversation which had taken place between them relating to the suspicions entertained by him of Sommers, to all of which Bucholz listened with wrapt attention, and when he was again solemnly cautioned about informing his counsel of the relations existing between them, or of their possession of any of

the wealth of the murdered man, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye he promised a strict obedience.

Finding it impossible to extract anything from him upon this visit, Sommers took his leave, promising to return upon the next day that visitors were admitted, and also agreeing to furnish him with some delicacies for which he had expressed a desire.

Sommers began to grow impatient under this continued procrastination and evasion, and he resolved to take such measures as would accomplish the object desired. He had found, during his connection with Bucholz, that he had not the slightest regard for the truth. He would make the most astounding assertions, unblushingly insisting upon their truthfulness, and even when brought face to face with facts which contradicted his statements, he would stubbornly decline to be convinced or to admit his error or falsehood. All through their intercourse he had evinced this tendency to exaggeration and untruthfulness, and Sommers had grown to be very skeptical with regard to any statement which he would make.

He had promised William to visit the farmhouse where Henry Schulte had resided, and to call upon the family of the Warings, who still continued to reside there, and to carry a message to Sadie. Accordingly, one morning he started for South Norwalk, and, arriving there in safety, he walked up the main road, and, entering through the gate in front of the house, he knocked at the door.

The family were all absent except Sadie, who greeted the new-comer in a friendly manner. He announced himself as a friend of William's, and conveyed to her the affectionate messages which he had been entrusted with. Sadie appeared to be rejoiced at the information which he brought, and soon became quite communicative to the young man. She related to him the incidents of the murder, and expressed her belief in the innocence of Bucholz, and her hopes of his acquittal.

Sommers, by the exercise of a little good nature and that tact which is generally acquired by a man of the world, succeeded in ingratiating himself into the favor of the young lady, and when, after spending some time in her company, he arose to take his leave, she volunteered to accompany him a short distance upon his journey, and to point out to him the spot where the murder had taken place.

Her offer was cheerfully accepted by Sommers, and they were soon chatting pleasantly on their way through the fields. Arriving at the strip of woods, they walked along the narrow path and Sadie designated to him the place where the body had been found.

Very different now was the scene presented. The trees, whose branches were then bare, were now covered with their bright and heavy verdure; the ground, that then was hard and frozen, was now carpeted with the luxurious grass; the birds sang merrily overhead, and the warm sunshine lighted up the wood with a beauty far different than was apparent upon that bleak winter night when Henry Schulte met his death upon the spot where they now were standing.

They then walked together up the railroad, and meeting the mother and sister returning home, Sommers bade them a pleasant good-bye and promised to pay them another visit as soon as practicable.

He determined to make this visit the groundwork of a definite attack upon the reticence of William Bucholz. The next morning, upon going to the jail, he informed William of his visit to South Norwalk, and of his meeting with Sadie Waring. After relating the various incidents that had occurred during his visit, and which were listened to with lively interest, he turned suddenly to Bucholz, and lightly said:

"By the way, Bucholz, the Warings are going to move."

Bucholz started suddenly, as though the information conveyed an unpleasant surprise.

"You must not let them move, Sommers," he exclaimed quickly, and with an evidence of fear in his voice. "That will never do."

"I can not prevent their moving," replied Sommers. "They will do as they please about that, I guess. Besides, what has their moving got to do with us?"

"Oh, everything, everything," exclaimed Bucholz.

"Well, they are going at all events."

"Then the money must be got. Oh, Sommers, do not betray me, but one of the

pocket-books is in the barn."

"Whereabouts in the barn?" inquired Sommers, almost unable to conceal his satisfaction at the success of his ruse.

"I will show you how to get it. I will draw a sketch of the barn, and show you just where it is to be found," exclaimed William, hurriedly. "Oh, my dear Sommers, you do not know how worried I have been. I first threw the money under the straw in the barn, and on the Sunday morning after old Schulte was killed I went out in the barn to get it, and put it in a safe place, when I found that the straw had been taken away. I stood there as if I was petrified, but I looked further, and there, under the loose straw upon the ground, I saw the pocket-book lying all safe. The man who had taken the straw away had not been smart enough to see it. I felt as though a bright gleam of sunshine had come over me, and I picked it up and hid it away in a safe place. My God! My God! What a fool I was."

"I should think so," replied Sommers.

Bucholz then drew a sketch of the barn, and designated the hiding-place of the money as being under the flooring of the first stall that you met on entering.

It was with great difficulty that Summers retained his composure as he received this information, but he succeeded in controlling his emotions, and took the paper from the hands of his companion with a calmness which displayed the wonderful control which he exercised over himself.

"There are some marks upon these bills," said Bucholz with a laugh, "and if Mr. Olmstead was to see them he would know what they mean."

"Ah, yes," replied Sommers. "They are the numbers which Mr. Schulte put upon them, but," he added, confidently, "I will soon fix that, a little acid will take that all out and nobody will know anything about it."

The prisoner laughed, gleefully, and slapping his companion upon the back, exclaimed:

"Ah, Sommers, you are a devil of a fellow! and I can trust your skill in anything."

He then informed Sommers that he did not know how much money was in the pocketbook; that he had taken some fifty and one-hundred-dollar bills out of it, but that fearing to have so much money about him he had replaced a large portion of what he had previously taken.

The time was now approaching for visitors to leave the prison, and Sommers arose to go. Bucholz arose also, as if some new idea had occurred to him, or he had formed some new resolve; he said:

"While you are there you may as well get—" then he stopped abruptly, and changing his mind, he added: "But never mind, that is too—high up."

Sommers felt confident that his companion was withholding something from him, and he was resolved that before he had finished, he would arrive at the whole of the mystery, but he had gained enough for one day and he was compelled to be satisfied.

Before leaving Bucholz for that day he informed him that he would take the money to New York and endeavor to get the marks out of the bills; that he would then throw the empty pocket-book in some place, where it would be found, and that would be a good thing for him upon the trial.

Bucholz caught greedily at this suggestion, and laughed loudly at the prospect of blinding the eyes of justice by the operation of this clever trick.

Leaving him in this excellent good humor, Sommers took his departure from the jail, and, in a jubilant frame of mind, returned to the town.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Edward Sommers as the Detective.—A Visit to the Barn, and Part of the Money Discovered.—The Detective makes Advances to the Counsel of the Prisoner.—A Further Confidence of an Important Nature.

The reader is no doubt by this time fully aware of the character of Edward Sommers. He was a detective, and in my employ. Day by day, as his intimacy with William Bucholz had increased, I had been duly informed of the fact. Step by step, as he had neared the point desired, I had received the information and advised the course of action.

Every night before retiring the detective would furnish me with a detailed statement of the proceedings of the day which had passed, and I was perfectly cognizant of the progress he made, and was fully competent, by reason of that knowledge, to advise and direct his future movements.

The manner of his arrest had been planned by me, and successfully carried out; the money package had been made up in my office, and the forged order was the handiwork of one of my clerks, and the ingenious manner of carrying out this matter had completely deluded his accusers, by whom the charge was made in perfect good faith.

During his occupancy of the prison he had so thoroughly won the confidence of William Bucholz that he had become almost a necessity to him. This guilty man, hugging to himself the knowledge of his crime and his ill-gotten gains, had found the burden too heavy to bear. Many times during their intercourse had he been tempted to pour into the ears of his suddenly-discovered friend the history of his life, and only the stern and frequently-repeated commands of his watchful counsel had prevented the revelation. But the time had come when, either

through the fear of losing what he had risked so much to gain, or from the impelling force of that unseen agency which seeks a companion or a confidant, he had confided to his fellow-prisoner the hiding-place of the old man's wealth—the money stained with the life-blood of his master.

How much he may have been guided to this course by the question of self-interest is a matter of speculation. He had been cruel enough to strike this old man down and to rob him of his money. He had been wary enough to wound himself, and to have feigned a terror which had deluded many into a belief in his innocence. He had been sufficiently sagacious to keep from his attorneys all knowledge of this money, and he had repeatedly denied to Sommers, and to every one else, any participation in the dark deed of that winter's night.

When, however, it appeared to be possible that his fellow-prisoner might be of assistance to him in his approaching trial, and that this assistance could only be rendered by the release of Sommers from jail, he had caught at the suggestion and the result had followed.

I became convinced as matters progressed that whatever knowledge Bucholz had of the crime would never be communicated while Sommers remained a prisoner, and hence, after he had been confined long enough to accomplish the preliminary object in view, I arranged that his bail should be reduced and that he should be released.

It is not necessary to relate in detail the daily intercourse of these two men during their days of joint imprisonment. How Sommers, by dexterous questioning, had fathomed the mind of the suspected murderer, and become so closely identified with his interests, that he was regarded as the only man upon whom he could rely for assistance.

The detective had played his part admirably. Although the constant object of suspicion, he had succeeded in overcoming all doubts that were entertained of his true position; and, although Bucholz had been repeatedly warned by his counsel against this man in particular, he had successfully outwitted them, and knew more of their client than they had been able to learn.

After obtaining the information as to the place where William had secreted the money which had been taken from the murdered man, Sommers at once

telegraphed, in cipher, the fact to my New York agency and requested instructions how to proceed. A trusted operative was at once sent to act with him, and to accompany him upon his visit to the barn in search of the treasure, and operative John Curtin was the man selected for that duty.

He left New York on the following morning, and, arriving at Bridgeport, had an interview with Edward Sommers, and together they devised the plan by which they were to get possession of the dead man's money.

They accordingly boarded the train for South Norwalk, and upon their arrival they separated and proceeded up the railroad track until they were out of sight of any curious eyes about the depot, when they rejoined each other and continued on their way.

The barn where the money was alleged to be hidden stood between the house and the strip of woods through which they had come, and the large double doors were upon the side facing them. It was necessary that every precaution should be taken against being observed, and consequently it was decided that Sommers should enter the barn, while Curtin, reclining under one of the trees, would be enabled to keep watch and to warn his companion, should any one approach the barn and threaten detection.

This plan being arranged, Somers walked directly towards the barn, the doors of which were closed and fastened upon the inside by a swinging bar. Inserting his hand through an opening in the wood-work, he pushed the bar from its place, and the doors flew open.

Hastily entering the building, he found the interior to correspond exactly with the description given him by Bucholz, and a hurried glance showed him at once the place where the pocket-book was alleged to have been hidden.

He soon reached the designated spot, and, reaching under the loose flooring near the head of the stairs, his eyes lighted up with satisfaction as his hand came in contact with the leather book which he had half hoped and half doubted to find there. Quickly removing it from its place of concealment, he deposited it in the inner pocket of his coat and ran from the barn in the direction of the spot where his companion was lying.

John Curtin was provided with a stout adhesive envelope, and producing this, the earth-stained wallet was at once enclosed within it, and in the presence of the other the packet was sealed up securely. The two men then walked to the next station, and taking the train for New York, came directly to the agency.

The German Consul was notified, and in a short time he made his appearance, when the package was placed in his hands, and he was requested to open it.

He did so, and the contents of the book were counted in his presence and in that of Mr. Bangs and my son Robert. It was found to contain the sum of four thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven dollars, in United States money, each note bearing the numbers which had been placed upon them by Henry Schulte and which had also been discovered upon the money which Bucholz had been so lavish in expending after the murder and prior to his arrest.

The gratification of all at the success thus far achieved was apparent upon their faces. Whatever belief had existed in their minds prior to this of the innocence of the man accused was swept away before this substantial and convincing proof of his guilt. All felt that we were upon the right track, and that the course pursued had been the only practical one under the circumstances.

The money, after being carefully counted, was enclosed in a wrapper of heavy brown paper, to which the German Consul affixed his seal, and the package was placed in the fire-proof at the agency for safe keeping, until a final disposition should be made of it.

It was evident that the money thus discovered was but a small portion of that which had been taken from the person of Henry Schulte, and Edward Sommers was directed to return to Bridgeport and continue his visits to Bucholz and his attempts to obtain further information regarding the balance.

Bucholz had previously suggested to Sommers that someone should be sent to Germany to endeavor to procure some of the money which he had inherited from his uncle, in order to enable him to bear the expenses of his trial, and he had requested the detective to undertake the voyage. Sommers had demurred to this, and had recommended to his companion that Mr. Bollman, who was also a German, be commissioned for that purpose. This would induce the absence of the attorney and his cautions, and enable him to work with more freedom upon

the prisoner. He therefore had offered to loan to Bucholz the amount of money that would be required to defray the expenses of such visit, and to take the note of his friend for the amount.

Mr. Bollman cheerfully assented to this proposition, and only awaited the furnishing of the loan by Sommers to embark upon his journey to the home of Bucholz, and to attempt the collection of the money which he had inherited.

Sommers was therefore provided with the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars in money which did not bear any of the marks that had been placed upon the notes belonging to Henry Schulte, and that evening he returned to Bridgeport.

He visited William the next day and informed him of the success of his visit and of the finding of the money. He also told him that he had placed the package in a safe place, but that he had not yet been successful in removing the marks, owing to the peculiar nature of the ink with which the numbers had been made.

Bucholz seemed to be both pleased and relieved with the results obtained, but seemed anxious that the money should be furnished for Mr. Bollman's departure as early as possible.

Sommers then told him that he had succeeded in borrowing some money from a friend of his, which he would advance for that purpose, but that, in order to fully deceive Mr. Bollman, William should give him his note, in the presence of the attorney, for the amount. Upon this being done, the money would be forthcoming, and Mr. Bollman could depart at once.

The next day Mr. Bollman visited the accused man by appointment, and the matter was explained to him by Sommers and Bucholz. He announced his approval of the loan about to be made. The note was duly drawn, the money counted out, and Bucholz handed the amount to his counsel.

As Mr. Bollman received the money, he looked up quickly and inquired, in a quiet manner:

"This money is not on the list, is it?"

This money is not upon the list, is it?

"This money is not upon the list, is it?"

It was a very adroit question, had the detective not been upon his guard, but without flinching, he looked doubtfully but steadily into his face, as he inquired:

"What list? I don't know what you mean."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Bollman, with a light laugh, "I thought this might possibly be some of Schulte's money."

At this they all laughed, and the mind of the attorney seemed to be set at rest upon the point of Sommers' knowledge of anything in connection with the wealth of Henry Schulte.

After Mr. Bollman's departure from the jail, Sommers, turning to Bucholz, said, in a quiet, unconcerned manner:

"I heard that the Schulte estate has been sold, and that the new-comer intends to tear down the buildings at once. He bought it on speculation, and expects to find Schulte's money."

Bucholz was visibly affected by this information. His face became pale, and his lips trembled as with suppressed emotion.

"They won't find anything there, though," laughingly continued Sommers, apparently ignoring the excitement of his companion. "We have got ahead of them."

"My God!" exclaimed Bucholz, not heeding the last remark. "This must not be done. I will trust you, Sommers, and we must get the *other pocket-book*. You must go there and get it."

The excitement and distress of the young man were unmistakable, as he proceeded slowly and tremblingly to inform Sommers where the other book was to be found.

"My dear Sommers, you must get this other money—it is in the barn also. In one corner there is a bench, and under this bench there is a large stone—you

must dig under this stone and there you will find it."

Sommers listened intently to the directions given, and promised to perform the duty that was imposed upon him, and, hiding the satisfaction that he felt, he soon after took his leave from his companion, who now seemed greatly relieved at the prospect of saving this treasure for which he had sacrificed so much, and which now seemed in such imminent danger.

With mingled emotions of pride and satisfaction, Sommers left the jail and proceeded on his way to his lodgings.

After a long struggle he had been successful. "The falcon, after many airy circlings, had made its swoop at last," and its polished talons had done their work not unsuccessfully. The stricken quarry might flutter for a while, but the end would be soon and sure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Midnight Visit to the Barn.—The Detective wields a Shovel to some Advantage.—Fifty Thousand Dollars found in the Earth.—A good Night's Work.

The day following the revelations made in the preceding chapter, Edward Sommers returned to the agency and communicated the information which he had received the day before, and awaited instructions before proceeding further in the matter.

My son Robert A. Pinkerton determined to accompany him upon this visit to the barn, and he also requested the German Consul to delegate some one from his office to be one of the party. To this proposition the German Consul at once assented, and Paul Schmoeck, an attache of the Consulate, was selected to accompany them upon their visit to the Schulte estate.

Procuring a dark lantern and a garden spade, the party left New York about nine o'clock in the evening, and, without accident or delay, arrived at South Norwalk. On leaving the train, they separated, and Sommers, being acquainted with the road, walked on in advance. In order to avoid attracting attention, they walked up the main street of the town a short distance, and then, changing their course, they reached the railroad, along which they traveled until they arrived at the strip of woods in which Henry Schulte had met his death. They traveled along the narrow pathway and reached the stone wall, from which the house and barn stood in full view.

The evening was beautiful indeed—a bright moon illuminated the landscape almost with the luminous light of day. The air was still, and not a breath rustled among the leaves of the trees overhead. A silence profound and impressive reigned over all. From afar the rumbling of the train which they had left was

borne upon the air. Involuntarily the three men who had come to this place upon a far different errand stood in silent admiration of the natural beauty that was spread before them.

Fearing that Henry Waring might have remained away from home later than was his wont, they waited until they felt reasonably sure of a freedom from interruption in their labor, and then, having finally concluded that all was safe, they proceeded quietly to the barn, whose doors were wide open, and offered no bar to their entrance.

Lighting their lantern, they thoroughly searched the interior, in order to discover if any tramps had taken refuge under its roof. All was quiet as the grave. The moonbeams shone through the open door, lighting up the barn with its rays, and almost revealing the figures of the men who were within. They were afraid to close the doors, which they had found open, lest some one looking from the windows of the farm-house should suspect its being occupied and be tempted to make an examination.

The spot designated by Bucholz was easily discovered, but, to the dismay of the visitors, they found that a large quantity of bark had been piled upon that particular corner of the barn, and that upon the top of this were thrown several sheets of tin, which had evidently been taken from the roof of some building.

There was no help for it, however; the bark and tin must be removed, and Edward Sommers, throwing off his coat and vest, went to work with a will. Robert held the lantern, while Paul Schmoeck stood by, with his hands in his pockets, eagerly awaiting developments.

The rattling of the tin, as it was being removed, was so loud that it was feared the sleepers in the farm-house would be awakened by the noise. They stopped and listened. Evidently their slumbers were profound, for not a sound came from its enclosing walls.

The bark was soon disposed of, and then Edward Sommers grasped the spade and struck it into the ground. The clock in the distant town struck midnight as he commenced the task. Eagerly he worked and eagerly watched the two men beside him. Their eyes seemed to pierce through the damp mold, and every spadeful of dirt, as it was thrown up, seemed to increase their anxiety. Steadily

worked the detective, and the new earth lay piled around him, but as yet no indication of the treasure they sought. The perspiration rolled from the face of the anxious Sommers, and a doubt began to creep slowly into his mind. Robert, too, partook of the anxiety of his companion, while Paul Schmoeck, who scarcely understood the object of their visit, looked doubtfully upon the proceedings and indulged in frequent mutterings of disappointment.

Could it be possible that they had been deceived—that they were seeking for something which had no existence? Could Bucholz have imposed upon the credulity of Sommers and sent him upon this fool's errand? Or could the detective have made a mistake in the location designated? One or the other seemed to be the case. But hark! the spade strikes a hard substance; it must be the stone mentioned by Bucholz. With redoubled energy the detective wields his implement, and, at last, as he withdraws it from the ground, something glitters in the ray of the lantern. A closer examination disclosed several bright gold pieces, mingled with the dark lumps of dirt which had been lifted by the spade.

With a joyful cry he exultingly held up a large wallet before his excited companions.

"*With a joyful cry he exultingly held up a large wallet before his excited companions.*"

An audible sigh of relief escaped them all as they looked. Robert took out his pocket-handkerchief, and the coins, dirt and all, were deposited within it. Surely success was certain now—and soon, by carefully digging away the surrounding earth, the detective was enabled to place his hands beneath the stone. Then, with a joyful cry, he withdrew a large wallet, and held it up exultingly before his excited companions.

Ah, yes, victory was assured now, and, after carefully searching around the stone to discover if anything else had been hidden there, the wallet was placed in the handkerchief along with the coins, and they prepared to leave the place.

The earth was replaced, the bark and tin were piled upon the top of it, and after they had finished, nothing in the appearance of things would indicate that midnight workers had been there, or that the murdered man's treasure had been discovered and removed.

The overwrought nerves of the worker and watchers were strengthened by a long draught of prime "Eau de vie," which had been brought along by the considerate Paul, and after making sure that everything was as they had found it, they left the barn and proceeded toward the railroad.

It was necessary now to get rid of the lantern and the spade. To retain them would be hazardous—they might be stopped upon the road, and the possession of a dark lantern and a wallet of money would be strong evidences of something else than a detective operation, and besides this, secrecy was all-important at the present time.

Passing a ravine some distance from the scene of their operations, Robert threw the lantern away, and it dropped to the bottom with a noise that was echoed upon the quiet air; further on, the spade was disposed of, and then, disencumbered, the trio walked to Stamford, about eight miles distant, where

they boarded a train and returned to New York, well pleased with the result of their night's work.

It was six o'clock when they arrived. They proceeded at once to the Windsor Hotel, where the German Consul resided, and, awakening that gentleman, Robert sent up his card, when they were admitted to his parlor and the package was exhibited to his astonished gaze.

To count the contents of this enclosure was now the next duty to be performed, and in the presence of all the parties the labor was at once commenced. The gold pieces were found to amount to one hundred marks—consisting of three twenty-mark and four ten-mark pieces—and it was noticed that one of them had a hole drilled through it. The wallet next received attention. It was discovered to be a pocket-book enclosed in a canvas wrapper, securely sewed together and fastened with sealing-wax.

The German Consul removed this outer covering and the black leather book was disclosed to view, which gave evidence of containing no small amount of money.

The contents were removed, and upon counting it, were found to amount to two hundred and four thousand marks, in one-thousand-mark bills—or nearly fifty thousand dollars. Verily a good night's work, and one to be proud of.

The murdered man's money had been found, and the man who had stained his hands with blood would never reap the benefit of his crime.

The notes, from their long continuance in the damp ground, were quite moist and adhered closely together, and the German Consul was therefore required to lift them carefully with his knife, and great care was necessary in handling them. Each of these notes was found to be numbered in the same manner as those recovered upon the first visit, and a complete list was made by which they could afterwards be identified.

Besides the money, the package contained some cards, and a foreign passport in the name of John Henry Schulte, dated in April, 1878.

After counting the money, it was, together with the articles found, wrapped in

stout brown paper and duly labeled. All present then affixed their signatures to the wrapper, after which the German Consul wrote out a receipt for them, which was taken charge of by Robert.

They then partook of some refreshments, after which they departed, and feeling completely exhausted after their laborious experience of the night before, Robert and Edward Sommers sought their couches, and were soon wrapt in slumber.

The German Consul was elated at the success which had crowned our efforts, and he no longer entertained a single doubt of the guilt of the miserable man, in whose behalf he had originally interested himself.

The information of our success was conveyed to Mr. Olmstead, the State's attorney, who received it with evident surprise and satisfaction. We had succeeded beyond his expectations, and the correctness of his original theory had been fully demonstrated.

He experienced the proud consciousness of being able to successfully prosecute a criminal who had violated the law, and to convict a wretch who had taken a human life in order to possess himself of the blood-stained fruits of his crime.

While all this was transpiring the guilty man passing the weary hours indulging in alternate hopes of escape, and oppressed with harrowing fears of punishment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Detective manufactures Evidence for the Defense. —An Anonymous Letter.—An important Interview.—The Detective triumphs over the Attorney.

These events occurred during the latter part of May, and the trial would not take place until early in September. It was necessary therefore that the utmost secrecy should be observed in reference to what had transpired, and especially so far as William Bucholz was concerned.

The visits of Edward Sommers to the jail must be continued, and every effort must be made to pierce through the dead wall of Bucholz's silence and reserve in relation to the murder.

Hitherto when in their conversations the subject of the murder had been mentioned, and Sommers would quietly hint at his complicity, the other, with a shrug of his shoulders and a peculiar smile, would abruptly change the conversation. His strong will and the constant admonitions of his counsel had prevented him from revealing in any manner the secret of his crime, and except for certain actions, small in themselves, but speaking a "confirmation strong as holy writ," he had given no sign that he was acquainted with the dreadful circumstances, or had any knowledge of the affair other than had been already related by him.

After arriving in Bridgeport, Sommers hastened to the jail and found Bucholz impatiently awaiting his arrival. He was nervous and excited, and his mind was troubled about the success of the enterprise upon which Sommers had gone.

The news which the detective brought reassured him, however, and he laughed gayly as he thought that his money was now safe from the reach of any

one but himself and his friend.

There was something so cold and brutal about this laugh of Bucholz that caused the detective involuntarily to shudder as he gazed upon him. Here between the narrow walls of a prison cell he stood face to face with a man who had taken a human life, and who stood almost in the awful presence of retributive justice, yet his laugh was as clear and ringing, and his face as genial as though no trial awaited him and no judgment was in store.

The sensitive nature of the detective recoiled from such close contact with this crime-stained man, but his duty required it and he performed it manfully and well.

He related to Bucholz his visit to the barn (omitting, of course, to state who his companions were) and the finding of the money. As he mentioned the discovery of the gold pieces, Bucholz exclaimed:

"Gold pieces! I cannot tell for the world how they got there. I don't know anything about them."

It was evident that he had not examined this package prior to burying it in the ground, and Sommers suggested the possibility of their having been wrapped in the paper which enclosed the canvas-covered book.

"You were very careless to put the money in such a place," continued Sommers; "the notes were so rotten, I was almost afraid to handle them."

"You mean," said Bucholz, with a laugh, "that Schulte was careless, not me;" then starting up he walked backward and forward, exclaiming: "My God, how careless I was!"

"Yes," replied Sommers, "after risking so much, you should have taken better care of it."

Bucholz stopped in his walk, and facing his companion asked in a manner that gave every evidence of insincerity,

"Do you think that I killed him?"

"I think you know something about it," replied Sommers, gazing steadily into the eyes of his questioner. "Do you think if tramps had killed him, they would have left twenty thousand dollars upon his person?"

"Well," said Bucholz, laughing in a bewildered manner, and then, as if taking comfort from the reflection and anxious to change the conversation, "the money is all right, anyhow."

Yes, the money was, indeed, all right, but not in the sense he deluded himself by believing.

They then discussed the various measures that were to be adopted in order to deceive the officers of the State.

It was arranged that the two pocket-books should be thrown behind a large rock that stood by the railroad track, directly opposite the path which led through the woods and along which the old man and himself were in the habit of traveling. Bucholz seemed over joyed at this proposition, and with many flattering expressions complimented his companion upon the wisdom of his suggestions. They would have continued further, but the time had arrived for closing the jail, and Sommers was compelled to take his departure.

Upon the occasion of his next visit he found a marked change in William Bucholz. He appeared to be silent and depressed in spirits. Horrible dreams had visited his fitful slumbers, and the accusing voice of the murdered man had rung in his ears during the solemn watches of the night. The pallid, blood-stained face of Henry Schulte had appeared to him, and his conscience had been an active producer of unrest and terror. Try as he would, that awful presence followed him, and he found sleep to be an impossibility. Hollow-eyed and sad, he greeted the detective, and as he cordially shook him by the hand, he noticed that a spasm of pain crossed the face of the prisoner.

"What is the matter, William?" he anxiously inquired. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"Oh, no," replied the other, with a shiver—"it is nothing, only a little cold, I guess."

The quick eye of the detective could not be deceived—something had occurred of more than usual import, and he was determined to ascertain what it was. Pressing him closely, Bucholz admitted, with a forced smile, that on the day before, he had been reading Schiller's play of "The Robbers," and that becoming excited by the heroic action of "Carl von Moor," he had thoughtlessly plunged his penknife, which he had in his hand at the time, into his own side. The blade had touched a rib, however, and that prevented the wound from being very serious. The blood had flowed copiously from the incision thus made, and the wound was even now very painful.

Sommers, at a glance, saw through this flimsy pretext, and realized at once what had happened. The miserable man, nervous and excited, had, in the excess of fear, attempted to take his own life. The grim specters of the night were too horrible to endure, and he had sought to escape their torments by the act which he had attempted.

His shirt had been saturated with blood, and he had been compelled to destroy it to prevent detection.

Sommers lectured him roundly upon this exhibition of weakness, and, after a time spent in friendly advice, he succeeded in reassuring him.

Bucholz related to him at this interview a dream which he said he had the evening before. He had seen the court assembled—the room was filled with people and his trial was going on. Then, stopping suddenly in his narration, he gazed wildly at his companion, and exclaimed:

"If you are a detective, you have made a nice catch this time. But, you see I have a steady hand yet, and if you were to take the stand against me, I would rise in my place and denounce you to the court. Then I would plunge a knife into my heart."

The detective looked unflinchingly and scornfully into the glaring eyes of the man before him, and laughed lightly at his ravings. He resolved, however, in order to prevent accidents, that every precaution should be taken against the occurrence of such a scene.

He had no fear that Bucholz would do what he threatened. At heart he knew

the man to be a coward. No one who could stealthily creep behind his unsuspecting victim and deal the deadly blow of an assassin could, in his opinion, possess the moral courage to face a death by his own hands, and particularly after the failure of this first attempt.

He did not communicate this opinion to the prisoner, but he treated the subject in a jesting manner, and told him that if he heard any more of such nonsense he would inform the prison authorities and his liberty would be curtailed.

He then proceeded to unfold a plan which he had concocted for the relief of his friend, and to manufacture evidence that would bear an important part in the coming trial.

He would procure an old shirt and a pair of pantaloons, which he would first stain with blood, and would then bury them in the ground near to the scene of the murder, and would then write an anonymous letter to the State's attorney and to the counsel for Bucholz, informing them of the place where they could be found.

The prisoner eagerly accepted this suggestion. He seemed to forget his pain, his fears and his suspicions as he listened, and when Sommers had concluded he laughed heartily, then he added, hurriedly:

"You must get an axe also, and bury that with the clothes; that was——"

He stopped abruptly, as though afraid of saying too much, and Sommers looked inquiringly into his face.

"How would it do to get the axe from the barn?" he asked; "the one that had blood on it when it was found."

"That was chickens' blood," quickly replied Bucholz, "and it will not do. No, you must get an old axe from some other place and bury it with the clothes."

Sommers promised to comply with all these things, and on leaving the prisoner for that day his frame of mind had considerably improved, and thoughts of a suspicious character were entirely dissipated.

The anonymous letters were soon prepared, and it was arranged that they should be sent to San Francisco, Cal., and be remailed from there to Mr. Olmstead and to the counsel for William Bucholz.

I experienced no difficulty in arranging this, as I have correspondents in almost every town and city in the United States; and the letters were upon the way to that distant Western city in a few days.

The letter was as follows:

"FRISCO, AUG., '79.

"I AM NOW OUT OF REACH OF JUSTICE, AND WILL NOT SUFFER THAT A INNOCENT MAN IS HELT FOR THE MURTER OF SCHULTE, AND VILL NOW STADE WERE THE CLOTHES AND BOCKET BOOKS WERE TROWN. U MAY FIND MORE BY SEARGEN THE GROUND, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM WHERE SCHULTE WAS KILLED THERE IS A STONE FENCE RUNNING N. AND S. AND ONE RUNNING W., WERE THESE FENCES JOIN THERE IS A TREE CUT DOWN, AND U FIND BETWEEN THE STONES, AND IN THE GROUND SOMETHING THAT WILL SURPRISE U. I HOPE THIS WILL SAVE THE LIFE OF A INNOCENT MAN.

"NAMELESS."

It was printed in capitals and purposely misspelled, in order to convey the impression that the writer was a foreigner, and perhaps a tramp—many of which had infested that neighborhood.

This letter pleased Bucholz immensely. It was, in his opinion, a wonderful production, and must certainly result in deceiving the State's attorney.

Mr. Bollman had now returned from Germany, and his errand had been entirely successful. He had seen the relatives of Bucholz, and they had promised to aid him financially in his trouble. Further than this, they seemed to take no great interest in his welfare. Shortly after his arrival a draft was received, which,

upon being cashed, placed in the hands of the prisoner sufficient moneys to enable him to secure the services of the additional counsel who had been loath to act energetically in the matter, until the question of remuneration had been definitely and satisfactorily settled.

In order to recover the amount loaned to Bucholz for Mr. Bollman's expenses, Sommers suggested that in order to avoid any suspicion, he would demand of him the return of the same, and which he would inform Mr. Bollman his friend was greatly in need of.

Mr. Bollman thereupon repaid two hundred and fifty dollars of the amount loaned, and Bucholz executed another due-bill for the sum of one hundred dollars, payable to Edward Sommers.

Shortly after this occurrence Bucholz informed Sommers on the occasion of one of his visits that on the day previous he had been visited by two of his attorneys.

They had labored assiduously to induce him to confess as to the relations existing between himself and Sommers. They told him that if he had made any revelations to him it might not yet be too late to counteract it, but if he refused to tell them the truth in regard to the matter they could not and would not be answerable for the consequences. General Smith graphically portrayed to him the effects which would follow a failure to confide entirely in his counsel, and Bucholz's frame shook perceptibly as he pictured the doom which would certainly follow if his attorneys had been deceived.

But all their arguments were of no avail. He remained firm, and protested to the last that Sommers knew nothing about his case. The iron will upheld him during this ordeal, and the influence which the detective had gained over him had been of such a character as to outweigh the solicitations of those to whom he ought to look for relief on the trial that was now fast approaching.

How far again the question of self-interest may have induced this action cannot be ascertained. Bucholz had been led to believe that if he communicated the existence of the money which he had secured, to his lawyers, and if they should succeed in obtaining control of it, his portion would be very small indeed, after they had paid themselves therefrom.

This idea may have been of sufficient weight to compel his silence, but the result—whatever the cause—proved that the detective had achieved a victory over the attorneys, and that he wielded an influence over their guilty client which they could never hope to possess.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Bucholz grows Skeptical and Doubtful.—A Fruitless Search.—The Murderer Involuntarily Reveals Himself.

The days sped on, and the trial of William Bucholz, for the murder of Henry Schulte, his employer, was fast approaching. Regularly Edward Sommers had visited the imprisoned man, and upon the occasion of each visit had endeavored to assure him of the possibility of escaping from the charge against him.

The mind of Bucholz was in a chaotic state of worriment and unrest. Between his confidences to Edward Sommers and the repeated warnings of his counsel he scarcely knew what to do or what to say. At times he would bitterly regret having informed Sommers of anything about himself, and at others he would hug him to his breast as the only human being upon whom he could rely.

To Sommers this experience had been a trying one indeed. He had been compelled to endure the various moods of Bucholz with patience and equanimity and to endeavor to disabuse his mind of frequent-recurring doubts. Many times during his visits he would be vexed beyond endurance at the doubtful questionings of his companion, which he frequently found very difficult to parry or explain. Then, too, he became extravagant in his demands, and required the choicest delicacies that could be procured. He wanted new clothing, and even expressed a desire that Sommers should procure for him a uniform dress of the regiment of hussars of which he was formerly a member—in fact, became so importunate in his demands and so ridiculous in his fancied wants, that Sommers, fearful of affording grounds for suspicion in the minds both of the inmates of the prison and of the counsel for Bucholz, was compelled to emphatically refuse to gratify his wishes.

These denials of course were productive of differences of opinion and angry

altercations. Fresh doubts would be engendered, which would require the exercise of all the ingenuity of the detective to allay. Bucholz seemed to have no idea that a liberal expenditure of money at this time would be very injurious to his case, and that as Mr. Bollman had sole charge of the money received from Germany, he would naturally become suspicious of his client should he discover that Sommers was supplying his wants from a source which his counsel was ignorant of.

He thirsted also for a glance at the money which had been found, especially the gold-piece with a hole in it, and besought Sommers to bring it with him, so that he might feast his eyes upon the wealth that was soon to be his. So frequent and imperious became these demands that Sommers had the greatest difficulty in convincing him of the danger to both of them which would be attendant upon any such proceeding.

He had informed Bucholz that the money had been securely placed in the vaults of a safe deposit company in New York City, but he did not tell him that the German Consul carried the key.

Upon the occasion of almost every visit he would be compelled to wrestle with this doubtfulness of his companion before he could induce him to converse upon the matters that would naturally be considered of the utmost importance to him, but after long and arduous labor, he usually left him more cheerful and hopeful than he found him.

The time drew near for the anonymous letters to arrive from San Francisco, and Sommers went to South Norwalk, and, locating the spot mentioned in the letter, he dug up the solid earth in such a manner as to convince whoever came to look for the hidden articles mentioned in the communication, that some one else had anticipated them, and that the articles had been removed.

The letters were duly received, and Mr. Olmstead, who, of course, had been informed of their manufacture, upon receiving his paid no attention to the important information it was supposed to convey. The attorneys for Bucholz, however, visited the spot, and to their dismay and disappointment they found the earth broken, and every indication that the articles, if any existed, had been removed in advance of their arrival.

When Bucholz heard of the disappointment of his counsel, he was much chagrined, and accused Sommers of having arranged it so that Mr. Olmstead received his before the other was delivered. This, however, was proven to the contrary, and the fact was that even had there been anything hidden under the ground, Bucholz's defenders were too dilatory in going in search of them.

It was at the visit after the information had reached them of this fruitless search for important testimony, that Bucholz related to Sommers another dream, in which his former prison companion was said to have appeared to him as a detective, and as he finished the recital, he turned to his companion, and said:

"If you are a detective, and if you do take the stand against me, it is all over. I will tell my lawyers to stop the trial—that will be the end of it—and me."

Sommers laughed at this and turned the drift of the conversation to the question of the approaching trial and the evidence that would soon be produced against him.

He asked him in a quiet manner, if he had thrown the two old pistols where they had been found on the night of the murder, and Bucholz, with a smile, answered him:

"Oh, my dear fellow, you make a mistake; the murderers threw them there."

Sommers looked incredulously at him for a moment, and then replied:

"I did not ask you whether you killed the old man or not; but you must not think me such a fool as not to know it."

Bucholz laughed, a hard, bitter laugh, and the glitter of the serpent's came into the wicked blue eyes, but he made no denial.

"I never thought when I first became acquainted with you," continued Sommers, "that you knew anything about this murder, but rather thought you an innocent, harmless-looking fellow. Indeed I never imagined that you had nerve enough to do anything like that."

Again that diabolical laugh, and Bucholz, holding out his right arm without a tremor of the muscles, replied, ironically:

"Oh, no; I have got no nerve at all."

The next day they referred again to the finding of the articles hidden in the ground, and Sommers informed his companion that Mr. Olmstead had secured the axe that was in the barn, and regretted very much that he had not taken it when he was there.

Bucholz looked troubled at this information, but, rousing himself, he inquired:

"What kind of an axe did you get?"

"Why, I got one as nearly like that in the barn as I could—about as thick as the iron bars on the door of the cell there."

"Yes, that is right," said Bucholz, eagerly, while a glow of satisfaction dashed across his face.

"I don't know about that," replied Sommers. "How large were the wounds upon the head of Mr. Schulte?"

"One was about three inches long."

"Was that the wound that was made by the sharp edge of the axe?"

"Yes! yes!" replied Bucholz, eagerly.

"Well, how large was the other wound?"

"Well," said Bucholz, musingly, and making a circle of his thumb and forefinger, he held it up before the detective; "I should think it was a hole about this large."

No tremor of the voice, no shaking of the hand, as he held it up, but, with a cold, unfeeling look, he made this explanation.

"I am afraid that the axe I bought was too large, because the back of it was as broad as the bar upon this door—about two inches."

"That is right enough," quickly replied Bucholz, "because if you would take the axe and strike the blow upwards behind the ear, where that wound was, you would strike the head with the edge of the back, and that would crush in the bones of the skull and produce just such a hole as that was in Schulte's head."

He illustrated this by starting to his feet and raising his hands as if he was about to strike the blow himself. The murderous glitter came again into those flashing eyes. His words came thick and fast—the demon smile was upon his lips. He was acting again the scene of that dreadful night, and, oblivious of his listener, or the impressions he was creating, he lived again that frightful moment when he had inflicted the blows that laid the old man dead at his feet.

There was a realism about his manner that was awfully impressive, and the detective involuntarily shuddered as he looked into those gleaming eyes, in which murder was clearly reflected. All doubts were removed from his mind—the murderer of Henry Schulte stood before him—and if the judges and the jury that were to hear his case in a few days could have witnessed this scene, conviction would have been carried to the minds of the most skeptical.

No confession seemed necessary now. If ever murder was depicted upon a human face it was expressed in every lineament of the face of the man who stood before the detective in that prison cell.

The wicked gleam had not died out from his eyes, as, unconscious of the effect his manner had produced, he resumed his position, and added, in a tone of entire satisfaction:

"Yes, yes, that axe is all right!"

Edward Sommers shuddered as he gazed at the man before him—the man who had become as putty in his hands, and yet who possessed a heart so black as to be capable of the damning deed for which he was so soon to be tried for committing.

He thought of the tears this man had shed in the darkness of the lonely nights; of the accusing voices that had rung in his ears during his uneasy slumbers; of the conscience that would not down at the command of the resolute will—and then of the incidents of this afternoon, when the murderer stood revealed before

him in all the hideous deformity of his brutal passion and his self confessed crime.

Of a truth events and not men are alone worthy of consideration in the life of a detective.

THE JUDGMENT.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Trial.—An unexpected Witness.—A convincing Story.—An able, but fruitless Defense.—A verdict of Guilty.—The triumph of Justice.

The trial of William Bucholz for the murder of Henry Schulte began in the old Court House at Bridgeport on the ninth day of September, and a ripple of excitement pervaded the city. The interest attaching to this case had extended beyond the locality in which it had occurred, and the reporter's table was crowded with representatives of the various metropolitan journals who designed giving publicity to the proceedings of the trial.

The judges, solemn and dignified, were upon the bench. The lawyers, bustling among their books and papers, were actively engaged in preparing for the scenes that were to follow, while the State's attorney, quiet and calm, but with a confident look of determination upon his face, awaited the production of the prisoner and the formal opening of the case.

Bucholz had engaged the services of three lawyers—General Smith, who had acquired considerable fame as an attorney; Mr. Bollman, who had been connected with the case from its inception, and Mr. Alfred E. Austin, a young member of the bar, who resided at Norwalk.

The sheriff entered with his prisoner, and placed him in the dock, to plead to the indictment that was to be read to him, and upon which he was to be placed upon trial for his life.

He entered with the same careless, jaunty air which had marked his first appearance at South Norwalk, and except for a certain nervousness in his manner and a restless wandering of the eager glance which he cast around him,

no one would have imagined that he stood upon the eve of a trying ordeal that was to result either in sending him to the gallows or in striking from his wrists the shackles that encircled them, and sending him out into the world a free man.

He was dressed with scrupulous neatness, and had evidently taken great care in preparing himself for the trial. He wore a new suit of clothes, of neat pattern and of modern style, and his linen was of spotless whiteness and carefully arranged. As he entered and took his seat a suppressed murmur of surprise, not unmixed with sympathy, pervaded the court-room.

The hall was crowded, and a large number of ladies, attracted, perhaps, by that element of curiosity which is inherent in the sex, and perhaps by that quality of sympathy for which they are remarkable, were present, and Bucholz at once became the focus of all eyes and the subject of universal comment and conversation.

From the nature of the charge against him many had expected to see some ferocious-looking ruffian, whose countenance would portray the evidence of his crime, and whose appearance would indicate the certainty of his guilt. Their surprise was therefore unbounded, when, instead of the monster their imaginations had conjured up, they beheld the young, well-dressed and good-looking German who appeared before them, and a strong feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate man was manifested by a majority of those present.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in securing a jury, but at length the requisite number were obtained, and Bucholz was directed to stand up and listen to the charge that had been preferred against him.

A profound silence pervaded the court-room as the indictment was being read. The prisoner paid the strictest attention as the words were pronounced:—

"How say you, prisoner at the bar; are you guilty or not guilty?" and he answered in a firm voice: "Not guilty!"

The attorneys eagerly scanned the faces of the "twelve good men and true," into whose hands was soon to be confided the fate of the man who stood before them; but their impassive countenances gave no indication of the thoughts which occupied their minds. They had been chosen for the performance of a solemn

duty, and were evidently prepared to perform it without fear or favor.

Who can fathom the mind of the prisoner or conceive the myriad of vexing thoughts with which his brain is teeming? He exhibits no fear—he displays no excitement—but calmly and quietly and with watchful eyes he gazes around upon the scene before him—a scene in which he is an important actor, and in which his fate is being determined.

Without the formality of an opening address, the State's attorney calls the first witness—Mrs. Waring. This lady details the occurrences of the afternoon and evening of the murder—the facts of which are already known to the reader. She also testified to the friendly relations existing between the murdered man and the prisoner, except upon one occasion, when, shortly before the death of Mr. Schulte, she had heard angry words in their apartments. No importance was attached to this, as the disagreement was of short duration, and their pleasant intercourse was speedily resumed.

The evidence of the two daughters and the son of Mrs. Waring was taken, but they simply confirmed the story as related by the mother. The various persons who were present at the finding of the body—the physicians who had made the post mortem examination, were examined as to their knowledge of the murder, and the circumstances incident thereto.

The officers who had charge of Bucholz testified to his extravagances during the time that intervened between the murder and the formal arrest of the prisoner, and to the fact of the money which he had expended bearing the peculiar marks which had been noticed upon it.

Frank Bruner had been found by my operatives, and he identified the watch that had been found as belonging to Henry Schulte. He also testified to the conversations which took place between himself and Bucholz before he had left the service of Mr. Schulte, and also that the old gentleman had called upon him on the morning of that fatal day, and had informed him of his intention to dispense with the services of Bucholz on the 15th day of the succeeding month, and requested Frank to again enter his service; which he had promised to consider before deciding finally upon.

The examination of these various witnesses had occupied two days, and

nothing very serious or convincing, except of a circumstantial nature, had been proven. Bucholz appeared jubilant and hopeful—his counsel were sanguine of acquittal, and even the jurors looked less sternly as their eyes fell upon the prisoner.

The countenance of the State's attorney was an enigma to the lawyers for the defense. Confident and self-reliant, he had marshaled his array of witnesses, and their testimony was a consistent recital of the events relating to the murder and the various circumstances relating thereto. Nothing definite or convincing had as yet been proven, and the attorneys wondered at the undismayed demeanor of the prosecuting officer.

On the afternoon of the third day, after the examination of two unimportant witnesses, Mr. Olmstead arose, and, addressing the sheriff, said:

"Call Ernest Stark."

There was nothing unusual in the name, and but little attention was paid to the order thus given. The prisoner and the attorneys had never heard the name before, and no uneasiness was manifested upon their faces, but when, in answer to that call, Edward Sommers entered from the ante-room, and stepping upon the witness stand, confronted the court, a change came over the faces of the accused and his counsel, wonderful to behold.

Bucholz staggered to his feet with a smothered expression of physical agony and stood for an instant pressing his hand convulsively upon his brow, his eyes, full of savage but impotent fury, were fixed upon the detective; but this emotion soon passed away and yielded to a vague, bewildered expression, as he sank back into his seat, overcome by the feelings which oppressed him.

His eyes full of savage but impotent fury were fixed upon the detective.

"*His eyes full of savage but impotent fury were fixed upon the detective.*"

The attorneys, stolid and immovable, gazed at this unexpected apparition, but long practice in their profession had enabled them to conceal their emotions, however powerful the influence, and, except the first start of surprise, no outward indication was given of their astonishment at the appearance of the

detective or their chagrin at the duplicity of their client.

The detective, calm and imperturbable, and apparently unconscious of the important part he was playing in this sad drama, stood there immovable, the perfect immobility of his face undisturbed by the consternation of counsel or the confusion of the prisoner.

Under the examination of the State's attorney, he told his story in a firm, deliberate manner, that carried conviction to the minds of all. He detailed the various experiences of his prison life and of his intercourse with the prisoner. He related the admissions which Bucholz had made to him, and testified to the influence which he had gradually acquired over the mind of the accused man.

He graphically described their several interviews, and finally he detailed at length the finding of the money of the murdered man, hidden in the places to which Bucholz had directed him.

The silence in the court-room was most impressive. The crowded audience who had at first been amazed at the appearance of the detective, now leaned eagerly forward in their intense desire to hear each word that was spoken. The judges listened intently as the well-chosen sentences, fraught with so much importance to the cause of justice, fell from his lips.

The eager, exulting ring of the voice of the State's attorney as he conducted the examination, and the low, modulated tones of the witness as he gave the damaging answers, seemed to affect all present, and, with their eyes riveted alternately upon the witness and the prisoner, they listened breathlessly as he related his convincing story.

William Bucholz, after the first exhibition of his emotions, sat silent and apparently stunned during the whole of the rendering of this testimony. His eyes were fastened upon the detective witness, but no movement of the muscles of his face betrayed the despairing thoughts within. Silently he sat there—his arms folded across his chest, with cheeks blanched and eyes staring straight forward toward the witness-stand.

Already he sees the hand of impending fate, and as this unexpected web of circumstantial and positive evidence is being slowly and systematically woven

about him, the shadow of the gallows falls upon him, and yet he makes no sign. The resolute will and inflexible nature sustain him firmly under this trying ordeal.

As Ernest Stark related the finding of the hidden wealth of the murdered man which he had secured, an involuntary exclamation of surprise burst from the assembled listeners, and when he had finished his story a sigh of apparent relief escaped them.

The testimony of the detective had occupied a day and a half in its rendition, and upon the opening of the court upon the succeeding day, the haggard look of the prisoner told unmistakably of the sleepless vigil of the night before. His lips remained sealed, however, and no one knew of the agony of his mind.

Upon the conclusion of the detective's testimony, the money which had been found in the old barn was exhibited in evidence, and, as the earth-soiled pocket-books and the great roll of notes were displayed, eager eyes watched their production. It was the price of a human life, and another life hung trembling in the balance because of it.

Robert A. Pinkerton was called, and confirmed the statement of Ernest Stark with regard to the midnight visit to the barn and the finding of the money.

Paul Schmoeck and another attache of the German Consulate identified the notes produced, and also testified as to its safe-keeping since it had been so miraculously unearthed.

Two important witnesses were now introduced, who proved beyond a doubt that this money was upon the person of Henry Schulte upon the night of the murder. This evidence was necessary, because the sagacious attorneys for the prisoner had already invented a plan of defense, at once ingenious and able. There had existed hitherto no proof that this money which had been found in the barn was in the possession of the murdered man at the time of the tragedy, and Bucholz might only be the thief who had robbed his master during his absence, and not the criminal who had imbrued his hands in his blood.

Henry Bischoff and his son, prominent German bankers, and dealers in foreign exchange, distinctly remembered the visit of Henry Schulte to their

banking house upon the day on which the murder was committed. The father identified some of the notes which had been found in the first package as those which had been given him in exchange for mark bills, and the son identified the gold pieces which had been unearthed with the second package as those which he had given to Mr. Schulte upon that day. Both pocket-books must therefore have been upon the person of Henry Schulte as he walked home upon that winter's night accompanied by his trusted servant who had robbed and murdered him.

The clothing of the accused man, which he had worn upon that night, and which had been secured immediately after the occurrence of the tragedy and legally retained, were also introduced and identified. The shirt contained spots of blood, and the pantaloons also displayed evidences of the same crimson fluid.

The prosecution then closed their case, and the defense began.

Undismayed by the convincing character of the testimony which had been given, the attorneys for Bucholz labored diligently and ably to explain away the damaging proofs which had been adduced.

Their cross-examination of the witness who had been known to them as Edward Sommers had been very light; they had not attempted to impeach his veracity or to question the truthfulness of his relations, and while this was a matter of surprise to many at the time, the wisdom of such a course soon became evident.

The principal witness for the State was to be used as a reliable instrument in the hands of the defense, and the testimony of Edward Sommers was to be relied upon to substantiate the theory by which the attorneys for Bucholz hoped to delude the jury and to save their client.

The finding of the money was admitted as the result of revelations made by Bucholz to the detective, but they endeavored to prove that though he might have robbed the old man, it was impossible for him to have killed him.

It was contended upon the part of Bucholz, that the money was taken from the pockets of the murdered man while Bucholz was assisting in carrying the body to the house, and that he was enabled to do this the more easily, because he alone

knew where the old gentleman placed the money which he carried about his person.

This theory was ingeniously suggested and ably argued, and several minor points of evidence were adduced in support of it. The blood-stains upon the clothing were also sought to be explained. Those upon the shirt were alleged to have been produced from the bleeding of the face of the prisoner who was wounded upon the same evening, and the pantaloons, it was claimed, had received the stains upon them from the blood which had dropped while Bucholz was assisting the bearers to carry the corpse to the house after the preliminary investigation by the coroner.

With rare skill were these theories presented, and with desperate energy these able attorneys led the forlorn hope against the strong fortress of conviction which seemed to enclose their unfortunate client. The audience, the judges and the jury were profoundly impressed, but they were not convinced.

The judge charged the jury, and before the force of his sound, legal utterances, the airy castles which had been so ingeniously builded fell to the ground, and the hopes of the prisoner and his friends were buried in their ruins.

The case was handed to the twelve men, and many scrutinizing glances were directed toward them as they slowly retired to deliberate upon their verdict. Faint hopes were entertained of a disagreement, but all felt that conviction would be but a natural result.

Slowly the crowd of spectators dispersed, as it became apparent that no report would be received that evening, and many ladies, moved by that latent sympathy which is usually manifested for great criminals, approached the prisoner, and, together with their condolences, bestowed upon him their offerings of flowers and fruits.

At twelve o'clock the next day—during a recess of the court—a loud knock was heard upon the door which led to the jury-room. Instantly every voice was hushed and every eye was strained to watch the countenances of these arbiters of fate who slowly entered and took their seats.

Bucholz was laughing gayly with some acquaintances, but he became

instantly serious—the smile died away from his lips, and he anxiously awaited the announcement that was to convey to him the blessing of life or the doom of death.

Slowly the jurors arose and faced the court.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you determined upon your verdict?"

Breathlessly they all listened.

"We have."

These words fell like a thunderbolt upon the assembly. The prisoner's face grew pale; he grasped the railing in front of him and gazed wistfully at the jurors who stood beside him.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up," said the clerk; and Bucholz arose immediately, turning his pallid face toward the jury-box.

The gray-haired foreman, whose elbow almost touched the prisoner, looked at him with a glance in which was depicted a sympathy, which, while it was heartfelt and sincere, was not of sufficient force to outweigh a conscientious discharge of duty.

"Gentlemen of the jury, how say you? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

With trembling voice the venerable foreman said, slowly:

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!"

The guilty man fell back in his seat, as though he had been struck a heavy blow, and bowing his head upon the railing, he sobbed wildly.

The trial was over. Justice had triumphed, and this crime-stained man, who was now the object of so much attention, was decreed to pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

The mystery of the murder of Henry Schulte had been judiciously solved, and

the detective had triumphed over the assassin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Another Chance for Life.—A Third Trial.—A Final Verdict.—and a Just Punishment.

Immediately upon the rendering of the verdict, the attorneys for Bucholz moved for an arrest of judgment and filed their reasons for a new trial.

After a delay of some weeks, an argument was had thereon. It was contended among other things that one of the jurymen, during the trial, and while they had not been confined, had spoken of the case upon which he was engaged, and had expressed an opinion in regard to the matter which he had been selected to determine.

Upon this fact being shown to the satisfaction of the judges, a new trial was ordered, and the month of the succeeding February was fixed as the time for the hearing of the same.

The second trial was had, and although the evidence adduced was the same as upon the preceding occasion, or if anything stronger and more convincing, the jury disagreed and were finally discharged.

A remarkable feature of this disagreement was the fact that upon the final polling of the jury that was taken, the vote given was: For murder in the first degree, nine; for murder in the second degree, two; and for *absolute acquittal*, one.

Grave doubts were entertained of the influence which induced that single vote, but in the absence of any proof to the contrary it must be regarded as an honest opinion conscientiously given.

Another respite was thus afforded the unhappy prisoner, and the third trial—now just completed—was fixed for the thirteenth day of April in the present year.

Again the court has been convened, and the formality of a trial has been gone through with. The jury have been sworn, the witnesses have been examined and arguments have been made. Still, despite the vigorous and persistent attacks that have been attempted, truth prevails in the courts of law, and justice is triumphant.

After a laborious trial, lasting over three weeks, the jury have rendered a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the second degree," and the prisoner, standing tremblingly before the bar of justice, has been condemned to "*imprisonment for life*."

After exhausting all the technicalities that could be devised, the murderer of Henry Schulte will suffer the penalties of the law.

Again we will visit the prison and look within the narrow cell where William Bucholz is confined. After a long struggle, fate has overtaken him. The dark shadows of night have gathered over the gloomy walls of the structure, and William Bucholz is now alone—the pale, thin face and the sunken eyes tell the agonizing story of unending anxiety and those sleepless vigils attendant upon the terrible state of uncertainty through which he has passed, and the doom which he is now to suffer.

His hair is disordered and he wildly pushes it away from his temples, as though its trifling weight added to the burden already resting upon his brain. The veins stand out upon his temples—now almost bursting with the intensity of the thoughts that have been crowding upon him—and still they come, vivid and terrible.

Vainly he tries to seek that rest that will bring Nepenthe to his dreams, but the specter of that murdered old man will arise before his vision, and rest is impossible. Ah, how many long, weary days and nights, fraught with terror and

remorse, will come to this unfortunate man ere he finds a final release and a bed of earth!

The miser of Hagen is avenged—and the murderer will suffer for his crime.

THE END.

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