

A Modern Cain

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service

THE barren, rocky little farm in Northern Vermont, a mile or two out from the village of Newtown, near the Derby line, was suggestive mainly of hard work and small returns, to the ordinary observer. Its buildings were small and old and out of repair; its fences were sagging in places; the orchard, long past its prime, was dying out, and the lack of money to buy new trees had prevented the filling up of the vacant places. But in spite of all its drawbacks, the barren, rocky little farm was a glorified place to John Barrows that day in early spring in the fifties, for that day Jane Heath had promised to be his wife. Jane had lived alone in the little house in the village, left to her on the death of her father and mother several years before, and always the families had been friends. She was a beautiful girl, with the glossy black hair, the dark and sparkling blue eyes, the firm apple cheeks and the sunny nature and undaunted courage of her Irish ancestors. She had never been afraid to live alone—neither fear of possible physical peril nor of the mental attitude that sometimes is more to be dreaded even than thieves or wandering beggars, by people who have too much of their own society, ever had disturbed her. She possessed a strength of character which she herself did not realize but which, in promising to marry John Barrows, meant that she gave him her undying devotion.

She had known John Barrows long and intimately—since the days when they went to the little village school together. In later years, often she had been a guest at the Barrows farm-house, wherein the family was made up of John and his mother and his brother Andrew. Mrs. Barrows loved the sunny-faced girl as a daughter, and Andy—Andy was the one source of apprehension to the otherwise entirely happy young couple. An amicable agreement as to the division of the farm had been reached, but lately Andy had seemed moody and despondent, and often he watched John and Jane with jealous eyes. A few days before John's proposal, Andy had asked Jane to marry him, but she had gently refused.

"Yes, I know why you won't marry me. You're in love with John. He's younger than I, and better favored, and you've fallen in love with his handsome face. But you're mine by rights—as I'm the oldest I should have the first choice. Oh, do say you love me, Jane!"

"Why, Andy, you know I couldn't say that, when you know I do not care for you in that way. I'm so sorry—"

"I don't want your pity. Even if you don't love me, I love you enough for both—can't you marry me? I could fix it so we'd have all the farm, and you need never want for anything."

"No, Andy, I don't love you, and I never shall, and I'm not going to marry you. I'm sorry you feel so bad; can't we be friends?"

"Yes, we can be friends, but even if you won't marry me, neither shall you ever marry John. Mark my words."

Andy Barrows had an intimate friend, Malcolm Thomson, a close-mouthed, crafty Scot, and to him Andy confided his troubles. Thomson considered the matter, then advised Andy to be friendly to his brother and thus lead him to think that he—Andy—was reconciled, but to bide his time.

Plans for the marriage were discussed, and Thanksgiving day was decided on for the wedding. The sale of John's share of the season's crops and livestock, with the money—the bank account dear to the heart of every New Englander—which John had in the bank, would be enough to build the little house, on the opposite side of the field from the old one, on which the young couple had centered their dreams. John was working his hardest to coax the old farm to yield, and hauling logs and lumber in odd hours for the new house and outbuildings. One day, early in the fall, the brothers were working in the field near the house. The days were growing shorter, and Andy suggested that he remain in the field, working as long as there was light, and that John go to the house to do the chores. John agreed, and went to his chores with a happy heart, thinking that Andy hadn't really been so greatly disappointed, after all.

"Mother," he said, as he brought in the pails of foaming milk. "I believe Andy's got all over being jealous of me. He's so pleasant and agreeable lately that I can't help thinking he has forgiven me."

"He had nothing to forgive, my son," said Mrs. Barrows. "But I'm as glad as you are to see him in a more reasonable frame of mind. I only wish there were two Janes. She is a good, sweet girl, fit to be the wife of any man."

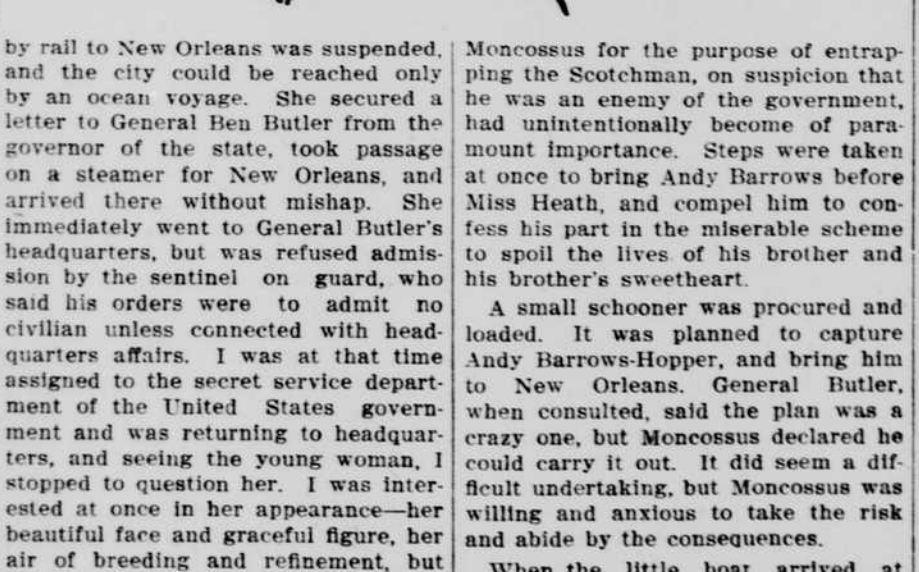
"Does you for saying that, mother."

took every possible opportunity to impress on judge and jury that circumstances were mightily against John Barrows. These old neighbors always had been his friends and were not really malicious, their action being merely the result of the well-sown seeds of distrust scattered by Malcolm Thomson. John was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree.

Jane Heath vowed she would move heaven and earth to free her lover, and through her efforts he was granted a short respite by the governor of the state, and he was to remain a few months in jail before the execution. With renewed hope, she determined to prove his innocence and save his life. She insisted that there was no proof whatever that Andy Barrows was not alive; that all the evidence was purely circumstantial; and she so earnestly persisted in her theory, and cast so much doubt on the guilt of John, that she finally prevailed upon the governor to commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

Soon after the trial of John Barrows, Malcolm Thomson determined to leave that neighborhood. Before doing so, he called on Miss Heath and talked to her most consolingly. But Jane was suspicious, and his professed solicitude caused her to believe his declarations of sympathy and friendship were not genuine. His talk lacked sincerity. Jane made up her mind to watch him, if possible to do so, as she believed he held the key to the mystery of Andy Barrows' disappearance.

Two years later—years in which Jane Heath, though not inactive, had accomplished practically nothing toward the release of her lover—a young soldier returned to northern Vermont from the south on a furlough. From him Jane learned that Thomson was in New Orleans. She decided to go to that city, making the long journey as did Evangeline—not to find her lover, but to accomplish his freedom. Travel



scarcely realize that the handsome youth was in reality a refined young woman.

Not long after this Miss Heath reported to me that she had discovered Malcolm Thomson, and was sure he was engaged in some kind of crooked business. I sent a skilled man to the neighborhood where Thomson was living, to cultivate that gentleman's acquaintance. Soon he discovered that Thomson was carrying on a thriving business smuggling goods across Lake Pontchartrain into the Confederacy. Also it was found out that Thomson was greatly afraid of detection by the federal authorities. Like all crooks he deemed everyone else crooked, and was seeking an alliance with someone who could "fix" the ruling powers. This timidity led him to take into his confidence the detective in my employ, Colonel Monococcus.

Monococcus easily arranged a partnership with Thomson, after convincing him of his—Monococcus's—great influence with the federal authorities and his ability to obtain the necessary permits for taking out goods and bringing in cotton. Thomson was to furnish the money, while Monococcus was to take charge of the little schooner employed, and manage the authorities. There also was a third partner in the scheme, a man named Hopper, who was located at Mandeville, just across Lake Pontchartrain and inside the Confederate lines. Colonel Monococcus wished to meet this partner, to whom he was a stranger, and Thomson furnished him with a photograph of the man, that there might be no trouble in identifying him. Monococcus brought the photograph to me, and I left it on my desk without thinking much about it. Miss Heath, happening in soon after, saw the photograph and recognized it as a picture of Andy Barrows. The mythical scheme that had been planned by

was badly wounded, and seemed to realize that the end was near. He appeared to be a man of some education and refinement. His high cheek bones, his coarse features and pale blue eyes, however, were indicative of his wicked nature. The tightly drawn lines about his mouth showed inflexibility of will and iron nerve to carry out whatever he undertook.

When I went forward to speak to him I recognized Hopper as a man who had been tried and convicted for passing counterfeit money at New Orleans several months before. He had been sent to the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, but had escaped during a battle at that point in which the prison was partially destroyed. He made his way across the Amite river into the Confederacy where, by standing in with the commanding Confederate officer at Mandeville, he was enabled to handle and ship out cotton.

I seated myself beside the wounded man and took his hand, and never will I forget the ghastly stare with which he regarded me as I endeavored to impress upon him the full realization of his condition and the duty incumbent upon him. My urgent appeal had its effect. Hopper admitted that his mind was burdened with a great crime, which he was willing to confess. I had set him down as a scoundrel, but was not quite prepared to be brought face to face with one whose heart was so inhuman as deliberately to plan to hang his own brother.

"A few years ago," he said, "I, with my younger brother, lived with our widowed mother on a little farm in northern Vermont. There lived near us a most estimable young woman. I paid her some attention, and in time fell madly in love with her. When I supposed I had won her affections I asked her to marry me. She refused and did not deny that she loved my brother when I charged her with that as being the reason for her refusing me. She was not to blame. She had made no promises. I had merely mistaken her sisterly regard and kindness to me for affection. I alone was responsible for the error."

Here he paused for a moment as if to gather courage for what was to follow. Up to this time he had met my eyes frankly, but now he shifted his gaze, and continued:

"When she told me she could not marry me, and made no denial of her regard for my brother, I was filled with unutterable rage. Calling her a heartless flirt, I seized my hat and left her. I was furious, desperate, and determined to be revenged. While my heart was filled with rancor and my mind with spiteful thoughts, I confided my troubles to Malcolm Thomson. He always was an evil counselor, but a cunning one. He dissuaded me from my plan for immediate revenge, and advised me to appear friendly with my brother in order better to carry out a plot which he revealed to me."

"Soon after this my brother announced his engagement to marry Miss Heath, and I wished him well with bitterness in my heart. Plans were made for the marriage, and I seemed to take an interest in them, and to have forgiven my brother and his fiancée my fancied wrongs. But I was only biding my time."

"When the time was ripe for executing the plot we had arranged, I managed to be at work with my brother in a field on our farm. On the previous night Thomson and I had placed the body of a man about my size in a haystack, which stood near where we were at work repairing a fence. Thomson had obtained the body from a pauper's burying ground on the Canadian side."

"My brother left the field that day just before dark. I remained for the purpose of completing the work. When the sun had set and it was dark, I punctured a small vein in my arm, and with the blood besmeared the bit of the ax we had been using. I cut off a lock of my hair and scattered it on the bloody blade, and then pitched the ax into the grass. Reaching beneath the body in the hay I deposited my pocketknife and bunch of keys. Then I set fire to the stack and hurried to join Thomson, who was waiting near by with a horse and buggy. We drove rapidly away, and I soon was on my way to New Orleans, where Thomson was to join me in a few weeks."

"It was agreed that Thomson should first return to the village and stir up suspicion, which would result in a search for me and the discovery of the burned body. Everything turned out thus far as we had planned. My brother was accused and convicted."

"It was my purpose, when my rival should be out of my way, to return home, and after a time renew my attentions to Miss Heath, but I put off going from time to time. I could not face my old friends and neighbors. Through Thomson I learned that my brother's sentence was commuted. I was thankful for that. No one ever will know the remorse I have suffered for my crime. My name is Andy Barrows."

Death came soon to Andy Barrows, and he was beyond the jurisdiction of mortal tribunals. Thomson, who in some way got an inkling of the turn of affairs, disappeared—he whose wicked brain had devised and managed the entire plot.

Miss Heath, with documents fully verifying the experiences through which she had passed, hastened home to lay before the governor the proofs of the truth of her intuition. A pardon was promptly issued, and she was given the well-earned privilege of carrying it to the lover whose innocence had been established by her faith and untiring devotion.

There were times when his stories of demons, of miracles, of dreams, and of omens were such as an old woman might tell to please the children of an evening. There were others when, as he talked with shining face of his converse with angels of the intentions of the Creator, and the end of the universe, I felt as if I were in the company of some one more than mortal, some one who was indeed the direct messenger of the Most High."

—Sir A. Conan Doyle in Scribner's Magazine.

SELF-FEEDERS SAVE HAY AND CONSIDERABLE LABOR

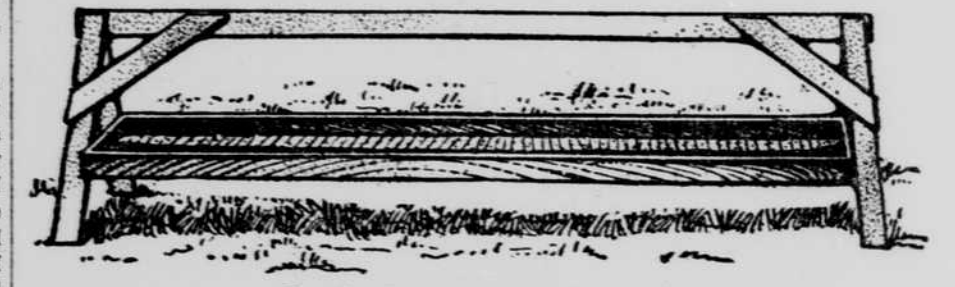
According to Tests Made at Colorado Experiment Station Fully 20 Per Cent. of Feed Is Wasted by Old Method of Feeding.

Self-feeder racks for supplying roughage to sheep or cattle are not only the means of saving considerable labor, but, according to tests made at the Colorado experiment station, are the means of saving a great deal of hay. One lot of lambs at this station were fed whole hay in a self-feeder rack and another lot whole hay in racks on the ground, such as are in common use in many sections of the country. The average gain of these two lots was practically the same, the lot feeding from the self-feeder averaging only one pound heavier than the others, says the American Agriculturist. Also, the grain consumed varied but little, being only nine pounds more for a 100-pound gain in the first lot than in the second. The great saving came in the cost of roughage.

The lot eating from the self-feeder consumed 601 pounds of hay for each

100 pounds of gain and those eating off the ground consumed 733 pounds of hay for each 100 pounds of gain. This indicates a difference of practically 20 per cent. in favor of the self-feeder racks. It makes a difference of 42 cents in the cost securing each 100 pounds of grain. These results were secured on alfalfa valued at \$5 per ton. With a higher price the difference would be correspondingly greater.

These self-feeding racks cost \$1 per running foot completed. They had the ordinary capacity of four lambs per running foot, two on each side, not so much space being required at a self-feeder as at an ordinary rack, since all the lambs will not eat at one time. As already stated, the saving in this one experiment amounted to 42 cents per 100 pounds of gain. This is equal to about 14 cents on each lamb. Counting four lambs per running foot, this would make a saving on one season's operations of 56 cents. In other words, the rack would pay for itself in two years. It is thought that when a type of self-feeder is developed for handling



Popular Type of Grain Trough.

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chopped hay better results may be secured from it than have hitherto been possible, by reducing the waste caused by wind.

RUSSIA GAINS IN FARMING

Prevailing Impression That Little Progress Is Made in That Country Is Erroneous—Series of Readings Gratis.

(By J. B. SNODGRASS.)

The impression generally prevails that, although Russia is most generously favored by nature, little progress is being made in agriculture. This is erroneous.

As an illustration of the interest that is being manifested along these lines, and as indicative of the progressive policy that has been adopted and is now being pursued, it may be cited that the Imperial Agricultural Museum, in its endeavor to popularize the study of agricultural subjects, has for the last few years conducted gratis, at the museum in St. Petersburg, a series of systematic readings on agriculture for the benefit of every one interested. In addition to this course, popular lectures are delivered and special readings conducted for men in the lower ranks of the army.

In the experimental department of the museum the taking apart and putting together of various machinery is demonstrated by trained mechanics. Agricultural machinery in motion is also demonstrated and the use of agricultural implements is explained; experiments are also made with all classes of farm machinery, such as locomobiles, winnowers, sorters, and the like. In separate departments

are demonstrated the fertilization of the fish spawn and the development of the chicken in the incubator.

The attendance at these lectures has been uninterruptedly increasing from year to year. For the past four years the attendance has been: 5,093, 17,808, 32,442, 60,346; showing great increase.

The lectures are delivered in the evening from seven to nine and on Sunday from two to three p. m. The practical work and excursions are conducted by prearrangements between the lecturers and the students, such as trips to exhibitions and farm in the suburbs, and even to stockyards and slaughter houses.

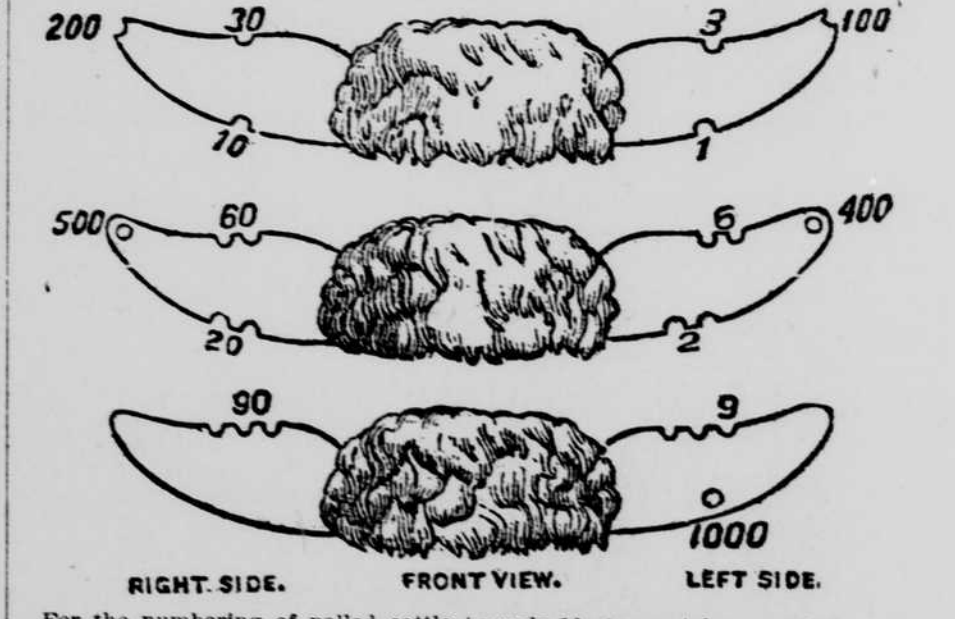
Likewise the special classes pass through practically everything pertaining to plant culture, stock raising, poultry raising, bee culture and dairy farming, with all that pertains to the latter, such as butter and cheese making.

In the present scholastic season the courses of the systematic lectures will embrace the following academic subjects: Elementary chemistry, elementary anatomy, physiology of plants, improvement and cultivation of the soil, agricultural meteorology, agricultural economy, seeds, agricultural implements, cattle raising, swine raising, etc.

On Sundays it is intended to conduct popular public readings and lectures on a variety of agricultural subjects.

Every precaution must be taken to keep big ewes with lamb from crowding through doors or the food troughs.

EAR MARKS FOR LIVE STOCK



RIGHT SIDE. FRONT VIEW. LEFT SIDE.

For the numbering of polled cattle, sheep or swine to make identification sure the marking of the ear is the most satisfactory method. A system of this sort is necessary in keeping a record of registered stock. The key to the numbering is as follows:

A notch in bottom of left ear equals 1; two notches equal 2.

A notch in top of left ear equals 3; two notches, 6; three notches, 9.

A notch in bottom of right ear equals 10; two notches equal 20.

A notch in top of right ear equals 30; two notches, 60; three notches, 90.

A notch in end of left ear equals 100.

A notch in end of right ear equals 200.

A hole in end of left ear equals 400.

A hole in end of right ear equals 500.

A hole in bottom of left ear equals 1,000.

EXERCISE FOR WINTER EGGS

Of First Importance for Laying Fowls as It Keeps Flock in Healthy Condition—Hard Scratching Needed.

"Regular exercise is of first importance for laying fowls," says Prof. J. G. Halpin, head of the poultry department of the University of Wisconsin. "Regular exercise increases bodily vigor and vitality and keeps the flock in a healthy condition. In addition it aids in maintaining a vigorous appetite, which assures the use of food with maximum returns."

"The most effective method of compelling hens to take exercise is to sprinkle grain in fresh, clean litter and thereby force the birds to scratch for their food. Abundance of litter is necessary and a lot of hard scratching to get a small amount of grain will do the birds no harm. On warm, dry,

winter days clear a space on the south side of the henry, place some clean litter on the ground and mix the grain with this. The exercise out of doors will do them great good and result in larger production."

"Following the day on which they have had plenty of exercise scratching for food, the hens should be liberally fed with a mash so that they go upon the perch at night with full crops. A hungry hen cannot lay many eggs but she should not be stuffed so early in the day that she loses interest in working for her living."

Draft Horses.

Draft horses are suitable for raising on level land, while lighter horses and mules are best adapted to hilly farms. Horses designed for the saddle and road use will develop activity and stamina on rough and hilly pasture land while they are young.

Distraction of Forests.

The total yearly drain on our forests, not counting losses by fire, storm and insects, is estimated to be about 20,000,000,000 feet.

A Most Impressive Arab

Sir Conan Doyle Tells of a Night Spent With Him in the Desert.

"It was now evening, and it was decided that the two caravans should camp together—an arrangement which was the more welcome as we were by no means sure that we had seen the last of the marauders. I had invited the leader of the Arabs to

smouldering fire, the magnificent arch of the heavens above us of that deep, rich blue with those gleaming, clear-cut stars which can only be seen in that dry desert air.

"Our camp lay in silence before us, and no sound reached our ears save the dull murmur of the voices of our companions and the occasional shrill cry of a jackal among the sandhills around us. Face to face I sat with this strange man, the glow of the fire beating upon his eager and imperious features and reflecting from his pas-

sionate eyes. It was the strangest vigil, and one which will never pass from my recollection. I have spoken with many wise and famous men upon my travels, but never with one who left the impression of this one.

"And yet much of his talk was unintelligible to me, though, as you are aware, I speak Arabian like an Arab. It rose and fell in the strangest way. Sometimes it was the babble of a child, sometimes the incoherent ravings of a fanatic, sometimes the lofty dreams of a prophet and philosopher.

There were times when his stories of demons, of miracles, of dreams, and of omens were such as an old woman might tell to please the children of an evening. There were others when, as he talked with shining face of his converse with angels of the intentions of the Creator, and the end of the universe, I felt as if I were in the company of some one more than mortal, some one who was indeed the direct messenger of the Most High."

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