

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

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A FAMOUS CASE.

Mr. Brooks Breaks Up a Noted Counterfeiter's Gang.

Recently, while in the United States treasury building, I learned from Mr. Brooks, the chief of the Secret Service Department, for the first time the true history of a famous counterfeiting case, which attracted much attention all over the country, a few years ago. I was fortunate in forming his acquaintance as a Kansan, for he had been in Kansas in 1856 with Jim Lane's crowd, and told me that he saw men taken off the cars at Glasgow, Mo., and hanged for no crime but that of being Northerners (he being a foreigner, escaped.) Those were days when men shot the way they voted on both sides. I said: "Mr. Brooks, please tell me how you discovered one counterfeiter, that will better explain the Secret Service than any other talk about it. In the first place, how do you get the counterfeiters?" He said: "The ladies who count the money have charge of but one denomination; thus the woman who handles the \$100 notes counts no other. Fast as they seem to run through her fingers if a single line is defected, she can perceive it. Thus the money that is returned is the chief source, although bankers and brokers also send them."

"One time a \$100 counterfeit note came up. I compared it with all the engravers samples which I have in my books and after much deliberation, I concluded it was the work of one of two men, both, as I supposed, in New York. I wrote our agent, telling him to shadow Haskell and Brockaway, the suspected individuals in no way connected with each other. After considerable search he found Haskell working at a card engraver's in Philadelphia. He was followed closely for some weeks, when he was taken sick and went to his home, a little village in New York, but instead of getting better he died. The counterfeit \$100 bills continued every now and then to appear. I wrote our agent, "where is Brockaway? He must be the man." I had before discovered that he sometimes passed under the name of Spencer, was tall, slender with gray hair and long gray beard all of which our agent knew. After more labor than I can tell you, we found that a wealthy gentleman, by the name of Spencer, had a yacht, and was off on a pleasure tour. Again we were literally at sea as well as they, but at last we found such a vessel anchored at a country place on Long Island. One day a tall, slender, gray haired man, with a long white beard came down the beach, accompanied by a beautiful girl, they were followed by another elderly man and young girl.

"The four boarded the yacht and started off. Our men took a yacht, and followed in the same direction; their yacht came back, our's returned. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, to all appearances, had a fine residence in a flat on one of the most fashionable streets in New York. They lived quietly, never went out, received no friends.

"Several weeks after they were joined by a tall broad-shouldered, dashing, fine looking fellow from the West; he called himself Foster. Now here is where experience comes in. Our agents report every night. As soon as I heard this description I wrote our agents that the new arrival was James W. Doyle, from a town in Illinois. He married a woman by the name of Foster, whose father was a counterfeiter. "Shadow him."

"The truth is, ten or fifteen years before, that chap had to leave Philadelphia under circumstances which looked as if he was in the business then. In the Illinois town they found he left a boy under the name of Foster, but most of the mail that went into it was addressed to James W. Doyle—so my guess was correct. He soon, however returned to New York. These men were followed day and night for five months before we saw a single suspicious thing. Doyle spent much of his time at the flat occupied by the Brockaways. One day the men came out with a broken seal, something like this," (here Mr. Brooks took up a stamping machine like an ordinary notary's seal.) "they took an omnibus to go down town, and left the broken seal in the 'bus. At the store they obtained another on the condition that if it suited they would buy it, if not it would be returned next day. Our theory was that they broke the seal when they were nearly through with the job, and by using the new one day were able to finish.

"They now began meeting a fine-looking man in Brooklyn, who lived in a beautiful garden. The three came and went much together, but nothing suspicious was seen, except that one day they stopped at a corner and all three closely inspected a small open package, which was passed from hand to hand. Our agent then concluded that the young man was going away, as he bought a fine overcoat although it was yet summer. He also got a new satchel. One day he purchased a ticket for Chicago; he entered the sleeper; two of our men had adjoining berths. Another was anxiously expecting him in Chicago. If he had left the car at any place he would have been arrested by our men on the charge of being a Government embezzler, in order to give us a plea on which to search his baggage. If that proved all right, the other man would have stepped up and apologized, and said to the officer: "Why this is not the man I told you to arrest; you must pardon us, sir, etc." But he made no attempt to leave the car. When they arrived at Chicago, they found the officer with his carriage waiting. The Chicago man laid his hand on Doyle's collar and said: "I arrest you, Baxter, as a Government embezzler."

"Why, my name is not Baxter, I can bring fifty men here to prove my identity. In the meantime, he had dropped his two large satchels. "All right," said the detective; "if you prove all correct you will not be long detained. Here is a carriage; we shall take you to the United States Marshall, and after examination you will probably be dismissed." The satchels, the man and the detectives entered the carriage. We expected to find on him counterfeit one hundred dollar notes. In his inside pocket he had seventeen \$100 notes, but they were genuine. The first satchel contained only clothes. The second wrapped in some soiled linen he had two hundred and four \$1,000 bonds in other words, \$204,000 worth of Government bonds.

"The Marshall asked him: "How much is there here. His answer I do not know gave him away.

"Our men took them to the banks. The bankers declared them genuine and said they would be glad to buy them, as they were at a premium. Well, to make a long story short, it took us a week to prove them counterfeit. They were absolutely a better job than ours, and there (pointing to a framed bond,) is an enlarged photograph of one of his bonds.

"And where is he, Mr. Brooks?" "He is now in the penitentiary in Illinois. His first sentence was for eight years. He was highly indignant—must have a new trial. He had it, and was sentenced for ten years. He has not hankered after another trial."

"And Brockaway?" "We found more in the possession of Brockaway; but he was old and feeble, and we let him off on a suspended sentence but kept a watch on him. In six months we caught him counterfeiting railroad bonds. He is now in Auburn."

"And the man in the garden?" "Well, that was the strangest of all. There he lived, so close to the chief of police in Brooklyn, that the latter could have seen the lever of his presser, and was never suspected. He practiced counterfeiting from the age of eighteen to sixty-two. By a legal technicality he, who probably made them, or at least most of the bonds escaped."

"How much of this have the newspapers given?"

"They have given a general outline, but never knew the particulars I have given you."

On one occasion Mr. Brooks was shot through the body—the pistol was placed against his back. Four assassins were in the room to kill him, so as to get rid of the only expert who could convict a party then arrested. But Mr. Brooks got well; lived to convict his man, and all his four would be assassins are in the penitentiary.

Surely in his case, civil service is an excellent thing for the Government. Probably there is no man now living as expert as he, or one who could be so useful in protecting the Government currency and bonds from the counterfeiters. Mr. Brooks is an Englishman by birth. Were he displaced, the leading banks and express offices of the United States would give him a more lucrative post than his present place.—*H. E. Moore in Chicago Graphic News.*

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