

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to Its Readers Throughout Nebraska.

In a fight near Lexington Dave Fisher was killed by Emory Matthews.

The body of Miss Wersell, who suicided in Omaha, was sent to Cumming county for burial.

I Hampen, a farmer of Hayes county, committed suicide on account of domestic difficulties. He leaves two daughters.

In Seventy-seven counties in Nebraska the socialists cast a total of 1,942 votes and the prohibitionists 3,253 votes on electors.

Trenmore Cone of Wahoo has decided to become a candidate for the chief clerkship of the Nebraska house of representatives.

In the village election at Cambridge, voting on the issuance of \$25,000 bonds for a system of waterworks, the proposition carried by 190 to 47.

Governor Sheldon has allowed requisition for John Bedford, under arrest at Beatrice and wanted in McHenry county, Ill., for alleged murder.

There has been so much nightly mischief perpetrated at Norfolk lately by boys that the city authorities have determined to rigidly enforce the curfew law.

Alfred Werner, a stranger, was arrested in Ogalalla by Sheriff Beal on the charge of forging the name of Mr. Kealon, living near Big Springs. He languishes in jail.

Omaha shippers are disturbed over what is termed the sudden enforcement by the railroads of a provision regarding shipments by Rule 27 of the western classification.

Miss Helmina Beckard of Utica, Neb., has returned from Germany, where she has been studying for some time, and has registered for work in the Peru State Normal.

Sheriff Fischer of Otoe county arrested suspect and held him in jail until he confessed to stealing a horse at Ashland and taking it to Greenwood, where he sold it for \$9.

W. O. Forde, about 45 years of age, traveling for the Ross E. Curtice Piano company of Lincoln, dropped dead of heart failure in the office of the Grand Central hotel in Broken Bow.

In looking into the affairs of one of the inmates at the poor farm in Otoe county it has been found that he was possessed of some \$8,000 in real estate and some personal property.

Dr. C. P. Fall, a prominent Beatrice democratic politician denies the report that he is after the appointment of superintendent of the feeble minded institution to succeed Dr. Osborn.

Farmers should all have telephones. Write to us and learn how to get the best service for the least money. Nebraska Telephone Company, 18th and Douglas streets, Omaha. "Use the Bell."

George Robertson, who for four years has been manager of the Mark M. Coad stock ranch at Fremont, has resigned his position to accept another with the Greeley Horse Importing company at Greeley, Iowa.

It is reported that Governor Sheldon expended \$10,000 more during the last two years than his salary amounts to. In other words it cost him \$10,000 in cash to hold the office of governor and perform the duties of that office as he thought they should be.

Miss Emma Paulus, living at the family home, eight miles northwest of Harvard, shot herself with a rifle, and is not expected to recover. Miss Paulus is the eldest child and only daughter of the late Peter Paulus, who early in the summer of this year shot himself at the same home. Soon after her father's death, Miss Paulus's mind gave way and she was taken to the Hastings asylum.

Samuel Bowers, a farmer living near North Platte, has been arrested by the deputy United States marshal from Omaha, on an indictment from the federal grand jury charging him with intent to defraud the government by making a false declaration in affidavit for pension. Mr. Bowers has resided in Lincoln for over twenty years, and has sustained a good reputation. His indictment has occasioned much surprise.

Perry A. Yeast of Hyannis, Grant county, was taken to the Hall county jail at Grand Island and turned over to the authorities there to begin his three months' term of imprisonment for his complicity in land frauds in Banner and one or two other western Nebraska counties. Yeast was convicted in the United States district court last spring of dabbling in soldiers' declaratory statements and procuring fraudulent land filings after a trial lasting several days.

A distressing accident happened at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, living near Taylor. The adult members of the family were in the barn milking when one of the children was burned to death in the house.

A charitably inclined woman at Nebraska City went to the home of a poor family, the members of which were ill and had neither food or medicine in the house. The good Samaritan found a mother who had been sick for weeks lying on a bed made of rags, neglected and starving children without a crumb, succor was at once furnished.

CAPTAIN LINDEN'S MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By GEORGE BARTON

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

On the night of October 19, 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 \$12,000 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 miniature 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 workmen knew 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 mountain 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, nerving 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 shot 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 five minutes later when Flanagan was found, face down, prostrate in the road, lifeless. He evidently had been shot and fallen from the wagon.

The inquest 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 Rizzolo. He seemed to be very much affected, and, pulling out his handkerchief, wept bitterly. He cried out:

"My goodness, who could have done this awful 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 Rizzolo 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 mountain-side. 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 and the employment of the best detective skill in America could prevent it.

Accordingly, he sent 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 Rizzolo under surveillance. After that he made an exhaustive investigation of the scene of the murder. At its conclusion he was convinced of the guilt of Rizzolo. But he lacked the proof that would satisfy a jury—in fact, was without a speck of evidence of any kind. A man cannot be 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 Rizzolo?"

"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 Rizzolo. 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 fiasco, a miscarriage of justice. He went to Thomas Quigley of Miner's Mills.

"Mr. Quigley, you want the mountain mystery solved?"

"Surely."

"Then go ball for Mike Rizzolo."

Quigley went Rizzolo'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 Rizzolo 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.

But all the while Linden had two employes at the elbow of Mike Rizzolo. 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. Rizzolo 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 Riz-

Linden's purpose. The Italian looked about him nervously. His glare 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 Rizzolo, 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."

Rizzolo 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?"

"Bevenino. 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?"

"Bevenino."

"Where are these men now?"

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

"How far up the road was Villella from Bevenino?"

"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. Villella 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. Bevenino was fleet-footed, however, and he chased the horse at a break-neck speed. He finally caught up 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 well 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 quarreled 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 Rizzolo's story at once. The Italian told him precisely 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 in the evening. It was too late then to get a train 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 weird 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 Rizzolo was the messenger 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 \$291.50 in dimes, five-cent pieces and pennies. They walked over the railroad track back to Laurel Run, which was reached shortly after midnight. Through the kindness of a telegraph operator at Laurel Run they were furnished with an engine which took them back to Wilkesbarre.

Little more remains to be said. Rizzolo was tried, convicted and executed. Requisitions were 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 received long terms in an Italian prison. 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 has been developed in any country in modern times.

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POURED FORTH THE STORY OF THE ATROCIOUS DOUBLE MURDER

He must have had a smattering of law—in fact, possessed that "little learning" which is a "dangerous thing," because he said more than once to his confidants:

"A man can't be tried for murder twice. Once acquitted, he's a free man."

He failed to realize that his hearing before the alderman was not a trial, and that his discharge was far from an acquittal. But from the moment that he was released his every footstep was shadowed; every house that he entered was marked; every word that he uttered was overheard, and every penny that he spent was noted in a little red book kept by one of Linden's rubber-shoed sleuths.

Rizzolo seemed anything but a desperado. He was about 24 years old and rather agreeable looking, except for his nose, which had a discoloration which won for him from his countrymen the nickname of "Red Nose Mike."

He came to America from Calabritto, in the province of Avellino, near Naples. In his own country he was apprenticed to a barber. But he was restless and dissatisfied with this employment and wanted to come to the United States, where, he had heard, money was to be picked up on the streets. On his arrival in America he worked for awhile in New-

York. You can keep quiet if you wish."

"Oh, no," he cried. "I must confess. I can't keep quiet any longer!"

And there in that little room, in passionate words, he poured forth the story of the atrocious double murder on the Luzerne mountains.

"It was greed for gold," said Mike, "that was at the bottom of it all. The scheme to waylay and murder McClure and Flanagan was first concocted on Sunday, September 2. Giuseppe Bevenino and Vincenzo Villella and I thought what a good time we could have in Italy if we could get this money. We talked it over for a long time, and finally concluded to carry out the scheme. We scoured the woods thoroughly to find a good place to conceal our firearms and the money in case we succeeded. After looking about for more than two weeks we finally located a place that suited our purpose. Then I bought a rifle at a store in Wilkesbarre, and we were ready. On the morning of Friday, October 19, I saw McClure go away from the works. I followed him to Miner's Mills. Villella and Bevenino did not come to Miner's Mills that morning but remained in the woods. After leaving Miner's Mills, I passed McClure on the road."

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

Mike felt uncomfortable. "That was

"What did McClure say to you?"