

STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS

Being an Account of the Attempted Desecration of the Grave of the Martyr President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

(Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Schettlin.) PART II.—Continued.

In its details the plot was carefully worked out. So far had Swegles wormed himself into the confidence of the conspirators that on the night of the first of November they met in his room to complete the details of the plot. Five days later I learned that Tuesday, November 7, had been chosen as the night to commit the crime, this date being chosen on account of its being presidential election day, on the night of which, the criminals judged, the excitement incident to the receiving of the returns would serve to shield them from any attention they might attract under ordinary circumstances. Hughes, Mullen and Swegles were to open the tomb, extract the casket and load it into the waiting wagon. Swegles part of the preliminaries was to secure the wagon and driver, which he assured his conspirators had been done, and after the work at the tomb had been done he was to accompany the contractor furnishing the conveyance into Indiana. It had also been decided that the trio should go to Springfield on the night of November 6, in order to be able to make such preliminary surveys and arrangements as might be found necessary.

On the theory that, with the information in hand, there could be no difficulty in preventing the conspirators from carrying out their plan, there had been no dissent among the government employes as to the wisdom of going further and permitting the tomb robbers to progress far enough with their work to enable the law officers to capture the criminals red-headed, Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyr president, and Leonard Swett had been kept fully informed of the conception and development of the plot and had agreed that the capture of the counterfeiters in their initial grave-robbing effort would be preferable merely to frightening them out of the attempt, a course that had been pursued in the instance of the plot of eight months before. At a conference at which Mr. Lincoln was present the services of Elmer Washburn, who had in the meantime been superseded in the chieftainship of the secret service by John McDonald, who had assisted in the capture of Ben Boyd, and John McGinn and George Hay, Pinkerton men, were provided for to assist in the capture of the vandals. Owing to the importance of the case Allan Pinkerton had assigned his best two men.

Mr. Lincoln protested against the plot being allowed to proceed to the point where profane hands might actually be laid on his father's coffin, but Mr. Swett insisted that an overt act must be committed by them before the vandals could be successfully prosecuted, and our plans were not changed.

This conference was held in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock the evening of the same day Mullen, Hughes and Swegles swung aboard the front platform of the front coach of the Alton train just as it moved out of the Chicago station. McGinn, Hay and I boarded the last sleeper of the same train, after having satisfied ourselves by careful shadowing that the professional counterfeiters, now amateur tomb robbers, were aboard. Washburn and McDonald were to go to Springfield on the next train and arrive there at four o'clock on the afternoon of the day set for the robbery. We arrived at Springfield two hours late and registered at the St. Nicholas hotel under assumed names. We found that Mullen and Hughes, also under false names, had registered at the St. Charles hotel, a small house not far from the St. Nicholas. They had retired to gain rest before entering on their bold work and had left orders to be called at ten o'clock in the morning.

An hour before that time I received a call by appointment from John T. Stuart, of the Lincoln guard of honor, in whose office Abraham Lincoln had read law. We proceeded at once to the Lincoln monument, in Oak Ridge cemetery, where I was introduced to John C. Power, custodian of the Lincoln tomb, with whom I made a thorough examination and mental survey of the monument structure and surrounding grounds. A spot was selected at which one of the detectives could be stationed from which he could hear the robbers at work on the sarcophagus. Custodian Power was told that during the afternoon two men whose descriptions were given would appear at the tomb and that any questions asked by them should be answered with the customary courtesy accorded visitors to the monument.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that Hughes and Swegles appeared, paid the usual fee and entered false names in the visitors' register. Hughes asked many questions, which were fully and truthfully answered. Mullen, as we found later, had remained in the city to collect such tools as he thought necessary for forcing open the tomb and marble sarcophagus. At five o'clock Detective Hay was dispatched to the cemetery to inform Custodian Power that the other officers were coming, and two hours later, after a conference in the hotel where the work of each man had been assigned to him, we reached the monument.

The day had been dark, and at six o'clock all daylight had faded from the cemetery. Inside Memorial hall the darkness was intense. By those of my readers who have seen the burial place of Abraham Lincoln it will be remembered that Memorial hall is at the south end of the monument structure and the catacomb containing the body at the north end, 175 feet away. I had selected Memorial hall as the best hiding place for our men, Swegles having promised to inform us in our hiding place when the right moment was at hand for us to appear at the door of the catacomb and thereby entrap the ghouls at their work. Swegles was to work with Hughes and Mullen until the sarcophagus was opened and the casket ready to be loaded into the wagon. Then he was to go for the conveyance, which was supposed to be hidden near by. While on this mission he was to make his way around the base of the



THE FLARE OF A BULL'S-EYE LANTERN SHOT THROUGH THE BARS.

hill, come to the door of Memorial hall and give the signal that the time for action had come. That there might be no mistake in the darkness that might mean death to any of us I had agreed upon.

We had been concealed in Memorial hall in almost breathless quiet for about two hours, when suddenly the flare of a bull's-eye lantern was shot through the bars of the iron door leading into the hall, and we knew that the conspiracy was rapidly being put into actual execution. From their hurried examination of the hall by the aid of the lantern the ghouls evidently satisfied themselves that no one was inside. At any rate, they departed in a moment and made around the base of the monument to the north end, where lay the body they were running such desperate risks to secure. We knew that the next few minutes would be fraught with events that might mean death to any of us. I now had more reason than ever before to believe in the truthfulness of Swegles and that he would keep his promise to signal us when the right time arrived. So we waited for this signal, and at last it came.

If this story were a fancy of my brain instead of a narrative of facts the current of it would here take a sudden turn from the lines I am compelled to pen. For more than a year I had plotted to outwit the shrewd and desperate criminals with whom we were dealing and, up to this point, had been successful. As soon as Swegles had given the signal we moved cautiously out of Memorial hall and I ordered the others to follow me.

At the giving of this order every man drew his revolver, to be prepared for the fight that we all believed inevitable. In doing so Detective Hay, of the Pinkerton force, accidentally discharged a percussion cap in the old-style Colt's revolver he carried. As the detonation was not loud I paid little attention to it, and ran swiftly around to the door of the catacomb, with the others behind me. The staple containing the lock of the iron door had been sawed and filed off, and the door stood a few inches ajar.

even the sound of breathing was audible. I then struck a match. The tools used by the ghouls lay scattered over the floor and the sarcophagus was battered to pieces in such a way as to allow the casket to be moved lengthwise toward the door. The vandals had fled.

There is but one word that adequately describes the sensation that came over me, and that is "cheapness." After weeks of careful planning to catch red-handed the men whose criminality had taken on so depraved a turn that they would resort to the theft of the body of the most beloved American, we found that they had outwitted us. As quickly as I could recover my presence of mind after the shock of surprise over finding the catacomb empty except for the desecrated sarcophagus, I ordered my assistants to separate and scour the shrubbery surrounding for the ghouls. Going back, it occurred to me that the ghouls might have sought concealment on the upper parts of the structure. In the shadow I saw the figures of two men whom I could not discern clearly enough to identify them. It never occurred to me that they might be other than Hughes and Mullen, and I called out for the men below to come up. I fired at them, and they returned the fire, running at the same time to the northeast corner of the terrace. I fired again and again. The shot was answered, the bullets whistling past my head. Then one of the men shouted:

"Tyrrell, is that you?" I made no answer, believing that one of the men was Hughes and knowing he would recognize my voice. Again the excited question was asked, and I still kept silent. It took but a moment, however, for the pursued men to make themselves known as McGinn and Hay, the Pinkerton men, who had mounted the steps in the hope of finding the ghouls hidden there.

Thus for a time was the most serious and dastardly plot ever devised turned into a farce. Our prey had escaped, and in order to justify ourselves against the ridicule that would be heaped on us when the events of the night became known I immediately took up the trail of Hughes and Mul-

len. After finding they had breakfasted at a farmhouse about seven miles from Springfield the next morning they were again lost to us. There could now be no rest till the men were run to earth. Ten days later they were located in the saloon at 294 West Madison street and arrested by Detectives Simmons, of the Chicago city force; McGinn, of the Pinkertons, and Elmer Washburn and myself, of the secret service.

They were taken to Springfield, indicted and tried on the charges of robbery and larceny, there being no specific statute at that time against grave robbing, and sent to the penitentiary for a year. Their counsel, in the trial of the case at Springfield, raised the cry that the secret service had "put up a job" on his clients in order to get them out of the way for counterfeiting operations, but the absurdity of that defense was too apparent to save the counterfeiters from prison.

This is the true record of a plot that failed. It is not known to this day why Hughes and Mullen left the tomb after Swegles went after the team he was supposed to have, but which, in fact, did not exist. One theory is that they heard the detonation of Hay's revolver and fled. Another is that they left the tomb to meet Swegles and the driver, and instead saw the officers rushing on them. Whatever may be the correct theory, their escape from the tomb before we reached it was merely one of the innumerable breaks in the plans of all detectives—except in story books.

How You Can Tell. A pretty girl is one who gets a seat on a crowded car. Obsolete Theater Curtain. At a theater in London, one night recently, the hydraulic power that controls the asbestos curtain gave out and the curtain slowly but inexorably descended a few minutes after the performance had begun. After half an hour of unavailing attempts to raise the curtain the people in the theater were dismissed and their entrance money was refunded. A Good Example. Nearly every sort of villainy is associated with gravity and grimy faces. Look at the humorist, for example.

THE BAD BOY TELLS THE GROCERYMAN ABOUT THEIR TRIP ACROSS-THEY ARE SEA-SICK-DAD MEETS A WIDOW AND LOSES HIS HEART AND POCKET-BOOK-HE APPROPRIATES A STEAMER CHAIR AND QUARRELS WITH THE OWNER.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of "Peck's Sun." Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," (Etc.) (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Say, old geezer," said the Bad Boy to his uncle as he settled himself on one of the groceryman's cracker boxes. "I never wrote you about our trip across, did I. Well, I tried a dozen times to write, but the sea was so rough that part of the time the table was on top of me and part of the time I was on top, and I was so sick I seemed to have lost my mind, over the rail, with the other things supposed to be inside of me.

"Oh, old man, you think you know what seasickness is, 'cause you told me once about crossing Lake Michigan on a peach-boat, but lake sickness is easy compared with the ocean malady. I could enjoy common seasickness and



AND THEY GOT OFFULLY MIXED UP.

ever fortune might place him, and all that rot, when the boat got so far away they could not hear him, and then he came off his perch, and said: "Henney, that little impromptu demonstration to your father, on the eve of his departure from his native land, perhaps never to return, ought to be a deep and lasting lesson to you, and to show you that the estimation in which I am held by our people, is worth millions to you, and you can point with pride to your father."

"I said 'rats' and dad said he wouldn't wonder if the boat was full of rats, and then we stood on deck, and watched the objects of interest down the bay. As we passed the statue of Liberty, which France gave to the republic, on Bedloe's Island, dad started to make a speech to the passengers, but one of the officers of the boat told dad this was no democratic caucus, and that choked him off, but he was loaded for a speech, and I knew it was only a matter of time when he would have to fire it off, but I thought when we got outside the bar, into the ocean, his speech would come up with the rest of the stuff, and I guess it did. For after he began to be sick he had to keep his mouth shut, which was a great relief to me, for I felt that he would say something that would get this country into trouble with other nations, as there were lots of foreigners on board.

"I heard that J. Pierpont Morgan was on board, and I told everybody I got in conversation with that dad was Pierpont Morgan, and when people began to call him Mr. Morgan, I told dad the passengers thought he was Morgan, the great financier, and it tickled dad, and he never denied it. Anyway, the captain put dad and I at his own table, and he called me "Little Pierp," and everybody discussed great financial questions with dad, and everything would have been lovely the whole trip, only Morgan came amongst us after he had been seasick for three days, and they gave him a seat opposite us, and with two Morgans at the same table it was a good deal like two Uncle Toms in an Uncle Tom's Cabin show, so dad had to stay in his stateroom on account of sickness, a good deal.

"Then dad got to walking on deck and flirting with the female passengers. Say, did you ever see an old man who was stuck on himself, and thought that every woman who looked at him, from curiosity or because he had a wart on his neck, and watch him get busy making 'em believe he is a young and kitchy thing, who is irresistible? Gee, but it makes me tired. No man can mash, and make eyes, and have a love scene, when he has to go to the rail every few minutes and hump himself with something in him that is knocking at the door of his palate, to come out the same way it went in. Dad found a widow woman who looked back at him kind of sassy, when he braced up to her, and when the ship rolled and she stepped, he took hold of her arm to steady her, and she said maybe they better sit down on deck and talk it over, so dad found a couple of stateroom chairs that were not in use, and they sat down near together, and dad took hold of her hand to see if she was nervous, and he told me I could go and play mumbletypeg in the cabin, and I went in the cabin and looked out of the window at dad and the widow. Say, you wouldn't think two chairs could get so close, and dad was sure love sick, and so was she.

The difference between love sick and sea sick is that in love sick you look red in the face and snuggle up, and squeeze hands, and look fondly, and swallow your emotion, and try to wait patiently until it is dark enough so the spectators won't notice anything, and in sea sickness you get pale in the face, and spread apart, and let go of hands, and after you have stood it as long as you can you rush to the rail and act as though you were going to jump overboard, and then stop sudden and let 'er-go-gallagher, right before folks, and after it is over you try to look as though you had enjoyed it. I will say this much for dad, he and the widow never played a duet over the rail, but they took turns, and dad held her as tenderly as though they were engaged, and when he got her back to the

New Expression of Honor in Student Life

By C. ALPHONSO SMITH, Dean Graduate Dept. University of North Carolina.

A significant change for the better, college rebellions as well as conflicts between gownsmen and townsfolk being now comparatively rare. Student honor has still, however, its inconsistencies, the two nerve centers now being athletics and examinations. The popularity of baseball and football has grown faster than the means devised to control the abuses connected with them. Methods of safeguarding intercollegiate athletics are yet in an experimental stage. The duty of the hour is to educate public opinion in and out of the college so that it will despise the doctrine of victory at any price. This is the slogan that is most responsible for deception both on examinations and in athletics. The faculties of colleges and universities have here a high duty and a rare opportunity.

The honor system of conducting examinations is better than the espionage system. The former trains the student for responsible citizenship and, from the testimony of those who have tried both systems, gives occasion for less cheating.

There is no reason for pessimism. The responsibility for a high standard of student honor rests with the faculties of colleges and universities. Student honor needs neither praise nor blame so much as recognition, enlightenment, and cooperation.

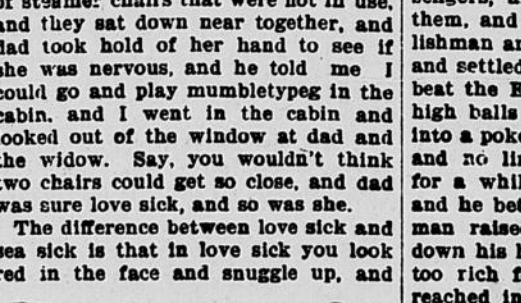
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PUT CAMPHOR TO HER NOSE AND ACTED LIKE AN UNDERAKER.

steamer chair he stroked her face and put camphor to her nose, and acted like an undertaker that wasn't going to let the remains get away from him. They were having a nice convalescent time, just afore it broke up, and dad either of them been sick for ten minutes, and dad had put his arm around her shoulders, and was talking lovingly into dad's eyes, and they were talking of meeting again in France in a few weeks, where she was going to rent a villa, and dad was saying he would be there with both feet, when I opened the window and said, "The steward is bringing around a lunch, and I have ordered two boiled pork sandwiches for you two easy meals."

"Well, you'd a dide to see 'em jump. What there is about the idea of fat pork that makes people who are sea sick have a repulse, I don't know, but the woman grabbed her stummik in both hands and left dad and rushed into the cabin yelling 'enough,' or something like that, and dad laid right back in the chair and blatted like a calf, and said he would kill me dead when we got ashore.

THIN BLOOD—WEAK NERVES

One Follows the Other, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Give Quality to Both.

The steady use of a particular set of muscles tends to chronic fatigue, which produces faulty or difficult motion, trembling, cramps and even paralysis. Writers, telegraphers, tailors and seamstresses are among the classes most threatened in this way with the loss of their power to earn a living. The following instance shows that nerve power may be recovered after it seems entirely lost, if the right means are taken. Mrs. O. S. Blackston, of No. 564 North Bow-man street, Mansfield, Ohio, says: "For years my hands would become so numb so often that I would drop anything I attempted to lift. Later they became so bad that I could not sew any longer, and at last I could scarcely do anything at all with my hands. A night the pricking sensations would come worse than ever, and my hands and arms would pain so that I dreaded to go to bed. My family doctor gave me some nerve tablets. They helped me a little, but only for a short time after I had taken them and if it happened to be without them for a day or two I would be as bad as ever or even worse. Finally I got a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began to take them.

"The result was surprising. By the time I had taken the last pill in my first box I could sew a gain. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am now all right. I can sleep undisturbed by pain, and for two years I have been as well as ever."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed the nerves by making new, rich blood and in this way have cured nervous diseases of every description from simple restlessness to paralysis. They have banished the tortures of neuralgia, the weakness of nervous prostration, the disability and awful pain of locomotor ataxia. They are sold by all druggists or direct by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Advertisement for Sloan's Liniment, Cure for Swine Cholea and Hog Cholera. Includes text: "On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pommet Slicer" and "A. J. TOWER CO. TOWER CANADIAN CO. TORONTO, CANADA."

FACTS ABOUT KOREA.

The people are miserably poor. The country is aristocracy ridden. Game abounds; the soil is very fertile. All the people are timid and peaceful. The Korean men are tall and handsome. The women are squat, shapeless and ugly. Its landscapes are gems, winter or summer. The peasant is bled to the limit of endurance. The king's retinue is gorgeous in silk and colors. Justice is bought and sold. Officials buy their places. The country is healthy and delightful all the year round. Seoul's mayor was chosen because of his skill in sorcery. It is considered, in natural beauty, the Italy of the orient. Taxes are farmed out like in France before the revolution. Korea has no religion. Buddhism was disestablished years ago. The better class of women are never allowed to appear in public. Seoul, the capital, is mean and squalid beyond description. Merchants who appear prosperous are tortured until they make "loans" to the nobility. The king orders displays of devils and performances of magicians for royal funerals.

COFFEE NEURALGIA

Leaves When You Quit and Use Postum. A lady who unconsciously drifted into nervous prostration brought on by coffee, says: "I have been a coffee drinker all my life, and used it regularly, three times a day. A year or two ago I became subject to nervous neuralgia, attacks of nervous headache and general nervous prostration which not only incapacitated me for doing my household work, but frequently made it necessary for me to remain in a dark room for two or three days at a time. I employed several good doctors, one after the other, but none of them was able to give me permanent relief. Eight months ago a friend suggested that perhaps coffee was the cause of my troubles and that I try Postum Food Coffee and give up the old kind. I am glad I took her advice, for my health has been entirely restored. I have no more neuralgia, nor have I had one solitary headache in all these eight months. No more of my days are wasted in solitary confinement in a dark room. I do all my own work with ease. The flesh that I lost during the years of my nervous prostration has come back to me during these months. I enclose a list of names of friends who can vouch for the truth of the statement." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Ten days' trial leaving off coffee and using Postum is sufficient. All grocers.