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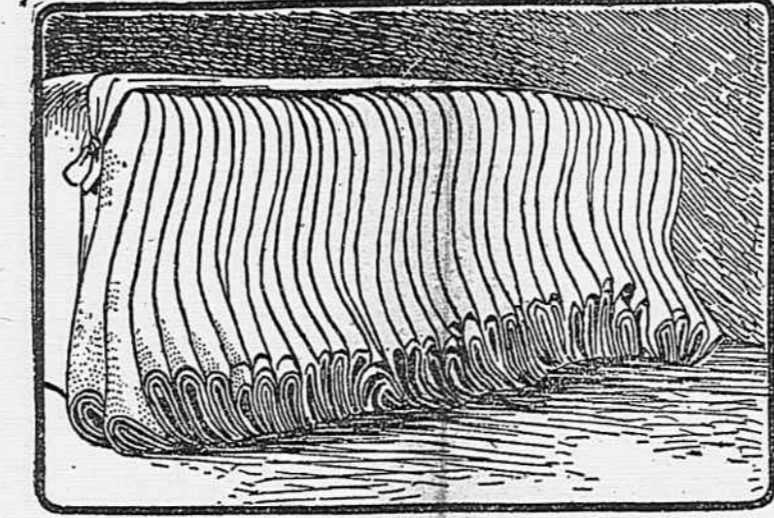
NO. 36.

The Great Lancaster Counterfeiting Conspiracy.

A Narrative of Truth that is Stranger than Fiction.

"It was ten millions or ten years. We took the gambler's chance—and lost."
In these words William M. Jacobs, chief conspirator, epitomized the most gigantic counterfeiting plot ever unearthed by our government. On the day he uttered them he was a captive felon; only the day before he was known to his fellow-townsmen in Lancaster, Pa., as a prosperous cigar manufacturer. His chief comrade in wrong doing was a neighbor, William L. Kendig, a manufacturer on a small scale. Jacobs was the capitalist of the plot, but a man of mesmeric inventive faculty and poor address; Kendig was a born executive, a genius in resources, and had the gift of "soft approach," like a cat.
During the Christmas holidays of 1897 a clerk from the sub-treasury at Philadelphia appeared in Washington with five \$100 silver certificates bearing the vignette portrait of President Monroe. The weak color of the red seal on their faces had aroused his suspicion. All the experts who scrutinized them, however, pronounced them perfect except as to the seal, and it had been about decided that they had been stolen from the government bureau of engraving, when one of the notes which had been steeped in hot water by Mr. Moran of the secret service split in two. Microscopic examination then showed that the green ink soluble in acids, had been washed from the backs of two \$1 notes; that their faces, being printed in a permanent black ink, had been shaved down or peeled off; and that the face and back devices of a \$100 certificate had been printed on the cleaned surfaces, and the thin pieces stuck together with rice paste. These excellent notes were counterfeit.
A circular of warning went at once to the banks, and every sub-treasury was ordered to ship to Washington all the \$100 Monroe-head certificates it had on hand. When these came in a number were found to bear the tell-tale seal. The possible magnitude of the fraud gave the treasury a chill; and Secretary Gage sent for John E. Wilkie of Chicago, a journalist who had done some shrewd detective work, appointed him chief of the secret service, and bade him win his spurs by running this affair to earth. That was in February, 1898; the last person sentenced for connection with the crime went to prison a few days ago. The story of the four years' patient campaign I shall try to give in outline.
Detailed photographs of the notes proved that the plates must have been made by photo-etching, helped out by hand-work, a process which experts agreed could have taken not less than four months. The oldest of the counterfeits discovered had been redeemed in June, 1897. Allowing a month or their circulation before redemption, they must have been issued in May; and four months for their manufacture would carry the date of beginning them back to January.
Armed with this logic, Mr. Wilkie took a trusted subordinate with him to Philadelphia, the chief seat of the fine engraving industry in America, and the city where the false notes had appeared in the greatest quantity. They pretended to be about to open a high-class printing establishment, where they would need engravers skilled in letter work, and capable of copying vignette portraits for bonds and checks. This started gossip in the craft, and Mr. Wilkie soon heard of 18 or 20 men who were deemed competent for such employment. Among them were two partners, Arthur Taylor and Baldwin S. Bredell, who struck him as being worth knowing, for their friends had laid wandering stress on the fact that, though young and only recently started in business for themselves, they had suddenly, in January, 1897, dropped out of their accustomed haunts. Until April or thereabout, their shop had been closed much of the time; but in spite of that both afterward wore the air of prosperity, Bredell buying a fine diamond ring and Taylor taking a pleasure trip to Florida.
Here was a lead, surely. A watch was set upon this secret pair, and for more than one year thereafter no person entered or left their shop in Filbert street, and no package was delivered there, without careful note being made in the reports sent nightly to Washington by the watchers. The shadowing was unrelenting, and it soon became plain that the firm was perfecting a machine for paper-making in a small way.
One day in June, 1898, Taylor left the building with a grip-sack for the railway station. A detective followed close in his footsteps, and when Taylor bought a ticket for Lancaster his follower did likewise. They rode in the same car, and at their destination the officer saw his man meet Jacobs as by appointment and hold a long private conference with him.
What use has a respectable cigar manufacturer for a "crook" engraver? This question buzzed in Chief Wilkie's brain for some hours after reading that day's report. Then an idea occurred to him. He wrote to an agent in Chicago to ascertain what tobacco lists there dealt in Jacobs' cigars, and to purchase a few boxes for him. He put the revenue stamps under the microscope, and the connecting link was there. His agent, on his orders, inspected 300 boxes. There was not a genuine stamp in the lot!
Another group of detectives were therefore sent to Lancaster at once to watch Jacobs. They soon noted his intimacy with Kendig, about whose factory there seemed a cloud of mystery. A watch was set upon that building as minute as on the engravers' room in Philadelphia. Ere long it was found that Bredell, on one of his trips to Snow Hill, shipped a parcel of apparatus to Lancaster, where Kendig received for it. Presently both Taylor and Bredell came to Lancaster and made a stay of some

length under assumed names. With Jacobs and Kendig they spent much time in an inner room in the Kendig place—a hiring named Burns, an expoliceman, acting as their picket guard.
A hitch occurred at this stage, to understand which we must go over for a little into the camp of the makers. The collector of internal revenue for the Lancaster district had assigned his deputy, one Downey, to inspect the Jacobs and Kendig factories. Suspicion had been aroused by the fact that Jacobs, though apparently doing a larger business than ever, was buying fewer stamps. Suddenly the collector, after a visit to Washington, called Downey off to the west, and bade him make his examination merely perfunctory. No explanations were given; but Downey, who was short of money and had borrowed \$100 of Jacobs, proved his gratitude for the loan by telling his benefactor of the strange incident. Jacobs and Kendig took fright at this, and did the worst thing possible for themselves by carrying all their incriminating material off to an unfrequented spot near the city and burying it; for two detectives followed them on bicycles and made careful note of the hiding-place.
The more Jacobs pondered the hint given him by Downey, the more convinced he became that the secret service had got wind of his operations. How to avert this peril was the question. The whole gang lay quiet from September 11 to January. Then Kendig suggested that there was a lawyer in Philadelphia, one Harvey Newitt, who, having been United States District attorney under a previous administration, was probably well acquainted with the personnel and methods of the secret service. Why not retain him to find out what was afoot, and hold the detectives in check if need be?
To return to the watchers in Philadelphia. They observed that the gang had struck up relations with some one in the Franklin building, where several lawyers had their offices. For some time it seemed impossible to discover whom they visited there, but one day the riddle solved itself. Newitt, who, with his partner, Ellery Ingham, was quartered in the Franklin building, chanced to meet William J. McManus, one of the watchers, with whom he had some previous acquaintance. In the course of a short conversation the lawyer remarked, significantly: "There is a man in my office who would give \$1500 for a little information about the secret service."
The watchers then opened. McManus was soon in the pay of the gang, and according to instructions of Chief Wilkie, to whom he turned over his bribe money as fast as received.
The information which Newitt's client was willing to buy so freely must have had a most reassuring effect, for the whole gang were beaming faces thereafter. The engravers went again into retirement. One day a camera was carried into their rooms, and the next a photographic printing frame was sunning itself on a fire-place outside of their windows. Simultaneously, the material buried near Lancaster was dug up and carried back to Kendig's shop, where work was apparently resumed.
Taylor and Bredell went to luncheon as usual on April 18, 1899. When they returned two Secret Service men, who had been lying in wait, entered their rooms with them. "The two counterfeits were quietly warned that they must make no disturbance, and that their wisest policy would be to confess in full and surrender the plates on which they were then at work. They yielded gracefully, and the party finished plates of a fine \$50 note passed into the hands of the government."
That evening Chief Wilkie and a handful of men ran over to Lancaster on a late train. Going directly to Kendig's shop, they let themselves in with a duplicate key, and sat down in an inner room to wait for morning. About 7 o'clock Burns came, and was handcuffed before he realized what had happened. Twenty minutes later the door opened and the proprietor stood in their presence.
"Good-morning, Mr. Kendig," was his greeting, in chorus.
He was too dumfounded to respond, but bowed to acknowledge that the jig was up. On receiving the same warning as the engravers, he surrendered his plates, his press, and nine tons of paper for bogus stamp printing. The party then went after Jacobs, and captured him without trouble, confiscating his factory and stock, levying upon his balance in bank, and generally providing for the recompense of the government's losses from his frauds.
Meanwhile, by instructions of the chief, McManus had proceeded to the office of Newitt in Philadelphia, and taken him into custody on a charge of attempting to bribe a government officer. Everything had been timed that no one of the conspirators had had a chance to warn any of the others, and it was supposed now that the last depth of the plot had been sounded. Newitt, in his negotiations with McManus, had made a special point of keeping all knowledge of what was going on from his partner, whom he represented as a man of extreme probity. But Jacobs and Kendig, in the first flush of candid confession, informed Chief Wilkie that all their dealings in the bribery matter had been with Ingham, and that they had never given any money to Newitt. So a detective descended in due course upon Ingham, and the virtuous and the wicked partners were lodged together in jail. It was thought best also to lock up Deputy Collector Donney.

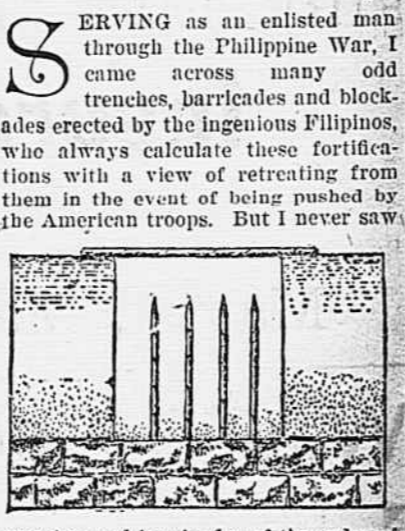


THIS BALE OF PANAMAS IS VALUED AT \$14,400.

One would hardly think that the value of this "bale" of "Panamas" is \$14,400. Yet such is the fact, for it contains no less than 144 hats, which means \$100 apiece. The bale is shown just as it arrived from a village near Mount Chimborazo, Ecuador. What appears a single hat is really a parcel of four, making a gross in each bale. The hats are transported over the Andes in this shape on muleback, and are blocked and prepared for the market in American cities.

TRAPS FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

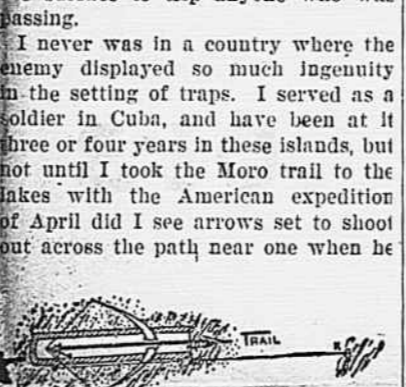
Ingenuous Devices of the Cunning Moros for the Destruction of Troops in the Philippines.



TRENCHES AND BARRICADES OF THE ORDER OF THOSE UTILIZED BY THE CUNNING MOROS.

SERVING as an enlisted man through the Philippine War, I came across many odd trenches, barricades and blockades erected by the ingenious Filipinos, who always calculate these fortifications with a view of retreating from them in the event of being pushed by the American troops. But I never saw

hundred of the country. Bamboo posts are placed in the earth at intervals. When the necessary cross pieces of the same stock of smaller diameter are put through the uprights, and these cross pieces are interwoven with the divided or split bamboo. Then another partition is put up about three feet back and the space between packed with earth, sod, brush etc., resulting in a substantial barricade through which shot, as a rule, cannot pass.
All along the line of march to the lakes one would see a man, every now and then, fall straight forward, full length, throwing his rifle ahead of him. An examination of the path would show the trap (b), consisting of a single piece of thin bamboo, adjusted on little pegs, and set just high enough from the surface to trip anyone who was passing.
I never was in a country where the enemy displayed so much ingenuity in the setting of traps. I served as a soldier in Cuba, and have been at it three or four years in these islands, but not until I took the Moro trail to the lakes with the American expedition of April did I see arrows set to shoot out across the path near one when he



The Last 1812 Pensioner.

In the town of Ava, Onida County, New York, there is still living Hiram Cronk, the last surviving pensioner of the War of 1812. He was born in the town of Frankfort, Herkimer County, April 20, 1800, and spent his early years in Wright Settlement, near the present city of Rome. Hiram enlisted in the army when but fifteen years of



HIRAM CRONK.

age, and served about a hundred days at Sackett's Harbor. He was not in any conflict, however. His father and two brothers, Jephtha and John, also saw service in the second war with Great Britain. After the war Hiram took up the trade of itinerant shoemaker, traveling about the country, and farming having made up his life work. He is a Democrat and a Methodist.

Physicians in Roman Times.

Every person of voting age owns a physician, if we are to judge by the common use of the personal objective pronoun, "My doctor." This remarkable claimant of possession was handed down to us from the Romans, who had no physicians for 500 years. When the number of great physicians introduced into Rome were only slaves, and a physician among the patricians was a species of luxury, like a cook. Every rich man had his perfumers, his bathers, his barbers and his physician. Musa, the celebrated physician of Augustus, was a slave. He was freed and made a Roman knight, after which physicians became persons of consideration. —New York Press.

Rather Poor Singing.

An Indiana lover who sang "Good Morning, Carrie," beneath his sweetheart's window, was shot by an irate neighbor, who claims that he thought it was a tom cat. —Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

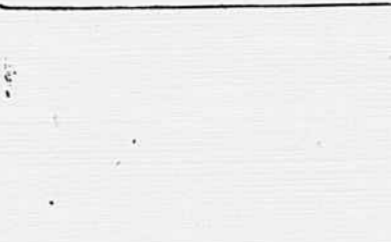
Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but so do presents.

THE FALLEN CAMPANILE

Best Vantage Point For Gaining Bird's-Eye View of Venice.

There was no better way of getting a just idea of Venice in a bird's-eye view than by rising the ascent of the campanile. How many will recall the ground and water plan of the city as it lay beneath one 300 feet below, and regret the fall of that aerial perch. The campanile had no steps, but a winding, inclined plane of thirty-eight bends led easily to the top.
The lagoons, the hundred islands, as many canals crossed by nearly four

A Value For Soldiers.
Every one of our fighting men, in the Philippines is to have a value. The article will weigh only a few ounces, but will hold a lot, and will be so strong that a man can jump upon it when it is empty without hurting it a particle. These bags, which are rectangular in shape, are now being turned out for the War Department by thousands, being intended to take the place of the old-style box lockers as receptacles for soldiers' necessities. The box lockers were heavy and inconvenient, and on transports they were usually stowed in the hold, with freight on top of them, so that if the troops left before the vessel was unloaded the boys in khaki were likely not to see their goods and chattels



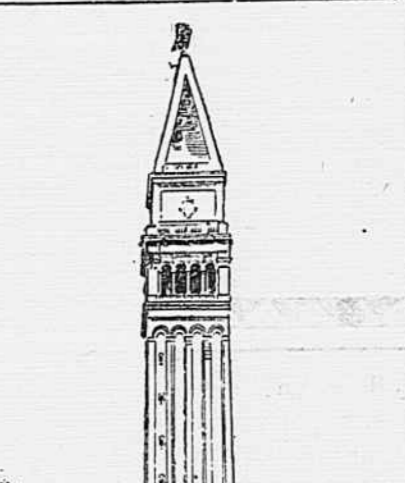
THE CAMPANILE AND CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE

hundred bridges, the details of St. Mark's exterior, all stood out with peculiar distinctness beneath the spectator. To the east the open sea, with the mainland and the Alps and the mountains of Vincenza on the horizon. The campanile, a massive square tower of brick, rose to a height of 325 feet, and was forty-two feet square. It was founded about 900 by Doge Pietro Tribuno, but not finished until 1331, or soon after. The upper part was an open lantern, with a pyramidal roof added in the sixteenth century. On the apex stood a fine classical figure of an angel formed of plates of gilt bronze on a wooden cone, this being fifteenth century work. The tower rested, on a stone base, and was simply decorated with slight pilasters.

The Bridge of Sighs and the Library of St. Marks were said to be similarly threatened with collapse.
Venice rests for the most part on a bed of clay, alternating with sand, with a depth of several hundred feet. The builders of the campanile dug down some ten to sixteen feet to this stiff clay, and over the whole area of the footings of the tower drove in piles of white poplar, from ten to eleven inches in diameter, nearly touching one another. On the top of these a level platform was formed by the laying crosswise of oak trees, each roughly squared, and on the wooden platform massive courses of large blocks of trachyte and other granite or porphyritic rocks from the Euganean hills. Above these there are six courses of similar stone arranged in step-like effects, forming the base or plinth of the brick superstructure. In 1855 these foundations were roughly examined, and both the oak and poplar beams, which at the time when they were laid were taken from the adjacent shores, where these trees still grow in abundance, were found to be perfectly sound.

Queen Boss's Bill of Fare.

Dinner was a substantial affair in the reign of the maiden queen, who was by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table. The first course on great occasions would probably be wheaten flummery, stewed broth, spinach broth, or hotch-potch. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lampreys, stockfish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, bag puddings, black puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, Scotch pie, mutton, marrow pasties, hunch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden puffs, junks, syllabubs, and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake. —St. James's Gazette.



VALISE FOR SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

right capacity to contain the soldiers outfit. —Philadelphia Record.



FRUIT JAR WRENCH.

Among the newest kitchen utensils is a wrench designed for the purpose of removing the caps of preserving jars. The device is quite simple in

CUNNING OF BRER FOX.

An Incident That Shows Reynard's Power of Reasoning.

A well authenticated story comes from North Carolina which seems to prove that foxes, if they have not equal reasoning powers with the human race, are at least endowed with an excellent imitation. The story is vouched for by John B. Evans, chairman of the Republican state committee; J. C. L. Harris, secretary of that committee; R. W. Logan, the United States commissioner, and J. D. Miller. One morning recently they were fox hunting. The weather was cool and crisp and there was just enough dampness on the leaves and grass to give the dogs good scent. A fox was soon unearthed and kept running in a circle about three miles in extent. A knoll in the center overlooked the entire course, and after the hunt had continued for some considerable time the fox made for a giant and venerable chestnut tree which had fallen across a ravine. Into the hollow tree dashed the fox, the dogs behind about 150 yards behind. Reynard was seen to emerge from the other end of the log and soon made off through the forest.

The dogs were thrown off the scent at the hollow log, but soon caught it again across the ravine and kept up the chase for about half an hour or more. Then the fox once more disappeared in the hollow log to emerge as before. The dogs again trailed on, but in about another thirty minutes the fox for the third time entered the log and still again disappeared in the forest across the ravine. The dogs were about used up by this time, though the fox appeared to be quite fresh after the third trip through the log. The hunters noticed this, unaccountable circumstance and began to suspect something. They securely closed up one end of the log and when Reynard for the fourth time entered they closed up the other end. Then they procured axes and cut into the tree. Their reward came in the shape of three foxes, which had evidently been racing the dogs by turns.

Free Doctors in Germany.

Under an insurance law enacted in Germany several years ago 30,000,000 people receive in return for a nominal sum free medical attendance. The theory was that suffering humanity would receive cheap and effective relief from its bodily ills, but in practice there are many drawbacks. The doctors hired by the state hold that they are expected to do too much for the pay they get. In Munich they get only about \$75 per annum. In order to keep down expenses the doctors are inclined to impress upon the patients that nothing is the trouble with them.

UNCLE SAM'S GREATEST PERIL—THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.



Uncle Sam—Talk about trusses and the tariff! They are infants' longitudes this question.—From the New York Times