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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1900.

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THE HAND UNDER THE SEAT.

Did I ever tell you, or did you ever hear from other sources, how logical deductions and obvious inferences once led me into what might have proved deep waters? I asked Detective Sergeant Chapman, as he threw his feet up on a chair and settled himself comfortably.

It was a winter's night, cold, hard and frosty, eight or nine years since, I had been down to Cliffe to spend a few hours with a friend, and was going on to Sharnal street, the next station down, to spend the night with another friend.

I was walking up and down the deserted platform, thinking of various things, when my foot kicked up against something which went sliding along the line. My inquisitiveness impelled me to jump down and search for it with the aid of light of a telfer. It turned out to be a novel. I forgot the title—and was in a very damaged condition. My explanation of the torn cover and the bent corner was that they were the outcome of the book having been flung out of the window of a passing train.

I took it into the light of an asthmatic lamp and examined it. There was writing on the fly leaf—writing in pencil, and the shakiness of it and the uncertainty of the lines immediately suggested to me that they had been written in the train. The words themselves convinced me. They were—

"Man hiding under the seat of this compartment. Believe he has designs on valuables I have about me. Communication cord broken. Only way to inform in case anything occurs; and with anchor tattooed on wrist. Left hand."

For a moment I half suspected it was a practical joke. Then it occurred to me that there was more in the affair than lame humor. Cliffe is on the line to Queenborough, where one can take boat for Flushing, which is in Holland, the principal town of which, Amsterdam, is well known as a trading place for dealers in precious stones. The logical deduction was, therefore, that the writer of the message was traveling with jewels from London to Amsterdam via Queenborough and Flushing. Possibly he had a small fortune in gems upon his person, and was away in his mind. Possibly the man traveling under the seat of his compartment, but for whose presence the other would have been alone, had designs upon the valuables he carried, and, realizing he could not stop the express owing to the communication cord being broken, he decided upon the novel method of giving the police a clue in the possible event of the hiding man killing him to obtain the valuables.

I knew quite well that the Queenborough express had run through Cliffe three-quarters of an hour before, and it had by that time reached its destination.

Going over to the station master's office, I showed that official the message and explained my conclusion. He agreed that the affair might be serious. The only thing he could not understand was the point that the man under the seat must have taken up his position before the other man entered the compartment, and this did not suggest that he had designs upon the other, because he could not rely upon the other choosing that particular compartment. But I pointed out to him that the hiding man may have taken up his position in a compartment next to that of his intended victim, expecting to get along by the footboard at the first opportunity and that the other man, for some reason, might have changed into the next compartment at Gravesend, thus walking into the enemy's camp unconsciously, and not discovering his enemy's presence until the train was running between Gravesend and Cliffe.

To oblige me he wired down the line to Port Victoria, and shortly afterwards came the news that nothing absolutely pointing to a crime had come under notice. But that, in a second-class smoking compartment, a quantity of blood had been found, by a guard.

A peculiar fact was, however, that no body had been found. If a murder had been done, what had become of the body? If only an assault had been committed, why had the victim neither been found in the compartment nor given information? So he referred me to Port Victoria, giving them details, asking them to make immediate inquiries and to search the line. Very shortly after that we received a message to the effect that blood had also been found upon the footboard on the floor of which similar stains had been discovered. The police had been informed, and already a search party had been sent up the line.

I wired full particulars to Scotland Yard, and, on receiving instructions to personally conduct the inquiry, wearing a search gang, and, armed with flashlight lamps, we set out down the line to meet those coming from Port Victoria.

We went along as far as Sharnal street without discovering anything, and from that station we wired on for information. In reply we were advised that stains of blood had been found at the side of the down metals, half way between Sharnal and Port Victoria, and that a track of stains had been followed down the embankment and half across a field.

This new fact appeared important, seeming to suggest that either the assailant or his wounded victim had jumped out of the running train, and escaped across the field. But if it were the assailant, where was his victim? If the victim, where was the assailant? Could it be that the latter had by any means taken the former with him? I rather fancied it possible. It might turn out that the tattooed man had killed his victim, thrown him from the train, jumped after him, and disposed of the body in some way, reckoning that the crime could not be discovered except by accident, and that he would be without the reach of the law.

As soon as it was light we were on the supposed tracks. We followed them across a field to where they

I was yet reading, "after my escape, determined upon coming down here to see Miss Duncan before I thought of anything else. I meant to walk all the way, but I overestimated my strength—inspired by 15 bitter months in prison—and the boots I had stolen from a rubbish-heap were stiff and heavy; I had to throw some of my gear barefooted, as you see me now. So before I reached Gravesend I decided to risk capture, and steal a ride. I waited in a cutting for the coming of a chance to board a train unseen, and my luck was good enough to bring me to a standstill within a few hundred yards of me.

"I boarded it, and having found an unoccupied compartment, I got in and scrambled under the seat. To my dismay, at Gravesend a man got into the compartment." I feared he would notice me and call the guard, but he didn't and the train set off again. It was a tortuous position I was in, cramped in every limb, not daring to move, lest the passenger should notice me and stop the train, and I had but my foot on a stone in walking along the railway, and the wound caused me great pain, and bled not a little.

"I could only see the legs of the passenger, who sat on the opposite seat. I was dreadfully afraid that he would stretch out his legs and kick me any moment. But he did not. After a time, however, he grew restless, and went to sit at the corner farthest from me. I could not see what he did, but I could pretty well guess that he had changed his seat. He opened the window and tried to pull the communication cord, and I heard a low oath as the cord ran slack in his hands. Had I not guessed the cord was wrong I should have slipped up and jumped out of the train before it pulled up. But I understood, and kept quiet to consider what I should do. I twisted my head slightly, and in this way was able to see him take a book out of his bag; and I saw his hands writing in it. Presently the roar in front of the train told me that we were standing through a cutting; and I saw him lean to the right and fling the book out of the window. His head came so low that I saw his face and recognized him as my traitor of a cousin. "I worried myself out and confronted him. He did not seem in the least surprised to see me; he told me later that he recognized my hand by the tattooed anchor—but professed the greatest pleasure at seeing me. But all the while his face was pale as death, and his hands shook like those of a palsied man. I had some difficulty in dealing with him. Once I put my fingers around his throat and felt him strangling me. He told me what I wished to know—how I could clear myself, so I released my hold. I made him write that confession and duly sign it, and with it on me I got on to the footboard as soon as the train slowed down, and jumped. I opened the wound in my foot in jumping and had to pause awhile. It pained me so. I thought about the fields for a time, then cut away to see Miss Duncan. That's all. Herbert was going over to Holland. He won't stop there now because I know how and why he did it, and I have no means of conveying the crime for which he had been sentenced. He told me that himself.

"Let me just speak to Miss Duncan in private for one moment, sir," he concluded. "I give you my word of honor that I will not attempt to escape; and then I shall be ready to accompany you to prove my innocence."

He kept his word well, not only about escaping, but as to proving his innocence. And I had an invitation to his wedding, not long after—*Ed. Bits.*

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Wieden, a suburb of Vienna, Austria, has the largest dwelling house in the world. It contains 1400 rooms, divided into 400 suites, and affords shelter to over 2000 persons.

A tree has recently been discovered in Africa which yields better, though by no means as good as that churned from cream it can be made somewhat similar in taste by salting. By heating with a solution of potash or soda, it is easily made into soap.

Porter Jepson of Toledo, Ohio, recently placed a double-yolked egg in the nest with a setting of ducks eggs. Several days after the mother came off the nest with her brood, every egg having hatched. In the brood is one duckling with four legs and three wings. It is as lively and gets around as well as the rest of the brood.

The town of Reynolds, N. D., is excited over the discovery of a subterranean river under the farm of O. J. Solberg, one mile west of the town. Workmen engaged in boring a well discovered that, after boring eight feet, the boring tools dropped and were lost. Investigation led to the discovery of a moving body of water ten feet deep. By flashlight with a mirror a swiftly moving stream could be seen.

A curiosity being exhibited in the window of an optician in Washington—a horn-rimmed eyeglass, with cord attached, worn by Lord Cardigan, when he led the Light Brigade at the "Balclutha" charge. That morning Lord Cardigan had broken the glass of the gold-rimmed monocle he usually sported, and took the other with him as a substitute. It was secured by his military servant, who gave it to a relative. At his death the eyeglass was sold with his effects.

Over in Berlin, Germany, there is a trapezoid which is considered to be the most marvelous piece of mechanism that human skill ever put together. It measures less than one-quarter of an inch in diameter, or one with a face about the size of the head of a large size tack or nail. The case is made of the very finest of gold, and the whole watch weighs less than two grains. Try it. It can only be realized how exceedingly light this is when we consider that in Troy weight it takes 480 grains to make an ounce and that 12 ounces constitute a pound, or that 5760 grains are contained in a pound. This wonderful piece of mechanism weighs only 1-2880th part of a pound. So great a curiosity was this mechanism considered that the owner paid \$1000 for it.

AN IMMENSE CHICKEN FARM TO SUPPLY NEW YORK'S EGGS

LUXURIOUSLY HOUSED HENS.

NEW YORK is soon to have in its suburbs the largest chicken ranch in the world, states the Herald.

At Manassas, N. J., a company has secured a tract of three hundred acres to establish a giant hen industry, conducted on scientific methods.

The company, say its promoters, intends to control the New York market for "guaranteed" fresh laid eggs. They will, they say, deliver eggs in boxes, each box stamped with the date of laying, and delivered to customer within twenty-four hours after the eggs are laid.

The city of New York last year paid \$20,000,000 for eggs, most of them more or less stale, the consumption being 100,000,000 dozen. The first year's output of the enormous new chicken ranch now being laid will be thirty million eggs. This will be the product of a laying "herd" of from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand chickens. The establishment is being planned to rapidly increase to double that amount.

These flocks will be herded under the system invented by Mr. J. R. Benson before the eggs are gathered for the market. This is the main cause why so many eggs spoil.

The new system is the only one which prevents eggs from undergoing some degree of incubation, because the egg is taken from the nest immediately after it is laid. The invention consists of a nest with a hole in the bottom suspended immediately over a revolving disc, which receives the egg as soon as it is laid and moves it away from the nest when released by the rising of the hen. The disc is then ready to receive the next egg, and in this way no egg is incubated for an instant.

The second invention saves the expense of numerous attendants and the lives of the smaller hens. One of the greatest troubles and trials of poultry farms has been that of feeding. Unless time were taken to scatter the food far and wide the larger fowls beat away the smaller lot, and the result was that the smaller were imperfectly nourished, impairing their laying capacity. As small hens may be as prolific as larger ones, and as the laying, the importance of fair and even distribution of food to laying hens is plain. To make this cheap and easy, an electric food scatterer has been invented. The attendant places the feed in it and upon pressure of a button at a central station the food is scattered simultaneously in all sections evenly over the surface of the reservation.

The third improvement is to destroy the vermin, the enemy of fowl. Most vermin pass from fowl to fowl at night, when the fowls are roosting, and crawl up the walls of the chicken house and out upon the perch. These assaults are rendered vain by a perch which is set in a cup, in which the vermin are caught and destroyed before they can reach the fowls.

The eggs will be collected from the nest six several times a day. Packing and shipping will go on continually. A few hours will bring them to New York in the cars of the company and delivered by their own trains, each morning. The fresh laid eggs will be packed and shipped in paper boxes containing from one-half dozen to three dozen. Each box will be secured by a sealed label stamped with the date of laying.

The extent of this ranch is to be very great. Nothing like it exists anywhere.

figured at \$10,000 for eggs and \$75,000 for non-producing fowls sold as broilers, etc., or a total of \$85,000. If this large gain is borne out in practice, as these gentlemen confidently believe, the docile little hen will become a bigger money maker and profit bringer than even the biggest of money making inventions and investments.

The Orange Belt in California.

The orange producing belt of California includes the counties of Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino, Orange, San Diego, Santa Barbara and Ventura. Added to this is the foothill region striding the Sierras. In this principal belt there are now 48,000 acres. The bearing trees in Southern California number 2,072,400, the non-bearing trees 1,227,800, but as the latter will soon be productive it is easy to see the time when the output will amount to 27,000 carloads, and the income be \$10,000,000. The capital invested is already about \$44,000,000. While oranges were first grown by the monks at San Gabriel Mission as long ago as 1804, the present industry is all of recent growth. It was in 1870 that John Wolfelt planted the first orchard in California. Land adapted to the purpose of the orange-orchardist from a valuation of \$30 per acre to \$600, and a single tree that once could have been procured from the nursery for ten cents reached a valuation of \$1.00. Of course, in being brought to its present stage of development, orange-growing was attended by many costly experiments. Fortunes have been sunk, but fortunes have been made, and from the lessons of experience the industry has been placed on a secure footing.

Swordfish in Plenty.

A busy and lucrative swordfish season has opened, and from now until October visitors at T. W. R. will see more big fish than at any other time in the year. Every year, shortly after the Fourth of July, the fleet of fishing vessels, changing its base of operations from Georges and other ledges, takes a stand in the vicinity of Minor's Light looking for the fish named. Several cargoes have been brought in, and the average catch was about seventy-five fish. Their weight averaged about 150 pounds, although one was landed which tipped the scales at 600 pounds, and several weighed between 300 and 500 pounds. Many people on the wharf watched the workers get their catch from the holds of the vessel to the big fish carts and not a few secured one or more of the swordfish. Some will have the edges sharpened, a point and handle put on, and will keep the sword as a relic. The fish brings six cents a pound.—Boston Transcript.

Cecil Rhodes and the Ladies.

It is said by those who know Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, that he has, in common with Lord Kitchener, a strong aversion to the opposite sex. While on a visit to London before the commencement of the war he dined at the house of a very wealthy lady of title, and later, when he was discussing the affair with his secretary, the latter asked: "And whom did you take to dinner?" "Oh, I don't know. Somebody. I don't remember the name." "But what did you call the reply?" "Didn't call her anything—never spoke to her."—Argonaut.

INCUBATOR HOUSE

where. The largest chicken farm today is at Sydney, Ohio. This plant has the capacity of raising one hundred thousand broilers per year, but it does not sell the egg product. To accomplish this it has a stock of less than fifteen thousand hens. Cuddahy, the great packer, has a chicken farm of eighteen thousand head near Milwaukee, and this is considered one of the largest in the country. One New Jersey concern is said to be the largest chicken and egg purchaser in this country, but never have its flocks exceeded eighteen thousand.

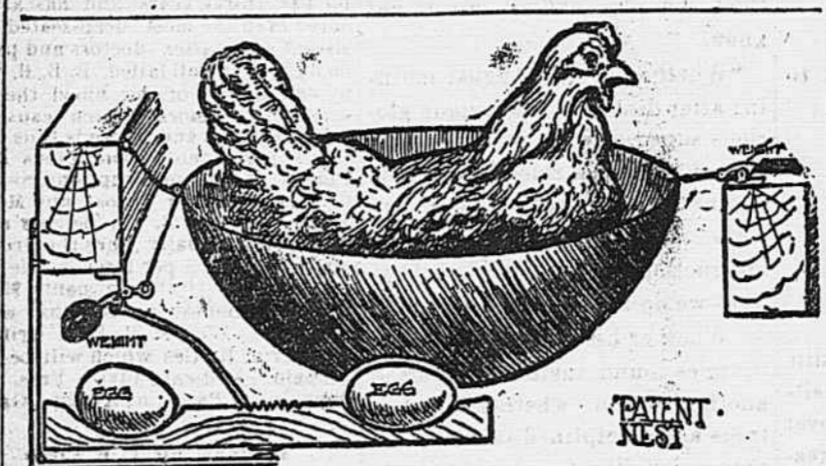
Few people know that the insignificant little hen is one of the greatest profit makers and wealth producers. The revenue from keeping fowls for eggs if the herds can be properly handled, watched and controlled is greater than in any other industry," said J. R. Benson.

"Becoming convinced years ago that there was big profit and room for great improvement in poultry raising, I started experiments and study, not

EST PRODUCTION

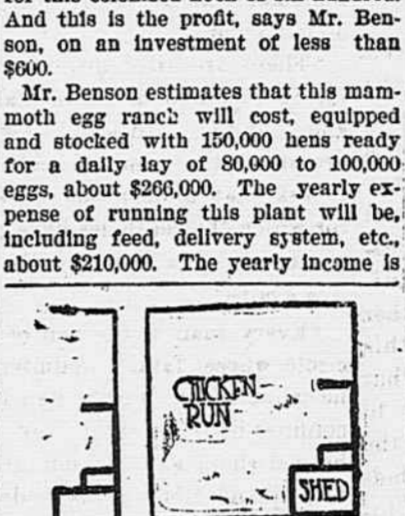
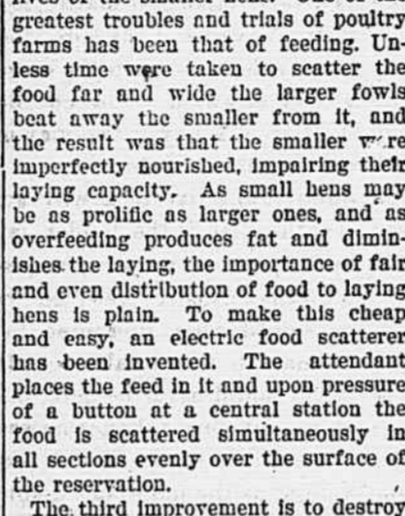
Two hundred eggs per year per fowl was not a high average, and each hen could be made to pay a profit of at least \$2.00 per year. I started with fifteen hens, then increased this to ten families of fifteen each. The result was the same if not better."

Mr. C. H. Wyckoff, of Groton, N. Y., one of the successful small poultry raisers,



volving disc, which receives the egg as soon as it is laid and moves it away from the nest when released by the rising of the hen. The disc is then ready to receive the next egg, and in this way no egg is incubated for an instant.

ers, keeping about six hundred head of laying fowls, in small colonies, solely for eggs for the market. His total egg yield was 117,600 eggs for the year ending October 1, 1899. His receipts were \$4.08 per year for each of the six hundred hens. He figures \$1.08 per year per hen for keep and expenses, showing a net profit of \$1800 per year for this colonized flock of six hundred. And this is the profit, says Mr. Benson, on an investment of less than \$600.

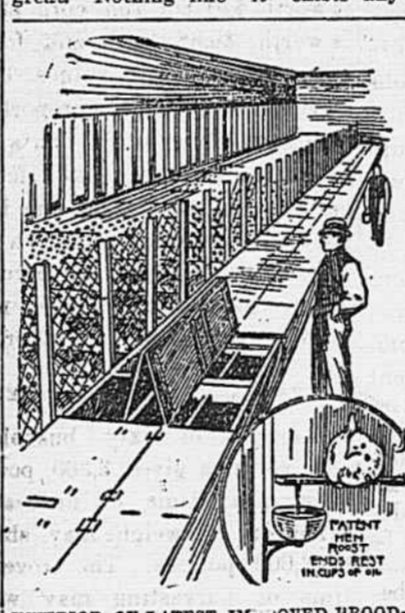


In a recent lecture Professor A. A. Brigham of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture, at the Poultry Experiment Station, Kingston, said:

"To make an industry of the chicken and its product is not a question of the market, which can always be had. It is not the expense of keeping, which is always low. It is not a question of profit, which, if properly conducted, is large. It is the question how to reach and conduct on a business scale large herds of hens, the chicken business of to-day being merely a home industry. Something, therefore, must be done to make hen raising a national business on a business scale."

This will be accomplished, says Mr. Benson, at the Manassas egg farm. Under his system any number of chickens can be herded. Instead of allowing them to run at large and mingle freely, as of old, picking their food from all kinds of refuse, they are to be divided into colonies of not above thirty hens. Each colony will have its own reservation, kept in hygienic cleanliness and order, and separate and isolated at all times from the others.

figure at \$10,000 for eggs and \$75,000 for non-producing fowls sold as broilers, etc., or a total of \$85,000. If this large gain is borne out in practice, as these gentlemen confidently believe, the docile little hen will become a bigger money maker and profit bringer than even the biggest of money making inventions and investments.



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