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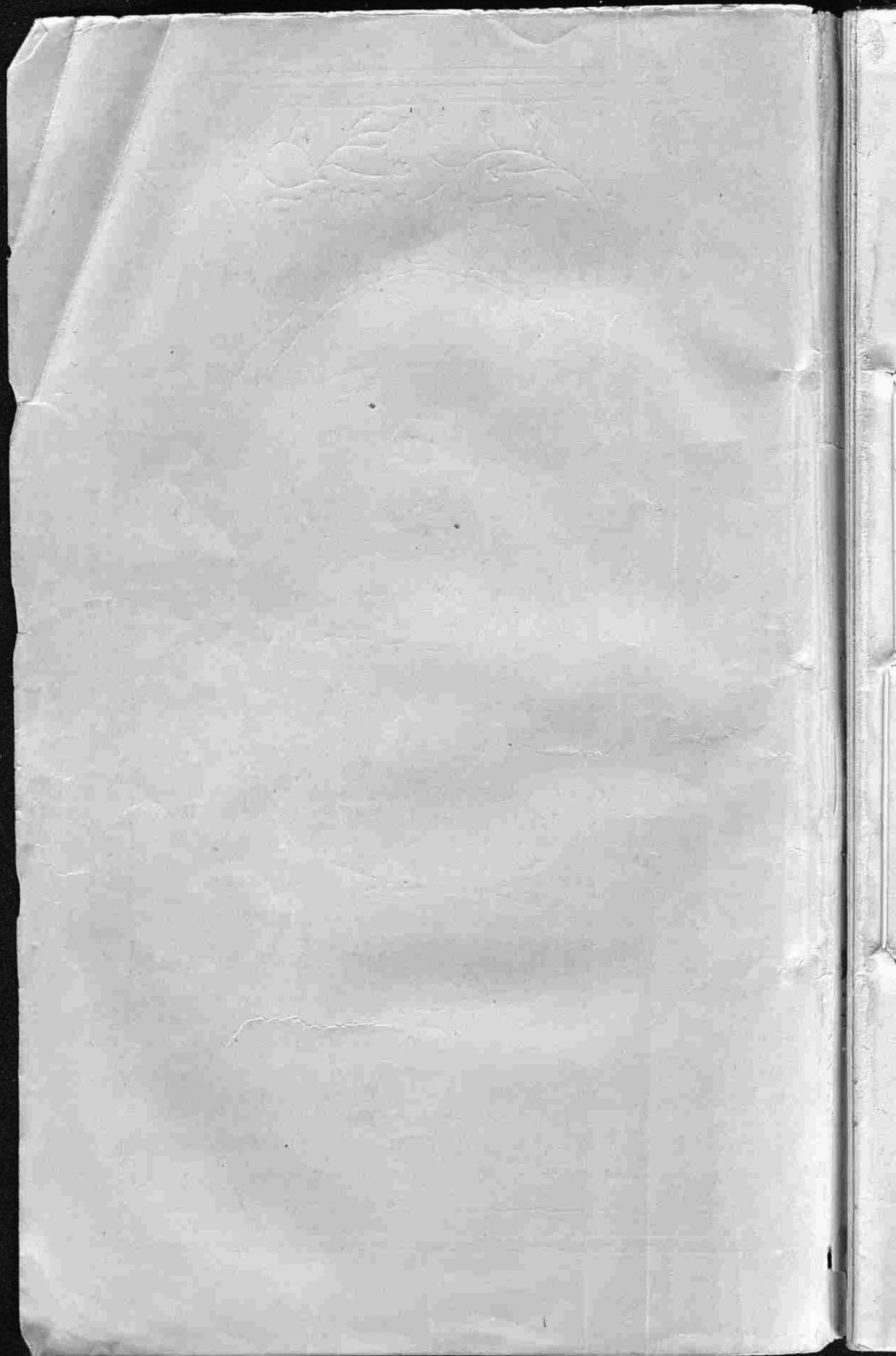
Compliments of Box 260

ALICE DUNBAR



THE CELEBRATED HORSE THIEF

PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.



THE THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF

ALICE DUNBAR,

THE CELEBRATED HORSE THIEF,

AND

FEMALE JACK SHEPPARD,"

WHOSE DARING EXPLOITS HAVE CREATED THE GREATEST EXCITEMENT
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

SEE EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

SHE IS STYLED BY THE DETECTIVES "THE WOMAN OF MANY DISGUISES."

A TRUE STORY.

EDITED BY JAMES COLLEY, DETECTIVE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND WHOLESALE BOOKSELLERS,
610 ARCH STREET.

202 * (Gen'l) - Banta - 8.7.56

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

Alice Dunbar, who came to this town in disguise, and who was arrested for the murder of Mr. James Gault, and afterwards identified by Mr. James Colley, the celebrated New York Detective, as a female horse thief, escaped during the trial this morning. It appears that Mr. Colley suspected another party of the murder, and caused his arrest. He confessed that he did the deed. His name is Colville. While every one was deeply interested in listening to the murderer's confession, Alice Dunbar escaped. A full account of the trial, will appear in our next issue.—*Richland Farmer, May 23d.*

Samuel Collville, the murderer, is to be hanged to-day.—*Richland Farmer, August 8th.*

Mr. James Colley, the celebrated Detective, succeeded in arresting all the thieves concerned in the late horse robberies. Among others is a young girl about nineteen, who, although beautiful, is at the head of the depredations, in fact a female horse thief. They will be tried on the 30th of this month.—*Buck Eye Gleaner, Ky., June 24th.*

Alice Dunbar, who is now becoming celebrated as a "Female Jack Shepard," and horse thief, escaped from jail this morning. A full account in another column.—*Buck Eye Gleaner, June 29th.*

A scandal has become current in this town, to the effect, that a son of Mr. Charles Wintten has eloped with a woman who represented herself to be a governess, and under that *non de plume*, she procured a situation in Mr. Wintten's house. The young man fell desperately in love with her, and they have left for parts unknown, taking with them, two splendid horses, jewels, money, etc. We will give a full account when we learn all the particulars.—*River View Practical Farmer, Ky., July 5th.*

We are informed by Mr. James Colley, the celebrated Detective, that the young woman, mentioned in our account published on the 6th, entitled "The River View Scandal," was no less than Alice Dunbar, the Female Horse Thief, whose celebrity has become almost world-wide. Mr. Colley is now on her track, and will doubtless secure her before long. She has as many disguises as a tiger has spots.—*River View Practical Farmer, July 7th.*

Mr. James Colley, the New York Detective, passed through this town today. He is after Alice Dunbar, commonly called "The Female Jack Shepard and Horse Thief." We wish him success.—*Burlington Idea, July 8th.*

And one hundred others, space not allowing us to give them.

202 * (Gen'l) - Banta - 8.7.56

ALICE DUNBAR,

THE FEMALE HORSE THIEF.

IN the afternoon of a warm summer's day I was sitting in my office, and the heat being so great, I really believe I had *almost* fallen asleep. Previous to this I had been reading, or trying to read, a letter from a Western correspondent, in regard to a young clerk formerly in his employ, who had absconded, taking with him some fifteen thousand dollars in good greenbacks. My correspondent, though a man of wealth, was evidently no scholar, judging from his penmanship and miserable spelling. In trying to wade through his lengthy and illy-composed letter, I fell back perfectly exhausted, either from the excessive heat or the man's ideas. Well, to come to "dots," as we detectives are wont to do, I had probably slept an hour or so, when I was awakened by a slap on the shoulder, and languidly opening my eyes I beheld a man of, I should say, fifty-five, standing by my chair. With something like an inward growl, I asked his business.

"My business, sir," said he, "is briefly explained. Before proceeding further, however, let me know are you Mr. James Colley the young detective, about whom the papers have said so much?"

We are all prone to flattery, and with feelings of gratification, I acknowledged, as gracefully as my position in the chair would admit, that I was *the* man.

"Well, sir," said he, "some two or three days since, I wrote you—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "I received your letter to-day—noon, and have earnestly digested the matter contained therein, and have come

to the conclusion that you wish to engage my services, as a detective, to hunt up the young man lately in your employ."

"Right, sir!" he exclaimed, with a dialect peculiar to Englishmen. "I *do* wish your services, and I shall pay you handsomely; and in case of success," he added, "I will give you a good round sum."

"Enough, sir!" I said, "although I live by the money earned in this way, yet without ambition, I should be but an automaton brought to mechanical perfection."

"The young man," he continued, "is, I am ashamed to say, my nephew, my brother's son. He was born in England, and in 1857, shortly after my brother's death, I determined to settle in America, and the boy being without parents, I resolved to adopt him, having no children of my own. At that time he was but nine years of age, and during the thirteen years I have been in business in this country, I have amassed enough to last me through the rest of *my* life, and leave him a handsome sum to commence upon at my death. Last year Wilson, for so we call the boy, became acquainted with a girl about two years his junior, who possessed a beautiful face and form, and a girl of this description is certainly an object to turn the heads of most young men of twenty-one. Well, everything was progressing finely, and Wilson was getting along first-rate, having become so great a help to me in my business, that I could scarcely do without him. A week or two previous to running away, I had rented another store, and had intended to make it a branch of my establishment, and in so doing was obliged to draw a considerable sum from the bank, in order to enable me to purchase a large stock with cash. I drew up the cheque and sent Wilson with it to the bank. Some hours elapsed, and still no sign of Wilson. I did not, however, feel alarmed, as the boy would often stop at stores and ascertain the different prices, in order that we might regulate ours with those of the other merchants. Or, perhaps, thought I, he is at the new store giving orders in regard to the putting up of shelves. When supper time came, and with it no Wilson, I was alarmed indeed. Perhaps the boy has been way-laid and robbed, thought I, for no suspicion of the boy proving dishonest entered my mind. After supper, and still no news of Wilson, I went out in search of him. But, as you now know, the search was fruitless. I am inclined to think that he eloped with Miss Alice Dunbar, the young girl whom I mentioned, although I have no proof that such is the case, as I did not know her address before Wilson ran away, and have been unable to learn it since. I con-

clude my story, sir, with these few words, it is not my intention to have the boy imprisoned, as it were a kind action to reclaim the youth from his vicious course and associates."

Here the old man wept.

As soon as Mr. Allston, for so he gave his name, could control his feelings, he gave me a complete description of his nephew and the young woman. In making Mr. Allston's name thus public, I commit no error, as the newspapers have done so before me.

We came to an understanding at last, and, with a relieved look, Mr. Allston took his departure.

The next day I commenced "slinging ink," and but a short time elapsed, before an advertisement appeared among the "personals" in the "Herald" reading:—

"Wilson! see me at half past two this afternoon at Stuart's, very important." Alice.

Half an hour before the time appointed, in the advertisement, I repaired to Stuart's store, or at least directly opposite, and as it would look suspicious in me to stand there unoccupied, I set a boot-black at work on my shoes, and after he had finished, engaged another, until I really thought there would be no shoes left. My bill for blacking amounted to nearly one dollar. The incredulous reader, may say, such a thing would be noticed, but let me inform all such, that in a great city like New York, and especially on a street like Broadway, a man might, genteelly dressed get down and black his own boots and it would scarcely be noticed. I waited, and waited, till patience ceased to be a virtue, and at last, after having almost given up all hopes of Wilson falling into the trap laid for him, I beheld a young man exactly answering my description of him. I crossed over to the other side of the street, and getting directly behind him shouted, "Mr. Allston!"

He turned, and, seeing me, exclaimed, "My name is *not* Allston, Sir!"

"My dear boy!" said I, (for you must know we detectives acquire a familiar way of addressing persons whom we are going to arrest.) "you are laboring under a great mistake, but the weather being very hot, perhaps it affects your brain. Now to my certain knowledge you were called, Mr. Wilson Allston by your friends in Cincinnati, where you have been living some thirteen years if I remember correctly, your native place being England." There was no denying this assertion, and Mr. Allston asked.

"Are you from England?"

"I am, sir—a great way *from* it," I added, aside

"Then perhaps you are a friend (?)"

"Yes, of your uncle," I assented.

"Glad to see you, sir;" said he.

"Then you *are* the nephew of my friend, Samuel Allston?"

"I am, sir."

"Then sir," said I, "allow me in the coolest possible manner to inform you that I am Mr. James Colley, detective."

"From England?" asked he, still blind to the drift of my conversation.

"Oh no, I am an American detective, and arrest you for the theft of fifteen thousand dollars, from your uncle, Samuel Allston."

The young man grew pale, and it was easy to be seen that he was unused to a scene of the kind, and his dejected manner, would imply that he had not yet become hardened to vice.

"To avoid a scene," I whispered, for a crowd had already collected around us, owing to the peculiar manner in which we stood, "to avoid a scene you had better come in a quiet manner." A bow of the head was my answer as he walked quietly by my side. As we had plenty of time to catch the 4.20 train, I resolved that we immediately go to Cincinnati. A resolution once formed by me, is generally carried out, and, in the space of time required, we reached Cincinnati, and in an hour after, young Wilson Allston was in the presence of his uncle. He had actually squandered every dollar of the money taken. Alice Dunbar left him as soon as the money *evaporated*, taking with her a goodly sum. He became deeply interested in the game of "Faro," and once at it, no power on earth could save him, until everything had gone.

I received five hundred dollars for my trouble, and that was a pretty good three days' job, I take it! After a sumptuous dinner, provided by Mr. Samuel Allston, I left for New York, and upon reaching that city, made a "bee line" for my office.

I sat down to think the matter over, in a comfortable manner only allowed to those who can have the satisfaction of knowing "they have done well."

Thinking that it would probably be the last I should ever hear of the Allston family, I resolved to *finish the nap previously interrupted by the head of it.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS





Alice Dunbar persuades Charles Wintten, Jr. to elope with her, taking with them two of his father's finest horses.

SECOND PAPER.

[This heading may sound queer, but allow me to inform the reader, that in this manner I have numbered all the cases which I have ever had in hand, and as each of these papers have a direct connection with each other, I shall continue so throughout the book.]

About a week after the affair I have just related, I received a visit from a farmer who informed me that he had lost two blooded horses, and by whom they were stolen, he had no idea. Several others in his neighborhood had suffered in a similar manner, and they had appointed him to secure my services. Richland, and its vicinity was the location where the depredations had been committed.

After receiving from him full details of the manner in which the horses had been stolen, I promised to take the case in hand. With many thanks my new acquaintance took his leave. It appeared that Mr. Gault, (the man who had but just left my office,) had lost two horses at two *different* times, only three days having elapsed between the loss of the first and second horse. From this I could readily see that the thief was not a professional horse stealer, as they always use better judgment than to take two horses from the same place, at times so near to each other. Having locked the door of my office, I posted up a notice thereon, that I had gone to Atlantic City. This was to avert suspicion, for my office is continually watched by "sharps," who would immediately convey intelligence to their "pals" of my being on the "scent." I took the cars for Atlantic City, and upon arriving there, disguised myself completely with a wig, side-whiskers, etc. Arrived in Richland, I commenced inquiries as to the best fishing grounds, in order to create the impression that I was a gentleman of leisure, seeking pleasure. After fishing the greater part of the afternoon, I strolled slowly and carelessly back towards the hotel, and on arriving at that "hallowed spot," I repaired to the "unhallowed spot," the bar-room. Seating myself in a manner which would imply that I did not know what to do, I fell, or pretended to fall, into a sound sleep, at the same time I took a good look at the different persons assembled in the room. They were all common-place looking men, except one, and he could scarcely be called a man, as neither age, nor appearance would allow the term. He sat with his chair leaned back against the wall, and the awkward manner in which he sustained the

position, would prove that he was unaccustomed to it. The boy might have been eighteen, surely not more. He possessed a clear skin, and a beautiful blue eye, in fact, his whole appearance was very prepossessing, and I felt inclined to draw him into conversation. Apparently awaking from a deep sleep, I arose, and walking to the bar, I called for a drink, at the same time turning, and saying:—

"Gentlemen, this is to our better acquaintance, won't you come and join me." With not the least show of reluctance they came forward, and called for the different drinks, each to his taste. You may think it over-drawn when I assert that the landlord actually gave them brandy, whisky, and sherry from the *same bottle*, only setting the bottle behind the bar, and taking it up as the different drinks were called for. I was perhaps the only one besides the "unworthy host," who was a witness to the proceeding, as in true faith I was perfectly sober, whilst I doubt if any one in the room the boy excepted, could make the same assertion. The boy was the only one who did not answer my call to take a drink. This I noticed, and said:—

"Come, young man, won't you have something?"

"No, thank you," said he in a musical voice, "I do not drink."

"Take a segar, or a lemonade (?)"

"I don't smoke," he asserted, with a blush, "but I'll take a lemonade."

"The young'un will come to his whisky soon enough," remarked a bystander.

This was the cause of a general laugh, and was followed by the remark from the landlord.

"Dod's a funny feller, ain't he?"

To this the company assented, and "Dod" concluded with:—

"Well I reckon I ought-ter be, I traveled with a circus four years, and, gentlemen, yer may talk about yer operas, they can't compare with a circus, I never could make any sense out of the derned things, and I guess I spend about as much money as any two men in this yer village, don't I, Tom?"—to the landlord.

Oh, yes," said that person, but there was a look that accompanied these words which seemed to say: "You get trust for as much as any two."

"Take a drink, stranger (?)"

"Certainly," said I.

We took a drink and "Dod," after bidding me good day walked out, saying to "our host:"

"Score it down, Tom."

"The chalk is wearing out, 'Dod,'" said the landlord, as he reached the door. "Nice respectable fellers," added the landlord "but they will drink a *little bit too much*."

"On trust?"

"Yes! Why you're funnier than 'Dod.'"

With this *unsolicited compliment*, he turned to making a whiskey cock-tail, for a customer who had just entered, out of the *sherry wine bottle*. I now addressed the boy in a kind manner, but found that he had no inclination to enter into conversation. Still I persevered.

"Fishing is pretty good in this neighborhood, is it not," I asked.

"Guess it is," was my rather short answer.

At that moment a commotion outside drew my attention that way, and throwing a ball of fishing line to the youth, I said, "hold that for me a moment, will you?" I was about to exit hurriedly, when the peculiar manner in which the lad opened his legs to catch the ball, attracted my attention. Instead of closing his legs to catch it as a man would do, he spread them wide open.

There was no *positive* proof in this action, that the boy was a *woman in disguise*, but it was certainly the right "cue" for a detective to take and work upon. Resolving to watch the boy closely, I went out, and found that the commotion was caused by a run-away norse.

I learned that night before going to bed, that the lad had been in the village for a week or so. Sometimes he would go, no one knew where, and then return. Mr. Gault had engaged him as clerk in the mill, his duties were to commence to-morrow, and further, he was to board with Mr. Gault, and be considered as one of the family. Now it never entered my head that this boy (or girl) had anything to do with the case I was working upon, but, I reasoned, it may be some other mysterious affair, and why not "kill two birds with one stone." With many conjectures as to the course I should pursue in the morning, I retired for the night.

At a late hour the next day, I arose, and in a dreamy sort-of-don't-care manner, I inquired of the landlord the direction of Mr. Gault's mills, and after having partaken of a hearty breakfast, I bent my steps toward the mill. Everything, in and around the buildings, presented one grand scene of life, that would seem to say to the idle "rouse thou sluggard and commence to make thyself a thing of usefulness."

Upon arriving at the mill, I inquired for Mr. Gault's office, and being shown it, went in, and immediately found myself in that gentleman's presence. Now be it remembered, that I was still in disguise, and of course Mr. Gault did not know me. I informed him that I was sojourning in the town of Richland, and having heard of his mills had determined to visit them. He begged a few minutes absence, and left the office, for the purpose of conveying the news to the operatives, that a gentleman was about to go through the mill, and to put them upon their "best behavior."

I had noticed upon entering the room, that the young man whom I had met in the bar-room of the hotel, was sitting in a corner of the office, apparently, deeply engaged in some writing before him.

"Good-morning young man" said I.

"The same to you, sir," was his reply.

"A beautiful day," I remarked.

"Yes," rather short.

"You are clerk here I suppose."

"Yes," in a careless manner

"Been here long," I asked.

"No!"

The answers given, couched as they were in monosyllables, be same disagreeable to me, and I had resolved to ask nothing further when after a long silence, the youth asked.

"You are here on business no doubt?"

"Yes," in the same style he had answered me.

"You seem to be *particularly* interested in me," said he, somewhat hurt by my paying him in his "own coin."

"No, not at all," in a careless manner.

This not over agreeable conversation, to either of us I should judge from *my* feelings, was interrupted by Mr. Gault, who entered at that moment.

"Now sir, if you are ready, I'll conduct you through the place," said he in a pleasant voice.

I thanked him, and turning, followed him from the room. Once outside the door, I whispered, "I am James Colley!" You never saw a man so thunder-struck.

"Well, well," said he, I never should have known you in that disguise. "I'm glad to see you though," he added.

"Mum! about my being here, for if it should once be known, every attempt at finding out the horse thief, would be useless."

"I understand you perfectly, but in what way can I assist you?"

"Take me to your house, introduce me to your family as a young man highly recommended to you, and moreover, possessing a large fortune, and entertaining ideas of buying land in the neighborhood of Richland."

"Good! I will, and as it is now approaching dinner time, suppose we go home. Harry, dinner will be ready in a few minutes, you had better leave your writing till afternoon," said he, calling to the young man.

"All right, sir," said that worthy.

Arriving at Mr. Gault's house, I was introduced to his family according to my instructions. "By the way," said I to Mr. Gault after we had been conversing some time, "What is the name of your clerk?"

"Harry Ainsley."

"Do you know where he came from?"

From New York City, he informed me."

He is quite bright looking, and will no doubt make a useful acquisition to your mill."

Here the conversation was changed, until young Harry, entered. noticed that Miss Lillie Gault, Mr. Gault's daughter, blushed deeply, upon being introduced to him. Lillie was a blonde, possessing beautiful blue eyes, which had the power of speaking a "dictionary full of words," if their owner chose to use them for that purpose. The beauty of her face, was only equaled by her magnificent form. Indeed she is a heavenly being thought I, and I confess that the shadow of a jealous feeling possessed me when she blushed at being introduced to Harry Ainsley.

After dinner, Mr. Gault proposed a ride, for the purpose of showing me *some land*, as he said, but of course his real intention was to introduce me to the different farmers, from whom horses had been stolen. The necessary form of an introduction to the farmers, having been gone through with, and instructions given them, I visited the county sheriff, and officers, and after having gained their promise to leave all to me, and to afford me any assistance should I need it, I went directly to the hotel. In the bar-room I met "funny Dod," his companions, and two new faces. I asked the party up to drink, and "our Dod" took the responsibility of introducing me to the two I had not seen before.

"Gentlemen," said that obsequious individual, "this is an old friend of mine, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Stoner." I suggested."

"Yes, Mr. Stoner, and an old friend of mine, I knew him in—"

"India," I again suggested, glad to be anybody else, rather than myself.

"Yes, gentlemen, in India, and now allow me to introduce you to Mr. Marmaduke Grouse, justice of the peace, and Mr. George Washington St. John Bollingbrooke Blackstone Richards, his assistant," and here "my friend Dod" concluded, for want of breath perhaps.

Mr. Marmaduke Grouse struck an attitude as nearly perpendicular as the amount of whisky imbibed would admit, and attempted to bow gracefully, but did it *disgracefully*. His assistant (I'll not repeat the name) in imitation of his "lord and master," went through the same motions, but being somewhat bow-legged, failed miserably, making even a worse attempt than the "Hon. Marmaduke Grouse."

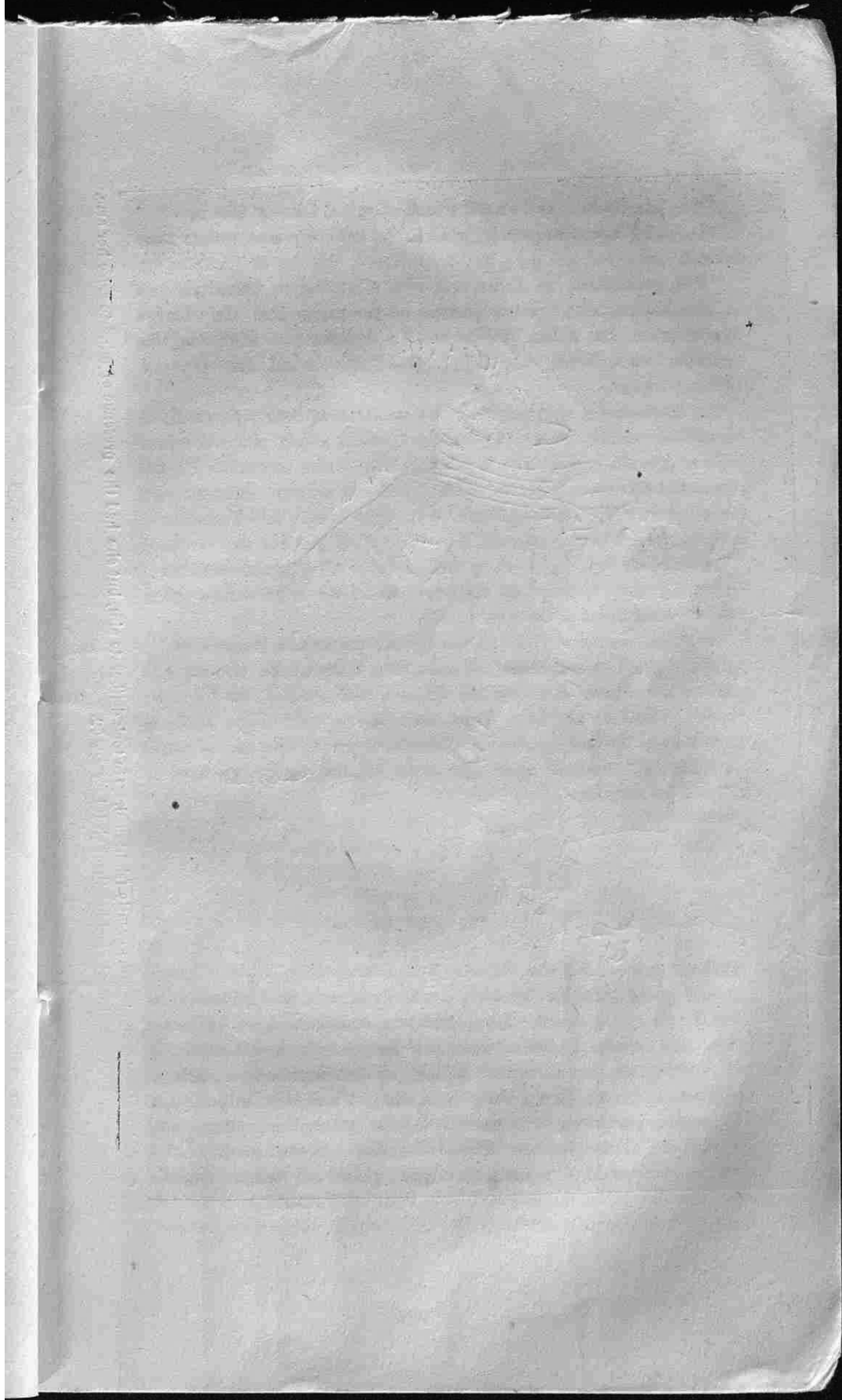
Our "host," with evident gratification, at the "good breeding" shown by the "society" of *his* town, stood up with a firm mien, which would seem to say:—

"My foot stamps my native heath, and my name's Macgregor!"

I held quite a conversation with Mr. Marmaduke Grouse, and came to the conclusion that Mr. Grouse had studied law from *Dr Jayne's Almanac*, or "Miss Braddon's last novel." The little he knew was excellently shown by the artistic manner he had of *telling that little*. I "treated" again, and then left, having grown tired of listening to nonsense.

THIRD PAPER.

After supper at Mr. Gault's, as soon as I could do so politely, I went out, and going through the gate, I made a circuit, and approaching from the rear, climbed the fence, and then stationed myself directly behind the arbor. It was some time before I saw or heard anything, but my patience was rewarded at last, by the approach of a lady, and upon a nearer view I discovered that it was Miss Lillie Gault. She seated herself upon a bench in the arbor, and commenced singing one of the popular airs of the day. As she concluded, I could scarcely control myself from giving her an *encore*. Shortly after another party approached, and that other party was no less than young Harry Ainsley. Can this be a preconcerted affair, I





On seeing Maurice she became greatly frightened. He took deliberate aim, but she had the presence of mind to raise her arm, and as she did so, the ball went crashing through it!—Page 59.

muttered. My doubts upon this score were immediately dispelled by Harry, who said:—

'Lillie, dear, I have come," he then sat down beside her.

He has known Miss Lillie before securing a position in her father's mill, I thought.

"And do you really love me, Harry?" asked Lillie with a blush.

"Yes, dear," he answered, in a manner which would indicate that he had already grown tired of her

"And I am to be your wife?"

"No, no, that can never be."

"Why, oh, why? do you not love me?"

"Yes, dear, better than life, but I must not deceive you longer *I am not a man!*"

"I know it, Harry, but I can wait until you are," said she.

For "love is blind," and she failed to comprehend him. I was now sure that Harry, as he called himself, was a *young woman in disguise*.

"To-morrow, dearest, I shall explain all, and perhaps we can yet be happy."

"To-morrow then—"

And this was all I heard, for they had left the arbor, and proceeded some distance toward the house. A current of thoughts ran through my brain. Should I betray this young woman's secret now, or await further developments(?) Whilst debating in this way with myself, I was astonished at seeing young Harry (for so I must call her) returning. He came quite near the arbor, and then turning, went in the direction of Mr Gault's stables. This looked somewhat suspicious to me, as a girl would not certainly carry her scheme (if scheme it might be called) so far as to meditate an elopement *with a girl*. I followed her footsteps cautiously. She had not proceeded far, when she was joined by a man, who suddenly arose from behind some bushes. They held quite a conversation, but as I did not dare to get nearer, for fear of discovery, I could scarcely hear what they said. This I *did* learn, that the man's name was Sam, and that he was waiting for Harry, to get the keys of the stable.

"I tell you it won't do, we have already taken two horses from Mr. Gault," said the girl.

"Alice Dunbar," said Sam.

I started from my position, and uttered an exclamation, which, however, was not noticed by the two.

"Alice Dunbar, you're backin' out of this 'ere business, and as sure as you 'blow' on me, I'll fix it so that we go to prison together, or *swing together*."

"Don't, Sam! you send the cold blood through my veins."

"Yes, I know, you've got lots of cold blood, you have, why your blood is warmer nor a chicken. You couldn't steal a horse unless I were by to encourage you."

"Sam Colville," said she, and at that moment the moon came out from behind a cloud, and shone directly upon them, thus affording me an excellent opportunity to see their faces. There was a peculiar expression about the face of Colville, that I shall never forget, and a scar upon his left cheek, added to his bad appearance. "Sam Colville, you and I were brought up together from childhood, and even when a school-boy you were hated for your ugly disposition, and now, for the first time you are showing it in your actions towards me. When you met me a month or so since, in New York City, and in a desperate condition, your devil's soul proposed this horse stealing expedition to me, and I accepted upon the condition that *I* should plan, whilst *you* executed. Now you are dissatisfied. We will call it "quits."

"No, we won't, I'm sorry I spoke so, but Gault has got another horse that I want most 'confoundly' bad, and I've got a customer for one now, over in Dutchess county."

"Well Sam, I'll forgive you this once, and if I can arrange things to-morrow night, you may take the horse. At eight o'clock you may come here, and await the signal, which will be the cutting of a twig from yonder bush, if all is right, and if not, a whistle from me."

"All right, Alice, but don't have any more delays."

"And now, good-night," said Alice, as she turned towards the house.

Here was a beautiful "nest" for me to pounce upon, but, I should be obliged to wait till I could catch them in the act.

Colville, shortly after the departure of Alice, cautiously retreated from his hiding-place, and at last, having reached the fence, climbed it, and disappeared on the other side. I remained in my position some time, and then left the grounds, wending my way towards the hotel. I arrived there at half past ten o'clock, and went directly to bed. I could not, spite of all my efforts, get to sleep, from the active manner in which my brain was working. At last I found myself in the land of dreams.

The next morning I awoke, and with many thoughts of my success in so soon discovering the horse thieves, I prepared for breakfast. After I had finished the meal, I went into the bar-room, and there found "our Dod," his "boonies," and the justice of peace, with his "sticking-plaster assistant." I was warmly welcomed, as my appearance was hailed as an "event" made "doubly important from the fact that a *drink* was expected. After having called for some "jig juice," as Dan Bryant calls it, I entered into conversation with the "Hon. Marmaduke Grouse," every word of which was listened to by his assistant. I sat an hour or so talking to this *learned* man, when a servant of Mr. Gault, rushed into the bar-room, and asked in a frantic manner—

"Where is Mr. James Colley, the detective? oh, there you are," said he, seeing me. "Master sent for you—he is dying—last night he was fatally stabbed by some unknown person, and over one hundred thousand dollars taken from the safe, which he always kept in his room. Indeed, sir, I do not believe he will live an hour."

This was startling news, and coming as it did, so unexpectedly, rather astounded me. The servant made a great blunder in speaking my name aloud, for no sooner had he left, than Mr. Marmaduke Grouse, commenced saying that he felt proud of my acquaintance. In this he was joined by his assistant.

"We will work this thing up, Mr. Colley," said the "Hon. Marmaduke."

"Yes," echoed his assistant, Mr. George Washington St. John Bollingbrooke Blackstone Richards, "We will work it up."

I turned to leave, and as I did so, I noticed that Sam Colville, Alice Dunbar's accomplice, sat in the extreme corner of the room, *an ashy paleness in his face*, and a nervous twitch in his eye. I knew perfectly well that Mr. Samuel Colville would not steal, or attempt to steal any horses in the neighborhood, now that he knew I was in town. With a hasty stride, I walked, or almost ran towards the Gault mansion, and upon reaching it, went directly up stairs to Mr. Gault's room. In the room, all was confusion. Mrs. Gault and her daughter were kneeling by the bed-side, whilst the servants stood around with tearful eyes, for Mr. Gault was a good man, and beloved by everybody. I could not bear to break in upon them in their sorrow, for Mr. Gault was no more. He had died before the servant reached me. As soon as the mourners could compose themselves, I gave directions for the removal of Mr.

Gault's body to a lower room, at the same time adding strict injunctions that nothing else in the room should be moved.

I then locked myself in the room where the murder and robbery had been committed, and examined everything closely. I went to the window, and imitated the manner in which a burglar might enter. Still I was puzzled, for I could find nothing to indicate that the murderer had entered from that way. Then I went to the door and found that a person had tried to force the lock, but had afterwards used a key. What was so strange to me—the lock had been forced a little, but from the *inside*. I again went to the window, and this time discovered a piece of coat lining caught on a nail, which had been driven in the wall, in—under the window for the purpose of hanging out a bird-cage. This I put in my pocket for evidence. Under the bed I found a dagger of very fine workmanship. I preserved this also. I was interrupted by a knocking at the door, and upon opening it, saw the "Hon. Marmaduke Grouse," an officer, and, of course, Marmaduke's assistant.

"Ah! Mr. Colley, we have come for the purpose of collecting whatever evidence there may be, and before we do so, I'll tell you something. I did something which goes to show that I was born for a judge, I caused the arrest of the young man lately engaged by Mr Gault, as clerk in the mill."

"Why, man, the boy is—" a *woman* I was about to say

"Is what?" asked the justice of the peace.

"Too young to be charged with murder."

"I thought you detectives knew more than that; why I have *saw*—"

"Have seen," suggested his grammatical assistant.

"I have seen younger boys than him in prison for murder, in fact I have *went*—"

"Have gone," came from his assistant in a low voice.

"Well I have gone up as witness agin 'em myself."

"Against would sound better, your honor, if I may be allowed to *say so*."

"Look here, George, don't correct me any more before people I don't hire you to learn me to *speak correct* but to *write my paper correct*; I am older 'nor' you and should be allowed a *certain license*."

I left them searching for what I had already found. More news was yet in store for me. Upon going down stairs I was informed by Pat, the hostler, that Mr. Gault's trotting stallion, "Gov Clark,"

was actually stolen while we were at the death-bed of Mr. Gault. If things occur like this again, I shall actually have to resign, to avoid being "put off the force," I said to myself, at hearing this last intelligence. Now that this was Colville's work, I had not the least doubt. He had probably heard the silly "justice" and his assistant talking over their plans in the bar room, and had followed them, and then taken advantage of the "situation." The reader will not be at all surprised to learn, that I suspected Colville of the murder. It was evident that Alice Dunbar would be tried for the murder, and circumstantial evidence would be strong against her. Now I determined to bring this Colville to justice, and it would greatly add to the evidence against Alice Dunbar, should I disclose the fact that she was a woman in disguise, and for the present I resolved not to do so.

The time for the trial came at last. In the meantime I had telegraphed a description of Colville all over the State, and had also dispatched officers to Dutchess County, and adjoining counties in search of him. The stallion had been recovered, but nothing had been seen of Sam Colville. The morning of the trial I went early to court, and waited somewhat impatiently for the case to be called. At last young Harry Ainsley (for by this name *she* was still known in the town) came in, accompanied by the "Hon. Marmaduke Grouse," his assistant, and an officer. Marmaduke's face was all "wreathed in smiles," and his "self important" manner showed that he thought himself "something."

"George, have you 'collected' the evidence upon the book, which we got 'up to' poor Mr. Gault's house?" asked the "Hon."

"Your honor, I have written down every important item that could in any way be considered evidence."

"Good, very good, let the trial proceed."

The witnesses were then called, and the judge noticing that young Ainsley had no one to defend him, asked:—

"Harry Ainsley, have you no one to represent you?"

"No, your honor," *she* answered.

"If you please, your honor, I will defend the young man," said I, stepping forward, and at the same time showing him my papers admitting me to practice at the bar, for you must know I had studied law, and been admitted

"We will now call the witnesses for the commonwealth. Let Wallace Scarr be called."

Wallace Scarr was Mr. Gault's butler. As he came in I said:—

"Now, Wallace, think well before you speak. We are trying to discover your late master's murderer, and the *truth* will go well to help us do so."

"I will," said Wallace. "Well you see, about two days since, master 'took in' a young man who called himself Harry Ainsley the same as now stands arrested for Mr. Gault's murder. Now from the first time I saw this young Harry, I didn't like him, 'cause you see he was too particular. Why, he used to wash himself *three* times a day, and he all but *wore out* the looking-glass in the sitting-room looking into it so often, and—"

"You will please to leave out your prejudices, and confine yourself to what you saw on the evening of the murder," said I, interrupting Mr. Scarr.

"Well, then to come to the 'focus.' You see I was up rather late that night, for me and the cook is sparking, and as soon as can lay up money enough, I intend to marry that—"

"Domestic affairs should be left out of the case," remarked the "self-important" justice of the peace.

"Look here, Mr. Marmaduke Grouse, Esq., are you tellin' this 'ere story or am I?" retorted Wallace Scarr.

"The witness may proceed."

"Well, to come to the 'focus,' about two o'clock, me and Sa, that's the cook, yer honor, heard a noise, and says I to Sal, Sal says I, there's something goin' on up stairs."

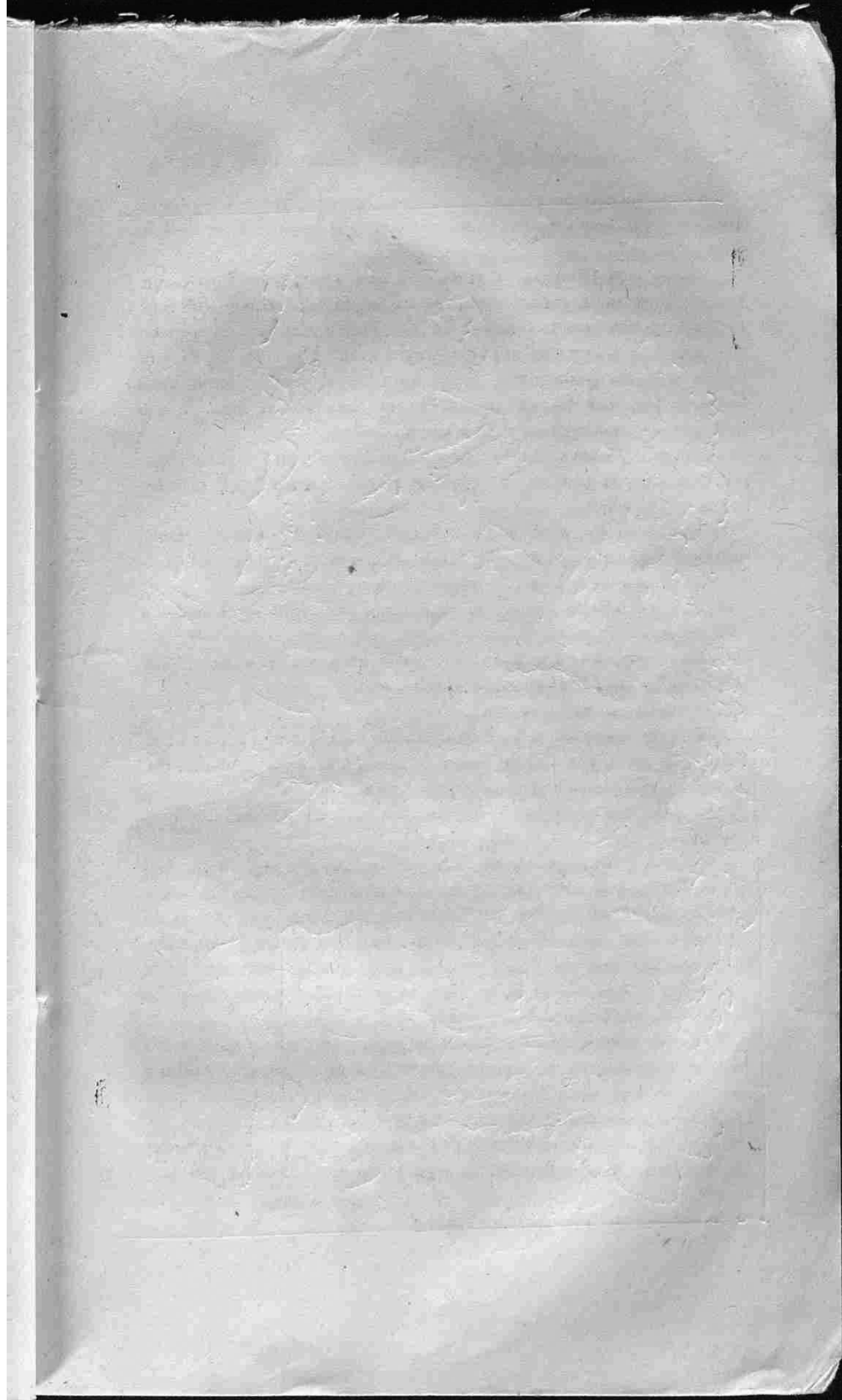
"I guess you're right 'Wall,' for she calls me 'Wall' for short you know."

"So, says I, let's go up and see. Now Sal is a big woman and she ain't afraid of her 'weight,' and armin' ourselves with the poker and tongs we went up, but we didn't hear anything then, and so we concluded that master had got the toothache or a pain in his head from the fact that we heard groanin' shortly after, proceedin' from his room. Then we went to bed, in separate apartments to be sure, for we ain't married yet, you know."

This last speech, despite the solemnity of the occasion, caused a roar of laughter, in which the judge joined. This was nothing new, as he had been known to "*smile*" often. As soon as quiet could be again restored, the witness was cross-questioned by me.

"I got up about five o'clock, and just as I was goin' down stairs, I met young Ainsley rushin' in a wild manner, down to the hal' door."

"Good-mornin' Mr. Ainsley," said I





— suddenly felt a blow from behind, and in a moment I was violently jerked from my horse "

"Good-mornin'" says he.

"And with that he opens the door, and out he goes. About half past six, and master did not come down to breakfast. He had a bad headache last night, I told everybody that remarked his absence from the table. Well to come to the 'focus,' when it struck eight and no appearance of Mr. Gault, I told one of the girls workin' in the house, to take up some breakfast to Mr. Gault's room. She went up and couldnt get in, and knocking several times and receivin' no answer, she came down and told me. Well, to come to the 'focus' I went up, and burst the door open, and there we saw poor master on the bed with his throat cut from ear to ear and his body stabbed in several places. I then sent for Mr. Colley here, and when he came, poor master had breathed his last, quite above half-an-hour."

"That will do, you may stand down. Call the servant girl who went up stairs first."

"Semantha Barbeau come into court."

As Semantha came in, she trembled all over, as this was her first appearance" in court,

"Semantha Barbeau state what you know of this murder."

"If you please, sir, all that I know is, that our butler, sent me up stairs, about seven o'clock, with some breakfast for Mr. Gault, as the butler said that Mr. Gault was sick. I knocked at the door five or six times, and receiving no answer, I went down and told Mr. Scarr, that's our butler, if you please, sir, that I couldnt get in, and afterwards, we all went up. On bursting the door, we saw master with his throat cut, and I noticed that the safe, which master always kept in his room, was broken open, and all the things in it gone.

Cross-questioned.

"The door looked as if the lock had been forced from the inside, and it was not locked, but secured by a chair being placed against it."

"The young man, Harry Ainsley, never spoke to any of the girls. He was rather sullen in his actions towards us."

The hostler next came into the witness-box.

"I always get up early, yer honor, and on the morning of the murder, I got up about as usual, and was fixin' things when young Mr. Ainsley came out of the house in a hurry, and as it was a strange thing to see him up before eight or so, I said:—'You're up early, Mr. Harry?'"

"'Yes,' said he, and off he went towards 'Winddle's hotel' in a hurried manner."

Cross-questioned.

"I was with the party when they went up to Mr. Gault's room, and we found the door fastened on the inside with a chair. The murderer might have escaped from the window, as a large tree grows just outside."

The footman, and all the other servants were called, and corroborated the evidence already given.

"Gentlemen of the jury," commenced the counsel for the commonwealth. "You have heard enough to convince the most stubborn mind, that the prisoner at the bar, Harry Ainsley, is guilty of the murder of our late respected citizen Mr. Gault. A *pointed* speech from me would, under the circumstances, be useless, as the evidence given is sufficient to convict the prisoner at the bar. It must be evident to you, that the prisoner, after committing the murder, tried to convey the idea that the murderer came up the tree and entered the room, and then left by climbing down again. In order to convey this idea, he placed a chair against the door, and another near the window, as found by my brother practitioner, Marmaduke Grouse, Esq."

Just as he concluded, a noise outside caused every one in the room to look in that direction.

"Look here, Judge, I'd like to put in a word or two," said a very large woman, entering.

"That's my Sal, yer honor," said the butler.

"Well, my good woman, you may tell the court what you know in regard to the murder."

"I don't know who is the murderer, but I have my suspicions, and what makes them more stronger is, that the young fellow arrested for the murder, is not a man, but a *woman in disguise*."

Here was a "stunner" for me, as it knocked all my well laid schemes in the head. Now that it was discovered that Harry Ainsley was not a young man, but a girl in disguise, it would go twice as hard with her, and frustrate my plan of getting Colville upon the stand.

The counsel for the commonwealth was looking in a defiant manner towards where I sat.

The judge now addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the witnesses for the prosecution, and Mr. Colley, the counsel for the defence, informs me

that the only witness upon whom he depended, has not arrived. Now, gentlemen, think well before you return your verdict, but in doing so throw *feeling* out of the scale, and allow only justice to over-balance it. Remember, a well-known and respected citizen has been foully murdered, and while murderers are allowed to go unpunished, *no man's life is safe.*"

The jury then retired, and returning, brought in a verdict of guilty!"

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say in your defence?"

"I can only say that I am not guilty. In assuming this disguise, I sought to avoid the persecution of a man whom I once called husband!"

I knew that she dare not mention Colville in connection with herself.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are accused of the murder of Mr. Gault, and in passing sentence upon you, I can only remark that it surprises, and at the same time pains me, to see one so young, a murderer. Your being a woman makes it ten times worse. What is your name?"

"Mary Ainsley."

I could have told that her name was Alice Dunbar, but it did not suit my purpose to do so.

"The sentence of the court is that—

At that moment I beheld one of the officers whom I had dispatched in search of Colville, about entering the room. I went over to him, and he whispered:—

"We've caught Colville, and have now got him securely tied."

"Good boy!" said I. "Your honor, my important witness has arrived, and I trust you will hear his evidence before passing sentence.

"Certainly."

I then went outside, and seeing Colville, I stepped up to him, and said:—

"It's all up, my boy; Alice Dunbar has confessed."

"Darn her ugly picture, I thought as how she'd 'go back on re;' but, squire, will it make it easy for me if I make a 'clean breast' of it?"

"It may."

"Well, then I'm darned if I don't."

He was conducted to the court, and going in, he stood up in the witness-box, and said:—

"I'm goin' to make a 'clean breast' of this 'ere *occurrence*. You see I was goin' to steal another horse from old Gault, for I had already taken two, that is me and my confederate. Well me and my confederate, which is that girl standin' there in disguise, (pointing to Alice Dunbar,) had agreed upon a signal to 'rush' a horse off. I was waitin' for further developments, when a devilish thought came into my head. I thought of old man Gault and his money, and what a fine time I could have spendin' it. Now I had heard, as how the old man kept his money in a safe in the bed-room, and I determined to go into that room and take it. I knew which room he slept in, and so I climbed up a tree, which stands near the house, and stepping off I found myself on the window-sill. Yer honor, when I entered that 'ere room, no thought of murder came into my mind. Well, you see, in stepping down I fell a little, and the noise I made caused the old man to awake, and springing out of bed he caught me around the body, and tried to secure me. The moon was out bright, and I could see him plainly. Catching him by the throat I held him for some time in that position, thus preventin' him from callin' out. The old man had more strength than I gave him credit for, and I had some difficulty in throwin' him. I saw it was no use foolin' any longer, so I pulled out my knife, and in a rage cut the old man's throat, and to make sure, I stabbed him several times. When I saw what I had done, I was sorry, but what was 'did couldn't be undid,' and so I concluded to make the best of it. I wrenched the lock off the door to make people think as how the murderer was in the house. Just as I was goin' to leave the things as I had fixed them, I heard a noise on the stairs, and voices. I put a chair against the door and kept quiet. Well, after a bit, I started to go. I secured all the 'valuables,' and then forgettin' all my plans, I left the chair at the door, and put another against the window to get out. I climbed out on to the tree, and got down, took one of the horses, and struck for Dutchess county, and I hopes as how your honor will deal gently with me, seein' as how this 'ere is my first mur—mur—*occurrence*."

After the usual questions and formalities had been gone through with, Mr. Samuel Colville was sentenced to be hanged.

During the confession, an important event transpired. It was discovered that Alice Dunbar had escaped.

The murder, the trial of the supposed murderer, and afterwards the confession and hanging of the real murderer, following, as they did, so soon after each other, was the cause of great excitement to

the inhabitants of Richland, and, indeed, created no little noise throughout the country. My readers may remember the long account which appeared in the "Police News." The account was furnished by me. A picture of Colville was given in the paper, and also one of Mr. Gault. Now that the murderer had been brought to justice, and the country cleared of the horse thieves, I had no excuse for further delay in the neighborhood. But how about poor Lillie Gault (?) Did she not need some one to console her (?) I confess that I felt for her something more than *pity*. The next morning I called on her. She received me with tears in her eyes. I spoke kindly to her, and she seemed to want to confide in me but maiden modesty forbade it. I made her promise to write to me, in regard to anything that might occur. Of course I did not imagine, for one moment, that Alice Dunbar would ever visit that section of the country again, but I had no other excuse to ask her to correspond with me.

With many regrets I left Richland. The next day I was comfortably seated in my office, thinking over the late occurrences. I was interrupted by a rough looking man who entered in an impudent manner, and seating himself on the other side of the table, said:—

"You've just come down from Richland, haven't you?"

"I have, sir."

"Been some high doings up there (?)"

"Yes, a murder was committed."

"The man Colville was hanged(?)"

"Yes."

"That man was my brother, and you were instrumental in having him hanged. Take that!"

I was surprised by the report of a pistol, and hearing an unpleasant "wizz" in my ears. My visitor had fired at me, and then sprang through the back window, climbed the fence, and escaped to an adjacent alley.

Several men rushed in the office inquiring as to the cause of the pistol report. I informed them. The next day an account appeared in the New York papers, greatly exaggerated—headed:—

"Attempted assassination!" "Almost a murder in the Fifth Ward!!" "Heroic conduct of Mr. James Colley, the celebrated detective!!!" "The would-be murderer escapes through a back window!!!"

A few days after, I received intelligence that several horses had

been stolen in the neighborhood of Buck Eye, Kentucky. The manner in which they had been stolen was exactly like the depredations committed at Richland. From the fact that Cincinnati was Alice Dunbar's native place, I concluded that she had gone there and afterwards to Kentucky.

I immediately packed up and started for Kentucky, stopping on the way in Cincinnati, for the purpose of seeing Mr. Allston. He received me in a very warm manner, remarking that he had heard of my exploits.

"By the way, my boy," said he, "what connection has the Alice Dunbar, mentioned in the Richland murder case, to do with our Alice Dunbar?"

"I believe them to be one and the same."

"Well, well, I never should have thought it, although it struck me as somewhat curious, when I read the name. My nephew has become a most excellent young man. All the foolish ideas, instilled by the presence of that bold, bad woman have been overcome. He has taken to himself a wife, and a good woman she is too."

"I am now on my way to Kentucky, for the purpose of putting an end to the wild career of this female horse thief."

"Do you mean that Alice Dunbar has gone into Kentucky?"

"I do."

"When do you propose starting?"

"To-night."

"Well, I wish you success."

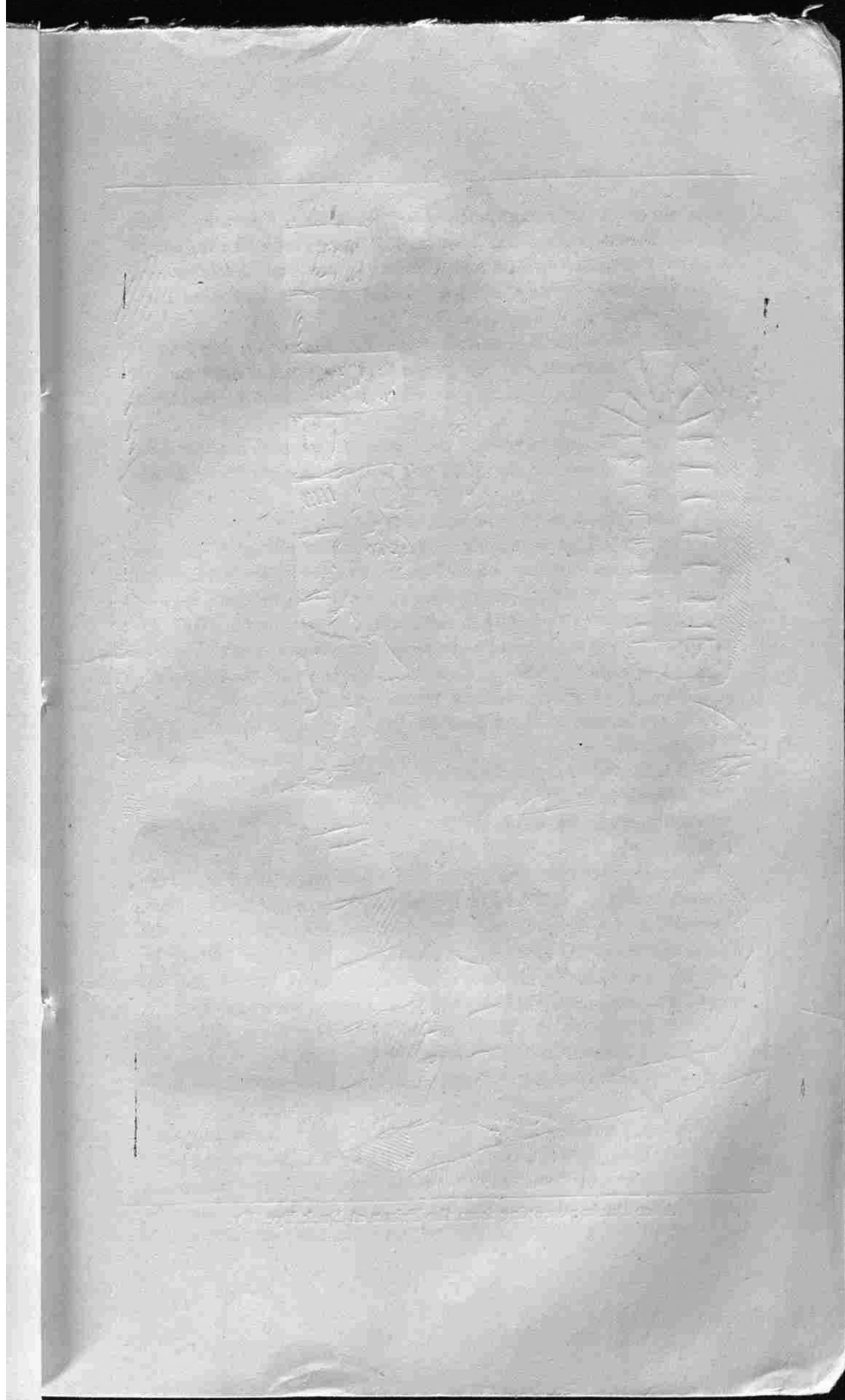
"Thank you."

That night I was on my way to Buck Eye, where I arrived early the next morning. I immediately started out to reconnoitre. Some five or six miles from Buck Eye, I saw two men a distance ahead of me, earnestly engaged in conversation. They were sitting on the side of the road, and when quite near them, I struck into the woods, and came near enough to hear what they were saying.

"John, we can make a nice little thing of this horse stealing."

"Yes, but I don't like this idea of *stealing*," said John, who was an innocent looking fellow, with scarcely brains enough to fill a small sized hat.

"Stealing!" said his companion, who was a much brighter individual, but one who possessed a countenance not at all prepossessing "Stealing! why it's not stealing. Look here, don't you believe in one man having as much as another? This 'ere world was intended for all of us, and everything on it should be divided equally, conse-





Alice Dunbar escaping from the Prison at Buck Eye, Ky.

quently I consider myself *an agent for the proper distribution of worldly goods*, and if you join me, you will be doing a good action towards your fellow men. We'll commence on horses."

"Well, I don't exactly look at it that 'ere way, but as you always had more learnin' nor me, you ought to know, so I'll join you."

"Now we are to get five dollars a day, and all we have to do is, to pass one horse from this place, which they call a *station*, to another place, which is a *station* also. There are six *stations* on the road, and of course two men at each, so you see it's the easiest thing in the world to pass a horse right through Kentucky into Ohio. The object of these *stations*, is to have the *same horse seen with different men*, and in that way throw the owners off their guard, as it's not so easy to describe a horse as it is a man. Now our signal to be given at the station is—'clear weather, but foul winds.'"

"I guess I know everything now," said John.

And thought I, there's another knows it too.

I then retraced my steps back to Buck Eye, and arriving there secured the services of several of the officers.

We all started out together, each man being mounted. We soon came to the place where I met the two men. Before nearing the spot I bade the others stay behind, and await a whistle from me. I then rode on, and presently a man stepped out into the road, and said:—

"How's the weather?"

"Oh, the weather is clear, but the wind is foul," I answered.

"That's our signal, John," said the man, calling to his companion.

John came out, and as he did so, I said:—

"This is a horse which I had left in my charge, and my signal after you have taken it is—"

"Well, this is all right," said he, taking the horse by the bridle, "but what's your other signal?"

"Why this," said I, whistling, and almost instantly the two men were surrounded, and securely tied with ropes brought for that purpose.

"Is this one of the *agents*," innocently asked John.

"No, John, that is a *non-conductor*."

"If you do not instantly inform me by whom you were engaged to *pass* stolen horses," said I, assuming a tone of severity, "I will have you strung up on yonder tree."

"I was engaged by a young fellow, rather handsome, who gave me a five dollar bill in advance. As God is my judge, I do not know the young man's name."

"Where did you leave him?"

"At Buck Eye."

"That will do;" I then gave orders to keep the men well secured, appointing two men to guard them, and leaving full instructions, I called the rest of the party together, and then went on in the direction of the next *station*. After a ride of about fifteen miles we came to the cross roads, and this, I learned from the men, was the *station*. I rode up, and went through the same business, as I did at the first *station*. These men were also secured, and upon arriving in the town of Burrwalt, we were joined by others, and the whole party went on and secured the men stationed at each of the other *stations*. The officers and myself rode back towards Buck Eye. When we arrived at the first *station*, we beheld quite a crowd collected around a tree, hanging to which was a young man. I rushed forward and cut him down, and was surprised when I beheld the features of *Alice Dunbar*. I felt her pulse, and was pleased to find that life was not yet extinct. Procuring a bottle of brandy from one of the officers, I used it in a manner calculated to restore her to consciousness, and was soon rewarded by seeing her open her eyes.

"Say, look here, mister," said one of the lynchers, "what right have you to meddle with that 'ere young feller. Why he's a horse thief!"

"Gentlemen, I am an officer of the law, and claim this young man as my prisoner. You are violating the laws of God and man in trying to hang a fellow being without even so much as a trial. You must let justice take its course."

"Oh, justice be d—ned! It's too long taking time in *dealing*, and sometimes it loses the *game* after all. So I say hang him up again."

"Gentlemen, I should hate to kill any of you, but I am now doing my duty, and the first man that dares to lay a hand on this young man, I will shoot, as I would a dog!"

"Fellers, this 'ere rooster don't seem to calculate as how there's ten to one agin him," said the man that spoke first, and who seemed to be at the head of the lynchers.

The men moved towards my charge, and I felt that now was my time to disclose the fact that the prisoner was a woman.

"Hold!" said I, in a loud, clear voice; "would you hang a woman. This is not a man, but a woman in disguise!"

This assertion staggered them somewhat, but the leader came to their rescue.

"Feller citizens, this 'ere woman stole our horses, and because *she is* a woman should we forgive her. No! and again I say no! Why she might get married, and then there would be no end to the *little horse thieves*. In hanging this 'ere woman we do as we would in killing a "*she snake*," we rid the country of a *great many* by killing *one*! I hopes as how there ain't none of yer as hasn't got over your *milk*, and if there is, why he had better go home and get a little."

This speech was followed by roars of laughter from his rough listeners, and I must confess it floored me completely, as no amount of eloquence could over-balance it.

The lynchers came forward in a determined manner, but one thing I noticed, not one of them had fire-arms, so I hurriedly whispered to the officers, to fire low, and try to wound them in the legs.

"If you come," I shouted, "you come at your own risk!" and I then gave the order to fire.

Four men dropped, and the others stood still, astonished at my firing into them.

"Now," said I, "there are four more barrels in each of our pistols, and you will be served in the same manner that your comrades were, if you move one step towards us."

We then placed Alice Dunbar between us, and moved in the direction of Buck Eye, every now and then turning to see if we were followed.

In less than two hours, Alice Dunbar, the female horse thief, was *safely lodged* in the *Antwerpt township jail*.

FOURTH PAPER.

The township of Antwerpt was thrown into the wildest excitement. Business in Buck Eye, and adjoining towns, was almost entirely suspended. A whole day being devoted to talk over the late exciting occurrences. The manner in which the men at the *stations* had been disposed of, and my bravery, as it was called, in claiming and bringing my prisoner into town, in the midst of the infuriated lynchers, was the principal subject for conversation. The men whom I caused to be shot, became my fast friends, and I was voted by the town a "bully feller."

The day appointed for the trial of Alice Dunbar, was fast approaching, and excitement was again on "tip-toe." I visited my fair prisoner several times, and spoke kindly to her, and promised to use my influence, toward making her punishment as light as possible, if she in turn would promise to reform, and try to lead an honest life. She was very cold in her manner towards me, and refused to answer any questions that I might ask.

On Wednesday, the 29th of June, Alice Dunbar escaped from prison. Although diligent search was made, she could not be found. I went to the prison and examined the cell in which they had placed her. Two bars had been filed from the window, facing a rear street, and a long rope was still hanging out the window. That she had been furnished with rope, file, etc., necessary to make her escape, was quite evident. Now who could have done so? This was question I could not answer myself, and I knew of no one that could.

I scarcely knew which way to go in search of Alice Dunbar, but after a little thought, resolved to push forward in the direction of River View, which I accordingly did. Arriving there I went to the hotel, having previously disguised myself as a farmer. With about two ounces of brick dust upon my face, a rough coat, and a pair of pants tucked into my boots. I looked for all the world like a "practical farmer, native and to the manner born." Chancing to pick up the River View paper, I became interested in an article-headed:—"The River View scandal," reading as follows:—

"A scandal has become current in this town, to the effect, that a son of Mr. Charles Wintten has eloped with a woman representing herself as a governess, and under that pretense obtained a situation in Mr. Wintten's house. The young man fell desperately in love with her, and they have left for parts unknown, taking with them two splendid horses, jewels, money, etc. A full account will appear in this paper as soon as we learn all the particulars."

The paper was dated 5th July, and the next day a full account appeared. As I could not explain in any better way, I will give the article word for word:—

"On the 30th of June, a young and handsome woman came to the nouse of our respected citizen, Mr. Charles Wintten; she represented herself to be a governess, from Cincinnati, Ohio, out of employment. Mr. Wintten has two small children, and as we have a very poor school in town, affording scarcely any facilities for the proper education of the young, Mr. Wintten concluded to engage her. The terms

offered were REMARKABLY CHEAP, and Mr. Wintten thought that he had secured a good governess for his children at a very low figure. She entered upon her duties immediately. In a day or two it was noticed by Mrs. Wintten, that her son acted very strangely when in the presence of Miss Loraine, for that was the name she gave. Well, to curtail a long story, the parents awoke to find that their boy had gone, taking with him Miss Ida Loraine. Had this been the extent of the things taken, Mr. and Mrs. Wintten might have easily recovered from the shock, but no, not only had young Mr. Charles and his 'first love' left them, but two splendid horses belonging to Mr. Wintten, together with jewels belonging to the family, and a large sum of money. That the young woman is an adventuress, we have not the least doubt. One of these days young Mr. Charles Wintten may return home, and if he does, he will certainly have become 'a wiser and sadder man.' He will learn, to his deep regret, 'all that glitters is not gold!'"

The issue of July 7th, contained the following:—

"We are informed, by Mr. James Colley the celebrated detective, that the young woman (mentioned in our account published on the 6th), who eloped with Mr. Charles Wintten, Jr., is no less than Alice Dunbar, the female horse thief, whose celebrity has become almost world wide. Mr. Colley is now on her track, and will doubtless secure her before long. She has as many disguises as a tiger has spots. 'Oh, Charley, thou hast caught a tartar, and thou hast, moreover, warmed a snake in thine bosom.' Mr. Wintten will probably institute a search for his missing son and *other* property."

On the morning of the 8th, I passed through Burlington, having learned that the fugitives had gone that way.

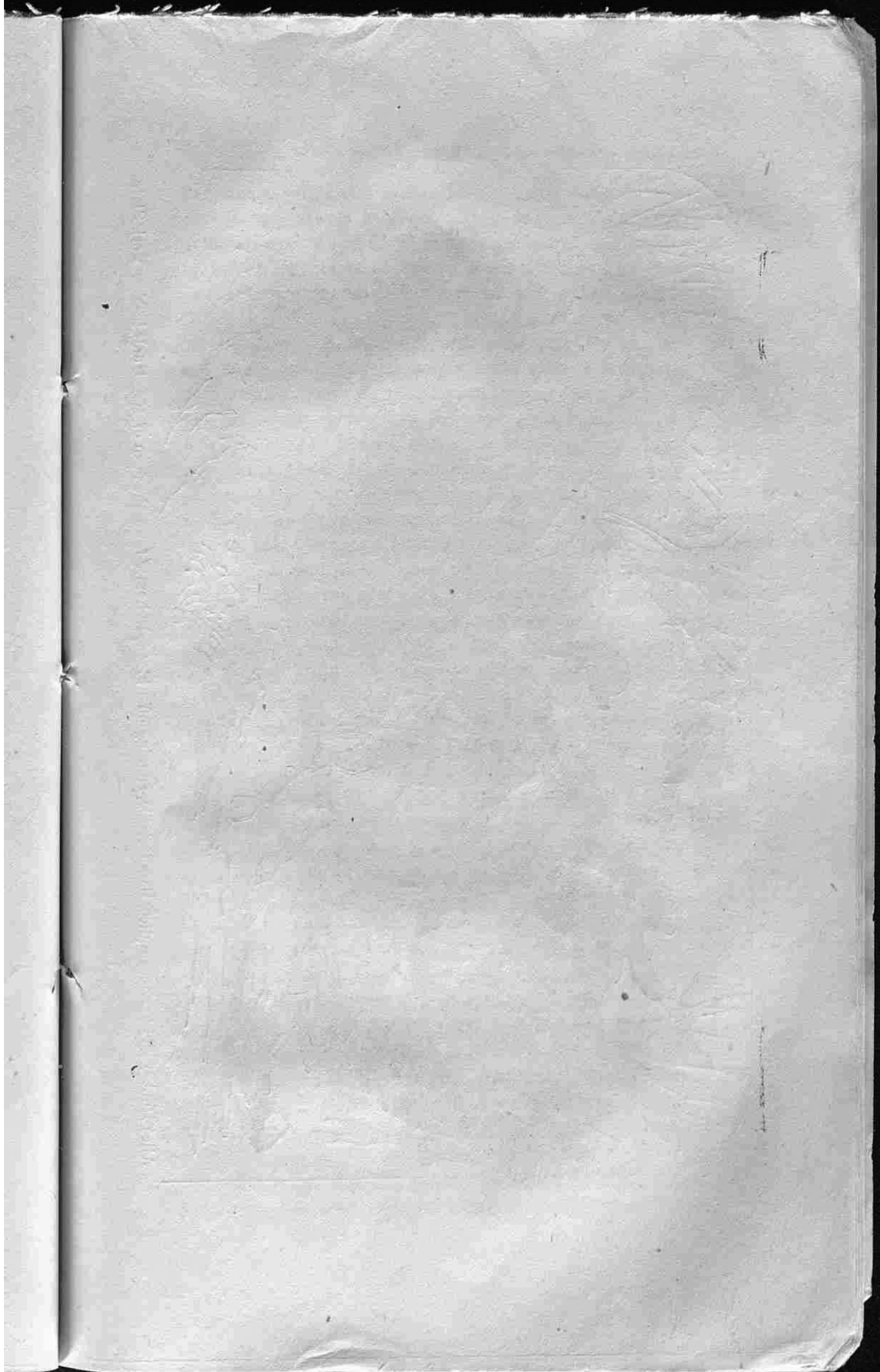
They were seen to pass the town, but the affair not having been communicated to the authorities, they were allowed to pass unmolested. Believing that they had gone in the direction of Commtown, I "sailed for that port," as the sailors have it.

When I arrived within a short distance from the town, I beheld a wagon standing near the hotel, but the rest is better explained by the "Commtown Democrat."

'Saturday morning, before the town clock had notified the peaceful citizens of Commtown, that the hour was eleven, there drove up to the door of our rather obscure hotel, not a dozen rods from the terminus of the Burlington turn-pike, an old fashioned buggy, whose wheels mournfully complained of lack of grease, and too much exposure to sun and damp, drawn by two splendid horses,

seemingly out of place when placed before the above mentioned ginger-bread affair.' As the portly landlord slowly opened the door, and rubbed his hands together, as if he had a large quantity of 'imaginary soap-suds' on them, he smiled to himself, thinking, no doubt, that he had a fine 'harvest.' His thoughts were interrupted by a voice from the buggy.

"'Here we are, Ida,' and then first the head belonging to the voice appeared, and a body came almost in sight, and upon the owner jumping from the wagon, it was fully in view. Suffice it to say, the voice, head, and body belonged to a young man. He was dressed for an excursion—that is, he was dressed to kill; and that the landlord and his boarders were not in the 'silent tomb,' was evident from the fact that they at once retired to the barn to laugh, vulgarly termed 'snicker.' The youngster carefully unwrapped an overcoat and a shawl or two, from around a package that sat upright on the seat, seized hold of two small hands, gave a lift and a pull and lo! another *body* appeared. This *body* possessed a sweeter voice, a smaller head, and was somewhat lighter than the *other body*. This *body* was a *female body*, and a very neat *little body* at that. 'Woman is a queer vessel,' as the sailors in the 'play' have it, and some are not as 'good as they look,' in fact 'taters' couldn't be more deceiving. This one was 'alike, and yet not like, bearing semblance of that which she was not.' The couple went in to a late breakfast, in fact it was doubtful if they intended it for breakfast or dinner. Two little boys were seen 'pitching pennies' to *prove* which meal the couple called for. In five minutes afterwards nothing was to be seen upon the 'dreary waste' but the old quill-wheel-buggy, which leaned softly up against a ditch to rest, sleeping that sleep known only to the *innocent*. That's the quotation, if we remember rightly, but our memory is sadly out of repair, owing to the difficulty experienced in collecting some *small bills*. Breakfast over, the young man stands at the bar, meditatively picking his teeth with a jack-knife, of traditional proportions, when he hears the door open; he pays not the slightest heed, though the landlord, who is measuring his length and wondering if 'good boards could be cut out of that timber,' is thinking—'will this young fellow see my sign over the bar, 'No Trust (?)' However, he trusts the young man will see it, and says not a word, when all parties are surprised by the entrance of 'quite a good looking chap,' who afterwards proves to be a detective, James Colley by name, a New Yorker by birth.





Alice Dunbar and her accomplice, Sam Colville, running off "blooded" horses from the farm of Mr. Gault in New York State.

"Prepare yourself for something awful! Charles Wintten, your father is outside waiting for you," says the detective.

"I will never leave Ida," answers the young man, in a truly romantic-novel style, and further adding to the effect, by speaking in a dramatic voice.

"Charles Wintten, the woman whom you are about to wed, is one of the most notorious in the country. She is known as Alice Dunbar, the female horse thief!"

The youngster wilted. The woman is secured by Mr. Colley, taken back to jail, and locked up to await her trial. The young man sees his folly and returns home with his father a repentant son 'Let a fatted calf be killed.' So ends the only tragedy which ever occurred in this town. Editors in search of sensation need not expect one in this neighborhood for the next *one hundred years to come.*"

The editor of the "Commontown Democrat," Mr. G. Altemus Weilman, is noted for interspersing all his articles with a "streak of wit," and certainly the above is a fair specimen.

Alice Dunbar and myself were soon *en route* for Buck Eye, where we arrived in due time. She was tried and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. Shortly after, I received an invitation from Mr. G. Altemus Weilman, to visit him. I saw his object, but as I had plenty of time on hand, I went to Commontown. Of course Mr. Weilman wanted to get all the particulars in regard to Alice Dunbar. I gave them to him, and the circulation of his paper was greatly increased, after publishing them. I remained two weeks in Commontown, and then left for Cincinnati. As I had been presented with a splendid horse, by Mr. Wintten, I determined to make the journey on horse-back. I started on the 24th of July. When about half way between River View and Buck Eye, I suddenly felt a blow from behind, and in a moment I was violently jerked from my horse. I knew nothing further until I awoke and found my arms tightly secured behind my back. I was sitting in an upright position, in a cave, containing two apartments, the one in which was imprisoned, being the smallest. After having made these observations, I began wondering for what purpose I was detained, and by whom. These were certainly not very interesting thoughts, and I was glad to have them broken in upon by the entrance of a rough, bearded man, who smiled in a triumphant manner and said:—

"How do you feel, *Mr. James Colley?*"

"You know me then?" I asked.

"To be course I do, and so does all the *gang.*"

"Why am I made a prisoner?"

"Well, you see, you was gettin' a little too troublesome. You kinder bothered our *operations*, and so we concluded as how we had better *lay* you, which we has."

"You have orders from some *leader*," I suggested.

"Well, yes, seein' as how that 'ere leader is an old friend of yourn, I don't mind tellin' the name of that 'ere friend, one as you take such delight in *follerin' and lookin' after*. Our leader is Alice Dunbar, the 'female Jack Sheppard,' as you calls her, and the best horse thief in this 'ere country."

"The Devil!" I exclaimed.

"No, not exactly the devil, but a *near* relation, a *sister*, maybe, e *she devil* anyway."

"Does she continue to give orders, now that she is in prison?"

"In prison, why she's *out* of prison, my 'covey.'"

She deserves the reputation she has gained, for she certainly has proven herself to be a "female Jack Sheppard," said I, to myself.

"What do you intend doing with me?"

"The woman will tell you that."

"When will she come?"

"Soon enough."

This was all the satisfaction I could get out of my guard. An hour or so passed, and I was growing impatient, when Alice Dunbar appeared at the opening of the cave.

"May I come in *friend* Colley?" she asked.

"You are inclined to be facetious, Alice Dunbar."

"You *used* to be, Mr. Colley, but 'a change has come o'er the scene,' the *slave* is now the *master*."

"May I inquire in what manner, you expect to gain anything, by holding me prisoner?"

"It will be safer for me to *operate*."

"How long am I to remain a prisoner?"

"Just so long as I see fit to keep you. You are now in a cave known to none except the *gang*, your friends can never reach you, and if you try to escape, you will be shot down without mercy."

"Alice Dunbar you seem to forget the time when I cut you down from a tree, and saved your life."

"No I do not. I remember it well, but I also remember that you were very kind in securing me *proper lodgings*, afterwards."

I saw that it was useless to attempt further parley.

"You will at least give me a softer bed than these rocks to lie upon?"

"You detectives can lie anywhere's, but if I find that you behave yourself properly, I shall furnish you with a bed, at least, as good as the one furnished me at the *public building* in Antwerp township."

"I thank you."

"Sorry I couldn't say the same to you, when you left me in my cell."

With these words she left me. She was this time dressed in rough male costume, wore a large hat on her head, and around her waist a black belt with buckle. Her skin was stained with some preparation made from herbs, and false side whiskers, made up a complete disguise.

Days passed, and still I was a prisoner. My guard would taunt me, every other day, by giving me different papers, containing accounts of my sudden disappearance, and supposed murder, the grief of my family, etc. These articles drove me perfectly frantic, and I took an oath, that, should I ever escape from my captors, I would not rest till every one of the gang were brought to justice. One of the articles ran as follows:—

"On the twenty-fourth of July, Mr. James Colley left the town of Commonton, Ky., for the purpose of going to Cincinnati. Mr. Colley is well known as a detective, and one who never shrank from his duty. He has been instrumental in the arrest of the notorious horse thief, Alice Dunbar, and several of her accomplices, and it is thought, as Alice Dunbar lately escaped from jail, for the second or third time, that she has caused him to be murdered. His family consisting of a wife and four children, are in great grief. Search is being made in all directions, but many think it will be useless."

Then followed a long account of my exploits, and especially those connected with Alice Dunbar. These accounts troubled me, and I resolved to attempt an escape that night, if possible. When I was first imprisoned, my captors had placed ropes around my ankles and arms to prevent my using either. During my captivity I remained quiet, and so won upon my guard, that he untied my arms. As night came on I began to work the rope fastened around my ankles, and at last was rewarded by finding that I had it quite loose. About six o'clock my guard came in, and as usual, commenced taunting me. This I did not notice, and he soon became tired of his sport. After he had gone I began devising plans for my escape.

About nine o'clock I crawled slowly toward the opening of the cave. I reached it at last, and by the light of the moon, I plainly saw the principal obstruction between me and liberty—the guard. I came upon him suddenly, his back being turned towards me, and in a moment I had struck him a blow upon the head, with a large iron bolt. The blow was a severe one, as he fell forward upon his face, without uttering, so much as a moan. I instantly forced the gag into his mouth, and looking into his face, I saw it was useless to secure him, as he would not move again, for some time to come. Time was precious, and should I fail, and be re-captured, my life would be the forfeit. It would not do, however, to run yet, as the noise I might make in so doing would be sure to bring down the gang upon me. I walked cautiously forward, in what direction I knew not, but knowing that each step placed me further from my late captors, I did not care.

After walking at least an hour, I came out upon a road, which I soon recognized as the Buck Eye turn-pike. My joy was great at this discovery, and turning in the direction of the town, an idea struck me, that I might reach the place, secure the services of some good men, return and capture the whole gang. Before starting I cut a deep notch in a pine tree, standing directly in a line with the cave. I was certain of this, for upon leaving the rendezvous of the horse thieves, I had walked in a straight line, as near as possible. Having so resolved, I started on a run towards Buck Eye, reaching it about midnight. I then went directly to the residence of the justice of the peace, told the whole story, and in a half hour, I not only had every officer in town in readiness to follow me, but, about thirty able-bodied men, and had it been generally known, I believe the whole town would have gone in search of the horse thieves.

We all started towards the cave, each man being well mounted, and in less than an hour, we arrived at the tree. Here we all dismounted, and leaving our horses in care of four or five men, we struck into the woods, moving as quietly as possible. Supposing at last, that we were near the cave, I ordered the men to separate each going in different directions, and so surround the cave. I went straight to the cave, and directly I arrived near the opening. I was suddenly confronted by two men, one of whom I recognized as my guard, the taunter.

"So you couldn't find your way out, Mr. Colley?"

"Oh yes, I found my way out, but concluded to come in again."

"Suppose you come in the cave, Mr. Colley?"

"No, I do not intend to go in again, except of my own free will."

"Now suppose we force you, Mr. Colley?"

"You cannot do it."

As I said this I beheld several faces, which I recognized as Buck Eye citizens. The horse thieves did not see them, however, and the would-be taunter said:

"We two, could easy do it, but we have twenty others at our call."

He then gave a peculiar whistle, which was answered by about twenty men, who came from the cave.

"I have twenty men, and as many more, at *my* call," said I, and I had no sooner said it, than the whole company appeared from all sides.

The faces of the horse thieves presented one *grand picture*, of dismay, terror, and humiliation.

"Lay down your arms every one of you," said the Justice of Peace.

With great reluctance they did so.

"Some of you go to the cave immediately and search for the leader, Alice Dunbar," said I, in an excited manner.

"It's no use," said one of the horse thieves, "she's on a 'cribb' to night, and she's 'cracked' it, long afore this."

"The devil, you say!" exclaimed the Justice, who was not addicted to profane language.

This was too bad, after capturing all the gang, to have the leader escape us.

"Well boys," said I, "we have one consolation, that of knowing we have broken up the largest, and most fearless gang of horse thieves in Kentucky."

"You're right, Mr. Colley," said one of the men, whom I recognized as the leader of the party, who had determined upon hanging Alice Dunbar, about a month previous.

"You're right, Mr. Colley," he continued, "and don't you remember how Alice Dunbar escaped us afore, and so will these 'ere thieves, too, if we don't hang 'em. Now I'm in favor of *Judge Lynch*, he's the *surest* and *quickest*. What say you, Mr. Colley, shan't we hang 'em?"

"No, justice must take its course."

"All right, Mr. Colley, you may think *you're* right, but I'm darned if *I* do. How-sumdever you're a brave man, and I'm darned if *I* 'buck' agin you. Boys, I propose three cheers for Jim Colley."

Three cheers were given, and then we started for town. The next morning the papers throughout the country were teeming with highly colored accounts of my "cruel imprisonment," "escape from being entombed alive," "miraculous escape," "grand manoeuvre," "capture of about *eighty* horse thieves," "Alice Dunbar still a large," etc.

I immediately, upon arriving at Buck Eye, telegraphed to my wife, assuring her that I was alive and well. I received a great many telegrams, congratulating me, and wishing me future success. In Buck Eye, I could not walk upon the street without being "asked in to drink," or have my hand shaken almost off my arm by an enthusiastic old citizen. But the most provoking of all, was to have a crowd of little boys follow me everywhere, and shout:

"There goes Jim Colley!" "Hellow, Colley," etc.

In the night I couldn't sleep. About fifteen or twenty young men of the town, without any musical ability, but with *fearful musical instruments*, would congregate in—under my window, and play that tune, long since made odious by the organ grinders, "Champagne Charlie."

I made up my mind to leave the town, for two reasons. In the first place, I could not stand the enthusiastically worded congratulations of the male and female portion of the Buck Eye inhabitants.

Alice Dunbar was still at large.

I thought it a good idea to disguise myself in female costume. I had never done so before. One thing was bad, I would have to sacrifice my mustache. It was "business," and off it came. I left town early one morning, and when out of sight, put on the costume.

Having fixed myself in a manner which, to me, felt anything but comfortable, I started in the direction of East Levingtown. Arriving there I went directly to the hotel, sought a private apartment, and sent for the landlord. He came in, and I said:

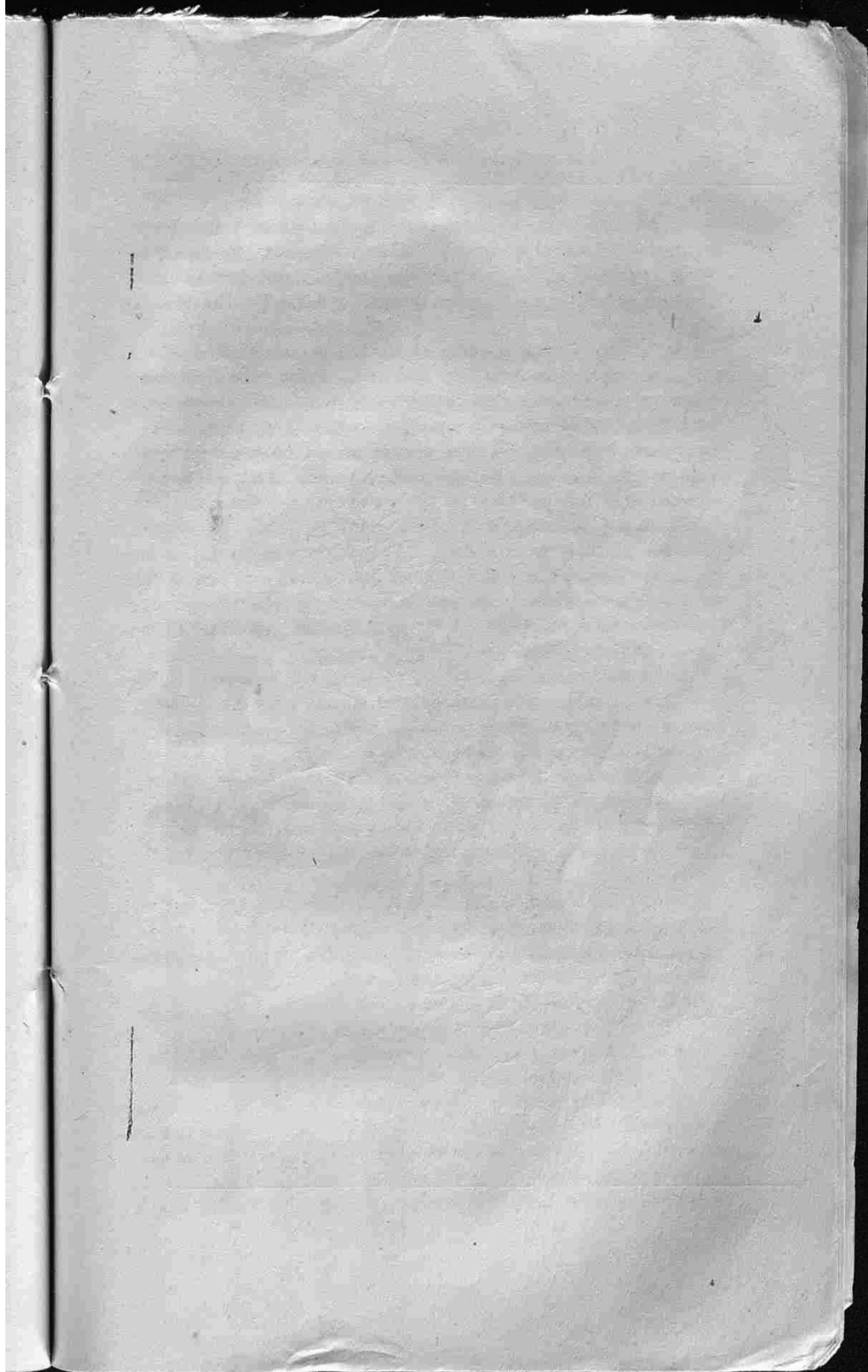
"Mr. Noll, can you keep a secret?"

"Well, madam, it's according to the *nature* of the secret."

"In the first place, I am not a woman."

"No! You surprise me."

"As you value your life, do not repeat one word of what I am about to tell you. I am James Colley, detective. At present I do not wish to be known. During the day I shall remain in my room, and wish to be known as Mrs. Le Blon. At night I shall go out in my proper costume, but of course, unobserved. Now, I want a





Alice Dunbar, whilst in male attire, is seized by an infuriated mob of Lynchers, and hanged to a tree.

good young man, one whom I may trust. I have reason to suppose that Alice Dunbar is in this town, under some *alias*, and wish to ascertain if such is the case. An honest young man, to act as a spy, would be of great benefit to me. Do you know of any?"

"Mr. Colley, allow me to shake hands with you. Your secret with me is inviolate. I *do* know of a young man that I think will suit you—my son. I'll send him up directly, if you say so."

"Do, if you please."

"I will tell him all that you have told me, and he will then be ready to enter upon the duty."

"Thank you, Mr. Noll."

Soon after, young Henry Noll came into my room, and I gave him the necessary instructions, and he at once entered upon his duties. Late in the afternoon, he came in and brought the information that a woman, answering the description of Alice Dunbar, was acting in the capacity of governess in the family of Mr. Harry Lind, a rich lumber merchant, residing in East Levingtown. I thought the matter over, and concluded to wait until the morrow.

It appears that the woman had been in the family something over a week, and was highly spoken of, for her quiet demeanor. She was very good looking, and rumor had it, that a match *might* be made between Theodore Herr, brother-in-law to Mr. Lind, and the beautiful governess. Mr. Herr, was stopping with his brother-in-law. He was not without a rival, for rumor also had it, that young Maurice Lind, was a great admirer of Gertrude Gramio, as she was called. It was said that Maurice's ardent passion was not returned.

Fatal passion! But I will not anticipate. The next day I had planned to make a "descent" upon the "hawk."

Who can tell what a day may bring forth(?) The next day a tragedy occurred that created no *small* amount of excitement all over the country.

" Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love, more painful still ;
But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love, and not be loved again !"

So young Maurice Lind, must have thought.

The tragedy which I speak of, is well explained by the "Levingtown Weekly News:"

"A DARK AND BLOODY DEED."

"Our readers are well acquainted with the name of Lind. Mr. Harry Lind being a prominent merchant of this place. His household consisted, one week since, of himself and wife, his son Maurice, about twenty-one years of age; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Theodore Herr. One day, there came to the Lind mansion, a beautiful young lady, Miss Gertrude Gramio, who brought the best of references, and Mr. Lind secured her services as a companion for his wife. Mr. Theodore Herr, and Miss Gertrude soon became acquainted, and were often seen together. With young Maurice it was 'love at first sight,' but what, to him, seemed his polar star of life—her affection—was not at all reciprocated by her. She could not be taught to love him, and, in fact, repeatedly repulsed all his advances.

She would not walk with him, and where he esteemed her his idol, or as he was heard to say—"his life, his all," she as a lady had cogent reasons—her own heart's secret—that caused her to refrain from any manifestation that might be interpreted as the acceptance of his mysterious passion. Although this feeling of love, which haunted young Maurice, morning, noon, and night, and Miss Gramio's evident feeling of unconcern for him, were partially known to the family, they were but little thought of, as his known gentlemanly deportment and traits, were such as allayed all suspicion of his ever attempting anything wrong. But here the confidence reposed in human nature failed.

Last night he came home rather later than usual. About twelve o'clock he came in, and went up to his sleeping apartment, sober and clear-headed it is believed.

A moment to consider the position of the rooms in the house. The front room on the third floor, was Maurice's, and the large back one, Miss Gertrude's. Between these two, was a smaller room, This was occupied by Mr. Herr. On the second floor, front room, slept Mr. and Mrs. Lind.

Mr. Herr always kept a pistol, loaded, and marked "hands off" in a small closet, belonging to his room. In his pocket was a bunch of keys, the smallest of which, unlocked the closet. These facts were well known to Maurice. In passing up to his room, Mrs. Lind heard him, and quietly remarked to her husband, "Maurice is late to-night." He entered his apartment, (with a bottle of chloroform it is believed,) but not to remain. After partly disrobing himself, taking off all his superfluous clothing, boots, etc., he thoroughly

so. red a towel with chloroform and then laid it by for a moment until he could secure another deadly agent. Stealthily he left the room, entered Mr. Herr's, searched about, and, after finding his pants, abstracted the keys therefrom, and just as fox-like leaving, sought the closet. This door he had to unlock, which he succeeded in doing without awakening Mr. Herr. He found Mr. Herr's pistol, a five-barrelled revolver, which he knew was there. He also knew it was loaded. Murderous like, he stole back to his room, grasped the towel saturated with chloroform, and quietly, noiselessly, stole to the open door of her "whom he loved." She was fast asleep. He pushed the half-closed door further open, and then quietly stepped to the bed behind her and covered her face with the towel. Her life was saved through his ignorance. Maurice did not know what an agent he was dealing with, and the excessive quantity thrust into his victim's face strangled her, and she awoke. At once she recognized Maurice, and indignantly inquired what he meant, and with heroic courage struggled from the firm grasp of the villain who desired to render her unconscious—for what God only knows.

When freed from Maurice, Miss Gertrude rushed from the room to the head of the stairs, and cried for help, using Mrs. Lind's name. These screams elicited answers from the room below, when Maurice, knowing his attempts had failed, slipped quietly to his own room, and lay down on the outside of the bed. The trembling girl hurried, almost fell, down stairs towards Mrs. Lind's room, whom she met at the threshold of her door, when almost fainting, she half swooned upon the bed, unable to speak a word.

Mrs. Lind and her husband were not yet aware as to the cause of her alarm, and they commenced a search for robbers, as they supposed. Maurice at this time, slipped from his room, and down stairs again. Reaching Mrs. Lind's room, he found Miss Gertrude, and this time he determined to make his work sure.

Miss Gramio, had but just recovered from her swoon, and seeing Maurice, she became so frightened, as to be unable to speak. He took deliberate aim at her, but she had presence of mind enough to raise her arm, and as she did so, the ball went crashing through it. Maurice evidently thought his work done, for he left the room immediately, and went to his own. By this time the whole household had become fearfully alarmed. On the stair-way Maurice met his mother and Mr. Herr. The latter asked him the cause of the pistol firing, but received no answer. Shortly after, another shot was fired, but this time on the third floor. Mr. and

Mrs. Lind rushed up stairs, and found Maurice lying upon the floor with the saturated towel bound over his face, and a large shot, directly through the heart.

The excitement, as must be conceived by all, was of the most intense character, and the rumors that, like wildfire, spread through the town, magnified the heinous crime almost tenfold, until passers by looked upon the house as an ill-omened mansion, and stared tremblingly as they passed slowly by it.

Coroner Williamson, later in the day, proceeded to the dwelling and impanelling a jury, took a mass of testimony, mainly corroborative of the foregoing, but a portion of which is so interesting, and bears directly upon the doings of my *wicked* heroine, that I think the reader will forgive me, in placing it before him. I of course, managed to gain an entrance, and in my disguise sat all through the testimony.

Miss Gramio testified:

I was aroused from my sleep about one o'clock by hearing slight noise, like the creaking of a door; immediately I felt a towel saturated with chloroform on my face; I was stifled, and exerting all my strength, I forced myself from the application. The gas was burning in my room, and I recognized the person who was in my room, and who applied the chloroform to my face—it was Maurice Lind, the deceased. I was somewhat stupefied, but was sufficiently conscious to be able to spring from my bed, reach the head of the stairs, and call for assistance. Mrs. Lind called for me to come down into her room, which I did, but how, I know not, as I must have fainted shortly afterwards. In fainting, I of course fell, and in so doing, barely reached the bed. I must have lain there some time, when I awoke and saw Maurice in the room, and just about to point a revolver at me. I was so horrified, as to be unable to call for assistance, but just as he fired, I raised my arm, and received the shot, intended for my heart, in my arm, making an ugly wound. The deceased after firing at me, turned and hurriedly left the room, supposing no doubt, that he had killed me. I cannot imagine why Maurice Lind should have attempted my life, as my relation, (during the short time I have known him,) and associations with him have been of a friendly, but not *intimate* character. I had to struggle very hard to free myself from the towel which was in the hands of Mr. Maurice Lind.

Testimony of Mr. Harry Lind, father of Maurice:

I was aroused about one o'clock to day by hearing Miss Gramio

screaming in her room. My wife called her down, and we carried her, in a fainting condition, to the bed. We then went out to ascertain the cause of the alarm. We thought, as much as could be, that there were robbers in the house, and while we were in search of them, we heard firing in our room. My wife and Mr. Herr, my brother-in-law, came down stairs, and in so doing, met my son going up. My wife was too frightened to speak, but Mr. Herr asked Maurice what was the matter, but my son did not answer him, only giving him a wild look. We then went into our room, which is on the second floor, and found Miss Gertrude, lying upon the floor, unconscious, with a pistol wound in her arm. Shortly afterwards we heard more firing, and going up to Maurice's room, found him with a towel tied over his face, and shot through the heart. My son had committed suicide. (Here the witness wept.) That he was not in his right mind, I have not the least doubt. He has always been a dutiful son, acted in a gentlemanly manner, kept the best of hours, and was, previous to his death, respected by all that knew him.

Testimony of Theodore Herr, brother-in-law to Mr. Lind:

Was well acquainted with the deceased. His habits, as far as I can judge, were of the best. I inferred from a remark he made to me, saying, my head appears to be paralyzed; that his head *was* afflicted, no previous act of his lead me to that opinion. His disposition was nervous, highly so. I had a five-barrelled pistol, which I kept in a closet in my room, always loaded. This was well known to the deceased. The key of the closet, I had among a great many others, hanging on a ring. These keys I kept in my pantaloons pocket. The closet key was in the bunch when I went to bed, which was near eleven o'clock. When I was aroused this morning, I found the closet open, and the keys in the door. The pistol, I instantly noticed, had been taken down. I never heard Maurice threaten the peace or happiness of Miss Gramio; know of no cause why he should injure her; did not notice that his mind was affected after Miss Gramio refused his offer of marriage.

The jury returned the following verdict:

"Maurice Lind came to his death by shooting himself through the heart, on the 20th day of August, at East Levingtown, Ky."

Now, thought I, will be an excellent chance for a denouement.

"Gentlemen," said I, rising, "the young woman who has just testified, is not Gertrude Gramio, but *Alice Dunbar, the horse thief.*"

Everybody looked towards me, surprised at such a masculine

voice, coming from a woman. I noticed this, and began disrobing myself. I had my own clothes under the assumed costume, and as I took off the disguise I said—

"Gentlemen, I am *James Colley, detective*, and I do here swear that that woman, is no other than, *Alice Dunbar*"

A scene here ensued that defied description. Alice Dunbar was arrested, Mr. Theodore Herr, stood perfectly astonished, and seemed unwilling to believe my assertion, whilst a general congratulation was given on all sides.

In a few days I left for home, where I was welcomed in a hearty manner by all my old acquaintances, and a great many new ones.

In time the trial of Alice Dunbar was announced, but it never came off. A large fortune was left her in England, and through its *magic influence* it was actually proven, that *the real Alice Dunbar, had been shot at the time her gang was captured*, and that the woman, whom I had *thought* was Alice Dunbar, the horse thief, was as she claimed to be, Gertrude Gramio, from Maine.

I expected every day to be summoned as a principal witness, but the trial was hurried through, and Alice Dunbar, *alias* Gertrude Gramio, sailed for Europe, on the first day of September, and is now probably living under an assumed name in that country.

Money is too often the means of allowing rogues to escape, a well-merited and just punishment.

The Public's servant,

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THE END.

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On seeing Maurice she became greatly frightened. He took deliberate aim, but she had the presence of mind to raise her arm and as she did so, the ball went crashing through it!—Page 59.

Als sie Moriz wahr wurde, erschrak sie heftig. Er hob den Revolver in die Höhe und zielte auf sie; allein sie hatte Geistesgegenwart genug, um ihren Arm aufzuheben, der von der Kugel geschmettert wurde. — Seite 59.