The Fairfield News and Herald.

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READS LIKE A ROMANCE.

THE RESCUE OF A GIRL FROM A SPANISH PRISON

In Havana by a Representative of the New York Journal, Aided by Two Other Men—An Interesting Story.

Charles Duval, the Cuban correspondent for the New York Journal, describes in a special letter from Havana the escape of Miss Evangelina Cisneros, the Cuban girl, who was freed from a Spanish dungeon by the Journal breaking the bars of Recojidas prison.

"I came here three weeks ago, having been told by the editor of the Journal to go to Cuba and rescue from her prison Miss Cisneros, the niece of the former president of the Cuban republic, a tenderly reared girl, descended from one of the best families in the island, and herself a martyr to the unsatisfied desire of a beast in Spanish uniform.

"I arrived at Cienfuegos late in September, telegraphed to a known and tried man in Santiago de Cuba to meet me in Havana, and then went to Santa Clara, where I picked up a second man, known to be as gritty as Sahara, and then proceeded to Havana. Here I remained in almost absolute concealment, so as to avoid the spies that dog one's steps wherever one may go and make impossible and clever work of this kind. Both men who accompanied me, Joseph Hernandon and Harrison Mallory, pursued the same course, and remained quiet until all plans had been completed.

"The fact that Miss Cisneros was incommunicado made the attempt seem at first beyond the possibility of success, but we finally, through Hernandon, who was born on the island and speaks Spanish like a native, succeeded in sending a note to her through an old negress, who called upon one of her friends in the prison.

"A centen got this note through two hands to Miss Cisneros, and three centens later got to her a package of drugged sweets. Having established communication with her, we began work without losing a day.

"The Casa de Recojidas is located in the lowest quarters of Havana, and is surrounded by a huddle of squalid huts occupied by negroes and Chinamen and reeking to heaven by day and by night. A single alley, perhaps twenty feet in length, zigzags around two sides of the building, opening off in front of the main entrance.

"Compostella street runs along the rear of the building north and south, and from this leads off westwardly to Sigua street, by which dignified name is known the alley running along the south side of Recojidas. Turning at right angles to the north, the alley tipsily forgets its name and loses record on the map of Havana. At the north end of the building and just in front of the big door of the prison the filthy lane right angles again, becomes O'Farrill street and strikes straight forward, as though anxious to leave the jail as soon as possible. It ends at Egido street, opposite the Havana arsenal.

"A dozen times in half as many hours I passed through this crooked alley trying to find the solution of a problem that would not be solved. Recojidas was apparently inaccessible; its huge, thick walls towered far in the air, topped by a high, thick parapet. The only windows to be seen from the alley were about thirty-five feet from the ground, and were protected as are all windows in Cuba by massive iron bars.

"Although not known to any of us at that time, as it was invisible from the street, there was a window opening from the second story on a zotea, or flat roof, over lower rooms in the front of the building. Through this window the escape of Miss Cisneros was finally effected, but it was not until a week after our survey that any suggestion looking to the use of this window was made.

"For the first week we scanned and rescanned the outer walls, suggesting a dozen plans, all equally worthless. A daylight attempt was considered, and plans were made to get Miss Cisneros to the barred door opening into a small court just off the main entrance.

"Don Jose, the alcade, was then to be lured outside the door, lured further, into a state of temporary unconsciousness, and our end accomplished by a wild dash for liberty. This scheme would probably have worked but for the fact that Miss Cisneros was incommunicado, and was not permitted to receive visitors, or even to come into the sala de justicia on the inner side of the door.

"The fact that the Havana arsenal, always under a strong guard, stretched its long front across the end of O'Farrill street on the other side of Egido street, and that the barracks of a company of the Orden Publicos was located just back of the Recojidas on Compostela street, made this plan decidedly uncertain as to results. It was abandoned.

"As it appeared at this time absolutely impossible to either get into the jail ourselves or to get Miss Cisneros out, it was considered to have become a case of 'untar lossmanas,' and a sturdy attempt was made to reach some of the guards or keepers with bribes, but nothing was effected. Finally, when it appeared as if the only possible way to secure the escape of the beautiful Cuban would be to dynamite a part of the building, a note was smuggled in to her as a last resort, asking if she could make any suggestion that could help us.

"In answer she sent the following message, in Spanish of course:

"'My plan is the following: To escape by the roof with the aid of a rope, descending by the front of the house at a given hour and signal. For this I require acid to destroy the bars of the windows and opium or morphine so as to set to sleep my companions. The best way to use it is in sweets, and thus I can also set to sleep the vigilants.

"'Three of you can come and stand at the corners, a lighted cigar will be the signal of alarm for which I may have to delay, and a white handkerchief will be the agreed signal by which I can safely descend. I will only bring with me the necessary clothes tied around my waist. This is my plan; let me know if it is convenient.'

"Accompanying this was a plan drawn by herself showing the exact location of the window referred to. It was at the end of a second story apartment running along Sigua street on the side of the prison, but not extending clear to its front. The azotea, or flat roof, on which it opens was about twenty feet wide, and a high parapet along the front of the building hid this window from sight in the street.

"No time was lost in acting on her suggestion. The idea of eating through an iron bar with an acid was dismissed, and the question then naturally presented itself as to how the bars of the window could be cut so as to permit her to crawl through. The height of the building also precluded the idea of letting her attempt to come down by herself. Her plan was to use the rope on the flag-staff.

"Consequently it became absolutely necessary for us to gain access to the azotea if we were to succeed. To do this, it became immediately apparent, would necessitate the use of a house in the crooked little alley running around the jail. By the rarest good fortune I found on my next visit to the vicinity a vacant house immediately adjoining the jail on the north side of O'Farrill street.

"By this time No. 1 O'Farrill street is better known and more famous in Havana than the palace itself. By the end of the next day the house was in our possession. As La Luncha naively remarks today: 'The lessees could find no one to become responsible for them, so paid two months in advance.'

"Our gold pieces made this O'Farrill palace ours for the space of two months, should we care to occupy it that long. Next day the deal was closed. A colored Habernero was sent to the house to whitewash, and, besides the lime and brush, he carried a light ladder about twelve feet long. The possession of this ladder was all that brought him on the scene. When he went away in the evening he forgot it and it remained in the house.

"Last Tuesday night we went into the squalid little den at No. 1, fully prepared, as we believed, for all possible contingencies.

"Having the key, I went first and reached and entered the house without being noticed. Hernandon and Mallory followed about an hour later, but were so unfortunate as to find the door of No. 3, the adjoining house, standing open, with two of the occupants gaping idly at the moon, waiting for the arrival of the last of their household. As our two men passed them and disappeared into the house they became very much alarmed, seeming to imagine the visit of the strange men to the house next door foreboded some pending calamity to themselves.

"Although it was now 12:30, the occupants of No. 3 remained awake, busying themselves at first with barricading themselves in. Finally, however, the tardy member of that household arrived and with much noise and clamor they barred themselves in and went to bed.

"It was fully 1:30 o'clock before the noises of the neighborhood quited down and the evil place fell into a semblance of repose. At the time the moon was high in the heavens and as bright as the mid-day sun. Down toward the corner of the front of the Recojidas a large gaslighted bracket against the side of one of the houses made visible the smallest object in the dirty thoroughfare.

"Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, we mounted the roof and proceeded to business. The front of Recojidas lay at right angles to our house, but the prison building ran back of our building so that the walls were together. At this point, however, the ground wall of the Recojidas rose about twenty feet above our heads and was protected on the top by a thick sprinkling of broken glass bottles.

"This guard wall extended out from the front of our wall to a point ten or twelve feet distant, where it jointed the azotea. To reach this latter point, therefore, it was necessary to throw the ladder diagonally across the right angle separating our roof from the azotea. This was the most ticklish part of the business, as the ladder was frail and thrillingly short.

"Finally the ladder was in position and the trip across began. No man engaged in that enterprise that night will ever forget that twelve foot walk across that sagging, decrepit ladder. At one time it swayed from the wall. Hernandon was only saved from a terrible fall by the promptness with which the two men at the ends of the ladder acted.

"As it was, a large piece of the weak cornice on which the ladder was resting went clattering down into the street, waking the alcalde, who came hastily to the door. By this time the ladder had been withdrawn. Two men were left on the azotea of the jail, while the third was left on the roof of the house to handle our drawbridge and guard our retreat.

"A great gap opened in the face of the massive building as old Don Jose looked out in to the quiet street. He stood there for a few minutes with an absolutely unnecessary candle in his hand, staring out at the moon and apparently greatly pleased with the beautiful aspect of the soft Cuban night. Then, apparently convinced that all was safe, he turned and passed back into Recojidas, and thus passed unharmed through the most dangerous moment of his life, for every second that he remained in the street was a second fraught with death.

"Three 44 calibre revolvers covered him and his discovery of our position on the roof would have called for his immediate execution. Time was then allowed for the natural quiet to drift back upon the scene, and when finally everything had become normal the work of getting the Journal's protege out of her loathsome dungeon was begun.

"We crept softly across the roof to the window she had indicated. As we reached it we saw her standing before it. She was dressed in a dark colored dress and not easily seen in the gloom inside. She gave one glad little cry and clasped her hands through the bars, calling upon us to liberate her at once. She had been standing there for over two hours and a half, and she knew that aid was coming, but her patience never deserted her, as she could see us on the roof of No. 1.

"Bidding her to be quiet, we started at work cutting through the iron bar between her and liberty. We selected the third bar on the left side of the window, and began cutting it near the bottom. Our progress was slow and wearisome, and finally after an hour's work, we found that we had only cut part of the way through. It was impossible to use the saw quickly as the bars were not set firmly in the frame, and rattled and rang like a fire alarm every time the saw passed across the iron.

"At last a stir in the room she had quitted warned Miss Cisneros that it was best for her to retire again; so leaving us she slipped a sheet above her and glided quickly back to her bed at the far end of the dormitory. Before going she begged us to return the following night and complete our work. She was quickly assured we would be on hand again, and she was contented.

"We were bitterly disappointed at our failure. I had selected Tuesday night in view of the fact that the next day afforded an opportunity to catch the steamer to Key West, where we could send a man with a full story of the night's occurrance, as it was well known that no detailed account of the escape could be cabled from Havana. We trusted to luck, however, to stand by us, hoping only that our anxious neighbors in No. 3 would not give the alarm, and that the cut bar would remain undiscovered. We had no means of knowing the next day whether or not our attempt of the night before had been discovered, but proceeded on the assumption that it had not, and so determined to carry out our plans to the letter.

"A lot of cheap, second hand furniture was purchased in one of the outlying suburbs and was placed in our house, and that night when we went there there we were surrounded by our own household lares and penates. A huge porron decorated the tinujero, flanked on either side by a bottle of janevra and a big bundle of brevas. Our sideboard was set with plates and other crockery, and a chest of drawers a folding table and a pair of canvas folding cots had been sent in.

"We dragged out the tables and set forth candles until it gleamed like a banquet board. Then we threw open the window so that the neighbors might look in upon the newcomers in the neighborhood and become acquainted with them, and finally fell into a game of poker around the table that came near destroying all our strongly cemented friendship.

"Until 11 o'clock the game went on. A brace of guards, in their striking blue and red uniforms, lounged up to the windows to note whether we played for wind or centimes, and, finding the game as innocent as a day in May, wandered off with their swords clanking about their heels. At 11 o'clock we shut the window and barred out the soft, bright moonlight that flooded the room with its silvery glory, and then turned in for a couple of hours' patient waiting.

"It was not easy work, as the stone floor we lay upon was as hard as the heart of Weyler and twice as cold. The bundle of brevas went up in smoke as we lay there talking in whispers, and finally the time for action arrived. The inmates of No. 3 were again awaked, and, far from being impressed by our household furniture, seemed to fear us even more than the night before. It was dread of the strangers in the allay that kept them quiet and made Miss Cisneros' release possible.

"They sat up talking this night during the entire time we were working on the roof, and were still sputtering Spanish when we left them. This time the fairies seemed to be working with us, and everything moved as smoothly as clockwork. The ladder was raised to the roof without a sound and as we pattered about in our stocking feet a speel of enchantment seemed to fall upon the city. Far off in the haze of moonlight a jangling chime of bells seemed changed by some magic into sweetest music, and the ugly tiled roofs and queer bits of old Moorish architecture, jutting angularly here and there, seemed transformed by some magician's touch into palaces.

"Again the light, frail ladder was thrown across from the roof of the azotea. The trying and perilous journey was made as quickly as possible. The ladder was withdrawn and we were again in front of the window behind which Miss Cisneros was imprisoned.

"This time there was no delay. Our outfit consisted of a pair of Stilson wrenches, and putting one above and one below the cut made the night before, we wrenched the bar asunder with one snap.

"In a second I had caught the broken bar and had pulled it out enough for a purchase, and then slipped my knee under, I drew it up till it was horizontal with the roof. I then stopped, slipped the bar across my shoulder, and grasping the crossbar above, straightened myself, bringing the bar far up in the air. A second later I had twisted myself into a huge V above the crossbar, and reaching down caught Miss Cisneros by the shoulders and pulled her through the opening.

"Could the women of the United States have seen the smile on that poor girl's face as she realized that at last, after fifteen months of prison life, she was at liberty, they would have felt a happiness as great almost as hers. That one fleeting smile of ineffable happiness was reward enough for both of us there at the window for all our work and risk.

"To get our little heroine safely away was now the question. The trip across the creaking, swaying ladder was made by Miss Cisneros with the grace and ease of a frightened fawn. The astute detectives who found a knotted rope on the roof stated that the ends had been held by two men on either roof, affording Miss Cisneros a hand rail to guide her across.

"Nothing of the sort was done. The knotted rope was to be used in case of emergency, in case our return to the roof of No. 1 should be cut off, forcing us to descend from some other part of the building. Miss Cisneros needed no hand rail in her state of joy and exhilaration.

"No time was lost in getting away from the building. We quickly made our way downstairs, donned our shoes and made off. The neighbors heard the clang of the heavy doors closing, then the sharp, quick rattle of a carriage dashing recklessly off over the cobbles, and then quiet fell upon the neighborhood of the Recojidas. The beautiful girl prisoner was at liberty and would never again feel the suffocation of its crowded walls.

"There was but one bad break in the arrangements we made, on leaving Hernando, taking alarm at a sound in the Recojidas, had drawn his revolver. Then he placed it on the parapet of the house, laying down to assist Miss Cisneros across. He forgot it, and it has been found there, to the great indignation of the police.

"The theory that Evangelina had escaped to Key West in a small boat at once occurred to the people at the palace, and the Nueva Espana, the swiftest cruiser at the island, at once cleared for Key West, and started on a search for the fugitives, covering the entire distance from here to Key West yesterday and last night with glasses and searchlights. Every tug that could be spared and every small craft and gunboat took part in the search, but without avail."

AN UNTRUE STORY.

NO HAZING AT THE CITADEL ACADEMY.

Case of Cadet Way—No Truth in the Tale of Cruel Treatment—The Boy Simply Deserted.

Office Chairman Board of Visitors
South Carolina Military Academy,
Barnwell, S. C., Oct. 13, 1897.

To the Editor of The Register:

Will you be good enough to give space in your journal to the following papers, the publication of which seems called for by a communication from your Charleston correspondent in your issue of the 10th inst:

JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Chairman Board of Visitors S. C. M. A.

South Carolina Military Academy,
Office of the Superintendent, Citadel, Charleston S. C., Oct. 11, 1897.

Gen. Johnson Hagood, Chairman Board of Visitors.

Dear General:—I deeply regret to report another case of desertion. Young Way, beneficiary from Holly Hill, Berkeley county, got leave on Friday evening to visit friends in the city, did not return from his leave at 10:30 p. m., and the next morning, Mr. Thomas, an attache of the National House, brought his cap and gloves, and stated that the lad had gone home that morning in spite of his advice to the contrary. I wrote at once to his father. The lad was very timid and homesick, but he claimed, Mr. Thomas said, that he had been cruelly ill-treated or hazed by the older cadets. I have thus far failed to find any grounds for this complaint. The Evening Critic got hold of the matter and published a vicious article in the Saturday afternoon issue, and this article was republished, almost verbatum, in The Columbia Register of yesterday. This morning Cadet Smoak (B) 3 class, brought the enclosed communication to me with the request that he be allowed to send it to The Register, of which paper he has been a correspondent. Mindful of art. 210 of the regulations, I submitted the communication to Col. Gadsden and Gen. Anderson, and they thought it best to let you decide the matter. If you approve, please forward in addressed envelope enclosed.

While writing this, the following telegram has been received from Mrs. Westfield. * "Fletcher, N. C., Oct. 11, 1897. Col. Coward, Citadel. Am most anxious that you receive my son back. Please telegraph if you will do so. State if you can send some one to accompany him at my expense. I am

JANE WESTFIELD."

* I have replied by wire as follows: "Your telegram forwarded to Gen. Hagood, chairman, who alone can answer. Cannot send any one."

In my judgement, the boy should not be allowed to come back unless he does so willingly, and conditioned for some punishment.

I did not write to you on Saturday about the Way case, because I thought his father would come down or write to get his boy back. I have heard nothing from him up to this hour, 4:50 p. m.

Very respectfully,
ASBURY COWARD,
Superintendent.

At the Citadel, Charleston, S. C., Oct. 11, 1897.

Editor Register: In Saturday's issue of the Charleston Critic there was an article given undue prominence in which it was stated that Cadet Way was run from this institution by a revival of hazing, and that he was cruelly treated. Knowing that the Critic did not have any prominence in the state, it was concluded not to make any reply, either in the Critic or in any paper in the state; but when your paper of yesterday contained the same article from your correspondent at Charleston, the necessity of a reply was obvious, in order to stamp as false, the whole article. The correspondent of the Critic was in a position to have obtained a true account of the reason Recruit Way deserted, but instead of his seeking to give a true and impartial account, he accepted a garbled story told by Way, who wished to justify his action in leaving. The correspondent of the Critic could have obtained a true report of the occurrence by coming to the citadel and asking either the superintendent, Col. Coward, any member of the faculty, or any cadet at the institution, but being apparently prejudiced against the institution and wishing to injure it and also to win notoriety for himself, he accepted as true an incoherent statement made by Way, who wished to justify his leaving to his family and all who would likely be interested in him.

The writer of that article says: "Although the academy has only been open a week, two cadets have broken garrison and gone home on account of the brutal treatment they received at the hands of their fellow students." Now, I wish to say—and in saying it I have the sanction of the corps—that the above statement is false. The room mates of the other cadet who left the day before Way did, affirm that he was not molested in any way by the "old boys." He is, besides, a chronic deserter, having deserted from another school just a few days before matriculating at this institution. We do not feel it a loss because he left, except financially, as he borrowed several sums of money and as yet has failed to return the same. "P. Y. Way, a bright and promising young man from Holly Hill, Berkeley county," is the latest victim. He cannot be called a young man unless meaning long trousers makes a boy a man. Way was very young to have entered the institution at all, besides, "having been raised in the country," he should have had more grit than to have been frightened into leaving by the sight of city life and ways. "He is said to be a very smart boy and came out first in his examination by dint of hard study." Way may be a very smart boy, but he failed to leave that impression at the citadel, and he came out first in his examination because no one opposed him. Just here let me say that the occurrence is much regretted by everyone in the corps. As a cadet myself, I am in a position to know how Way was treated. He is naturally timid as the Critic stated. The old cadets realized this fact and felt kindly toward the boy, and had he stayed till now, he would have had no cause to wish to leave.

It is regretted that he left, because he had a chance to obtain an education. The wheel of his fortune had revolved and brought uppermost an opportunity for improvement that comes but once in a lifetime, and the most, or one of the most important parts of the education he would have received here would have been a knowledge of how to make his way among fellow students while at the institution, and fellow citizens when he had finished. This story of his that he had been beaten and hung up by a chain till his feet barely touched the floor is maliciously false, and is so stamped by every cadet that I have spoken to about it.

When Lieut. Jenkins was commandant at the citadel, he put an end to the hazing business by threatening all cadets who took part in it with expulsion. As a matter of fact, hazing was abolished while Lieut. Jenkins was commandant at the citadel, but it was abolished by the cadets themselves. They held a meeting and voluntarily agreed to stop the "pernicious habit." In fact, previous to this time, every cadet had been required to sign a pledge to not engage in hazing, and no less than three had been expelled for commiting the offense.

Before and since that time all recruits matriculating, have been required to sign a pledge that they will not while at this institution engage in any hazing.

The high standard of this institution, the pride the student body has in making and keeping it the "West Point of the South," and the high reverence they have for the "esprit de corps" is enough to convince the ordinary mind that when a young man who wears the "citadel gray" solemnly obligates that he will not engage in hazing; that he is entering into an agreement that he intends to and does.

The article I have replied to is misleading, and if accepted as true, is calculated to injure this institution. My intention is to correct this erroneous impression as far as lies in my power, and I cannot but think that the writer of that article did not realize the magnitude of the wrong he was doing this "grand old academy."

A reasoning mind will readily perceive that it was an exaggerated account, and founded upon what the boy, Way, himself said, and I hope this article will set the matter right and free the parents of other recruits from any anxiety they may have as to the welfare of their boys at the citadel. All the other recruits say they are well pleased and would not think of leaving.

W. W. SMOAK.

Shocking Double Murder.

Two women, aged and widowed mother, and her daughter, also a widow, were murdered early Wednesday morning at their home, 242 Line street Camden, N. J., by burglars. The former was Mrs. Emma Zane, aged 78 years, widow of Capt. Eli Zane, and the daughter was Mrs. Sarah M. Shaw, aged 45 years. The murderers escaped and the police are without a clue. The only witness to the shooting was Eli Shaw, a son of Mrs. Shaw, who has been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. The scock was so great that he was unable to defend the women and he has thus far been unable to assist the police in discovering the murderers. The tragedy occurred between 4:30 and 5 o'clock and was almost certainly the result of an attempt at robbery. Mrs. Zane was reputed to be well-to-do, and the neighborhood is said to be infested by a number of tough characters. The only story of the murder thus far is that gathered by the police from the son. He says he was asleep in a third story back room and was awakened by a noise on the lower floor. He notified his mother and started down stairs to investigate. On the second floor his mother joined him and went before him into a room. The next instant a pistol shot rang out and Mrs. Shaw fell to the floor. The son saw the forms of two men crouching in a dark corner of the room, and, terrified ran to the front room and called for the police. Mrs. Zane was dead when found and Mrs. Shaw was taken to the Cooper hospital where she died a few minutes later. Her son was turned over to relatives. An examination of the premises indicated that the house had been entered by forcing the window of a kitchen in the rear. A lot of silverware had been gathered on the first floor and packed ready to be taken away. The police learned that Mrs. Zane had $280 in her possession yesterday. No arrests have been made. Shaw does not know that his mother and grandmother are dead and the news is being kept from him for fear of serious results.

One Way to Defeat Them.

According to the Rock Hill Herald, Capt. W. L. Roddey, a very prominent business man from that thriving city, "suggests that a good way to defeat the original package agents would be for the state to impose a heavy license tax on every person or agent selling liquors in any town, city or county in South Carolina—say of ten thousand dollars. The state could well afford to pay the license because the money would at once go back into the state treasury, while but few dealers would pay such a tax for the privilege of selling whiskey in any city or town in South Carolina. The law may present hinderances to the enaction of a system of this kind, but we have been told that it does not. A regulation such as suggested by Captain Roddey would soon rid the state of all original package dealers." The Columbia Register says the adoption of that proposition would be high license with a vengeance. It would have to be modified, if it ran the gauntlet of Simonton's court. Some friends of the dispensary are working on the details of such a plan for dealing with the original package question and they may evolve a satisfactory solution by the time the general assembly meets.

Bryan the Man.

Arthur Sewall, the Maine millionaire, who was put on the Democratic national ticket last year to the displeasure of many Democrats of the South and West, in a recent interview expressed the belief that Bryan will again be the presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1900. While he thinks he sees a great popular demand for renomination of the silver-tongued Nebraska statesman, he frankly admits that he sees no evidence that the demand extends in his own direction.

Too Late, Judge.

The Havana Official Gazette on Wednesday published an edict signed by the Spanish military judge calling upon Evangelina Cosseo Cisneros to present herself for a term of fifteen days in jail, and ordering all civil and military authorities to endeavor to apprehend her, and, if captured, to send her to Havanna jail. The edict was too late. The young lady had already arrived in New York.

WASTEFUL FARMERS.

ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE PRODUCTS OF FARM

They Throw Away—Disinterested Advice of an Expert—Deplorable Ignorance as to Uses of Hulls and Meal.

To the Editor of The State:

May I say a few words through your columns to the farmers in this vicinity on a condition of affairs which probably exists in other parts of the State? I allude to the almost total neglect of the value of cotton seed hulls as a feeding and fertilizing material.

I wish to preface my remarks by saying that I am not interested in any oil mill, am merely doing general expert work in the cotton oil industry and while of necessity conversant with the facts, am probably as disinterested as a person could well be in the advice I give.

I was told today by an unusually intelligent attorney of this place, who is also a practical farmer, that the people hereabouts know practically no use for cotton seed meal except as a fertilizer; that neither cattle nor dairy cows were fed in these parts on hulls and meal and that it would be very difficult to convince the people that cattle would not eat their heads off if fed cotton seed products. The fact that the oil mill here is burning by far the greater portion of its hulls confirms the gratuitous statements. I grieve to say this is a lamentable showing for the intelligence of the people in this section.

Now the facts demonstrated over and over again are these:

1st. Cotton seed hulls and meal in the ratio of 6 to the former to 1 of the latter make a complete feed for cattle. In the ratio of 4 to 1 they make a quick fattening food.

2. From 80 to 90 per cent of the value of hulls and meal are excreted by the cattle and can be saved and used as a fertilizer in the manure. The testimony of agricultural chemists is unanimous on this point. In plain words it means that if $100 worth of cotton seed meal (or hulls) be fed to cattle $80 or $90 can be recovered in the manure. Consequently the farmer who puts $100 worth of cotton seed meal in the ground without first feeding it deliberately throws away $80 to $90. Perhaps the farmer can stand this loss. Nothing in commerce or manufactures could. There is probably no country in the civilized globe where a valuable food stuff is put in the ground as a fertilizer except the United States.

3. The value of manure from cotton seed hulls and meal is much greater than that of ordinary manure. Air dried or in the condition in which commercial fertilizer is sold it is worth on the same basis as fetilizer at $10 per ton.

Now, that this argument may not rest on general statements, let me add these facts: Last spring I induced three large farmers in Alabama to feed a portion of some 90 tons of cotton seed meal they had bought for fertilizer to 50 head of sorry looking cattle they had, ranging from 300 pounds yearlings to 1,000 pounds oxen. I had to guarantee personally that they would lose nothing in the feed before they would do it. I was with them and had charge of the experiment 60 days. At the end of that time they sold 12 head as a test. (The full feeding period is from 75 to 90.) They made a clear profit over and above feed, attendance and all expenses of $3 a head, and had 15 tons of manure besides from the 12 head. This manure, the bedding being pinestraw, was carefully sampled and two samples sent to the State chemist of Alabama. The analysis showed that in comparison with commercial fertilizers and one exactly the same value as fertilizer for amonia, and potash and phosphoric acid, it was worth $2.95 per ton in the wet condition or $10 when dried.

Here is a still clearer illustration of the relative value of feed and manure. Last April I obtained permission of one of the agricultural experimental stations to make a test on five cows they were fattening for beef on hulls and meal. The cows averaged 750 pounds each. They were being regularly fed on about 80 pounds of hulls and meal to the five head in the proportion of 64 pounds of hulls to 16 pounds of meal, or the ratio of 4 to 1. Chopped up corn stalks were used for bedding and the manure from the five head for 24 hours saved and weighed immediately. It weighed 177½ pounds, or 35½ pounds each. I made a careful analysis of the manure under the direction of skilled chemists, and found that the commercial value of the 35½ pounds of manure was 5 cents, which represents the value of the manure from one cow fed on hulls and meal at the ratio of 4 to 1 every 24 hours. It is easy to figure the cost of the herd: 64 pounds of hulls at 17½ cents per hundred ($3.50) per ton) make 11 1-5 cents, 16 pounds of meal at 13 cents per pound ($20 per ton) make 16 cents; total cost of feed for five cows 27 1-5 cents, or per head 5 44 100. In this case, the value of the manure was over 91 per cent. of the feed.

These figures ought not to need any comment. They speak for themselves. The time will come when the community that permits an oil mill to burn cotton seed hulls when wood can be had at less than $1.50 per cord will be called uncivilized, and the farmer who puts valuable food stuff in the ground to raise 5 cents cotton without first feeding it and turning it into manure will be looked upon as a curiosity.

If there is any farmer who does not believe this let him go and make some fertilizer from cotton seed hulls and meal, or employ his cow to do it, I don't care which, count up the cost of the feed and then have the manure analyzed.

In conclusion let me say that the use of hulls for feeding is so old a story now that cotton seed hull ashes, which were formerly regularly in the market, are now almost a curiosity. They are no longer going to the farmers in sections where people have their eyes open. They are going into beef and milk and butter.

It was almost pathetic to-day to see a poor, half-starved ox haul up a load of seed cotton to the gin of the St. Matthews oil mill and watch with longing eyes tons of good cotton seed hulls shoveled into the furnace simply to make steam to gin his owner's cotton. I hardly know which to feel sorry for the most—the man or the beast.

EDWIN LEHMAN JOHNSON.

St. Matthews, S. C., October 8, '97.

THIS $10 HOG COST $4,000.

Two Farmers Fought Over him in a Long and Expensive Lawsuit.

It now develops that the famous $10 hog, the subject of litigation between Noah Kingsberry and John Zimmer, will cost the latter, the defendant, not less than $4 000 The celebrated case of Howard County, brought here on a change of venue from the Fayette Circuit Court was decided in the Randolph Circuit Court yesterday afternoon. The case was called last Saturday afternoon, and went to the jury Monday evening. On Tuesday the jury awarded a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, Kingsberry, for $1 damages, which leaves Zimmer the defendant to pay the costs, amounting to over $1,000. There are also two slander cases growing out of the hog case. One of them has been compromised, and the other probably will be. The full amount of the costs in the three cases, including attorneys' fees, to be paid by defendant, will aggregate the large sum mentioned. The hog case is known on the docket as that of Noah Kingsberry against John Zimmer. The Court history of the case would fill a book, and among the lawyers it is regarded as one of the famous cases ever tried in the State of Missouri. It was a suit for possession of a hog valued at $10, Noah Kingsberry and John Zimmer live on adjoining farms in Franklin Township, Howard County, near New Franklin. About a year and a half ago a hog strayed on to Zimmer's farm. Kingsberry identified the hog as one of his, and sent to Zimmer for it. Zimmer refused to give it up, when Kingsberry began suit for its possession, giving a replevin bond. The Court ordered the constable to take the hog from Zimmer and restore it to Kingsberry.

In the first trial of the case, before a justice of the peace, there was a mistrial, and a new trial was ordered. The second resulted in a verdict in favor of Kingsberry. An appeal was taken by Zimmer to the Circuit Court of Howard County, and when the case came to trial it resulted in a second judgment in Kingsberry's favor. Owing to the alleged misconduct of one of the jurors, the judgment was set aside and a new trial ordered. Zimmer's attorneys at once entered a motion for a change of venue, which was granted to this (Randolph) county with the result as given.—Moberly, Mo., Dispatch to Globe-Democrat.

The Price of Cotton.

The price now ruling for cotton seems to The Journal to be too low and unwarranted by the conditions that surround the crop. It is often outside the province of a daily newspaper to advise the farmers either to hold or sell their crop of cotton, but in the present instance we feel certain that the price must shortly go higher. For several weeks professional bears have ruled the market. This clique cannot long keep control of the situation, for the plain and eventually controlling facts are adverse to their domination. The theory of a "record-breaking" crop has long since been exploded. Many of the first estimates were too high by from one to two million bales. This is the opinion of the governmental bureau, and of those who have traveled through the south, observing conditions and giving their opinions regardless of the effect on the price of the staple either way. The action of the bears on yesterday in putting down the price of cotton on account of the rainfall, is in keeping with the policy of these professional depressers of cotton's price from the first. Competent judges say that the rain came too late to do any good, and there is a strong probability that it did harm. The price of cotton is too low. The Journal predicts that it will go higher—much higher—and those who can afford to do so should wait for better prices.—Atlanta Journal.

Preachers and the Dispensary.

The Columbia Register says the answers of the State preachers to the circular letter sent out by Governor Ellerbe in reference to the liquor problem were still coming in briskly and voluminously Wednesday. In some instances long printed sermons accompany the answers, and the Governor is being amused, if not edified and enlightened by the response to this scunding of sentiment. The governor will not give out any of the answers for publication; he proposes to scoop all the newspapers on this point in his message to the legislature, but it is stated that a goodly majority of the replies received so far favor the dispensary law. One divine was sure the consumption of liquor had been considerably reduced since the dispensary law went into effect, but the cause ascribed for the reduction was that the quality of the "stuff" sent by the state dispensary to be retailed was so "rotten" that it disgusted even the "sots." Not a few of the replies favor high license. It is interesting to note also among the replies that few favor prohibition, on the ground that this method of dealing with the problem is impracticable.

The Cotton Crop.

In its issue of last Thursday the Daily Dry Goods Record of New York in estimating the size of the cotton crop now being harvested says: "Working on those lines by which such close estimates to the actual cotton crops of the last two years were indicate a crop for 1897 98 obtained, the figures just now obtained which varies from 8,953,788 bales to 9,371,532 bales 500 pounds each. For the last crop, or 1896 97, our estimate was 8,722,901 bales, aginst 8,714,011 bales as the actual returns while the estimate for the previous year, or 1895-96 was 7,142,000 bales, compared with 7,162,473 bales. The closeness of these estimates to the actual returns has stamped them with the imprint of correctness, and for the current crop year our estimate is submitted with a degree of confidence that, barring unexpected happenings, the yield for 1897-98 will not exceed the maximum figures of 9,371,532 bales of 500 pounds each.

Mining For Whiskey.

Some Missouri men are engaged in the rather unusual occupation of mining for whiskey, but they have good reasons for thinking their labor will be rewarded in a very satisfactory manner. Fifty years or so ago the steamboat Arabia, loaded with whiskey, went down in the Missouri river. The river has since changed its course, and the wreck of the craft lies a mile away from the water. The prospectors have located the wreck, and are digging for the whiskey, which, having aged for half a century, ought to be in prime condition and sell for a good price.

A SENSATIONAL CASE.

THE WIFE OF A GOVERNOR TRIED FOR FORGERY.

Her Husband Says the Prosecution was Actuated by Malice and Hatred, While the Other Side Says the Opposite.

Some years ago there lived in West Virginia a very rich old man who was quite prominent in politics, at one time being a judge. His name was Camden and he married in his old age a young woman for a second wife. After his second marriage, he did not live very long, and his young widow married Governor Atkinson. Of course the rich old man left his wife considerable money and this is what caused the whole trouble. It was charged by a grand son of Camden that his young wife had committed forgery because she had signed her husbands name to several important papers, and the matter was taken in the courts. After a trial lasting several days the jury failed to agree, seven declaring the lady innocent and five declaring her guilty. On the trial Mrs. Atkinson claimed that while she did sign her husband's name she had full authority to do so. After the trial Governor Atkinson, Mrs. Camden's present husband, who had hitherto kept still about the trial of his wife, made a statement, of which the following are the principal points:

"I have hitherto said nothing for publication in this case, except to merely state that I know the prosecution was actuated by malice and hatred. It is a family quarrel, and the public knows that they are the most bitter disputes. I have heard every sentence of the testimony given in the case. Independent of the law, which, in my judment, does not class this case as a probable forgery, and independent also of the fact that in my opinion, it was an error to admit testimony on other matters which cannot be directly connected with the crime set out in the indictment, I am clearly of the opinion that several witnesses, and, indeed, all the real testimony upon which the case hinged, had been induced to testify for a consideration.

"I am led to this conclusion by the demeanor of the witnesses while testifying on the witness stand and by the facts and circumstances connected with their testimony, coupled with the further fact that offers were made to other witnesses or their representatives to pay money to them or be given lands without the payment of money thereafter, provided they would testify against the defendant, Mrs. Atkinson. It is, therefore, evident that there was an effort being made to suborn witnesses, and I am thoroughly convinced that two or more of them were absolutely purchased. I cannot believe that I am mistaken on this point. The evidence brought out in this trial also shows that Mrs. Atkinson, prior to her marriage to Judge Camden, received an anonymous letter warning her not to marry said Camden; that at the time the will of Judge Camden was about to be probated, various other letters were written to her, threatening newspaper publication unless a large sum of money was paid, and which, if paid, it was promised nothing would be said or published relative to her. Prior to her marriage to me, another similar anonymous letter was sent to her threatening her with other troubles, including newspaper publications, which would be thrown across her pathway. The demands made in the anonymous blackmailing letters were not heeded to nor complied with, and the result was that the vilest of vile of publications appeared against her in newspapers. Both at the time of the probate of Judge Camden's will and also at or about the time of her marriage with me, the man who inspired all these publications is well known to be Camden Sommers, the grandson of Judge Camden, the individual upon whose testimony the indictment against Mrs. Atkinson was solely found, and who appeared as the principal prosecuting witness in this case. In my honest, unbiased judgment, she is guilty of no crime whatever, and most certainly the crime of aiding and abetting in uttering the forged papers charged against her in the indictment was in no sense proven in the trial of this case."

Camden Sommers made this statement for publication:

"I have no comments to make concerning the merits of the case beyond my former statement regarding the matter prior to the present trial whereby unscrupulous publications and witnesses for the defense tortured, twisted and lied about me. I will hereafter studiously avoid giving them even a shadow of an excuse to resort to similar tactics when the case again comes up for hearing.

"I have been actuated in this matter alone by a desire to protect the estate of my grandfather from the merciless rapes of conspiring mercenaries, and to prove to the world that Judge Camden, in his declining years, instead of losing that sterling sense of justice and love of his children which had always characterized the life of this noble old man, was the pitiful victim of misplaced confidence in those by whom he was surrounded in his old age, and that his mental integrity, which he restrained until the last, compelled a resort to demand forged processes to blacken his fair name and steal the birthrights of his children. I think the world now knows this."

Blind Tiger Keeper Killed.

A white man named Oliver Brumbles was killed by Deputy Walter Herb