

The Terrier and the Bloodhounds

Stories of the Greatest Cases in the Career of Thomas Furlong, the Famous Railroad Detective, Told by Himself

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The murder of Conductor Frazier by bandits occurred while I was chief special agent for the Missouri Pacific railway, and Mr. Hoxie, the vice-president and general manager, notified me to take action upon the case. I was to proceed to Overton, Texas, where the attempted hold-up had occurred, and make my investigations immediately.

This episode happened in the year 1885. It was in the month of February and about midnight. The weather was unusually cold for that section, and the ground was covered with about two inches of snow. The train, which was bound south from Longview to Galveston and San Antonio, was in charge of Conductor Frazier.

Just as the train was about to pull out of the small station of Overton the colored porter, whose duty it was to see that no tramps or other intruders boarded it when it was leaving stations, noticed two men climb aboard what is known as the "blind" end of the baggage car, from the north side. On seeing them, the porter boarded the baggage car at its rear end, and as the baggage cars at that period all had doors at each end, he entered the car by the rear door and opened the front door from the inside, thus coming upon the men suddenly from within. The train had not yet fully got underway and the porter, peering out, ordered the tramps, as he supposed them to be, to get off the train. Immediately they turned upon him, each man holding two large revolvers. The porter then perceived that they were wearing masks, and he was thoroughly frightened. Slamming the door shut, he fastened it and rushed back into the car, where he met Conductor Frazier, whom he informed that there were two tramps on the front end of the baggage car and that, when he ordered them off, they had pointed revolvers at him. He did not tell the conductor that they were wearing masks, however.

Conductor Frazier, believing the men to be merely tramps who had got upon the car for the purpose of stealing a ride, concluded that he would invite them into the smoking car out of the cold, where they would be more comfortable, and put them off at the next station. They would be more comfortable in the smoking car than out on the front platform. He went to the front end of the car, accompanied by a brakeman named Powers. He opened the front door and the men immediately opened fire on him. Frazier fell forward dead, his body rolling off the train into a ditch.

The men now caught sight of Powers, the brakeman, who was behind the conductor. As soon as the firing began Powers turned to run back into the coaches. He was shot in the body and seriously wounded. The men then sprang from the train and disappeared. Upon receiving my instructions from Mr. Hoxie, I departed for Overton, as I have said. I left St. Louis early the morning following the attempted hold-up, reaching my destination some eighteen hours later. Here I learned, in addition to the facts I have given, that there was a north-bound passenger train from Galveston that night. There was a water tank about three miles south of Overton, and here the north-bound train was to meet and pass Conductor Frazier's train. I conjectured that the masked men had intended to steal a ride on the south-bound train to the water tank, and there to board the north-bound train from Galveston, hold it up, and

rob it between the water tank and Overton. Owing to their discovery, however, and the unexpected shooting affray, they left the train and, taking a circuitous route, made their way to Overton.

They could easily be traced back thus far, owing to their tracks in the snow, but when they reached the main street their tracks were lost among the numerous other tracks there. I concluded that the men were residents of Overton and not tramps, and continued my investigations on that hypothesis.

In the meantime, as soon as the news of the murder became generally known, a special train had been sent from the town of Marshall, Texas, to Overton, with a pack of bloodhounds, which were owned and kept by the Texas & Pacific Railroad company, and were in charge of a man named Mordon, who accompanied the hounds everywhere they went. Mordon brought a posse of several men with him, in addition to the hounds, and as soon as the train reached Overton all the citizens thronged to join the party. The hounds were taken to the spot where the masked men had leaped from the train, which was about a mile and a half south of Overton. Being unleashed, they at once took up the scent, following the tracks to Overton, where, like the men, they became confused by the large number of tracks on the main street. However, there was one wise old dog in the pack named Lee. Lee finally scented the track in the street and began bellowing, and continued until he arrived at a high picket fence which surrounded the home of a man named John Price. The hounds were being followed by a large crowd, and when they arrived at the fence, which was too high for them to leap, Lee kept up his howling until Mordon silenced him.

The hounds were then taken back to the spot at which Lee had scented the first track that led to the home of Price, and, after a good deal of barking, old Lee scented another track which he followed to the house of a certain John Knight. Knight and Price were brothers-in-law, and both of them were among the crowd that was following the hounds, so that the crowd burst into jeers and laughter when the animals led them to their own houses. As I have stated, I was busy upon my own investigations in the meanwhile. While the hounds were following still other tracks and affording sport for all the male population of Overton, I was on my way to Palestine, a division and headquarters of the International & Great Northern railroad, some forty miles south of Overton. Here I found the colored porter, a light and rather good-looking mulatto. He wore what were called "sideburns," and a mustache of which he was very proud. He had stated that he would be able to pick out the men whom he had seen board the train at Overton, providing they were wearing the same clothing as on the night of the tragedy. I was anxious to bring him back as soon as possible. I believed the guilty men to be in Overton, but I was afraid that the hounds would be liable to indicate some poor unfortunate, but innocent person, who would be more than likely to be subjected by the mob to violent treatment. Before proceeding to Palestine I had telegraphed to one of my men, Mike McCabe by name, to meet me there, which he duly did. I took the porter,

whose name was Davis, to a colored barber shop in Palestine, where I had Davis' whiskers shaved off, as well as his mustache. The porter protested vigorously, but I finally persuaded him into the chair. I afterward had Davis don the suit of a common field hand, and a soft hat of the kind usually worn by the field hands in that section. After Davis had been shaved and dressed in his new clothes his own mother would not have recognized him.

I then placed the porter in the charge of McCabe, who was unknown in that part of the country, with the following instructions: He was to take the first train on the following morning as far as the water tank above mentioned, near Overton. There Davis and he were to leave the train, and they were to walk into the village and go around it, looking carefully at every person who came near them. In the event of Davis being able to recognize one or both of the masked men he was to inform McCabe quietly, and McCabe was to report to me at once.

I proceeded to Overton from Palestine on a train that left on the preceding night and waited for developments.

A short time after McCabe and Davis arrived they were passing a blacksmith shop when Davis suddenly recognized John Price as one of the bandits. John Price, who was inside the shop, had an apron on and was shoeing a horse at the time. It was then near noon, and the bloodhounds, with the mob following them, were seen coming down the hill into the town, evidently having had enough of the pursuit, which, after Knight and Price had been indicated by the animals, had become an aimless wandering hither and thither. As the mob drew near Davis recognized Knight among the front rank of the crowd, behind the hounds. He told McCabe and my operative promptly informed me. I then instructed McCabe to send Davis back to Palestine and instruct him to await further orders there.

Powers, the wounded brakeman, had been conveyed to the railroad hospital at Fort Worth, Texas, where he was supposed to be lingering between life and death from the wounds he had received, and I had been informed that Powers likewise could identify the two bandits. As Davis had already identified Price and Knight, and his identification was corroborated by strong circumstantial evidence, among which was that the bloodhounds, I resolved to put the two men under arrest and take them to Fort Worth, so that Powers might have an opportunity of seeing them. I therefore telegraphed from Overton to Major Joseph Merion, general superintendent of the International & Great Northern Railroad, at Palestine, in a cipher code which we employed, requesting him to send a special engine with a coach to Overton that night, and to arrive about 11 o'clock, by which time the great majority of the inhabitants would be in bed. I also requested that he would send my man McCabe to meet me at the station at Overton, and to bring Chris Rogers, who at that time was city marshal of Palestine. Rogers had held this position for a number of years, and was a terror to the evildoers of the community, having killed no fewer than seven or eight men during his term of office.

I wired to Major Merion that I should be glad to have him bring Mr. Rogers along with him, and requested him further to instruct his engineer to approach the station at Overton quietly and without ringing his bell or blowing his whistle, as it was essential that the citizens should not know that a train was approaching. The train arrived at the time appointed, bringing with it Major Merion, Chris Rogers and McCabe. I met them and took them at once from the station to the house of John Knight, where I rapped for admission. My knock was answered by John Knight at once, and he was immediately seized and secured. When we proceeded to the house of his brother-in-law, Price, we fully expected to have trouble with Price, for he bore a very bad reputation, having been mixed up in a number of shooting scrapes. He was considered by the people of Overton to be a "bad man" of the community. Arriving outside the Price house, I sent McCabe, who was not a large man, but was thoroughly game, to the back door and rapped. A man's voice immediately answered from within, asking who we were and what we wanted.

"We are officers of the law and have a warrant for your arrest," I answered. "If that's the case," Price answered, "you can call in the morning after I have had my breakfast, and if I feel like going with you I will do so, but if I don't feel like going with you I probably won't."

Price lived in a small, one-story shanty. At one end of the sleeping room was a large fireplace, in which a big fire was burning, which heated and at the same time illuminated the room. The fireplace in question was built up against the outside of the house, and there was a crack, probably half an inch wide, extending along the chimney. After Price had made his jocular answer I left Chris Rogers at the door and went to the crack. By the light of the fire we could obtain a good view of the interior of the sleeping room. The bed was standing immediately in front of the fireplace and facing it. Over the head of the bed was a shelf extending along the partition, and upon this shelf Price evidently kept a Winchester rifle, for he was now sitting up in bed, his Winchester in his hand. I went back to the door and hurriedly told Rogers of this.

"Price," shouted Rogers through the door, "your house is surrounded, and you had better put that Winchester which you have in your hands back on the shelf. Come to the door and open it at once, or else let your wife and babies come out before we set fire to the place and burn you out. You have been bluffing the people of Overton for a long time, but you can't bluff us. We are officers of the law, and



THE MEN IMMEDIATELY OPENED FIRE ON HIM.

and if you come to the door and surrender we will protect you."

We heard Price's wife pleading with him in agitated tones to surrender, and after some demurring, Price followed her advice. He opened the door and surrendered to us, and we took both our prisoners to the special car and immediately started for Fort Worth, arriving there late the same evening.

We went to the railroad hospital, where I saw the surgeon in charge. Powers was in a better condition by this time, and we arranged to have him brought out of the small room which he occupied and placed in a larger one. We then had a party of 25 or 30 railroad men, and other men who lived near the hospital, file into this room and form a half circle around Powers' cot. He was placed in such a position that by merely turning his head he could obtain a good view of those who were lined up. Knight was standing in the half-circle near one end and Price was placed about midway between the center and the other end of the line. Their dress and general appearance were very similar to that of the others. After everything had been arranged the doctor in charge told Powers to look over the line and see if he could recognize any persons there. Powers at once pointed his finger at Price and said:

"That is one of the men who was on that train."

He turned his head, looked along the line, and, without any hesitation, pointed to Knight, saying, "And there's the other."

We took Price and Knight to Tyler, Tex., where they were both locked up in default of bail, to await their trials on the charge of murder.

Colonel Spivey, a prominent criminal attorney, was employed by the defense, while the railroad company engaged Capt. James Hogg and his law partner, John M. Duncan, to assist in the prosecution. In due course the day of the trial arrived, Circuit Judge McCord presiding. The defendants demanded separate trials. Colonel Spivey proposed to try Knight first, for the reason that it was generally understood that he, being the younger of the two men, had been under the influence of his brother-in-law. If he received a severe sentence it would augur well for a heavier one for Price, whereas, if Price got off lightly, Knight would receive an even milder sentence. Knight's trial lasted two days. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and his punishment was fixed at ten years in state's prison. His counsel immediately served notice that he would apply for a new trial, and also asked the continuance of Price's trial until the next term of court. The continuance motion was granted and Price was released on bail.

While the question of Price's bond was being arranged by the lawyers and the court, I, in company with William Boyd, the master of transportation, left the court room and walked out into the grounds in front of the court house, where we stood conversing for a few moments. I noticed a rather singular looking man who had been following me almost continuously during the trial. He looked about thirty years of age, was in his shirt-sleeves, and was wearing a Texas hat with a brim of extra width and no collar. He had the appearance of being slightly under the influence of liquor.

I had noticed the man so often that I had grown accustomed to looking for him. I suspected that he was a "crank" and would bear watching. Now he came right up to me and said: "Furlong, I know you, and I want to tell you that you will never convict John Price, and I am mighty glad that he is going out on a bond."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me whether Price is ever convicted or not," I answered. "I only did my duty in causing his arrest. The matter is now in the hands of the court, and whatever the court sees fit to do with Price will be satisfactory to me."

"I was afraid that Price would stay in jail until the next term of court," answered the man. "Now that he is going to be let out on bail I intend to kill him before that time comes. He shot my brother some time ago in a very cowardly manner and without cause. My brother will die from the effect of the wound before long, and I intend to kill his murderer."

"If I were in your place," I answered, "I do not believe I would talk about what I intended to do, as you are liable to get into trouble."

"All right! I am just telling you this," answered the man, "and I don't intend to talk any more about it. I just want you all to know how I feel about the matter."

I had feared that the man intended to make trouble for me, and was greatly relieved to learn that he had no grudge against me. As for his threat to kill Price, I did not take it very seriously. When he had concluded these remarks he extended his hand to me.

"Watch out now, and remember what I have told you," he said. About four or five weeks later, when Price was out on bail, he came out of his house early one morning and took his stand on a platform that extended from the rear of the building, where he began washing in a basin. This platform stood about three feet above ground, and had a hollow space under it. While Price stood there a man who was under the platform crawled from his place of concealment and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. A man was subsequently arrested for the crime and tried, but acquitted.

After the arrest of Knight and Price I returned to St. Louis, where I reported the success of my undertaking to Mr. Hoxie. When I entered Mr. Hoxie's office to make my report ex-Gov. John C. Brown, then general solicitor of the Gould railway system, was in his office, and he was invited to return there to listen to my report. When I had concluded Mr. Hoxie turned to him and said:

"Governor, this is a remarkable case, and the only case that I know of where a terrier has beaten a pack of bloodhounds on a man-trail."

I, being an Irishman, presume that I was the terrier referred to.

Poor Dolly. Jean is a very lively little person of five, who hardly knows what the word "quiet" means. One afternoon she came into the house merry and noisy after her afternoon nap, and as she burst in like a firecracker she caused quite a commotion. Her mother, thinking to give a gentle hint, said, "Your dolly has been so good while you've been out. She hasn't talked nor made a bit of noise nor broken anything. She has just sat here as quiet as a mouse."

"Poor Dolly!" said Jean, who did not fail to understand her mother's remark. "I'm sorry. Some day I'll stay home and give her a good time."

Joyous Indifference. "Be careful," said the life-guard, "there may be sharks in the water."

STORIES From the BIG CITIES

Adventurous Career of Charleston's Old Chimes

CHARLESTON, S. C.—While the old world boasts of many famous bells and chimes, to which clings the association of romance and poetry, there are no bells in the world that have had a more adventurous career than those of St. Michael's, at Charleston. The well-authenticated story of this celebrated peal shows that the bells composing it have crossed the ocean no less than five times—once as a heap of twisted metal.

The St. Michael bells were cast in England some time before the Revolutionary war and brought to this country. When the war against the old country began the Charleston peal was sent back to England so that it might not be injured. Upon the conclusion of the war the Charlestonians clamored for their bells, and it became the duty of our first minister to Great Britain to see that they were returned. His negotiations were successful and the bells were, with much ceremony, re-installed in the church.

Their next adventure came with the Civil war, when the steeple of St. Michael's was made a target for the guns of the besiegers. The bells were removed for safety to Columbia, but when the army of Sherman occupied that town the sheds of the yard of the statehouse wherein the bells had been stored were broken into and the bells smashed into fragments, the sheds being fired. The bells were not, however, completely "done for." At the close of the war the pieces were carefully gathered and shipped to Liverpool, together with directions as to how they should be recast, the specifications being taken from the record of St. Michael's, which showed where the bells had been cast and the proportions.

It was found that the firm of bell-founders which had cast the bells in the first place was still in existence, consisting of descendants of the original firm. The records of this firm showed that the proportions of the casting corresponded with those of record at St. Michael's, and so, under those circumstances, the recasting of the bells was not so difficult a matter. Accordingly, for the fifth time, they crossed the ocean and were set up at Charleston.

His House Was Burning, but He Obeyed the Law

CHICAGO.—Anton Schermeng lives near Jacob Reff. Jacob wanted to take out naturalization papers and he needed a witness, so he gave the government officials Anton's name. Several days ago an officer of the court served Anton with a summons which contained many "thereofs" and "whereases."

Among the neighbors Anton discussed the summons, and all agreed that dire things would happen if he failed to appear at the time stated. At ten o'clock sharp Anton walked into the office of Commissioner Lewis Mason in the federal building. He appeared nervous. The commissioner was busy and paid little attention to the man. Anton shifted about from one foot to the other and twisted his hat in his hands. He glanced frequently at the clock.

"Quit that fidgeting around; you make me nervous," said Mr. Mason. "Sit down."

Anton walked over to Mr. Mason's desk and said: "Can I use your phone?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't like the public to use it unless it is important."

"Well, I am kinda nervous, but you see I am anxious about my wife and children. I don't know whether they got out."

"Out of where?"

"Just as I was leaving home my house caught on fire, but I didn't have time to stop. I could see the smoke as I came down on the car, and I was wondering if anybody turned in an alarm."

When Commissioner Mason recovered he called the fire department and learned that Schermeng's home at 1430 Washburne avenue had been somewhat damaged by fire, but his family had escaped.

Willie Lost His Bar License After One Big Day

CHICAGO.—Eight-year-old Willie Rock took his first fling at high finance the other afternoon and cleaned up 50 cents. Willie was left alone with his grandma at 7245 Euclid avenue, and the kind old lady proceeded to give her pet grandchild a lecture on how to be thrifty.

This so inspired Willie that he started a lemonade stand in front of his house and posted a sign on a tree near by: "Ice cold lemon; two cents a glass."

The temperature was over the 90 mark, but Willie stayed on the job until the ice melted and no pennies came in. The young plutocrat hated the idea of meeting his grandmother with empty pockets, so he hurried into the basement, hauled out a case of real beer which belonged to his father, Frank D. Rock. Then he changed the sign on the tree to read: "Swell beer sold here. Two glasses for five cents."

Directly across the street plasterers, hodcarriers, and carpenters were at work on a new apartment building. One of the workmen spied the sign, and didn't believe that he read correctly, for he knew he was working in one of the driest zones in Chicago. Prohibition absolutely. But he bought a glass, then two more, and finally secured a bottle. The rest of the hodcarriers and plasterers were informed of the oasis across the street, and immediately rushed to Willie's stand.

In the stampede Willie made 80 cents, which he carefully pocketed and promptly handed over to Grandma Rock. "Did you make all that on lemonade?" asked the old lady, smiling. "Aw, nobody wants that; I gave my customers real beer, and it sold like the dickens!"

Grandma revoked Willie's license right there. The young Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had sold for 80 cents a case of beer which cost his father \$1.20.

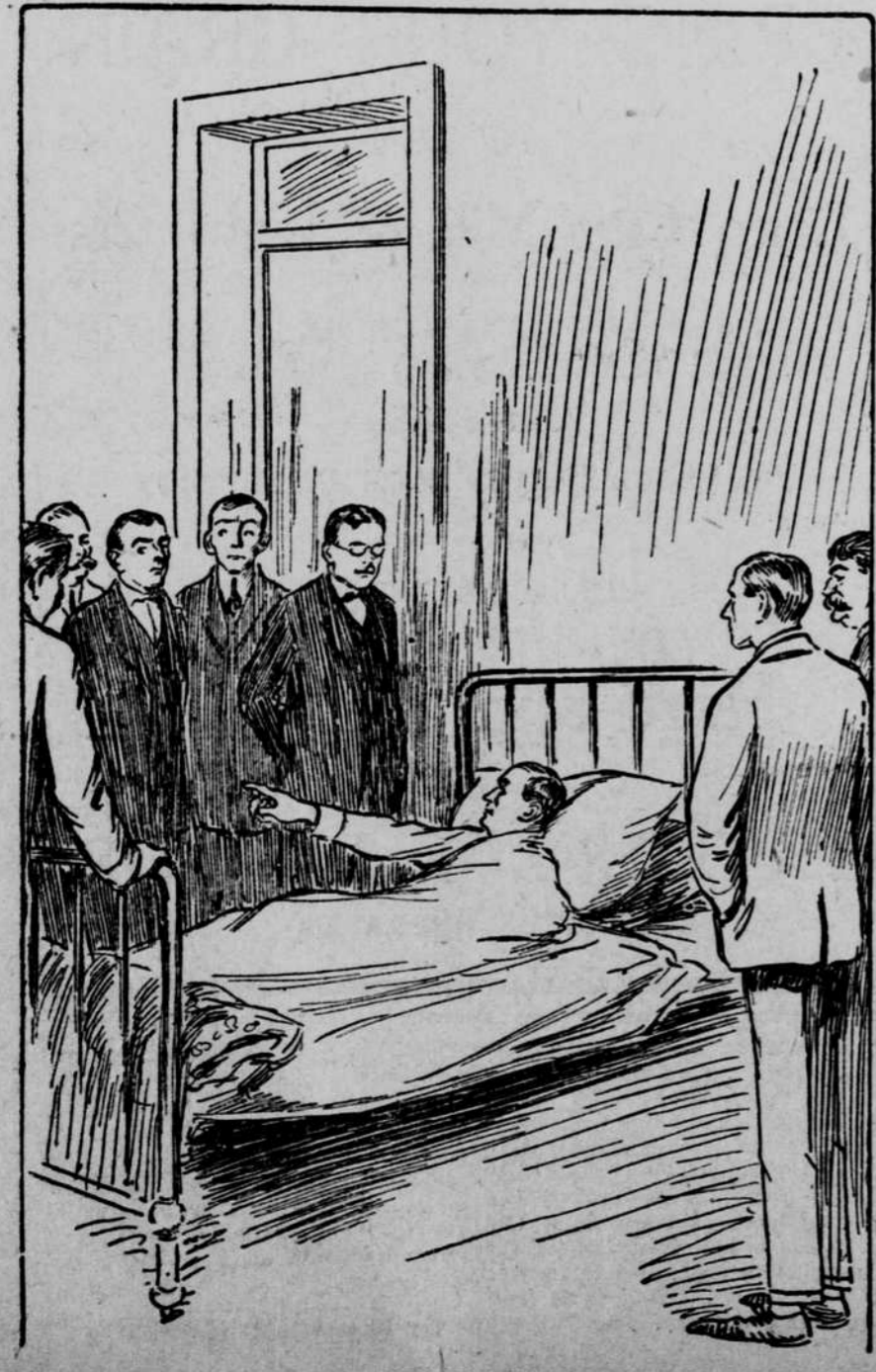
New York Society Folk Now Go Out "Atmosphering"

NEW YORK.—The New York society has discovered a new fad. It's just like going on the stage incognito, or slumming without getting arrested, or in a sporty sense, "getting the game without the name." It is called "atmosphering," and consists in appearing individually and collectively in the tango dances, village groups, mobs, ballroom or street scenes of the motion pictures.

A little persistence, good looks, ordinary human intelligence and—above all—the visual tangible evidence of an extensive and costly wardrobe are, as a rule, all that are required to land a girl or man at least in a one-day job at some studio or outdoor location. The \$5 bill that goes with it is, of course, a rather meaningless feature of the slant—but think of the perks. And then there is always the joy ahead of some day seeing one's moving likeness on the screen of a Broadway motion-picture house. What a grand surprise to the regular people of "our set" to lead them innocently into a theater and watch their delicious surprise when they see you right there, big as life, and far more unnatural in the movies.

Every motion-picture manager in New York has come to know them—these "atmosphering" society amateurs, some of whom tell heartrending tales of how badly they need the \$5 that goes with the little card to the director. Some of them are actually in demand, because when it comes to dresses they're straight from the best modistes. And they will show up at a faraway country location with a promptness made possible only by high-power limousines that defy storms, bad roads and the problem of carfare.

Of course, they take the fee which some less well-equipped aspirant for film work doesn't get. But they would just as eagerly pay for the privilege as get pay for doing stunts.



"THAT IS ONE OF THE MEN THAT WAS ON THAT TRAIN."