

# LUCKY LAST LOOK

It Preserved the Declaration of Independence in 1814.

SAVED IT FROM THE BRITISH.

The Precious Document Would Have Been in the State Department When It Was Burned but For Pleasanton's Final Glance Around the Room.

Comparatively few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung for many years in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasanton. Mr. Beasley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department some London newspapers, stating that the English fleet and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in Chesapeake bay and that it was ascending the Potomac. The officials and citizens of the little capital city were hourly expecting an attack.

Upon receipt of this information, which was a few days before the enemy entered Washington, Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, James Madison being president, mounted his horse, rode to Benedict, a small village on the Potomac, where the British fleet were being landed, and climbed an eminence within a quarter of a mile of the village, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Being convinced, after his inspection, that we had no forces available that could successfully resist them, he sent a note to Mr. Pleasanton by a vidette, advising him to see that the best care was taken of the books and papers of the state department.

Acting at once upon this authority, Mr. Pleasanton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by others in the office, placed the books and other papers.

While engaged in this work General Armstrong, then secretary of war, passing the state department on his way to his own office, remarked that he thought they were unnecessarily silencing themselves, as he did not think the British were serious in their intentions of coming to Washington. Fortunately Mr. Pleasanton was of a different opinion, and observed that it was the part of prudence to take measures to preserve these valuable papers of the revolutionary government. Had Mr. Pleasanton delayed but a few days, had he followed the advice of the secretary of war, an irreparable loss would have been sustained. For the papers which Mr. Pleasanton had placed in the coarse linen bags comprised the secret journals of congress, then not published; the correspondence of General Washington, his commission, signed at the close of the war; the correspondence of General Greene and other officers of the Revolution, as well as laws, treaties and correspondence of the department of state from the adoption of the constitution down to that time.

Mr. Pleasanton had the bags carried to a grist mill, which he selected as a suitable depository. The mill, which was unoccupied, belonged to Edgar Patterson and was situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain bridge, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left, and Mr. Pleasanton was just quitting the vacant rooms when, glancing back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

His then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon at that, they would in all probability detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood and, of course, would consider a grist mill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasanton therefore visited some of the Virginia farmhouses, whose owners were only too willing to loan him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of thirty-three miles. There they were deposited in an empty house, the keys of which were given to Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, who was one of the collectors of internal revenue.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasanton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little town where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night, the same being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening in the belief that the Americans were again assembling in the rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat.—Kansas City Times.

"It well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Platon.

Try an ad. in the Daily Item, and watch results.

# A ROPE OF WATER.

Berthelot's Test That Showed Its Tensile Strength.

THE COHESION OF MATTER.

Perfect Planes of Metal or Glass When Brought into Contact Will Adhere to One Another as Though They Were Glued Together.

It is well known that liquids are among the least compressible of substances; this in spite of the fact that they have the property of conforming to any shape of vessel or of yielding to any forces, no matter how small, which tend to change only their shape. Thus, to squeeze water into nine-tenths of its volume under ordinary conditions would require a pressure of no less than 3,000 atmospheres, or 45,000 pounds, to the square inch. This property of being almost incompressible is best illustrated perhaps by an experiment tried centuries ago, wherein an attempt was made to compress water by filling a leaden shell with it and then, after closing, hammering and squeezing the shell. The only effect of the tremendous pressures produced in this way was to cause the water to penetrate the minute pores of the lead and exude in drops like perspiration on the outer surface of the shell. The same effect was found for a silver shell.

But, while it is a familiar fact that liquids will resist an enormous force of compression, the companion fact that they are also capable of withstanding tension is not so generally known. At first sight this statement may appear ridiculous. When water may be so readily dipped from a pail or poured from one vessel to another, how can it be capable of withstanding tension? If, however, we prevent change of form we find that pure water is capable of bearing fifty atmospheres of tension, or 750 pounds to the square inch. If it was possible, then, to utilize this property by making a "rope" of water we should find it capable of sustaining a good fraction of the weight that could be borne by an ordinary rope of the same size. But it must be admitted that the task of making a rope out of such material would be rather difficult, to say the least, notwithstanding the fact that it possesses this desirable property of tensile strength. Because of its inability to resist a deforming force it would have to be inclosed in a tube; but, while it would here be in condition to withstand compression, as from a piston in the tube, any attempt at "stretching" the liquid in this way would simply result in pulling away the piston from the water surface.

However, this tensile strength was actually found by Berthelot in the following way: A strong glass tube sealed at one end and drawn out very fine at the other was filled nearly full of water and then closed. The tube was then cautiously heated until the water had expanded and completely filled it. It was then slowly and carefully cooled back to its original temperature, when it was found that the water had not contracted, but still filled the tube. It is almost a universal law that a small extension in volume of a body requires the same magnitude of force to produce it as to cause a similar amount of compression. The forces, however, being tension in one case and compression in the other. With this law in mind it is readily seen that the water that now fills the tube must be under tension, since previously at the same temperature it did not quite fill the tube—that is, it has actually been stretched or expanded beyond its normal volume for this temperature, and from our knowledge of the forces that would be required to produce the corresponding compression we can figure out what this tension must be.

The ultimate particles or molecules of matter we believe to be held together by powerful forces, known variously as cohesion or adhesion, but being in any case forces of attraction, and these forces tend to prevent any expansion of the matter, be it solid or liquid. It might be thought that these forces would cause two bodies in contact to adhere to each other, but particles have to be so near together to be acted upon by them that it is difficult to bring bodies into such close contact that an appreciable area of one is within this distance of the other.

However, two clean pieces of lead can readily be pressed so closely together that they will adhere, and a set of copper cubes was once made with such true faces that when a dozen of them were piled one on top of the other the series adhered together so well that the whole could be lifted from the top one. But the best example is furnished by pieces of optical glass whose surfaces have been worked so plane that when pressed together they will as readily break at some other spot as at this plane.

Perhaps it is unfortunate that these useful forces, which hold all matter together and keep it from collapsing into impalpable dust, are confined in their action to such a limited range. If this were not so, a break of any sort could be fixed by merely bringing together the broken ends. Glue of any kind would be unnecessary.

But even this state of affairs would have its drawbacks. A book laid on a table would have to be pried off with a wedge, and the same instrument would be required to open it. Everything would stick to everything else, and the pleasure of walking would be lost in the tedious process of prying first one foot and then the other from the viselike grip of the sidewalk or the floor.—Boston Post.

Try an ad. in the Daily Item, and watch results.

# THE TALE OF A PIG

Chief Justice Marshall's First Case as a Lawyer.

HE OUTWITTED A DEADBEAT.

When Marshall Sued Old Haskin Smiled. When the Case Was Won and Payment Claimed He Laughed, but When the Climax Came He Wilted.

Chief Justice John Marshall's first case as a lawyer was tried in Fauquier county, Va. It was the suit of Cohn versus Haskin, and the descendant of the great interpreter of the constitution delight to this day to tell of the subtle strategy whereby the budding jurist achieved victory over that case hardened deadbeat of a Haskin person.

This same Haskin, it appears, was a man possessed of property. But he was also possessed of a shrewd knowledge of the law. He kept all he had in his wife's name, excepting what the statute exempted from seizure for debt.

In an evil and absentminded moment Cohn, who ran a general store in Haskin's neighborhood, trusted him for sugar and coffee to the amount of \$11. This was years before the eruption of young Marshall into the law and in the interim Cohn had given the claim for collection to every young lawyer in the county to cut his teeth on. Swiftly following Marshall's unfurling of his shingle to the Fauquier winds came Cohn with his claim. Even the callow attorney recognized it as a veteran among claims. However, having nothing else to while away the time, he took the case, Cohn promising him all he could get out of it, which showed Cohn's valuation of it as an asset.

Young Marshall promptly brought suit, at which Haskin smiled. When judgment was obtained, Marshall rode out in person to Haskin's place and demanded payment, at which Haskin laughed.

And while Haskin chuckled the keen eye of the young lawyer wandered about the farmyard. He saw one plow, which was exempt under the law; also one harrow, also exempt; also a huge leviathan of a pig drowning lastly in a pen—a very Gargantua of a pig.

"That's the only pig I got," volunteered Haskin, reading the lawyer's thought, for Haskin, also law wise, knew that under the statute he was entitled to one pig exempt from seizure for debt.

The future chief justice rode home pondering deeply. Next day he was seen strolling around the outskirts of the town looking into casual pigsties and keeping his thoughts to himself.

One noon shortly after a youth, trudging along the big road in front of Haskin's house, stopped to ask for a bite to eat. Over his shoulder he carried a gunny sack. Haskin handed him out a pone of bread and a chunk of meat and then demanded a quarter for the repast. "I haven't got a quarter," replied the youth; "thought you would give a feller a little snack like that."

"Not much," growled Haskin. "What you got in that bag?"

"Nuthin' but a month old pig," answered the youth. "Say, if you gimme a quarter in money I'll give you the pig and we'll call it square."

"I reckon you stole that pig," commented Haskin. "else you wouldn't sell it so cheap. Here's your quarter; gimme the pig."

The youth disappeared with the quarter, and Haskin, with the content of one who has driven a hard bargain, carried the shote over to the barnyard and spilled it into the pen where lay the porcine Gargantua. Coincidentally there rose out of the alder bushes adjacent the forms of young Marshall and another man—the other man was the constable. In his hand he held a writ of execution. He climbed solemnly over into the pigsty and, pointing to the fat porker, said:

"I levy on that pig in the suit of Cohn versus Haskin," and he waved his hand to a man who was waiting with an empty wagon down the road.

"But that pig is exempt," exclaimed the irate Haskin. "The law allows me one pig."

"You've got him there," answered the constable, pointing to the shote as he trussed up the big fellow and called to the man in the wagon to lend a hand. "You can't make your selection for exemption after the levy's made."

"But the fellow that sold me that shote stole him," urged Haskin, growing desperate. "I can't own a stolen pig."

"All right," put in young Marshall, wholly unperturbed. "Mr. Constable, just arrest him for receiving stolen goods."

But Haskin had fled to the safety of his back porch, seeing which the constable, Marshall and the man in the wagon hustled the complaining porker aboard and drove away, leaving the bewildered Haskin to ruminate at leisure over the intricacies of the law which permits a man to keep even his religion in his wife's name, but ravishes away his choicest pig from under his very nose.

And, concluding, the multiple descendants of the great John also delight to tell how that pig sold for \$19.85—enough not only to pay the ancient claim, but to satisfy exactly the demands of court and constable for costs, leaving not a penny over for the grief-stricken and wicked Haskin.

To which the reader may add, "And they all lived happily forever after"—except Haskin.—New York Times.

What few straw hats there are will soon be outlawed automatically.

# AN OLD GOLD BRICK

Used For Flooding the Innocents a Generation Ago.

THE PATENT SAFE SWINDLE.

It Was a Pliable Trick That Generally Caught the Coin and Sent the Bewildered Victim Out of Town in a Hurry For Fear of Arrest.

Although the essentials of imposture remain unchanged from generation to generation, so that the rogue of today would have no trouble in recognizing his counterpart of the seventeenth century, nevertheless there are fashions in thievery, as in everything else. Old tricks are cast off like threadbare coats in favor of newer ones, and these in turn are discarded when publicity has rendered them familiar and therefore less effective, but plausibility and address are the indispensable qualities of the gentry who live by their wits.

The newest type of confidence man is the get-rich-quick individual who breathes of money and wouldn't turn his hand to a small "job." He angles for victims with new corporations and great business ventures for bait, but he is the same man who a generation ago raked in the shekels by means of the patent safe game. This game is now an outworn fashion. But it had its points.

Let us suppose a countryman, carpetbag in hand, to have alighted at the union station and set out to see the sights. Although his name is conveniently printed on the outside of his bag or set down in a legible hand on the hotel register, he is amazed to find himself hospitably greeted by an utter stranger, who knows his name and the town from which he hails. The stranger is an old friend whom the countryman is ashamed to think he cannot remember—place is the word. But the stranger is very affable and lays himself out to entertain the newcomer. They stroll about town in company, visit a bar or two, exchange reminiscences and at the end of a few hours are bosom companions. The stranger invariably pays the score, has a lordly disdain of money; good fellowship is its own reward.

The two stroll by devious ways until finally while they are walking arm in arm down a quiet bystreet the stranger's eye is caught by a curious object lying on the pavement. He passes to examine it. It is a miniature globe about the size of a billiard ball. The stranger turns it over curiously in his fingers and finally sees that it is fitted with a small plug, which comes out under pressure. Continuing his explorations, he then uncrews the top of the plug, takes out a piece of crumpled paper, shows his dupe the empty box and throws the paper on the ground. There is a similar bit of paper in the small chamber at the end of the plug, but this the countryman does not see. The two then stroll on, discussing the mysterious ball.

Presently they come upon a worried looking man, who is studying the ground with a face the pattern of despair. The roper observes him and wants to know whether he has lost something.

"Lost something, indeed," says the man. "Why, I've lost an invention of mine that I wouldn't have taken \$10,000 for. It was a patent fire safe which would save hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of papers and valuables every year. I was just on my way to Blank & Blank's, the safe manufacturers, to get one made, and here I have lost the model."

The roper is evidently much touched by the inventor's distress. He produces the wooden globe and is immediately overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude.

"But what good is that invention of yours?" asks the roper.

"Well," says the inventor with pride, "you see, it is set on props. When there is a fire all you have to do is to knock out the props and the safe rolls down an incline right out of the building as neat as you please. There's a box inside to hold the papers. There is a paper in this box right now."

At that the roper winks slyly at the farmer and whispers in his ear, "I'll make him a bet on that piece of paper."

"Come," says the roper, "that's a pretty tall yarn. I don't believe there's any paper in that ball. I'll bet there isn't a scrap of paper in it."

"I'll bet you \$1,000 there's a paper in it," says the inventor, much incensed. "I haven't that much with me," says the roper, "but I'll just bet you a hundred on it." With that he takes out a number of bills, say \$50 or so, and a bank check for the other \$50. To his friend the farmer he says, "Will you just lend me \$50 on this check until I can get to my hotel?"

The farmer sees that his friend is sure to win. He advances the \$50, when, behold, the inventor draws out the plug, removes the concealed paper from its small chamber and collects the bet. The roper is decidedly crestfallen, but while he is still lamenting his folly a policeman rushes up, charges him with gambling and makes a grab for him. Roper flees, but the farmer is caught. After protesting his innocence the farmer is allowed to depart. Still fearful of arrest, he flees the city. When he presents his check he discovers that roper, inventor and policeman are all confidence men who have enriched themselves at his expense.—Chicago Record Herald.

No harm can befall a good man, whether alive or dead.—Socrates.

The Maine election result hasn't been changed in at least two days.

# "LABEL" CASE BEGUN.

FORMER DISPENSARY OFFICIALS FACE RICHLAND JURY.

Little Progress Made During First Day—Tatum, Towill and Boykin Charged With Defrauding State of \$22,500 in Celebrated "Label Deal"—Legal Sparring of Counsel Probably Means Long Drawn Out Trial.

Columbia, Sept. 25.—What is commonly known as the "label deal" was taken up in the Criminal Court today for trial. A jury of Richland county has been summoned to say what, if any, foundation there is in the charge that Commissioners W. O. Tatum, John Bell Towill and L. Whit Boykin did really receive and "whack up" \$22,500 on the purchase of twenty-one millions of labels, which were intended to be used when the dispensary went into the bottling business upon an extensive scale in the heyday of the old dispensary system.

The Attorney General, in the indictment, charges that these officers of the dispensary, together with Dennis Weiskopf, overcharged the State \$22,500, and the statement has been made that this sum was the amount of the alleged rebate.

The charge has been pending in the Courts since September 1909, and the counsel for the defense has been insisting upon a trial. The Attorney General, Mr. J. Fraser Lyon, for reasons best known to himself, has not seen fit to bring the issue to trial until today. It has been suggested that the reason was that if a conviction were secured, that he did not wish the incumbent Governor to grant a pardon. But that as it may, the case has now gone to trial and the verdict will soon be issued by the Courts of the land, and there it will end.

The defendants plead "not guilty" and insist upon that position, and there can be no question of the previous good repute of the defendants, and unless a clear and convincing guilt be proven there will be no conviction.

Today was devoted largely to legal pyrotechnics. Very little evidence was adduced by the State. There was a fight for an hour or more as to whether a book of stubs, claimed to be original entries, should be introduced in evidence, and whether this stub book should have been allowed to go into evidence of the original voucher should be found. Judge J. S. Wilson, who is presiding, held that the stub book could be introduced, but it took an hour or more to let the contending lawyers exhaust the arguments and authorities. It is evident that it is to be a long drawn out and a hard fought battle, unless there should be a flare up.

There are three desks drawn up in line for the counsel for the defense. Messrs. Tatum, Boykin and Towill are all being tried together, and this is plain when it is stated that the charge is "conspiracy" to defraud the State.

The chief counsel in the cause for the defense is that vigorous and hard fighter, Col. P. H. Nelson, of Columbia. The announcement to the court for the record was: For L. W. Boykin, counsel were Messrs. Nelson and Gettys, Johnstone and Cromer and R. H. Welch, for John Bell Towill, E. L. Asbitt and George Bell Timmerman, and for W. O. Tatum, Messrs. Raysor and Summers, Robert Lide, T. H. Tatum, J. E. McLaughlin and R. H. Welch. During the progress of the case there were nine members of counsel for the defense actively engaged, but most of the speaking today was by Messrs. Nelson, Johnstone Welch, Raysor and Timmerman, on the part of the defendants.

For the State, there appear Attorney General Lyon, Mr. W. F. Stevenson, Col. Benj. L. Abney, Solicitor Cobb and Assistant Attorney General DuBruhl, an array of five. The Attorney General, Mr. Abney and Mr. Stevenson have done the talking for their side.

The indictment against the defendants tells in legal terms what is charged in this language:

"Did on or about the 18th day of March, 1905, in the county of Richland, of South Carolina, with force and arms, wilfully, and knowingly conspire, combine, confederate and agree together to cheat and defraud the State of South Carolina by purchasing a large number of labels, to wit: About twenty-one millions, for the use of the State dispensary, the said L. Whit Boykin, and John Bell Towill being then and there members of the board of directors of the State dispensary, William O. Tatum being the State dispensary commissioner, and by paying and conspiring to procure the State to pay the sum of \$25,000 for the said labels from the funds of the State, in control of the State board of directors and dispensary commissioner, when, in fact, said purchase was illegal, fraudulent and unlawful and at a greatly excessive price, to wit: \$22,500 in excess of the value thereof, whereby the State was defrauded, as a result

of the said conspiracy, out of the sum of \$22,500."

Dennis Weiskopf is charged with being in the conspiracy and so appears M. A. Goodman, but they are evidently not being tried and, perhaps, it is upon evidence that they have given the Attorney General that their names were not read by the State today.

Mr. Nelson and Col. Johnstone tried to have the Attorney General announce what he intended doing as to other pending cases, but he declined to do so and was sustained in the position that the pending case was the only one at issue and that no decision need be announced relative to any other case.

An interested auditor during the session today was Governor Bleese. He sat in the group of interested auditors. At one time in the examination an effort was made to bring out a letter that he had written the Attorney General asking him for the "immunity list." The letter was identified but the contents of the letter were not read to the jury.

The entire session today was devoted to getting a start in the case, empanelling the jury, over which there were practically no trouble, and proving the payment of the \$35,677 for the labels in question to Nivison, Weiskopf & Co. It took a great deal of red tape and legal battling to get to the drafts, warrants and other documents, all of which were presented by the State, one by one, to show that the dispensary actually did pay \$35,677 for the labels.

Up to the present nothing irregular has been shown, nor been intimated by the evidence. It was entirely a day of preliminaries, and thus far no effort has been made to show that there was any rebate in the payments of \$35,677 for the millions of labels.

# Blacks and Whites in South Carolina.

The census of last year shows that South Carolina has 835,842 negro and 679,162 white population. The increase for the negroes since 1900 is 6.8 per cent and for the whites 21.8 per cent. This means that at the same ratio of increase the whites will pass the negroes before 1930, and that South Carolina will thenceforth grow and prosper with increasing strength and vigor. Charleston, with a population of 88,820, has 31,056 negroes and 27,764 whites, an increase since 1900 of 3,526 whites and a decrease of 466 negroes.

It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that Charleston, with a majority of negroes in its population, has had less trouble with its colored citizens than any other city of importance in the South; that it has kept them under better control, and yet has given them more political recognition. It seems that the people of that city have known better how to deal with the race problem, doubtless because it presented itself as a problem sooner and more acutely than elsewhere, and was met and wrestled with fully and adequately from the start.

Negroes serve on the police force in Charleston, but without stirring up strife because of their color. They have held honorable places in the fire department and caused no friction. But these positions have been held by those of the race that knew they must not presume upon them, and always with the recognition of the superiority of the whites who placed them there. There is no better illustration of the Southern argument that the South knows best how to deal with the negro than is found in the peace and friendship in which the two races dwell together in the South's most typical town.—Baltimore Sun.

# Marriage License Record.

Only one marriage license was granted Monday. This was given to John W. Williams and Miss Lila L. Dornell of this city.

The movement that has been started by the residents of the Bossard's and DuBose cross roads section of Lee county to hold an election on the question of annexing 9 1-2 square miles of Lee County territory to Sumter county seems to be well under way and assured of success. For several years there has been a sentiment in the Pinewood section of Clarendon county in favor of annexation to Sumter county and this would be an opportune time to take up the matter and put it through. If the Pinewood people wish to cast in their lot with Sumter county the people of Sumter would welcome them with a glad hand.

The money pledged to pay for rights of way and terminals for the Seaboard will have to be raised within the next few months and the committee that has this matter in charge will need the active support and hearty co-operation of the business men and all other property owners of Sumter county.