CAPTAIN LINDEN'S MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

By GEORGE BARTON

earthed Great Quantity of Robert J. Linden. 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 17, 1879, Paymaster McClure and his body guard, Hugh Flanaghan, employes 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 en-

tered 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 Flanaghan 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 Flanaghan 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 daugling 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 Flanaghan 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 Mc-Clure and Flanaghan.

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 den's rubber shoed sleuths. the employment of the best detective skill in America could prevent it.

Accordingly, he sent for Capt. Rob-

ert J. Linden. Within 24 hours Linden was in Wilkesbarre. He had been given full power and unlimited money. His first | Mike."

crime. No one knew this better than

His assistant, Capt. E. J. Dougherty, "Shall we arrest Rizzolo?"

"No; we must get either a confession or sufficient evidence for a con-

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 moun-

tain mystery solved?" 'Surely."

"Then go bail for Mike Rizzolo." Quigley went Rizzolo's bail in the sum of \$2,000, and the Italian was re-

and virtually acquitted of the crime.

Two days after Rizzolo was discharged from custody he went to 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. leased from custody. He was delight. Detailed reports were sent to Linden To his mind he had been tried with religious regularity.

A few weeks after the crime Riz-

How Famous Detective Un- other man beleves him guilty of a ark, N. J., but eventually drifted to Linden's purpose. The Italian looked Wilkesbarre, where he secured em- about him nervously. His glare restployment with the railroad contract- ed upon a large portrait of Allan Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he start- ingly-at least he thought so. He ed a commissary department for the turned around and was greeted with benefit of his fellow Italians who were | the motto of the agency, "We Never Italian. Linden looked very solemn.

The suspect arose, curious and fear-

"What is it?" he cried. Linden put his broad hand on the

man's shoulder. "I arrest you for the murder of Me-

Clure and Flanaghan." Rizzolo sank to the floor a shapeless

heap of crushed humanity. It was some moments before he re-

covered his nerve. When he did so, the detective said:

"You are not compelled to tell me

"Michael Rizzolo, stand up!"

ing up. "Who was shot first?"

"Bevenino."

"Where are these men now?" three weeks after the murder."

Pinkerton, the founder of the agency. The eyes of the veteran detective looked down on the murderer accus-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

> shooting. He was an expert shot. He was on the right side of the road go-

"McClure." Who fired the next shot?"

"They are both in Italy. They left

tional display while it is in New York "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 Flanaghan 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 fleetfooted, 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 teeps 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 Flanaghan 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 (Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"He said 'Hello, Mike!" "What did you say?" "I said 'Hello,' and nodded my head. "Then what followed?"

"As soon as McClure and Flanaghan 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 During its three weeks' stay in in ambush, and I began to get a little Washington, this exhibit was viewed nervous." by fully 200,6 . people. The exhibit. "Who fired the first shot?" of the Charity Organization Society, "Bevenino. He did the principal which forms but one small unit of this entire exhibition, has been viewed by over a half million people in New York City. From these figures, and a comparison with the attendance of similar exhibitions, it is estimated by the authorities in charge of the present exhibit that probably over a million people will see this educa-

Health.

The exhibit, as it will be shown in New York City, is unique, not only in the fact that it is the greatest of its kind ever gathered together, but also because this demonstration, collected for a purely educational purpose, is used to illustrate the dangers of only one disease. The entire exhibition publishes and carries but one message, that consumption can be cured, and that the cure for the disease is fresh air, rest and wholesome food. These simple facts are empha-

FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE. A Monster Tuberculosis Exhibit for New York City. New York-By November 15th the

greatest exhibition on tuberculesis that has ever been gathered will be opened to the public in New York City. The exhibit, which formed part of the recent International Congress on Tuberculosis, will be shown under the auspices of the Tuberculosis Committee of the Charity Organization Society, and the Department of

The exhibition consists of charts, photographs, maps, models, diagrams, and all sorts of paraphernalia that have to do with the prevention, study, or treatment of tuberculosis. Exhi-

bits are shown from 15 different coun-

ties, and from 200 associations and

individuals. All in all, the exhibition

includes nearly 5,000 units. It will

take 50,000 square feet of floor space

and 110,000 square feet of wall space

for the display of the exhibition. Ten

special cars and over 1,200 packing

cases are required to transport it.

sized in every conceivable way. Charts and diagrams show the fearful ravages of tuberculosis in various parts of the world. In the German exhibit a series of 'small painted wooden pillars and blocks of different heights demonstrate the comparative mortality from consumption in various groups of the people. The United States Census Bureau shows the deaths from tuberculosis in a unique way, indicating by a flash of electric light that some one is dying from tuberculosis in the United States every two minutes and thirtysix seconds; 23 every hour, and 548 every day.

Some of the most interesting exhibits are those showing the treatment of tuberculosis. One fact is emphasized, however, in every sanatorium, "shack" or dwelling house offered as a means of treating consumption, and that is that the patient must have an abundance of fresh air, Every model of buildings shown is designed to give a maximum amount of fresh air to the patient both day and night. Balconies, houses, tents, and groups of buildings of every sort show this phase of the campaign

against tuberculosis. The numerous means employed to spread the "gospel of fresh air, rest and wholesome food" are shown in pamphlets, books, phonographs, and small exhibits. Hundreds of tons of literature are being prepared for free distribution at the coming exhibition, Everyone who attends will be able to receive information on any side of the tuberculosis problem in any of the American or European languages,

Among the individual exhibits which will be shown in New York are eight, which recently received from the International Congress on Tuberculosis prizes ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$100. Besides these, 44 of the exhibits to be shown were recipients of gold medals, and 43 of silver

The exhibition will remain in New York City for one month. At the end of that time it will be broken up into several units, the various states, countries and individuals who have contributed to it taking their respective parts with them. It is probable, however, that part of the exhibition will be shown in several other large cities of the country.

Nebraska Association for Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 408 City Hall, Omaha.

The Tuberculosis Exhibit. The tuberculosis exhibit created

great interest among the teachers assembled here. About 9,000 people visited the exhibit and attended the daily lectures. People crowded the hall each evening to attend the flustrated lecture and the speeches by prominent men of Lincoln and other cities of the state which immediately followed the pictures. Among those

who contributed lectures were Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, Dr. A. S. Von Mansfelde of Ashland, A. R. Talbot, Dr. R. C. McDonald of Fremont. SERMON SENTENCES.

Friendship cannot live save in free-

Liberality is the saving grace of frugality.

It is better to be gracious than to be graceful.

You can get fine work only from free hearts.

Makers of criticism are never gcod takers thereof. No man can long be a bigot who

tries to be a brother. He counts for most in prayer who

counts himself last of all.



POUDED FORTH THE STORY OF THE ATROCTOUS DOLLAR FOR THE

confidants:

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

before the alderman was not a trial. and that his discharge was far from an acquittal. But from the moment 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 Lin-

Rizzolo seemed anything but a desperado. He was about 24 years old and rather agreeable looking, except for his rose, which had a discoloration which won for him from his countrymen the nickname of "Red Nose He came to America from act was to put Mike Rizzolo under sur- Calabritto, in the province of Avelveillance. After that he made an ex- linon, near Naples. In his own counhaustive investigation of the scene of try he was apprenticed to a barber, the murder. At its conclusion he was But he was restless and dissatisfied convinced of the guilt of Rizzolo. But with this employment and wanted to Linden immediately escorted his man he lacked the proof that would satisfy come to the United States, where, he into his private office. a jury-in fact, was without a speck of had heard, money was to be picked up evidence of any kind. A man cannot on the streets. On his arrival in in a minute."

He must have had a smattering of | zolo's sister was married and he made | anything. You can keep quiet if you law-in fact, possessed that "little her a present of \$600. A month later learning" which is a "dangerous thing," he presented his brother-in-law with because he said more than once to his \$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, He failed to realize that his hearing about the 12th of January, Rizzolo 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. Rizzolo was somewhat taken aback at the sight of in case we succeeded. After looking

desert him. "What do you want?" "I want you to help me out on a little case I'm interested in," was the

They drove down to the Philadelphia office of the Pinkerton agency.

"Wait here," he said, "I'll be back be convicted merely because some America he worked for awhile in New. Mike felt uncomfortable. That was

seppi 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 the detective, but his nerve did not about for more than two weeks we finally located a place that suited our purpose. Then I bought a rifle at a

wish.

ready. On the morning of Friday, Ocsignificant response. but remained in the woods. After

tober 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

store in Wilkesbarre, and we were

"Oh, no," he cried, "I must confess.

And there in that little room, in

passionate words, he poured forth the

story of the atrocious double murder

"It was greed for gold." said Mike,

'that was at the bottom of it all. The

scheme to waylay and murder Mc

Clure and Flanaghan was first con-

cocted on Sunday, September 2. Gui-

I can't keep quiet any longer!"

on the Luzerne mountains.

Clure on the road." "What did McClure say to you?"

leaving Miner's Mills, I passed Mc-