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## THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

By FRED WHISHAW.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Count Boris Landrinof, a young Russian student at Oxford, receives a telegram from his mother that his father, Count Vladimir Landrinof, is missing and asking him to return to Russia at once. Before starting for home Boris meets his friend Percy Morris, who tells him that he saw his father that very day in London. Boris, on arriving in Russia, finds that his father had gone to the railway station, but had not taken a train. Here the trail was lost. Boris learns from a peasant that he had driven three men to a post station. Percy arrives in Russia, and he and Boris interview the master of the post station and are told that the postmaster drove the party referred to St. Petersburg. Percy and Boris direct him to drive them to where he left the party, and he drives them to the Landrinof residence. Boris, a detective, is employed, and he decides that Percy shall return to London and endeavor to obtain a photograph of the man resembling the missing count. Percy secures the photograph, which greatly resembles the count. The countess then tells her son that her father had a brother who fell into criminal ways. Boris goes to London for the purpose of bringing back the man who resembles Count Landrinof. Boris follows his brother, who endeavors to elude him. They have an interview, and the man agrees to return with him to Russia. Boris and the supposed count return. Boris does not believe that the latter is his father's brother, Andrew Landrinof. The man (Andre) pretends never to have heard of the count's criminal brother. Andre is visited by a shabby student. Boris follows the student, who, perceiving that he is shadowed, endeavors to escape by crossing a frozen river. The ice breaks, the student falls into the water and is rescued by Boris. Boris demands information of his father of the student and to secure it takes him home and entertains him as a guest. The student admits that he escaped the required information and demands money for it. Boris agrees to pay and he to accept 5,000 rubles. The student tells him that Andre was a Siberian prisoner; that he escaped and came to St. Petersburg; that the police were tracking him when a plot was concocted to palm the real Count Landrinof as the escaped prisoner. The plan was successfully carried out and the count was arrested and sent to Siberia. It now becomes a problem how to convince the police of their mistake. Boris interviews the chief of the division who arrested his father but meets a rebuff. Returning home, Boris finds that the chief has visited his house. The student, on learning of the visit believes that it was with a view to his arrest and that Andre has informed upon him, he being implicated. Boris offers him a free exit if he will tell all he knows. The student then gives information of a plot to kill the czar by blowing up the train on his return to St. Petersburg. Boris reveals the plot to the police.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### MURDER OF THE INFORMANT.

The "high official" at the department received us on the following morning courteously, but, I thought, somewhat suspiciously.

"I fear I have not much encouragement to offer you today," he said; "it appears that the pristaf of the ocbastok in which the arrest admittedly took place has interviewed the count and has heard his version of the story. That version differs so materially from your own that the fullest investigations must be made before we can reasonably hope for any progress."

"It would naturally differ from ours," said Boris; "that was to be expected. May we ask what particular line he has adopted?"

"He asserts that his wife is mad and utterly refuses to recognize him, and that his son—whether insane also, or only a blind partisan of his mother—chooses to support her incomprehensible conduct. He is prepared, he declares, to bring forward witnesses—servants and others—to prove his identity. To be strictly honest, it appears to me that the man, were he an impostor, as you contend, would scarcely dare to brave out his deception, now that the police are in possession of the facts of the case and intend to make an investigation. He would suddenly disappear from the house and—"

"He left the house last night and has not since reappeared."

The chief winced and remained silent a moment.

"Well," he said, "I quite admit that is a point in your favor, so far as it goes. Is that what you came to tell me?"

"That and something still more startling, excellency," said Boris. "We believe we have unearthed a plot!"

"A plot?" repeated the chief sternly. "What kind of a plot? It is very unlikely that you should have unearthed anything which is not known to this department. Explain."

"The czar is to return this week, I believe, and by train."

"Stop! I warn you that the mention of the czar and his movements instantly renders every communication of vital importance. Are you prepared for the responsibility you will incur by embarking upon such a course?"

"It is absolutely necessary to inquire into this matter that I have to speak of. We are ready to take the consequences, good or evil. Our fears may be groundless. If so, so much the bet-

ter. We only know that which we have been told by one who professes to be accurately informed."

The great man paused awhile to consider. "The same source," he said presently, "I suppose, as that from which you drew the fairy tale of yesterday."

"Yesterday's was no fairy tale, but the plain truth. This may be a lie, told with a purpose; I cannot tell, but you will agree that, lie or truth, the thing must be inquired into."

"Well, I will hear, in any case," said the chief. "Speak, if you will!"

"It is a plot to wreck the czar's train!" Boris began.

The chief started to his feet. "Who's plot? What! How dare you say such a thing! Such an assertion must be fully proved and should be well tested before it is made in this place. Who are the conspirators? Where and how, do you suggest, would the attempt be made?"

"This very impostor, who, as you have seen, would pass as Count Landrinof, is, we suggest, the head and center of the affair. That is our information. The place is a spot between Kiriloff and Bootief, on the Moscow-Boulogne line of railway. Our impostor has disappeared, but your men can surely lay hands upon him. For the rest you can, of course, send a telegram to the nearest town or station to the spot where the attempt is or was to be made."

"Stop! Your informant—where is he to be found?"

"That is our secret," I said.

"My dear sir," said the chief warmly, "do you seriously suppose that we should allow the author of so serious a warning as this to escape our hands? The man must be personally implicated or he would not be in a position to turn informer. Come; we are neither children nor fools. Who is this man, and where is he to be found?"

"I have promised that he should remain screened," I said. "Without the giving of such an undertaking I should never have learned the secrets he had to reveal."

"And which he revealed doubtless in hope of a reward? What reward?"

"Ten thousand rubles—half for the information as to my father's arrest and deportation by a blunder of the police, who fell into the trap laid for them; the other half for this secret."

"And why, pray, should you pay 5,000 rubles for the secret of this conspiracy? It is magnanimous. But why?"

"Because you refused to believe in the imposture of this man. It was necessary to bring home to him some other undoubted offense, such as this. Then I hoped you would realize that a mistake had been made in the other affair and would have the mistake set right by releasing my father and punishing this wretch."

"But your informant probably invented this new thing in order to gain an extra reward—5,000 rubles. Gracious heaven! What lie would not any man tell for such a sum of money?"

"Well, telegraph and let your fellows see whether the thing is lie or truth. You can detain me here, if you like. If it should prove that my informant has not lied, why, then, he will have done you a signal service, and you will not regret allowing him to escape from the country, on condition that he leaves a written deposition."

"I will telegraph, at any rate!" said the chief, who, in spite of his bullying air, put on by way of covering his annoyance to find that so serious a matter as an attempt at the czar's life should be in actual preparation without his knowledge, was obviously agitated and far more inclined to take us seriously than he had been yesterday or at the commencement of the interview.

"If you will sit down, both of you, and rest awhile," he continued, "I will have this matter set going at once. We can settle the question of the informant at a later stage of the inquiry; there may be nothing in it."

He left Boris and me seated in his private office and departed.

"We shall look a pretty pair of fools if the police find the whole thing to be a mare's nest!" said Boris. "If the little villain has lied to us, we need have no mercy. Let the authorities have him, if they want him."

We waited a quarter of an hour, occasionally exchanging a remark or so, but mostly sitting silently, being busily occupied with our own thoughts, when a startling thing happened.

An attendant appeared and informed me that a gentleman desired to see young Count Landrinof. He was down stairs. Would I interview him here? He must see me alone, he said.

A minute or two later Percy burst into the room. He looked pale and haggard, terrified—it seemed to me—as though he had just been scared by some apparition.

"A fearful thing has happened," he began the instant his head was in the room. "Heaven only knows what it means! I went over to the lodging we took for the student to see that he hadn't escaped, and so on, and—"

"Don't say he has escaped!" I said. "It would mean that he had lied all through."

"He's dead!" muttered Percy. "Murdered! He's lying there at this moment with the knife in his heart—a fearful sight! I thought I'd better come on here and tell you about it at once."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### BIG PROFITS IN GINSENG.

CHINA WILL PAY AMERICAN DIGGERS \$1,250,000 THIS YEAR.

This is the Height of the Ginseng Season—Dangers That the Industry May Be Ruined Through Ignorance—Wide Range of the Plant and Its Great Value—Its Use in the Chinese Pharmacopoeia.

From New York Sun.

BOLIVAR, N. Y., September 9.—The ginseng diggers of the United States will earn \$1,250,000 this season, thanks to the Chinese belief that the root of this plant which grows wild in the forests of fourteen states is a specific for all the ills of mind and body. Practically no ginseng is used in this country. About all that is dug is exported to China. The roots bring \$6 a pound this year, the highest price ever received by diggers, and the demand exceeds the supply. The export trade is controlled absolutely by a Chinese syndicate whose profits are enormous. Years ago the wholesale drug firms exported ginseng; but within 15 years Chinese in New York have secured a monopoly of the business.

This is the height of the ginseng season, and from the woods of Canada to the Georgia line the ginseng digger is at work. Some of the diggers earn \$5 a day; but the average is about \$2. They walk from 10 to 20 miles a day in their rambles through the forests. The digger carries a small steel pick with a hatchet blade and a handle 18 inches long, with which he loosens the ginseng root and cuts away the tree roots that encircle it, for if it can be avoided ginseng roots are never broken. The roots are gathered up and carried in a cloth sack slung over the shoulder. The successful digger must possess a certain amount of forest lore, and strength and willingness to tramp many a weary mile out of the beaten path, for ginseng hides away in deep ravines and dense forests.

The Indians on the New York reservations and the Indians of Minnesota earn a great deal of money every year by digging ginseng; but, unfortunately for them, the plant is fast becoming extinct within the boundaries of those states. The most picturesque diggers are found in the Cumberland mountain regions in Kentucky and Tennessee. There the women and children join the men in the hunt for the root, which for short is called "sang." Every storekeeper in the backwoods of the Cumberland highlands buys ginseng, and it readily passes for currency. In that region a queer superstition prevails among the diggers. They believe that if the location of a patch of ginseng found at nightfall, too late to be dug, is marked by a blaze on a tree, or in any other way, the ginseng will disappear before the next morning.

For many years western Pennsylvania was a paradise for diggers, many of whom came from miles away to dig the root every season. In 1880 a party of four ginseng diggers found \$10,000 worth of roots in one county in northwestern Pennsylvania. They discovered a mountain stream that ran back into a dense hardwood forest. Both sides of the gully were covered with ginseng and they kept the secret so well that they secured about all of the patches. Many other big patches were found in that region; but few exist now, though several thousand pounds of roots are dug every season. Every acre of the woods has been tramped over many times.

The ginseng diggers have only themselves to blame for the partial extinction of the valuable plant, though many of them assisted in maiming the goose that laid the golden egg through ignorance. The ginseng plant comes up in the spring as soon as the frost leaves the ground. The stock of the mature plant has three prongs with five leaves on a prong and closely resembles the very common sarsaparilla plant. It thrives best in hardwood timber, on the east and northern slopes of the hills. The signs that guide old diggers are bloodroot and crowfoot, which always grow near a ginseng patch. In the center of the fork a stem appears that bears a white blossom about the first of June. Green berries follow the blossom and at the end of August the berries turn scarlet. The frost turns the stock yellow and the berries drop off. Ginseng should never be dug until the berries are scarlet, and the berries should be planted in the forest mould to insure another crop. This the ginseng diggers have seldom done.

The rule has always been to begin digging as soon as the flower appeared, thus exterminating the plant. Kentucky, realizing the folly of diggers, has passed a law prohibiting the gathering of roots before the berries are ripe. The Province of Ontario has passed and enforces a similar law. In West Virginia a law prohibits the digging of ginseng without the consent of the owners of the land.

The best ginseng comes from Pennsylvania, New York, Minnesota and

Canada. Southern root is quoted at \$1 a pound less than northern root. It takes four pounds of green root dug in the spring to make one of dry. In the fall it takes only three pounds of green for one of dry. Only dry root is exported. The average mature ginseng plant is 10 inches high and the average root weighs an ounce. Stocks 4 feet high have been found and roots weighing 30 ounces have been dug, but they are very rare. One peculiarity about ginseng is that many of the roots are forked and resemble in form the human body with spurs for arms and legs. Such roots, if they are extremely old, bring their weight in gold in China. The Chinese believe that the root of a plant that thus expands into the human form in dark forests and thickets must be intended to alleviate the sufferings of the human race.

In color the ginseng root resembles the garden parsnip. It has a pleasant, aromatic taste. Nearly every digger chews it and regards it as a specific for stomach troubles, at the same time poking fun at the Chinaman who gives up good money for it. Ginseng is a plant of slow growth and long lived. Every fall the dying stalk leaves a wrinkle that is as plain as the rings by which the age of a tree is told, and old diggers say that they frequently find roots fifty years old.

The process of preparing the roots for market is simple. The digger washes them in spring water to remove the earth and dries them in the sun. When cured he carries them to the country store and trades them for cash or goods. All over the ginseng country buyers are many and competition so lively that the digger gets a good price. The country dealers ship the roots to the city dealer for whom he buys in bags or barrels. One firm in Lexington, Ky., handled \$60,000 worth of ginseng last season, and one shipment by express from a Kentucky mountain town to a commission firm in New York was valued at \$10,000. All the ginseng root dug in the United States finally reaches New York city.

There are 20 firms in New York city that buy ginseng from country and small city dealers. When the shipments reach New York they are sorted and the roots placed in heaps on the floor ready to be inspected by the Chinese exporters who make daily rounds. The Chinese pack the roots into wooden casks that hold 200 pounds and ship them direct to Hong Kong. The commission men know little more about the Chinese end of the ginseng question than the diggers in the backwoods, for the Chinamen are reticent. Some diggers are not unlike these honest farmers who put the big apples in the top row when packing a barrel. Commission men frequently find ginseng roots filled with lead and other metals, and often cheap southern roots are found mixed with shipments from as far north as Canada.

A good idea of the value of wild ginseng may be secured by a visit to one of the New York commission houses late in September when business is brisk. On the floor will be seen a little pyramid of roots, perhaps a bushel in all, that the dealer asks \$500 for. Such roots have been assorted, are of good size and perfect in every way. One commission man says that the Chinese exporters make a strong effort every season to learn the names of the country buyers so that they can deal direct with them and save the commission man's profit; but the commission men guard their list of dealers carefully. Even when approached by a Chinaman, as they occasionally are, the country dealers are shy and prefer to deal with Americans. Three or four years ago an American went to Hong Kong with a big shipment of ginseng; but the Hong Kong branch of the Chinese syndicate blocked his efforts to dispose of it so cleverly that he lost money and gave up the idea of being an exporter. Even the commission men are shy about giving out any information about the business.

American ginseng ranks third in China. The finest ginseng grows wild in the forests of Manchuria and is rare, choice roots selling readily for \$400 an ounce. The Chinese believe that ginseng is endowed with the power of concealing itself from capture and that heaven has appointed the wolf, tiger, leopard and snake to guard over its safety in the dark wooded glens. They firmly believe that it has the power to ward off disease and evil spirits and that its use will prolong the life of a dying man for days. The roots are on sale at all the botanic stores in China and are universally used. The Manchurian ginseng is reserved for royalty and the very rich. The poorer classes use cheap grades and broken roots.

There are three ways of taking ginseng: in pills, in confection and by infusion.

Ginseng has been an important article of export from this country since 1718. A letter from a missionary in China describing the wonderful plant attracted the attention of a Jesuit priest at Montreal who made a search in 1716 and found it growing in the forests of that locality. The French at once began digging it for export to China, and for years enjoyed a monopoly that brought rich returns. In 1750 ginseng was found in central New York, and later in Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Massachusetts, the Carolinas and Georgia. Every year some new diggers are found. In 1862 the export trade reached 700,000

pounds, the average price that year being 74 cents a pound. This was high tide. Since that year the amount exported has annually decreased and the price increased. Last season 250,000 pounds were exported and the average price was \$4 a pound.

One reason why Chinese ginseng brings a higher price than the American root is due to the care exercised in preparing it for the market. American diggers simply wash the roots and dry them in the sun or in an attic. In China the roots are scrubbed clean and macerated for three days in water in which rice has been boiled, then placed in a covered vessel and slowly dried over a fire until hard and brittle. When the drying is finished the roots are yellow and semi-transparent. American consuls in China have often informed the state department of the manner in which American ginseng reaches the Chinese market and have often advised better care in preparing.

The faith of the Chinese in the ginseng root has not wavered in centuries and is likely to continue for ages to come. One of the presents given Li Hung Chang on his recent visit to New York was a fine collection of ginseng roots, and it is doubtful if any gift could have pleased him more. If America is to continue to profit to the extent of a million dollars or more a year, the extinction of the wild plant through the ignorance of diggers must be stopped by laws such as Kentucky has passed; but such laws it must be admitted are hard to enforce. The department of agriculture has taken a hand in the matter and a systematic effort will be made to show the diggers the folly of digging the plants before the berries are ripe and the necessity of planting the berries.

The ginseng diggers are not a distinct type. In New York and Pennsylvania many of them are farmer boys who spend a month in the woods after harvesting. Five young fellows near here earned money to visit the World's fair by digging ginseng. Another young fellow has paid all the expenses of a normal course in the same way. In every community there are two or three men who spend their time in hunting, fishing and finding bees. These men always hunt ginseng and are usually experts. Nearly all the mountain people in Kentucky and Tennessee dig ginseng and rely on it to furnish the food to tide them over the winter months. Ginseng is growing scarcer every year, and unless great care is exercised, this profitable industry will be destroyed.

#### GENERAL LAWTON ON THE FILIPINOS.

What They Are Today and What They Are Capable Of.

Rev. Peter MacQueen, pastor of the Congregational church in Somerville, who has been for months with our army in the island of Luzon, writes in the Boston Congregationalist of an interview which he had with Major General Henry W. Lawton. Here is what the general said of the native people:

"The Filipinos are a very fine set of soldiers. They are far better than the Indians. The latter never fight unless they have the absolute advantage. The Tagals are what I would call a civilized race. They are good mechanics, imitative—they manufacture everything. They have arsenals and cartridge factories and powder mills. They can manufacture everything they need. There is a rude arm they are getting the knack of making. Taking everything into consideration, the few facilities they have, the many drawbacks, they are a very ingenious and artistic race. And taking into account the disadvantages they have to fight against in arms, equipment and military discipline, without artillery, short of ammunition, powder inferior, shells reloaded until they are defective, inferior in every particular of equipment and supplies, they are the bravest men I have ever seen."

The Filipinos are not military by nature. They are rather domestic in tastes and habits, peace-loving and industrious. Nine-tenths of the people of the islands will strongly favor peace, even at the expense of some of their theories, wishes and hopes. I believe that with a liberal government such as the United States can and will establish they will be a peaceable, thrifty, happy people. I believe that it was a great misfortune that we were not able to give them a chance to sample our government before hostilities opened. The only thing we have to fear is from ambitious youths who want to control for financial reasons, that they may practice what the Spanish have taught them.

Among the Filipinos there are many cultured people who would ornament society anywhere in the world. Ladies who have studied and traveled, men who have had a good education and a fine brain. Take them as a class there can be many of them read and write as the inhabitants in many places in America. As for their treachery, you would not have to come so far as this to find that. There is plenty of it in North America. All nations are treacherous more or less. Some men and nations have treachery trained out of them more than others. What we want is to stop this accursed war. It is time for diplomacy, time for mutual understandings. These men are indomitable. At Bacoor bridge they waited till the Americans brought their cannon to within 35 yards of their trenches. Such men have the right to be heard. All they want is a little justice. I established a civil government at Beluag, with the government

entirely in the hands of the natives. It worked to perfection. All these people need for self-government is the protection of our troops till affairs have quieted, and then they will, I have no doubt, advance as rapidly as the Japanese, perhaps more rapidly. I am very well pleased with the Filipinos.

#### TO BAR OUT CONSUMPTIVES.

California May Quarantine All Those Who Are Affected.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., September 15. In Sacramento yesterday Dr. D. D. Crowley, member of the state board of health, presented a resolution looking toward the quarantining of the state of California against all persons suffering with consumption. The preliminary resolution was adopted.

It was declared that if it were found practical, the board would place an inspector on the state line wherever a railroad entered, with authority to go through the cars and quarantine every person apparently suffering with consumption, with a view of returning them to the place from which they came. The board believes it can do this under the authority vested in it by law to exclude persons suffering from smallpox, yellow fever or other infectious diseases. In an interview today Dr. Crowley said:

"I think that the health of our people should be considered and maudlin sentiment should not take the place of sanitary work. I have not yet formulated an absolute plan for our board of health to act upon. I shall take time and confer with my associates in the profession throughout the state. I shall communicate with the various state boards of health throughout the United States and obtain their opinions upon methods that will not be a hardship to consumptives; but will give protection to our state."

"When these things are accomplished I shall present a synopsis of the same to our state board of health, and it will be subject to their action. There is no denying the fact that we ought to prevent consumptives from entering our state and mixing indiscriminately with people who are free from the disease."

Several well known physicians of this city gave their views on the Crowley resolution today.

Dr. W. E. McNutt said: "It is nonsense to maintain that because of climatic conditions this state should become the hospital of the nation. Self-preservation is of paramount importance. The welfare of the greatest number is of first consideration."

Dr. W. S. Thorne said the scheme was fantastic and unreasonable.

Dr. H. H. Woolsey declared: "I fully agree with Dr. Crowley as to the utility of the various measures to prevent the spread of consumption. Every step in that direction is a step forward."

Dr. Winslow Anderson says he is in full sympathy with the efforts of the present state board of health.

Dr. J. A. Hodghead said: "For several years I have thought and argued that the spread of consumption in California was one of the most serious problems we are called upon to meet and solve. It is a mistake, it has always been a mistake, to make California a health resort."

Dr. Washington Dodge said: "After most careful consideration of the subject, I should say that the objections to the scheme are sufficiently strong to more than counterbalance the argument in its favor."—New York Herald.

SHOOTING IN THE FIELD.—The reliable rules for shooting flying birds are as follows: Hold a trifle low for a bird apparently flying straight away from the gun; hold just above a bird rapidly rising without side motion; hold the same for a bird going straight away and close to the ground; hold above and ahead of birds rising and going to right and left; hold ahead of birds going straight to right and left; hold ahead and below birds going to right and left and lowering; hold dead on an income (and give it to him quickly, for every yard the closer the smaller the spread of the shot); hold ahead of birds passing above you. Last, but not least, never check the even swing of the gun in a quartering shot.

At a goose or duck passing overhead I prefer to truly cover the mark, then advance the gun till only the tip of the bird's bill is visible, or when rather high, till the muzzle leads its object by the proper distance, and then instantly pull the trigger. When the gun has to lead the bird in this position, no hesitancy should be indulged in after the muzzle has passed ahead of the bill, for the shooter cannot then see his game, and any sudden change of flight may prove disastrous. This is a shot at which most men fail by shooting behind.—Ed. W. Sandys in Outing.

THE AUGUST STORM.—The weather bureau at Raleigh has the details of the death and damage by the great August hurricane along the coast of North Carolina. It appears that 25 lives were lost. The greater part of these were fishermen drowned at Swan Island. The wind blew at the rate of 140 miles an hour; but only in spurts. While many of the marsh ponds were drowned, a good many escaped, and the same was the case as to cattle. The greatest loss of all was to crops on the mainland. It is said this amounted to half a million dollars. The rainfall was greatest at Hatteras, 8 inches in 48 hours.