

Hounds Tracked the Murderer

FOLLOWED TRAIL TO HIS STABLE.

Nephew Killed Wealthy Uncle—Scent Was Cold, But Beagles Never Lost It.

The most remarkable case that I know of in which beagle hounds were employed in the interest of public justice occurred in Barnwell district, South Carolina, about 1845. Mr. Porteous, a childless widower, possessed of a large estate in land and slaves, lived on his plantation, where his cousin, a woman of about fifty years, and her daughter, of seventeen or eighteen, kept house for him. He was not over sixty, but his health was very feeble. It was his custom to have himself called every morning at 8 o'clock by his body servant, who aided in dressing him. One morning the servant knocked at the bedroom door, as usual, and receiving no answer, after repeating his loud knocks many times, and the door being locked, he reported the strange occurrence to his mistress. A neighbor was summoned, and, at his suggestion, the door was forced. On entering the room they were horrified to see Mr. Porteous lying dead upon his bed with his throat cut.

A bloody razor lay close to his right hand, and clearly indicated that he had committed suicide. He had on a night shirt, the left sleeve of which was ripped, and, being unbuttoned, the greater portion of his left arm was exposed. The print of a bloody hand was seen plainly on that arm, and it was naturally supposed to have been made by him in his death struggle. The theory of self-destruction was further strengthened by the fact that the door was found locked and bolted on the inside. There were three windows to the room, and, although the sashes were up, as it was a warm July night, the blinds were closed and fastened by their catches to the window sill. The chimney was carefully examined, and it was seen that the flues were too narrow to admit the entrance of a man to the room through one of them. On the arrival of the family physician, who had been sent for, he proceeded to make an examination of the body. As his practiced eye caught sight of the finger prints he exclaimed: "Mr. Porteous was murdered! The four finger marks and the thumb mark on the left arm were made with the left hand."

A careful inspection of the window blinds showed that the catch on one of them was much worn, and did not hold to the iron cleat on the sill, and that the blind could readily be pulled open when apparently fastened. The bedroom was in the second story of the house, and it was observed that the window with the loose catch could be reached by a man climbing out on a limb of an oak tree that grew near. The ground was bare around the foot of the tree, and a shoe track was seen in the loam. The track faded out in the grass plot within a few feet of the tree, and did not appear again beyond it. Hounds were sent for, and arrived about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The day dawned at 4 o'clock in that season of the year, and as the murderer must have done his bloody work before that hour, he had at least twelve hours' start, and the

trail was cold. There were five beagles in the pack. Their keeper tapped the shoe track with a stick and they put their noses to it and seemed perplexed as they sniffed and murmured over it. He urged them on by calling out to the leader, "Git him, Trump?"

They took up the trail, though slowly, and followed it about seventy yards to the border of the woods, but there it ended. As they came to the end of the trail they gave a few sharp, quick barks, and looked up at their master, as if for further orders. He saw at once that a horse had been hitched to a limb of the tree at which the hounds had halted, and he stated that it was a light sorrel horse with some white spots upon it, for he had discerned hairs of those colors sticking to the bark of the tree where the animal had rubbed against it. The murdered had evidently come on horseback and, after doing his awful work, had remounted there.

He put them on the horse's track, and, as it was a stronger scent, they followed it with that long gallop of the beagle hound which can tire, with its staying powers even the toughest sinews of the wolf. It led through the carriage gate into the public road. Seven well mounted men, in addition to the keeper, rode with the hounds.

They followed the trail for fifty miles. It ended at the stable door of a handsome country house about six miles from Waynesboro, Ga. Among the horses in the stable was a thoroughbred sorrel mare with a broad white blaze in her forehead. The dogs took the trail at the stable and ran it to a cabin in the negro quarter, where the hostler was found. In reply to inquiries he stated that the sorrel mare belonged to Dr. Cathgart, and that the doctor had ridden her home the afternoon before after being out all night, and that he was then in the house. He further stated that when Dr. Cathgart returned he wore a dark brown suit with a sack coat. The proprietor of the mansion was soon aroused, and the deputy sheriff, who acted as spokesman for the party, stated that they had important business with Dr. Cathgart and wished to see him at once. After some parleying they were shown up to his room. He was dressed, and opened his door as they approached and asked what their business was with him at that hour. The deputy's answer was: "Hugh Cathgart, I arrest you for the murder of Henry L. Porteous." "Arrest me?" exclaimed Cathgart. "Where's your warrant? What's your evidence against me? Take care what you are about; you're in Georgia now." He was informed that they were not there to argue, but to act, and that they intended to take him back to Barnwell dead or alive.

He was convicted and hanged within thirty days after the commission of the crime. He admitted his guilt just before his execution. Mr. Porteous was the murderer's uncle, with whom he had quarrelled over money matters.—T. J. Mackey, in The Doglover's Magazine.

An Oratory Recipe.

A politician, at the end of a speech, was congratulated upon his oratory. "What is your recipe for good oratory?" a reporter asked. "I am afraid oratory comes natural," was the reply. "There is, though, one recipe for it, old Job Walmsby's, but it is hardly satisfactory." "The wants to be a public speaker, do you, lad?" Job, in his Yorkshire dialect, would say; "an' the theks Aw'm the chap to put the up to a wrinkle about it? That's right, I awm. Now, hark the! When the theks to meek, thy speech, hit tangle and open thy mouth. If nowt comes, tak' a sup o' water an' hit tangle again. Then open thy mouth wider than a floor. Then, if nowt comes, tak' thyzen off, and leave public speykin' to such as me."—Tit-Bits.

Flattering Scales.

When Grover Cleveland's son Richard was born, his good friend Joseph Jefferson drove over to Gray Gables to congratulate the father. "How many pounds does the child weigh?" asked the noted actor. "Fifteen," was the reply. "Nine," said the attending physician, who had just come in. Mr. Cleveland assured the doctor that he must be mistaken. "The child weighs fifteen pounds," said he; "I weighed him myself with the scales Joe and I use when we go fishing."—Success Magazine.

By using barriers of wire, heavily charged with electricity, the Japanese are driving the savages of Formosa back into the mountains.

Japanese Lesson in Economy.

An imperial rescript just issued in Japan enjoins on all classes in the community the need of economy and simplicity, the Emperor saying that for the purpose of keeping pace with the constant progress of the world and participating in the blessings of its civilization, the development of national resources is essential. He calls on all classes to act in unison, to be faithful to their callings, frugal in their domestic management, submissive to the dictates of conscience and the call of duty, frank and sincere in their manners and inured to arduous trial, eschewing all indulgences. Nothing finer in the way of an appeal to a people has ever been issued by a ruler.—Boston Traveler.

Rats in London.

Rats, which have of late become a great nuisance to the London tubes by attacking the coverings of electric cables have been driven from their haunts by means of a virus which, when eaten by rats or mice, causes them to be overcome with the desire to get into the outer air and to drink cold water. It is a curious and interesting fact that the rats knew where the tube was nearest to the surface, as evidenced by the great numbers which found their way to the top at the Trafalgar square station.

It is estimated by a New York builder that there are buildings under construction in the city which will aggregate in value more than \$100,000,000.



WHY THEY SING.

When we hear some people sing,
We wonder how they dare;
Yet we suppose they have the right
Because they rent the air.
—Chicago News.

WISE WOMAN.

He—"Will you share my lot?"
She—"Yes, when you have a house
on it that is paid for."—Judge.

A FRESHER SIMILE.

Knicker—"Did he khiver like an aspen leaf?"
Bocker—"Worse; like a new leaf."
—New York Sun.

NOTHING LEFT.

"What are you going to give up for the New Year?"
"Not much. I gave up about all I had for Christmas."—Washington Herald.

NOT A ROMANCE.

"Dear heart," she murmured.
"Only twenty cents a pound," explained the butcher.
"I think I'll take some liver."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A STRETCH-OF IMAGINATION.

The Lady Helper at the Christmas Party—"Do you think you could eat any more plum pudding, Willie?"
Willie—"I think I could, mum, if you'd let me stand up to it."—The Sketch.

HIS WISH.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't.
"I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—Boston Transcript.

CLOSE FIT.

"What a funny looking camel," said Beattie at the Zoo. "He hasn't any hair on him."
"No," laughed Brother Bobby. "I guess he lost that going through the eye of the needle."—Chicago News.

GETTING HIM CLASSIFIED.

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Bliggins?"
"One of the kind who start in saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off."—Washington Star.

NOT THE SAME.

"Your boy threw a rock at my leg and almost hit him."
"My boy?"
"That's what I said."
"And missed the dog?"
"Yes, barely missed him."
"That wasn't my boy."—Louisville Herald.

REJECTED.

Foolish Youth (acting as judge in a drawing room competition "for making the ugliest grimace")—"Madam, I think I must award the prize to you!"
Elderly Spinster—"Excuse me, young man, but I'm not playing!"—The Bystander.

ATTIC SALT.

"Why have we stopped, captain?"
"On account of the fog, madam."
"Oh, but, my dear captain—surely not! Look! It's perfectly clear up above."
"Aye, ma'am—but we're not going that way, unless the boiler busts!"—Bystander.

HIS IDEA.

"What would you do if you had a son like mine?"
"I'd work hard to get to be a millionaire."
"What—so that you could indulge his tastes?"
"No—so that he'd feel it when I disinherited him."—Cleveland Leader.

HIS SCRUPLES.

The salesman was trying to evade jury duty.
"Conscientious scruples, I suppose?" said the Court, wearily.
"Yes, Your Honor."
"Wouldn't you, if the law demanded, send a man to the gallows?"
"I'd hate to at the rate of pay a juror gets," replied the salesman.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FROM HIS SIDE.

"So you cling to that childish superstition about 13 being unlucky?" said the traveler.
"Yes," answered the other. "Can't get away from it."
"But see how completely it is disproved. This glorious country started with thirteen colonies."
"Very true. But I am an Englishman."—Washington Star.

Modern Farm Methods As Applied in the South.

Notes of Interest to Planter, Fruit Grower and Stockman

When Cotton Plants Begin to Form Squares.

Look for the boll weevil and other injurious insects.

All cultivation from this time must be shallow. Deep cultivation will cause more or less injury.

Continue the cultivation as late as possible, being governed by the size of the plant. Cultivate later in dry than in wet seasons.

If the boll weevil appears, attach a smooth pole or brush to the cultivator or the whiffletree in such a way as to strike the cotton plants and knock off the punctured squares. This, with the picking up of the squares, is of great service.

Where boll weevils are abundant on early cotton use the tooth harrow while the plants are small, driving diagonally across the rows, and later use brush attached to the cultivator. Frequently three rows are brushed at once. Do this once in three days if necessary. Both the harrow and the brushing force the weevils to fall upon the hot soil, which soon kills them.

Elm Leaf Beetle Attacks Trees of Massachusetts.

The elm leaf beetle is rapidly spreading its ravages to the north and west.

The city of Cambridge has called on householders to co-operate in warring against the grubs, which, if not quickly checked, will create havoc among the stately elms of the University City. From every section of the State

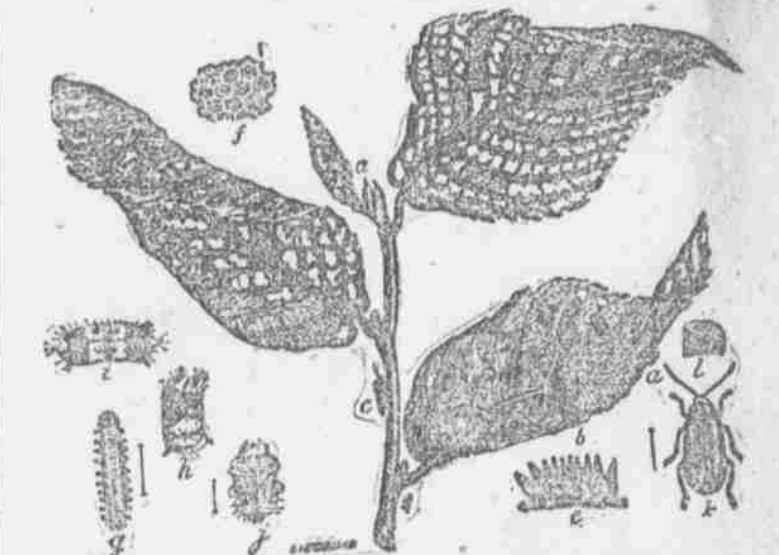
hold about five gallons. Now get five pounds of lime and two and one-half pounds of bluestone for fifty gallons of water for peaches, and just before the buds come out, spray. Just after they show the bloom, spray. When the fruit is about half grown, spray again. For apples add two and one-half more pounds of bluestone and about two ounces of Paris green. Spray your trees (take your time and see that it gets on all the parts) at least twice, the two last named. Never mind the cost; it won't be over three cents per tree per time, or ten cents for the season, and some years it simply means the price of a good crop of fruit.

I know plenty of farmers that never sprayed a tree in their lives, and if the frost don't get their fruit they always have plenty, but generally seventy-five per cent. of it is wormy and almost worthless.

My experience is that it pays to spray your fruit trees at least twice per year.

And I want to say if you will write to Franklin Sherman, Jr., State Entomologist, Raleigh, N. C., and get instruction from him and follow his advice, you will be so well pleased with the result that you won't neglect it hereafter.

Yes, it pays to spray with the Bordeaux mixture, and the time has come when we cannot afford not to spray. The best is not any too good apples as much to fruit growing as anything I know of. Try it and be convinced.—H. M. Cates, in Progressive Farmer.



Different stages of the elm-leaf beetle: a, eggs; b, larvae; c, adult; d, eggs enlarged; e, sculpture of eggs; f, larva enlarged; g, side view of greatly enlarged segment of larva; h, dorsal view of same; i, pupa enlarged; k, beetle enlarged; l, portion of wing-cover of beetle greatly enlarged.—From Riley, Report United States Department of Agriculture, 1888.

come reports of trees practically defoliated. The grubs are now approaching their most harmful stage, and their repeated attacks not only weaken the trees to a great extent, but make them more liable to the assaults of other insects.

A. H. Kirkland, superintendent of the State Gypsy Moth Commission, advises spraying with hot water or a solution of arsenate of lead as the best means of eradicating the pests. "The elm leaf beetle is common throughout Europe," said Mr. Kirkland recently. "Indeed, it was imported from Europe. The best treatment at present is to pour boiling hot water on the masses of pupae around the butts of the trees. The only effective way is to spray the trees early in June with arsenate of lead, ten pounds to 100 gallons of water."

Mr. Kirkland has already obtained from his foreign collectors a valuable egg parasite, which has been liberated in large numbers in the Harvard College yard. Further importations of the parasites have been arranged for, and it is believed that they will prove highly beneficial in Massachusetts.—Boston Post.

Spraying: A Farmer's Experience.

We are often asked, "Does it pay to spray your trees?" and in answer to all we say, "Yes, sir—nothing pays better."

I am not an extensive fruit grower, but for the last twenty-five years I have been experimenting with almost all kinds of fruit that grow in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, and I find here as elsewhere that you need not expect something for nothing. If you want the best results you must pay the price. Fruit trees exhaust the soil more than almost any other crop, and so they need plenty of fertilizer.

Head your trees low, especially peach trees, so that the roots will be well shaded. Every year dig about the roots, clean away the dirt, look carefully for borers, and use plenty of ashes and just a little soil. Get a spray pump. I use the one that will

Applying Lime For Corn.

W. N. C. Canham Hill, writes: I want to use lime on my corn this spring, and I want to know the best way to use it and the amount per acre.

It is better as a rule to apply lime in the fall rather than in the spring, but if you can put it on the soil promptly now, there is no objection to using it on your corn land, provided you allow a week or two to elapse before planting the corn. The lime should be applied at the rate of about twenty-five bushels per acre in order to insure the best results, but if you find it too expensive to use the whole amount, suppose you use 1000 pounds. If you can purchase the finely ground lime at a reasonable cost you might use it. You can broadcast it over the land from a wagon, distribute it through a special drill made for distribution of lime, or by means of a manure spreader if you have one. Lime is a very unpleasant thing to apply unless you can put it into the ground through a drill. An ordinary wheel drill will sow the "agricultural lime," but not in large enough quantities to be beneficial unless you are willing to go over the ground two or three times, which makes the application rather expensive and laborious. If you purchase the unstacked lime you can put it in little piles at suitable distances apart in the field and cover lightly with earth. It will then slake or pulverize and you can distribute it quite uniformly over the ground with a shovel.—Andrew M. Soule.

Prevents Better Farming.

The scarcity of manure is one great drawback in the way of better farming in the South to-day, and every opportunity should be taken to increase its amount or to use it where it will do the most good. The land cannot go on feeding the owner if he will not feed it.

Lake Erie is the richest body of water in the world in fish.