

CAPTAIN LINDEN'S MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By GEORGE BARTON

How Famous Detective Unearthed Great Quantity of Loot Guided by the Crook He Outwitted—All Quilley Ones Receive the Penalty, Through Work of Clever Sleuth—Overcomes All Obstacles.

On the night of October 13, 1879, Paymaster McClure and his body guard, Hugh Flanagan, employees of Charles McFadden, a railroad contractor, were waylaid in the Luzerne mountains, just outside of Wilkesbarre, Pa., robbed, and foully murdered.

The two men left Wilkesbarre in a one-horse buggy and arranged their journey so that they might reach Miner's Mills in time to pay off the Italian laborers who were working on the railroad near that place. They had \$11,000 in a leather satchel which was fastened to the bottom of the carriage with a couple of straps. The thought of personal danger never entered the minds of either of the men. They knew every foot of the ground, and, moreover, were acquainted with nearly every man, woman and child within a radius of five miles.

Their coming to Miner's Mills was always the occasion of much joy among the Italian laborers and their wives and children. In fact, McClure and Flanagan were looked on as the benign editions of Santa Claus, except that instead of coming once a year, they made their welcome visits twice a month. They were as punctual as the clock itself, and the Italian miners to the minute when to expect the paymaster and his assistant. As a consequence, when they failed to appear at the usual time on October 20, the people were very much disturbed.

A telegram from Wilkesbarre stated they had left that city 12 hours before. A general alarm was sent out and a delegation of men started for the mountains. Some of the most prominent citizens of Luzerne county headed the searching party. They knew that the paymaster and his assistant carried a large sum of money and they were also aware that certain parts of the mountains were as lawless as the most uncivilized section of the United States. Little wonder that they were filled with gloomy forebodings. They had not gone far before their worst fears were realized. The horse belonging to McClure and Flanagan lay dead in the road. The animal had been wounded and evidently suffered great agony before it died. For it lay there weltering in its own blood. Some yards further up the road they came to the broken shafts of a carriage.

They continued their search, nevering themselves for the shock that was still to come. It came only too soon. The dead body of Paymaster McClure was found dangling from the bar of the buggy, where it had been caught and hung suspended for hours. An examination proved that the dead man had been in the back in four distinct places. It was as if a volley had been fired from ambush. The horror of the affair was increased fivefold when later when Flanagan was found face down, prostrate in the road, lifeless. He evidently had been shot and fallen from the wagon.

The latest demonstrated nothing of value. The funeral of the murdered men, which took place from Miner's Mills, was largely attended. All of the Italians who worked on the railroad were present. One of these was Michael Rizolo. He seemed to be very much affected, and, putting out his handkerchief, wept bitterly. He cried out:

"My goodness, who could have done this will crime? I will have to help to run down the murderers, and when we get them we will string them up without mercy."

Within 24 hours Rizolo was arrested charged with the murder of McClure and Flanagan.

But, unfortunately, the arrest was made solely on suspicion. There was not a shred of evidence on which to hold the man—unless it was the fact that he lived in a shanty on the mountainside. The expected happened. He was discharged from custody.

In the meantime Charles McFadden, the employer of the murdered men, determined that the assassin should not go free. If a plentiful expenditure of the employment of the best detective skill in America could prevent it.

Accordingly, he went for Capt. Robert J. Linden.

Within 24 hours Linden was in Wilkesbarre. He had been given full power and unlimited money. His first act was to put Mike Rizolo under surveillance. After that he made an exhaustive investigation of the home of the murderer. At its conclusion he was convinced of the guilt of Rizolo. But he lacked the proof that would satisfy a jury—in fact, was without a speck of evidence of any kind. A man's crime is not convicted merely because some

other man believes him guilty of a crime. No one knew this better than Robert J. Linden.

His assistant, Capt. E. J. Dougherty, said: "Shall we arrest Rizolo?" "No, we must get either a confession or sufficient evidence for a conviction."

At this critical stage of the game the local authorities who had heard of the movements of Linden and his assistants, re-arrested Rizolo. Linden was not given to profanity, but some of the things he said on that occasion were unprintable. He foresaw a trial and an acquittal—a flaccid miscarriage of justice. He went to Thomas Quigley of Miner's Mills. "Mr. Quigley, you want the mountain mystery solved?" "Surely."

"Then go bail for Mike Rizolo." Quigley went Rizolo's bail in the sum of \$2,000, and the Italian was released from custody. He was delighted. To his mind he had been tried and virtually acquitted of the crime.

ark, N. J., but eventually drifted to Wilkesbarre, where he secured employment with the railroad contractor.

Two days after Rizolo was discharged from custody he went to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he started a commissary department for the benefit of his fellow Italians who were employed by Mr. McFadden, who had a railroad contract in that section of New York. Mike still had a passion for making money quick. His prospects looked good.

Both of these fellows were Italians. One pretended to be half-witted and managed to be in the company of Mike all the while. He not only worked with him, but he ate and slept with him. Rizolo on his part not only gave the man his confidence by day, but he poured his incoherent dreams into his willing ear by night. Detailed reports were sent to Linden with religious regularity.

A few weeks after the crime Rizolo's sister was married and he made her a present of \$600. A month later he presented his brother-in-law with \$1,000 to set him up in the bakery business. Also, at sundry times he displayed great rolls of greenbacks, which were certainly not the profits of his business in Poughkeepsie. Finally, about the 12th of January, Rizolo made elaborate plans for a trip to Italy. He arranged to sail on the 20th of January. Linden resolved that the Italian should never leave America. He had ample evidence. He resolved to arrest him at once. So he laid a trap to entice Mike to Philadelphia, thus bringing him within the jurisdiction of the court.

The Italian responded. As he alighted from the train, Linden came forward to meet him. Rizolo was somewhat taken aback at the sight of the detective, but his nerve did not desert him.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to help me out on a little case I'm interested in," was the significant response.

They drove down to the Philadelphia office of the Pinkerton agency. Linden immediately escorted his man into his private office.

"Wait here," he said, "I'll be back in a minute."

Mike felt uncomfortable. That was

Linden's purpose. The Italian looked about him nervously. His gaze rested upon a large portrait of Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the agency. The eyes of the veteran detective looked down on the murderer accusingly—at least he thought so. He turned around and was greeted with the motto of the agency, "We Never Sleep."

He was very uneasy now. Linden re-entered the room carrying a legal-looking document in his hand. It was a warrant for the arrest of the Italian. Linden looked very solemn.

"Michael Rizolo, stand up!"

The suspect arose, curious and fearful.

"What is it?" he cried.

Linden put his broad hand on the man's shoulder.

"I arrest you for the murder of McClure and Flanagan."

Rizolo sank to the floor a shapeless heap of crushed humanity.

It was some moments before he recovered his nerve. When he did so, the detective said:

"You are not compelled to tell me

"He said 'Hello, Mike!'"

"What did you say?"

"I said 'Hello,' and nodded my head."

"Then what followed?"

"As soon as McClure and Flanagan passed me in the carriage I quickened my pace, but they naturally paid no attention to me. We were now close to where the two other men were in ambush, and I began to get a little nervous."

"Who fired the first shot?"

"Benvenuto. He did the principal shooting. He was an expert shot. He was on the right side of the road going up."

"Who was shot first?"

"McClure."

"Who fired the next shot?"

"Benvenuto."

"Where are these men now?"

"They are both in Italy. They left three weeks after the murder."

"How far up the road was Villola from where the horse started?"

"About 50 yards."

"When did you shoot?"

"I shot from the rear. I fired four shots altogether at the men in the carriage. After McClure and Flanagan had been shot the horse started on a dead run. Villola got frightened and ran through the woods to the shanty, where he deserted us without warning. At one time it looked as if the horse was going to get away and we thought we had only killed the men for nothing. Benvenuto was fleet-footed, however, and he chased the horse at a break-neck speed. He finally caught him and grabbed him by the rein. He then shot him in the head. Then we cut the strap that held the satchel fast to the carriage, and hurried to the woods to the hiding place. The money was buried as we as the weapons, and I arrived at my shanty a little before 12 o'clock. You know the rest, how I was suspected, and how I was followed to Poughkeepsie."

The trouble came when we were relieved over the division of the spoils. The other two men were so anxious to get back to Italy that we took several trips to the woods and dug up part of the money until now nothing remains there but the silver money and the weapons that were used to commit the murder."

Linden determined to test Rizolo's story at once. The Italian told him exactly where the money and the rifles were buried. Linden started for Wilkesbarre at once, accompanied by the self-confessed murderer. They reached Wilkesbarre at eight o'clock on the evening of October 21.

It was too late then to get a trail to Laurel Hill, where the money was hidden. The night was dark and stormy, but the detective resolved to pursue his search in spite of all obstacles. He made up his mind to walk to Laurel Hill rather than risk being followed. He was accompanied by one of his detectives and the prisoner, who was not handcuffed. When they reached the first house on the side of the mountain he borrowed a miner's lamp and then began the journey over the mountains. Seven miles from Wilkesbarre and two miles from the scene of the murder, at Laurel Run creek, they found the various articles just where Mike said they had been hidden. He was their guide from the beginning to the end. He knew every inch of the country, which was beyond the wildest stretches of the imagination. The rifle was found as well as the silver money. They were hidden beneath a heavy rock. The money was in a large bag, and wrapped in the paper packages just as it came from the bank. The satchel in which the money was carried by McClure and Flanagan was found in another place, buried about a foot deep between two rocks. All of the things were buried in such a way that they could be reached readily by the removal of a lot of leaves that were strewn over them.

Linden directed that each article should be put back exactly where it had been found, except the coin, which he put in a satchel and took back to Wilkesbarre with him. Irony of fate—Mike Rizolo was the man who carried the satchel containing the coin which was to be used as evidence to send him to the gallows. It was very heavy. There was \$29,500 in it, besides the silver money and the weapons. Rizolo was issued for his accomplices, but through some flaw in international law they could not be honored. Later, however, through the activity of the government, both Rizolo and the man who was issued for them were brought back to America. Those who were best acquainted with Capt. Linden's achievements in the great mountain mystery declare that it was as keen and artistic a specimen of detective work as has been developed in any country in modern times.

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

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EXCELLENT WEATHER AND MAGNIFICENT CROPS

REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA ARE VERY ENCOURAGING.

A correspondent writes the Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press: "The Pincher Creek district, (Southern Alberta), the original home of fall wheat, where it has been grown without failure, dry seasons and wet, for about 25 years, is excelling itself this year. The yield and quality are both phenomenal, as has been the weather for its harvesting. Forty bushels is a common yield, and many fields go up to 50, 60 and over, and most of it No. 1 Northern. Even last year, which was less favorable, similar yields were in some cases obtained, but owing to the season the quality was not so good. It is probably safe to say that the average yield from the Old Man's River to the boundary will be 47 or 48 bushels per acre, and mostly No. 1 Northern. One man has just made a net profit from his crop of \$13.55 per acre, or little less than the selling price of land. Land here is too cheap to pay rent, when a crop or two will pay for it, and a fallow almost unknown. Nor is the district dependent on wheat, as other crops do well, also stock and dairying, and there is a large market at the doors in the mining towns up the Crow's Nest Pass, and in British Columbia, for the abundant hay of the district, and poultry, pork, and garden truck. Coal is near and cheap. Jim Hill has an eye on its advantages, and has invested here, and is bringing the Great Northern Railroad soon, when other lines will follow."

The wheat, but the barley crop in other parts of Western Canada show splendid yields and will make the farmers of that country (and many of them are Americans) rich. The Canadian Government Agent for this district advises us that he will be pleased to give information to all who desire it about the new land regulations by which a settler may now secure 160 acres in addition to his 160 homestead acres at \$3.00 an acre, and also how to reach these lands into which railways are being extended. It might be interesting to read what is said of that country by the Editor of the Marshall (Minn.) News-Messenger, who made a trip through portions of it in July, 1903. "Passing through more than three thousand miles of Western Canada's agricultural lands, toward the northern, and southern farming belts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, with numerous drives through the great grain fields, we were made to realize not only the magnificence of the crops, but the magnitude, in measures, of the vast territory opening, and to be opened to farming immigration. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers there, and millions of acres under cultivation, but there is room for millions more, and other millions of acreage available. We could see in Western Canada in soil, product, topography or climate, little that is different from Minnesota, and with meeting at every point many business men and farmers who went there from this state, it was difficult to realize one was beyond the boundary of the country."

A RUNNER-UP.

Mr. Arker—Do you find your new auto a good climber, Harry?

Harry—Well, it's not a speed marvel when it comes to running up hills, but say, old man, you just ought to see it run up a hill.

By the Hurricane Route.

"He who once tried to leave the country," says a Billville exchange, "but he never could afford the railroad fare, but just as he had given up all hope a hurricane came along and gave him and his horse free transportation. It was providential and he pulled through at last."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dainty Bits of Sentiment.

A fine bit of sentiment from Editor Howe of the Atchison Globe: "Treat the faithful friends have in you as carefully as you would handle a delicate silk parasol in a violent wind and rain storm."

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value, a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.



POURED FORTH THE STORY OF THE ATROCIOUS DOUBLE MURDER