

DEFENDANTS DISCHARGED

Result of the preliminary hearing in the case against Kershaw Citizens Charged With Lynching Morrison

I hour last issue it was stated that a number of warrants had been issued in connection with the Morrison lynching. The hearing would be held at the Magistrate Caskey's office on Friday. Yesterday promptly at 10 o'clock the court convened and in a few minutes the court room was overflowing with people. The defendants, Messrs. Burwell, J. C. Crowder, John Stevens, J. C. Gardner, John Holden, W. S. Welsh, all for the most part prominent citizens of Kershaw, were present and ready for the investigation. The Magistrate asked the prosecutor what he had to say, and hearing no answer, he called Henry and H. B. Howie, the alleged State's detectives. It was announced by someone that Solicitor Henry would arrive on the 10:30 train. The train came until the arrival of the train.

When the court ribbon and Solicitor Henry arrived and made an effort to have the hearing postponed until Wednesday, stating that he had not had time in which to prepare. He was totally unprepared, that he had no witnesses, that he had not been able to connect any of the State's witnesses, Messrs. Blokeney, J. Williams, and C. D. Jones, who were the defendants' witnesses. The hearing was postponed until the next day. The defendants' attorneys had been demanding since their arrest last Monday that the State should miss the case for the reason, first, that the State had failed to produce any testimony whatever; second, because the warrants upon which the defendants were arrested were sworn out before the magistrate and signed by him while beyond his jurisdiction in Chester county. Strong speeches were made by each of the defendants' attorneys to this effect, in which they stated that the parties engaged in trying to secure or hatch any testimony against the defendants were severely condemned. At the close of the arguments, at about 7:30 p. m., Magistrate Caskey announced his decision dismissing the case against the defendants. Solicitor Henry then announced the withdrawal of the prosecution against all others for whom warrants had been issued, and the court adjourned.

REWARD OFFERED

Everything was quiet and orderly throughout the day. There was no demonstration whatever. In this connection we feel impelled to state that this community, the people of Kershaw and the county in general felt deep indignation at the report which was published that a military company would be sent here for the preliminary hearing. The reflection on Lancaster's good name, the Kershaw correspondent of The State has laid the origin of the rumor to Detective Newbold of Chester.

Equal indignation is felt by the means and methods alleged to have been employed by the prosecution in reaching up this case.

The following is held to be a fair sample of the means used: FORCED HIM TO TESTIFY. Charlotte Observer, 28th inst.

Mr W L Croxton of Kershaw, S. C., and his two sons, the younger being Spencer J Croxton, were here yesterday and gave an Observer reporter an interview yesterday. They were fresh from an adventure of no lit-

tle importance and interest.

It will be remembered that the defendant in the Kershaw lynching, a mercantile manager of the Health Supply Co., S W Welsh, connected with the same concern, and S. P. Hough, son of Mr A R Hough, of the Kershaw, were arrested on April 24 for complicity in the lynching of the white man, John Morrison, last October. This interest now attracts attention.

Two and a half weeks ago Mr J W Austin, agent for a sewing machine, wrote Mr J Spencer J Croxton to come to the Central Hotel here at his expense. He told me to go to Mr Plyler of Kershaw to get the expense money. She gave it to me all right, \$2. I thought he had a job for me, and so I came to Charlotte.

I went to his boarding house on Graham street, No. 901, but failed to find him. I came then down street and met up with S. E. Hough, whom I knew, and went with him to get cold drinks. He introduced me to H. B. Howie, a private detective. I played a game or two of pool with him, and went to talking to him. He said he wanted me to go down to Chester and play a game of poker with him. He said it would be all correct, that I would go under the name of Mr. J. W. Austin, and nobody would know. So I went. We played all night that night and I won money, and next morning we came back to Charlotte.

I met Mr. Austin on the street before the Central and talked with him. That night I got into a game and played poker here a day and a night, and then went back to Chester. I was still winning. After one night's play at Chester, Mr. Howie suggested that we go to Atlanta, and I agreed. We got there at 8 o'clock next morning. He and his friends carried me to a saloon and began filling me with all sorts of drinks. We drank and drank, and then went and sat on trucks near the depot. There came to us two coppers, who arrested me and Hough.

"Come on and go with us, they said.

"What's the trouble, gentlemen?" "Come on," they said. "So they took us and threw us in jail and left us there from 9 a. m. till 5 p. m. the following day. They would not let me write to my people, and they were trying to connect me with the Kershaw lynching. Then came Howie to see me in prison and proposed: He would turn me out and give me \$3 per day and expenses and long as I wanted to work to go along with him and assist him. I told him I would take him up, and so he let me out.

He carried me to supper, gave me plenty of beer, and, after a good time, we took the train for Chester and got there Sunday morning a week ago. Howie sent for a lawyer, one Newbold, and had him draw up my affidavit for me. I saw at the Morrison lynching and who helped to it. I swore that was with the crowd, but was there, not by design, but only by accident. I saw the thing going on and through curiosity I went to see what was doing, and that is how I saw the lynching. I didn't know anything of the plan at all.

Well, we went to Howie's home and stayed there a week. He or Hough or Will Moore stayed with me all the time. Howie tried to get me to go out and hide in the country to keep the sheriff or somebody else from getting me. But I wouldn't go.

Last Sunday evening, Howie sent me and Will Moore to Waxhaw, and he sent Will Moore to hire a team. He said that Sheriff Hunter was in Monroe and that he wanted to get away from him. He wouldn't let us take the buggy to town, but made us walk out and mount in the country. Howie, Will Moore and I went in the buggy to Howie's father's, eight miles away. We stayed there two nights and one day. Yesterday morning we hitched up and drove to Stouts, arriving there an hour and a half before train time. We sat out on a pile of cross-ties and talked to past time. After a while we saw a carriage coming, the horses at a

run you! Run! Howie, cried, and I ran from his pile of cross-ties and broke for the woods. Howie, for I didn't know it was my own people. When we got to the woods we made a halt. I saw the nigger hitch the horses and saw the men coming toward us. Howie clasped his hand on his hip just at the moment when I recognized my brother.

"Don't shoot my brother," I told him.

"He said all right. My brother came up, and pretty soon my father. They told him they were after me. What do you want with him?" asked Howie.

"It doesn't make any difference," my father answered. "He's my son and I'm going to have him." "Howie said it was very good; that he had no objections, that there would be no hard feeling. So we all came to Charlotte. When we got off and were talking about the depot, Mr. Howie went to a copper standing there and commanded him to arrest me for murder. The copper took me and carried me to the police station. I stayed there until the solicitor agreed to take my father's word to have me at the preliminary hearing at Lancaster next Wednesday. Then they let me go.

They were all well-dressed well-spoken people, and a view of them suggests the seriousness of the business ahead. Spencer Croxton is 18 years old and quite a handsome lad. The distressed father would have had more difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of his boy had it not been for the efficient assistance of Detective Madrus, whose offices pleased Spencer at Waxhaw and caused the father and brother to be there at the right time.

Seized Guards' Guns Then Stormed Jail.

During Efforts of Louisiana. Mob to Lynch Prisoner.—Falling to Reach the Prisoner the Mob Shot Him Twenty Times.

Shreveport, La., April 26.—After working three hours with sledge hammers and pick axes, a mob of 25 men broke into the parish jail at Homer, La., 75 miles northeast of Shreveport, today and shot Dick Craighead, inflicting wounds which will probably prove fatal. Craighead was charged with the murder of Mrs. Ike McKee, the wife of his half brother, and her little son.

The authorities were unaware of the design to mob the prisoner until it was too late to protect him. Every telephone and telegraph wire out of Homer was cut, and the rifles of the Claiborne Guards, the local military company, were seized before the move was made on the jail. So quietly did the mob work that scarcely any one in the little town was aware of what was taking place at the jail. Having dug a hole through the brick wall, the lynchers crawled through the opening, but on reaching the steel cell in which the prisoner was confined, found it impossible to break the lock. They then began shooting at the cowering prisoner through the bars of his cell, more than 20 shots being fired and nearly every one taking effect. The man's legs, arms and portions of his body were literally riddled. Believing that Craighead was dead, the members of the mob left the prison and quickly dispersed.

When Sheriff Kirkpatrick and citizens of the town reached the jail they found Craighead still alive. It is said that he told the sheriff the names of three of the lynchers and that another prisoner in the jail told the name of another man whom he recognized. The names have not been divulged.

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