

EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

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"I should think you ought to be a pretty good business man," said Elmendorf.

"I suffer from the same trouble that you have," replied Alden; "I'm too honest."

"There's nothing honest about me," protested Elmendorf gloomily. "It's my luck; I never have a chance. By the way," he added, changing his tone, "Robinson knew Miss Miller quite well, didn't he?"

"Only through me," answered Alden. "I used to get him to take messages to her house quite often. It was convenient; he lived near by."

"Yes," said Elmendorf. "They told me at the house that he came quite often. Do you remember the first note with her name on it that you ever gave him? Well, I happen to know that he took it to your bookkeeper, Willett, and asked who Miss Miller was. He seemed to be quite interested. Afterward he told Willett that he was mistaken in supposing that he knew Miss Miller. It was another girl of the same name."

"If you are trying to work Jack Robinson into this case," said Alden, "you are a long way off the track."

Elmendorf protested that he had no such intention, adding that he had no rational theory of the case and never expected to have one.

When they entered St. Winifred's, they met Dr. Kendall, who had just come from a visit to Elsie. He led them into his own room.

"I'm sorry to tell you," he said to Alden, "that Miss Miller is not quite so well just now. I wouldn't advise seeing her. Mr. Robinson delivered your message."

"What message? When?" demanded Alden.

"He was here about half an hour ago," said Kendall, with increasing alarm as he noted the manner of the others. "He said it was something very important from you, and after consulting with Miss Maclane I let him speak with Miss Miller in private for a few minutes. I thought she seemed somewhat disturbed afterward, but she told us that the matter was of small consequence."

"I know nothing whatever about it," exclaimed Alden. "I did not send him here and had no idea he was coming."

He turned to Elmendorf with a sharply questioning glance.

"Well, you can search me," said the detective.

"You mean that you know nothing about it?" asked Kendall anxiously.

"Less than nothing," responded Elmendorf, "and I'm giving you straight goods too."

There was a knock at Kendall's door, and he admitted a nurse, who said that Miss Maclane wished to see him. He did not wait to speak a single word, but hurried away. Alden tried to get an explanation from the nurse, but she professed to have none.

For nearly an hour the two men waited with impatience, which finally passed Alden's power of endurance.

"I must get some word from her," he said after much pacing of the floor.

"There must be serious danger or he would not stay so long."

Elmendorf pointed out the obvious possibility that Kendall might long since have answered Miss Maclane's summons and have gone upon any of a hundred other duties, but Alden would not be thus quieted. He went out to the office to ask in what way he could communicate with the doctor, and within a minute after his departure Kendall entered the room.

He had a large glass jar in his hand, which seemed to contain milk. This he set down upon the table and immediately touched an electric button.

"How is she?" asked Elmendorf in a tone betraying the most earnest solicitude.

"Better, better," replied Kendall. "I think there's no longer any danger. Where is Mr. Alden?"

"No longer any danger!" exclaimed Elmendorf, ignoring the question. "Has there been any?"

"Well," said Kendall, "she fainted again."

"Again?"

"The first time was just before you came up," said Kendall. "Don't say anything about this. We had just given her a little luncheon, and I thought perhaps she might have had some small stomach trouble; oppresses the heart sometimes, you know. But I don't like this second attack. Heart failure after the injury and the nervous exhaustion wouldn't be the most unlikely thing in the world, you know. Ah! Come here, George."

The last words were addressed to a youth in uniform who had answered the doctor's ring. Kendall gave him some money and whispered to him near the door. When he turned, as George departed, he saw Elmendorf standing rigid, with his blue eyes unusually wide open.

"What do you want of two white mice?" he demanded.

his own peculiar fashion, with his eyes on the doctor.

"It's all right," said Kendall. "Miss Miller showed some indications of weakness, but is doing nicely now. I should think you might see her about 5 o'clock."

"Well, doctor, I'm glad everything's all right," said Elmendorf. "I began to be anxious, you were so long away. But what you've said has made me feel easy again, and so I think the best thing that Mr. Alden and I can do is to try to get some light on Mr. Robinson's strange conduct. The man may have struck some kind of a clew and have rushed right off to verify it without waiting to consult anybody."

"I didn't think of that," responded Alden. "It may be that you've found the explanation."

"I would suggest that you go to his house," said Elmendorf. "Meanwhile I'll telephone to your office and one or two other places and see if I can get track of him. But the likeliest place is his house. Wait there for me. I'll join you before 3."

This arrangement was agreed upon, and the two men went out together. Elmendorf was busy with the telephone for half an hour, but he failed



He sat down and rested his head on his hands.

to extract valuable information from any person with whom he talked, although the chief of the detective bureau was one of them.

Returning to the hospital, he went at once to Kendall's room. In answer to his rap and the sound of his voice the door was unlocked and he was admitted. In passing he glanced searchingly at Kendall's face, which wore an expression of extreme anxiety; then he advanced to the table in the middle of the room, from which he lifted a newspaper, thus revealing the bodies of two little white mice.

Elmendorf regarded them with a look of horror.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "You don't mean it?"

Kendall nodded. Then he sat down and rested his head on his hands for a few seconds, while Elmendorf gathered breath and heart for the next question.

"What was in the jar—milk?"

"No," replied Kendall. "It is a kind of liquid food preparation. The basis of it is milk; but, unfortunately," he added, looking up at the detective, "it will keep."

"Been in the room several days, you mean?" said Elmendorf. "If it was ordinary milk that had been dosed, we could narrow it down to a few hours. But this stuff—why, absolutely everybody connected with the case has had a chance at it."

"How shall I tell her?" muttered Kendall.

"Her?"

The doctor gave a nervous start. "Miss Maclane," he said. "This will be a hard story for her to hear."

"You are right," replied Elmendorf, "after all the care she's taken, the devotion she's shown to that poor child, who was nothing to her—worse than nothing, in fact—an enemy, you might say."

"Now, look here"—exclaimed Kendall hoarsely as he got upon his feet.

"No, no!" cried Elmendorf. "I don't mean to accuse her. That would be absurd. We mustn't waste time. What was the poison?"

"I don't know," replied Kendall. "Of course there was no time for analysis. That's why I tried it on these small animals. It's some kind of a heart depressant—the very thing to use in a case of this kind, where the condition is one of weakness and especially where there is an injury in the region of the organ."

"But didn't these mice show any symptoms that you could recognize?" asked Elmendorf.

"No; nothing definite. I could name several poisons that would answer all the requirements. It isn't necessary to know immediately. The treatment would be the same in any case. Add the danger is over, I believe."

"Precisely," said Kendall. "And as there can be no thought of such a thing we conclude that this infernal thing"—and he tapped the jar with his knuckles—"which was handy for everybody, wide mouthed and all that—Oh, I have been an idiot!"

"She's been having this right along," said Elmendorf. "That might indicate"—

"Nothing until we know just what the stuff is and how much of it we have to deal with," replied Kendall. "The effects observed may come from what she ate this noon or be the general result of small, repeated doses."

"There's one thing," said Elmendorf with decision—"this villainous act must have been done by somebody who knew that the food was there, by some one who had been in the room several times!"

"Don't!" groaned Kendall. "By heavens, I can't bear to think of it! I like Alden. I can't believe this of him. And—and she loves him; she loves him just as much now as ever."

"Miss Maclane?" said Elmendorf. "My friend, I don't believe it."

Kendall looked up at him with a blank stare and shook his head.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REVERIE OF A FALLING MAN.

What Anderson Was Thinking of During His 100-Foot Drop.

John Anderson, the former naval Jackie, who while painting ironwork beneath the high bridge a month ago, was severely injured by a fall, is rapidly recovering at the city hospital. Both his thigh bones were broken. His left leg was fractured near the ankle, a portion of bone was torn from his right hip, and he was wounded about the crown of his head. But he will not be permanently maimed or disfigured.

On the afternoon of May 20 he was swinging happily like a bird or a twiz, within a sling six feet below the roadway of the high bridge and about 100 feet above the Mississippi River. The seat of a swing is a short piece of plank. It is attached at each end to ropes, which, passing through a block, return to the sling as a single rope. By lengthening or shortening this rope the man in the sling can lower or elevate himself.

"I was hanging close to one of the steel rods," said he yesterday, "a rod that I was painting. My rope was good and fast. I had no warning of any danger, when the sky and the clouds, and the bottom of the big bridge in the middle of it all dashed past my eyes and the air whistled in my ears like a typhoon in the China seas. I knew I was going down head first. No, I wasn't frightened. I said to myself, 'Now I'll strike the river before long, and if I keep going like this I'll strike the water head first, which will be just as good as diving; and being a good swimmer I can easily get ashore.' I wondered, too, if I'd beat my paint brush down. Funny what little things a fellow will think about at these times instead of worrying about his own neck."

"But about sixty feet down—I didn't measure the distance then—I struck one of the cross rods a slanting blow with my head. But my legs, sort of huddled up as I fell probably, came full force against the rod. I could hear the bones crack. They made quite a loud noise like a percussion cap. Still it was the blow on the head that hurt me most. Then, though not before, I thought to myself, 'Well, its your last cruise for sure,' and things got black before me. I guess I fainted."

"But the cold water brought me to. I bobbed up as natural as a harbor buoy. I soon opened my eyes and I suppose I smiled. I thought, just as if I was somebody else. 'Say, mate, you didn't die this watch, did you? I know I felt awful good about it. But soon as I made my first kick, or rather tried to make it, I found that both my legs were hanging as heavy and dead as shot in a canvas bag. They didn't pain me, though. And when I found I couldn't swim I felt my gun was spiked for sure. But just then I heard the crew up aloft on the bridge hollering 'Good boy, Sailor! You're all right! Keep it up! Boat's coming! Keep a paddling, Jackie.' It did sound fine and hearty, let me tell you. And so I kept a paddlin' until a man reached me in a boat fifteen minutes after I dropped down."

"I was pretty nearly done up. I knew how my legs would hurt me if he tried to pull me over the gunwale of the boat, and I tried to make him tow me alongside. But he couldn't manage that and he did haul me in, though it was a mighty tough experience. I didn't faint again, and after I was once in the hospital began to feel quite comfortable. I've had very little pain; they take such fine care of patients here."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

What Results from Electricity.

Although the predictions freely made a few years ago that the development of electric traction would quickly drive horses from the field of labor have not been fulfilled, yet the Electrical Review cites statistics to prove that the disappearance of the horse is actually taking place, although so slowly as not to attract much attention. In Paris the number of horses fell off about 6 per cent between 1901 and 1902. In London the decrease in the same time was 10 per cent. In Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg a similar falling off is shown by the census of horses. In New York it is estimated that the number of horses has decreased 33 per cent in the last twenty years.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL

Southern Railways.

As part of the work done by great railroad systems in developing the South in strengthening their positions there and extending their facilities. The Manufacturers' Record in this week's issue summarizes the expenditures for extensions, etc., of several typical lines as follows: "The Illinois Central Railroad, for instance, notes the disbursement of \$3,097,646 for betterments during the year. Nearly 200 additional miles of second main track were put in service, making a total of 533 miles of second and third track now in use on the system, which since last year has added 61 miles to its extent, making a total of 4,283 mileage. The Southern Railway Company expended in the same period for maintenance of way and structures, improvements and extensions, \$6,630,721, the improvements including the reductions of curves and grades on the St. Louis division, the building of new shops at Sheffield, Ala., the making of an extension from Littleton, Ala., to the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company's mines at Birmingham, Louisville and other points. The Norfolk & Western Railway also spent largely, and reports a total of \$2,899,457 for new branches and extensions, for improving bridges and trestles, for second track and for additional rolling stock. The Chesapeake & Ohio was not far behind its neighbor, having paid out \$2,823,505 for betterments, including the station at Richmond. It has begun several projects for the current year which will entail an expenditure of more than \$4,000,000, and is also continuing its work of substituting heavy steel bridges or masonry and permanent embankments for light iron bridges and wooden trestles. Another liberal spender is the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, which put the sum of \$2,083,901 in betterments in purchasing new equipment, erecting new bridges and buildings, filling in trestles, etc. The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway has also put out \$423,731 for betterments, and the Central of Georgia, \$259,390 for improvements, including the filling in of 86 trestles. These seven railroad companies report a combined total of \$23,218,301 spent last year for improvements and extensions and it is particularly gratifying that much of this large distribution of money was made out of the earnings of the properties."

These expenditures made largely in the South are but a part of the work for the South done by these roads, a majority of which have for several years exerted themselves particularly in building up industries and attracting settlers to their respective territories. The effects of their exertions are marked especially in the portion of the South east of the Mississippi. Now ten or twelve railroad systems operating in the territory west of the Mississippi which has come to be known as the great Southwest, have united in a plan for systematic settlement of new lands. Commenting upon this project a special correspondent at St. Louis of The Manufacturers' Record, says:

"The Northwest became famous for the wheat fields developed and the cattle raised there. Now Kansas and Oklahoma wheat beats anything in the world, and wheat-growing in all the Southwest is on the increase. The Southwest is full of cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and goats. Cotton is grown almost as far North as the Kansas line and the cotton crop of the Southwest is already nearly one-half of the entire product of the United States. The rice fields of Louisiana and Texas have revolutionized the rice culture of the United States and have made fortunes for the Northern men who largely own them, while rice lands have increased in price from 25 cents an acre to \$35 and \$60. There is almost nothing that grows that will not thrive in the Southwest."

"In horticulture hardly a beginning has been made and yet, Missouri and Arkansas and Oklahoma apples now lead the world. Peaches of wonderful coloring and flavor are also raised in Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma, and pears and plums and strawberries and grapes and all the small fruits grow to perfection all over the Southwest. Truck farming is making many farmers rich. Of the vast forests of hardwood and pine, of the zinc, lead and other valuable ores, of the natural gas and the great quantities of splendid coal, of the oil and all that, the world probably knows something. But no idea of their enormous value in the development of an industrial, as well as an agricultural section, can be formed without a careful and exhaustive examination on the ground."

Textile Notes.

Work is proceeding with the developments of the Ware Shoals Manufacturing Co. at Ware Shoals, near Laurens, S. C. The water-power will, it is now estimated, give a minimum horse-power of 3,000, with 5,000 practically available at all times. Workmen are now engaged on the construction of the dam, canal and power-house. This dam will be twenty-four feet broad at its base and twenty-six feet in height, equipped with gates. The canal leading to the power-house, where the electric dynamos will be placed, will be half a mile long and eighty-five feet wide. The cotton mill that is to be located after the power is ready will be as previously announced, a 25,000 spindle plant.

The Loray Mills of Gastonia, N. C., has shipped about \$250,000 worth of coarse heavy goods to China during the past six months, and has sufficient orders on file to keep its plant busy until January. This mill obtained its first order, amounting to \$100,000, about six months ago. It has 50,224 ring spindles and 1,680 looms, and is capitalized at \$1,000,000.

Messrs. T. D. Kemp and B. M. Lide of Marion, Ala., are organizing a company for the establishment of a cotton mill. They propose installing a small plant to spin yarns.

BUILDING AT AIKEN.

Evidences of Progress in This Live Little City.

Aiken, Special.—There has been extensive building operations going on in Aiken during the summer just past. A rough estimate shows that at least \$140,000 worth of new buildings and improvements have been done. Although one of the smallest, the most money has been spent on the Whitney double squash court. Next to the covered tennis court of the Aiken club this is the most costly building in Aiken, fully \$20,000 having been spent on it. It is now in the hands of decorators and will be finished this week. Squash is an indoors game something like tennis, only the ball is struck up against a dead wall before which in their respective courts the players stand. The Whitney squash court is situated near Joye cottage and has a central reception room with courts opening off at the right and left. The courts are the full height of the building and lighted by skylights and a row of high windows. The centre room upstairs serves as a gallery from which to watch the play. The building is heated by steam and beautifully decorated. The plans were drawn by Warren Wetmore—Morgan of New York, and Mr. E. C. Tritton is the supervising architect. J. H. Hines is the contractor and the decorating was done by a Charleston artist, M. E. E. Meffl. Work on the addition to Joye cottage, Mr. Whitney's winter home, is progressing rapidly. More attention is being paid to landscape gardening and one of the features of the improvement is a Roman garden and centre fountain. Two large wings are being built to the house, to contain two guests' chambers and lounging and bath rooms and servants' rooms overhead. These wings are connected with the main building by a covered passage, and the Roman garden is between them. Senator Geo. F. Edmunds' residence on Aiken heights is approaching completion. It is a very comfortable house of 20 rooms, with all the modern conveniences. W. F. Dobby is the contractor and the house will cost \$12,000. The new golf club house at the Palmetto golf links is also nearly done. John Laird is the contractor, and the building alone cost \$8,000. It is one of the finest in the country and is admirably situated on a brow of a hill which commands a view of the links.

Government Appeals.

Charleston, Special.—The United States engineers and attorneys are busy preparing the government's side in the appeal which has been carried to the supreme court in the case of Arthur Lynah against the United States, for damages done to a rice plantation by the jetty construction at Savannah. The plaintiff was awarded \$10,000 some months ago, but the government is not prepared to accept as final the verdict of the lower court and the case will be reviewed by the highest court. The plaintiff's plantation is on the Back river, a tributary of the Savannah river, and his petition alleges that the jetty work to deepen the river at the port has caused the water to rise in the Back river, overflowing his land and ruining it for the cultivation of rice. There are several similar suits pending, and if the Lynah case decision is allowed to stand there will doubtless be many more suits of the kind filed against the government. The engineers and attorneys are consequently giving much attention to the case, in hopes of being able to reverse the decision of the lower court and stop a multiplicity of suits.

Saluda's New Senator.

Saluda, Special.—The second primary for a State senator from Saluda county was held last week. The returns from all but three small precincts indicate the election of James M. Forrest over his competitor, E. S. Bleasie, a handsome majority. Saluda's new senator was born in 1847 and is now 55 years old. During the war he served in Co. I, Second South Carolina cavalry. At the close of the bloody conflict Mr. Forrest, like thousands of others, began the struggle of life penniless, but by hard work and the practice of economy is today among the largest property owners in our county. His whole life has been spent on the farm. Mr. Forrest never offered for office before.

New Enterprises.

The secretary of state last week granted a charter to the Gonzales Book company which is to deal in books, stationery, etc., conduct a publishing business and run a general store in Columbia for the sale of such goods. The capital stock is \$7,500. A. E. Gonzales is president and treasurer and Herman Badek is secretary.

A charter was granted the Bruce & Doster Drug company of Greenville, capitalized at \$15,000. The officers are J. B. Bruce, president; O. L. Doster, vice president and W. A. Morrill secretary and treasurer.

A commission was issued the First Presbyterian church of Eutawville of which the Rev. R. W. Holman is pastor and R. M. Goodman secretary.

A commission was issued to the Milton Rice company of Milton Plantation in Georgetown county, on the Pee Dee river. The capital stock is to be \$8,000. The incorporators are G. E. Herriot and J. A. Baxter.

News By Wire.

Many prominent Irishmen are attending the meeting of the United Irish League, at Boston.

Very Rev. P. R. Mayer, an American, has been elected general of the Order of Carmelites.

A St. Louis man has left \$50,000 to Miss Eva Martin, a Chicago nurse, who nursed him through a serious illness.

Col. Edward Butler, the St. Louis millionaire politician, was indicted by the grand jury on a charge of bribery.

The national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in session at Portland, Maine, began a crusade against the display of offensive pictures on billboards and in advertisements.

SOUTH CAROLINA SYNOD.

Meeting of a Great Religious Body in Columbia.

Columbia, Special.—The South Carolina Presbyterian Synod has been in session here this week.

The synod of South Carolina is composed of six presbyteries:

Bethel, covering the counties of York, Lancaster, Chester, Fairfield, the part of Cherokee east of the Broad river, Chesterfield, excepting the section about Cheraw, and one church in Kershaw. It has on its roll 27 ministers, 56 churches, and reported to the last general assembly 5,601 communicants.

Enoree, covering the counties of Spartanburg, Greenville, Laurens, Union and the portion of Cherokee next to Broad river. It has on its roll 31 ministers and 58 churches and reported last April 4,194 communicants.

South Carolina, covering the counties of Pickens, Oconee, Anderson, Abbeville, Greenwood, Newberry, Saluda and Edgefield. It has on its roll 27 ministers, 63 churches and reported last spring 4,260 communicants.

Charleston, covering the counties of Richland, Lexington, Orangeburg, Barnwell, Aiken, Hampton, Beaufort, Colleton, Dorchester, Charleston and Berkeley. It has on its roll 23 ministers last assembly 2,579 communicants.

Harmony, covering Kershaw, Sumter, Clarendon, Williamsburg and Georgetown counties, has on its roll 17 ministers and 34 churches, and reports 2,363 communicants.

Pee Dee, covering Darlington, Florence, Marion, Horry and Marlboro counties and the Cheraw section of Chesterfield, has 12 ministers and 29 churches, and reports 1,570 communicants.

The synod meets annually and in its organization consists of all the ministers and elders representing each church. So there might be 136 ministers and 276 elders present, 412 in all. But the average attendance for the last four meetings has been 120 members. Last year, when the body convened in Charleston, 130 were enrolled, the largest number for many years.

The body, in organizing for business, selects from the members present its own moderator each year. The Rev. Dr. Jas. Woodrow of this city was chosen last year, and as moderator preaches the opening sermon this year and presides until a new moderator is elected.

The one permanent officer of the body is the stated clerk, who continues at the will of the synod. The Rev. Thos. H. Law, D. D., of Spartanburg, has filled this office in the synod for 27 years, having been elected in 1875 to succeed the Rev. William Banks, who had died during the preceding year.

The synod, in the Presbyterian system of church courts, looks after those things which are common to the presbyteries in its bounds, and receives appeals and complaints which come up from the presbyteries. The South Carolina synod has a number of permanent committees which attend to the several departments of church work and report to it every year. These cover home missions, foreign missions, education, publication, colored evangelization and the Bible cause. It has also at present a permanent committee on the Twentieth Century fund for education.

THE SEMINARY.

In connection with the synod of Georgia, Alabama and Florida, this synod controls the theological seminary in this city, whose interests and welfare usually claim the very special consideration of the body. There has been of late some talk of a plan to remove this cherished institution to Atlanta and consolidate it with the Southwestern Presbyterian University of Clarksville, Tenn., in Atlanta. Should this matter come up at the approaching synod, it will probably be the most interesting question before the body. But many doubt whether any definite proposition which really means business will come from Atlanta now, as Clarksville cannot possibly be removed.

A Suicide.

Spartanburg, Special.—Mrs. A. D. Switzer committed suicide Sunday morning at her home near Roebuck. Her tragic death is a shock to the entire neighborhood. She was apparently in the best of health and spirits this morning. She dressed her children and sent them to Sunday school. Her husband was lying on the bed in the bed chamber asleep or reading the paper. She entered this room about 10 o'clock, left a note on the bureau and without his observing it, took a razor from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Switzer then went to a dilapidated dwelling near their new home, and severed a main artery of one leg with the razor.

It was several hours after this before her lifeless body was found. Her husband aroused from bed and missed his wife. He could not find her, and subsequently found the note on the bureau. The contents of the note, according to one who read it today, were to this effect:

"Life is a failure to me. Take my children, Dave, and do the best you can for them. I will take my life today."

Mr. Switzer then searched everywhere, and about noon found the body of his wife lying in the old house.

Mrs. Switzer's maiden name was Ola Lambright. She came of excellent family and is related to a number of prominent people here. She was a niece of Col. H. D. Floyd of this city. She was 35 years of age, of stout, robust, fine personal appearance. She left seven children. Her domestic life was, to all appearances, happy and contented. Her husband is a successful planter of Roebuck.