

ESTOPPED BY DEATH.

CORRESPONDENCE MADE PUBLIC BY THE GOVERNOR.

Sheriff McTeer of Hampton Would Have Been Required to Answer Before the Courts for the Escape of a Prisoner in His Charge.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 25.—The death of W. W. McTeer, sheriff of Hampton, which was announced yesterday, releases Governor Tillman from his prosecutive duty—the ordering of his prosecution in the court for willful negligence in allowing the escape of a prisoner who was under arrest in this State for assault and battery, and for whom a requisition from Governor Fleming of Florida, had been issued for his surrender delayed until he had been cited in our courts. The governor feels the public welfare, and his duty as executive requires the publication of the facts and correspondence in the case.

On June 23 Governor Fleming sent a requisition to the executive office for one Sam Jenkins, who was under indictment in Hampton county for the crime of murder. The requisition was duly honored, and Sheriff McTeer ordered to surrender the fugitive. In reply the governor received the following letter from Sheriff McTeer:

HAMPTON, June 29, 1891. His Excellency, etc.

DEAR SIR—Your authority to deliver Sam Jenkins to Mr. E. T. Williams, under a requisition from the governor of Florida, is just received. In reply, I will state that Sam Jenkins is now in my custody for a very grave offense against the laws of the state of South Carolina. The offense is assault and battery with intent to kill, he having shot and wounded one J. A. Youmans, of this county, on the 8th of the present month at Hampton C. H. Sam Jenkins was also desperately wounded in the encounter, and is still in a very critical condition. Should he survive, must I turn him over to E. T. Williams or wait until he and Youmans have answered to the state of South Carolina for the serious charges against them? Jenkins is under guard, but is not able to be taken to jail. Please inform me how I shall act in the premises. Some are of the opinion that the conviction that he may be taken to Florida, as soon as he is able to be moved; others think that I should retain him in custody to be delivered to the authorities of the state of Florida, and others have answered to the state of South Carolina. I desire to do my full duty in the matter, and only beg to be informed of that duty under existing circumstances. Very respectfully, W. W. McTeer, Sheriff Hampton Co.

COLUMBIA, June 30. W. W. McTeer, Hampton, S. C. DEAR SIR—You will keep Sam Jenkins to answer to our laws for the crime committed in this state, first, and if he is convicted you will forward the record of his crime in Florida to the superintendent of the penitentiary, so that after he has served out his sentence here he may be delivered to the Florida authorities. In the meantime notify Governor Fleming of this, so he can be ready to send him where we get through with him. Yours respectfully, B. R. TILLMAN.

The governor also informed Governor Fleming of his action as this set forth. On July 5 Governor Tillman, Governor Tillman received information from a gentleman who lives in Hampton county that it was feared Jenkins would try to give bail for his offense committed here, and then give leg bail to the Florida superintendent of his bond, or that failing that he would certainly manage to escape by some means or other. The governor at once telegraphed the Sheriff of Hampton not to permit Jenkins to give bail, and keep close watch over him. After this the following correspondence took place:

HAMPTON, S. C., July 21. His Excellency, etc.

DEAR SIR—In full reply to your telegram received yesterday, I will state that I placed Jenkins and Youmans at both under guard immediately after the occurrence in accordance with instructions of Solicitor W. P. Murphy. The physicians attending Jenkins inform me that in his present condition it would be inadvisable to move him without great risk. What I have under the circumstances? I have furnished the guard, and footed the bill ever since the occurrence. The county commissioners refuse to audit claim, and I expect to have to pay the bill. The difficulty between Youmans and Jenkins has created considerable excitement, and no little ill feeling on both sides. Thus I am exposed to fire from both parties, but I care nothing for it and will perform my duty in the premises, and all I ask is to be informed what that duty is. I have never supposed that Jenkins could give bail, except for the Youmans difficulty. The Florida affair would still be against him, for which I should certainly hold him in custody until he is judged by the Florida authorities. It is decided by judicial authority, though seven miles to Brunson, where Jenkins is confined to his room. I have, as I stated, guard over him; don't think I can move him against the protest of his physicians, and gain at a loss to understand in what way your informant (who is personally interested, though he may deny it) would have me multiply precautions.

Jenkins shall not escape if I can avoid. But I see no way to make the matter more safe, except perhaps to increase the guard, and all I ask is to be done at my own expense. I must be satisfied of its necessity. If you will kindly inform me what to do I will be very greatly obliged. Very respectfully, W. W. McTeer, Sheriff.

COLUMBIA, July 25, 1891. W. W. McTeer, Esq., Hampton, S. C.

DEAR SIR—Your letter of yesterday which tells me that you have reason to fear will escape, and should be held in jail as soon as practicable. If the physicians is not perfectly disinterested and honorable you can have doctors examine him, and find out his condition. But the main thing is the guard who has him in charge. The guard should be a brave, watchful and cautious man, and after every precaution has been taken he, the prisoner, should be taken to jail before he gets fully well or strong. Of course, I am solicitous about his escape, and I only wanted to put you on your guard. Yours respectfully, B. R. TILLMAN.

HAMPTON, July 27. His Excellency, etc.

DEAR SIR—Your kind favor just received and contents duly noted. In reply will say that I do not propose to be influenced in the performance of my duty by considerations of personal feeling or sympathy, and would gladly remove Jenkins to the jail if his removal could be made without great risk. But I am assured by Drs. Moore and Folk, both gentlemen of high character, that his removal would be attended with very serious consequences, and personal observation also convinces me that he is in no condition to be moved. I deem it advisable, though I know the county commissioners have declined to audit any claim for expenses of guard already recorded. What shall I do? It will certainly operate a great hardship for my private purse to foot all the bills, and I do not propose to do so. Since I have been in office I have never been able to get one dollar from the county, though, except this, the commissioners has not failed to audit my claims. An additional guard will add materially to expenses, but if necessary, I will do it, and will certainly put Jenkins in jail, as soon as it can be done with safety. Very respectfully, W. W. McTeer, Sheriff.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 31. W. W. McTeer, Sheriff, Hampton Co.

DEAR SIR—In reply to yours of the 27th inst., the governor directs me to say that he leaves the management of the case entirely to your discretion, but that Jenkins must not escape. Yours respectfully, D. H. THOMPINS, Private Secretary.

COLUMBIA, Aug. 31. W. W. McTeer, Sheriff, Hampton.

DEAR SIR—The governor directs me to say that he leaves the management of the case entirely to your discretion, but that Jenkins must not escape. Yours respectfully, D. H. THOMPINS, Private Secretary.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 2. W. W. McTeer, Sheriff, Hampton.

DEAR SIR—In answer to a letter of inquiry (in reference to S. J. Jenkins) directed to me by W. W. McTeer, Aug. 31, I will say that I am in some way manage to escape the guard, and has not been recaptured. Diligent search is now being made for him, and no effort will be spared to secure his return. Captain McTeer has been very ill for a long time, and is still in a very critical condition. Physicians will not permit visitors to converse with him, consequently your inquiry has not been brought to his attention. Very respectfully, J. E. LARRISSEY.

Pending Sheriff McTeer's illness the governor had taken no action, and would not prejudice his recovery by publication of this correspondence, and now only gives it to the press from a sense of duty.

He has written also a full account of the matter to Governor Fleming, explaining why he cannot at some future day surrender Jenkins for the crime committed in Florida. In commenting upon it the governor seemed disposed to attribute to Jenkins the escape rather than the sheriff's illness, and to his neglect of duty, but he feels deeply mortified at having to inform the executive of another State that machinery of justice in South Carolina is so sadly out of gear, that such an occurrence could have taken place.—Charleston World.

It looks as if there is really something in the claim made by Mr. H. T. Ferguson, of Spartanburg, that there is such a thing as lintless cotton seed. Not long since we saw a boll of it which came out of the field of Mr. L. W. Weeks in the Fork, and last week we saw a statement in the Marion Star of a man of that county had a few stalks of it in his field. We learn from the Greenville News that Mr. C. Curton, the manager of the cotton seed oil mill in that city is experimenting with the lintless cotton of H. T. Ferguson, living near Woodruff, in Spartanburg county.

In speaking of the matter the News says: The object of Mr. Curton's experiments is to find what value the seed has as an oil producer and as a fertilizer. The cotton seed saw several stalks of the cotton that he had in his field. They were not unlike the ordinary ones in appearance and no difference can be seen in the green bolls until they are opened. Then the observer is astonished. He sees nothing but a boll full of green seed, such as he would find on opening a peapod. The mere trace of lint is found. The stalks in the possession of Mr. Curton contain one or two open bolls and when a close inspection is made there is again surprise. The seeds stick to the bolls until they are well matured and if not picked drop out. When ripe they are intensely black in color and resemble the seed of the famous Peterkin cotton. They are larger than the ordinary seed. Mr. Curton has not fully completed his experiments, but he has made a few simple tests. He says the seed has much more oil than the ordinary seed and far more lint. He believes the cotton can be easily cultivated and will yield from 300 to 400 bushels on the acre. He believes, from the way he now sees, that there is a great future for the cotton as an oil producer and fertilizer maker. The seed which he gathered much like pens and the cotton is harvested much like other cotton. Mr. Ferguson has an acre in cultivation this year.

Panic in a Church. JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 24.—Just before 12 o'clock last night a panic occurred in the Harmony Baptist Church, colored, during which one woman was killed, three others received fatal injuries, and about twenty people were seriously crushed and injured. The church stands on West State street, near the outskirts of the city, and an all night revival meeting was being held there. Suddenly the gas lights began to flicker badly, owing to some defect in the pipes. The audience was made up of nearly five hundred negroes, all under more or less religious excitement. The weird flicker of the lights at once appealed to superstitious of the worshippers as supernatural visitations. The deacon arose to leave and the whole audience then arose to their feet. The lights went out entirely. One frenzied worshiper shouted "Judgment, judgment," at which the crowd became wild with fear. A grand rush was made for the narrow door. "Here! somebody yelled 'dynamite.'" Men, women and children were packed together like sardines in the small entry. Stronger ones tramped the weak and rushed out over their prostrate bodies. Many jumped from the windows and were injured in the fall and by broken glass. The panic lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and when the building was lighted up again over a dozen people lay bruised and bleeding on the floor. One girl, Maggie Clark, aged 16, was dead. Medical aid was summoned and the injured soon had their wounds dressed. At least three were fatally injured. The accident attracted nearly two thousand people to the neighborhood, and quiet was not restored till morning. Bird hunters will do well to remember that the game law is still in force and will be until the 1st of November.

TO BE A LADY.

And Alice Was One, If She Did Do Housework.

"I've brought her up to be a lady," Mrs. Saville disclaimed. "French lessons and music, and goodness knows what all. I never wanted no girl of mine to work as hard as I have done. And this 'ere's the end on it!" Mrs. Saville wrung her hands in despair. "I s'pose," said Uncle Brom (the local abbreviation for "Abraham"), "she ain't none too good to work. We've all of us good Bible authority for carrying our bread in the sweat of our brows. There's Lissy Hall, she's made a nice livin' sellin' eggs and spring chickens to the boarders in Jacksonville, and—"

"Lo-y never had no boardin'-school education," whimpered Mrs. Saville. "Praps she ain't none the wuss for it," said Uncle Brom, closing his snuff-box with a significant click. "And Ebenezer Laight's darters earn twelve dollars a month doin' housework at the Bess with her mother."

"Alice ain't no hired gal," "Humph! Where is she now?" "Upstairs a-visitin'." Mrs. Saville's read in the papers how them New York editors pays big prices for poems and stories, and she's a mind to try her luck at the business.

"Oh! Uncle Brom said. "Postage is cheap, lucky for you. But I guess Alice's work makes her fortune outen no such work as that. Call her down. I want to speak to her."

So Alice Saville was called, and came downstairs—a pale, pretty girl with wistful brown eyes, sunny hair and red, sensitive lips. The bright hair was rumpled over her forehead; there was a troubled expression in the brown eyes, and the pretty middle finger of her right hand was steeped to the bone in ink. Evidently, literature did not agree with her.

"Pretty hard work?" said Uncle Brom, with a chuckle. "Alice laughed and nodded. "Just like me," said Uncle Brom. "I'd rather cut a whole crop of tobacco than write a letter, any time o' day. But look here, my gal: Your ma says times is hard and you can't get no place as governess out or do ladies' companionship."

"No," sighed Alice. "Every position of that sort seems to be filled already." "Wal, look here," said Uncle Brom. "Our hired gal has gone home with the neurology in her face, an' the house is chuck full of boarders, an' my ole woman she's in a peck of half bushels that do to. S'pose you come over and help wait on table and straighten up the bedrooms. My ole woman she wants things to be pretty nice since the member of congress has took rooms there with his two gals. An' she lowed you was always a pow'ful smart gal round the house, Alice. Bless my soul, what's your ma a-tryin' about?"

"I e-e-can't help it," blubbered Mrs. Saville. "I bring my Alice up to be a lady, and here she's agoin' out to day's work."

"Don't fret, mother," soothed Alice. "It's only to help Aunt Thalia, you know."

"Git out!" Uncle Brom said. "Don't your ma know that we've all of us got to work in this world?"

So Alice Saville ran upstairs to put on her hood and shawl and make up her little pocket of belongings. And when she got there she stood for a sudden flurry of wind had carried every sheet of her painfully copied and recopied manuscript out of the wide open window into the field that sloped down to the river.

For an instant she could have burst out into a tempest of passionate tears. Then she thought better of it. "It is just as well," she murmured, setting her small, white teeth together firmly. "There shall be an end of my scribbling! I will accept the fiat of fate without a murmur!"

"Papa, I am so glad we came to this place," said Gladys Ayrault. "It's a deal pleasanter than the hotels. And the orchard is so beautiful, and the air from the river comes up like a breath of healing."

"Yes," little Fan cried, "and old Mrs. Hadgitt is so plump and comfortable, and that new waitress is so pretty!"

"And only think, papa," cried Gladys, "her name is Alice Saville. Just like the heroine of a romance, isn't it? And she can repeat the whole of 'Marmion' from beginning to end, and she translates French into English, and she knows that French lullaby in your box without the least difficulty, yesterday."

"A rara avis, eh?" laughed Col. Ayrault, the member of congress elect from the district, who had brought his daughters to Jacksonville in order to accelerate the slow convalescence of Fanny, the youngest, who was just up from scarlet fever. "But Gladys is always getting her hidden treasures. I wouldn't like to count the number of times that her swans have been transformed back into geese before her very eyes, eh, Fan?"

"But Alice is really a good, papa," declared Fanny, siding audaciously with her sister. "Which is Alice? The little girl with the curly hair?" asked Col. Ayrault. "Yes, papa. Do be kind to her; won't you? She is some relation of Mrs. Hadgitt's and she's certainly a lady by manner and education."

"I try to be kind to everybody; don't I, Fan?" archly asked the colonel. "Yes, papa; but Alice is so sensitive." "I'm sorry for her, then," said Col. Ayrault. "If she has her own way to make in the world, a sensitive nature is a sorry endowment. And now, Gladys, get your pen and ink. I want you to write some business letters for me."

Rather unwillingly, Gladys laid down her novel and went to look for her desk. In the bedroom beyond, Alice Saville was just hanging clean towels over the rack and replenishing the solid old covers with fresh water.

"Oh, Alice," said she, "can't you spare a few minutes, to write some letters for papa? You write such a beautiful, clear hand, and—"

Alice colored a little, but answered "Certainly" with all due promptness, and Gladys brought her triumphantly into the sitting-room.

"Here's an amanuensis, papa," said she, "that will bring you a deal more credit than I can ever do."

It was Alice Saville's first lesson in writing from dictation, but she acquitted herself nobly, and Col. Ayrault expressed himself as entirely satisfied. But when the work was finished and she had blushing withdrawn, the member of congress looked laughingly across the table at Gladys.

"My daughter," said he, "here is the key to the riddle."

WHAT KEY, PAPA? said Gladys.

"What riddle?" "Don't you remember," said he, "the mysterious manuscript?"

Fanny jumped up and clapped her hands. "What!" cried she, "the stray leaves about Sir Alexis and the beautiful Geraldine Aubrey that we found scattered about in the orchard that day after the gal?"

"Exactly," said the member of congress. "And this handwriting is exactly the same."

"Oh, papa," cried Gladys, "may I congratulate her on being able to write so beautiful a story—to turn it into such exquisite language?"

"No," said Col. Ayrault. "Say nothing at all. Don't you see how it might embarrass her?"

"She really must be a genius, papa," said the Saville of Gladys, prone to hero-and-heroine worship. "I congratulate her on being able to write so beautiful a story—to turn it into such exquisite language?"

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TEN MEN TO BE HANGED.

The Result of the Court of Sessions in Laurens.

LAURENS, S. C., Sept. 25.—The most death-dealing sentence in the legal annals of this state, except in cases of insurrection, was passed at Laurens today, ten negro men being sentenced to be hanged for the murder of another negro. The charge was conspiracy and murder. Some months ago Jim Young, Monroe Young, Henderson Young, Allen Young, Tom Atkinson, John Adams, Lige Atkinson, John Adams, Perry Adams and Jack Williams, all colored, having some cause of quarrel against Thornton Nance, also colored, arranged a plan to take his life and carried it out successfully. At this time of the Laurens Court they were all tried together for the crime, and all convicted. A motion was made for a new trial and granted, and Judge Hulson sentenced the whole ten to be hanged on October 23 next.

At the same term of Court Ike Kinard, colored, was convicted of the murder of Samuel G. Oxner, a white man, and was sentenced to be hanged on October 16, this making eleven negroes sentenced to death at these bloody assizes. The Court of General Sessions has adjourned. The State general every case, six negroes were sentenced to the Penitentiary and five to pay fines.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. The murder of Thornton Nance, for which the ten negroes were sentenced today to be hanged, occurred on the 6th day of August last at a negro church near Mountville, a station on the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railroad, about eleven miles from this city.

From the testimony it appears that John Nance had written a letter to the wife of Edmund Nance, and that this wife had written to the church for the purpose of having a row with John Nance and made a threat that they would kill the negro that night.

This band of "diabolical demons," as the solicitor termed them, proceeded to the negro church to execute this design. They did not attend the services, but lay in wait around the church until the services were over.

The night was a dark one, but the band was clearly recognized by a torch which Edmund Nance, father of the deceased, held for his wife and little children to see the road home. After a little the quarrel grew warmer, and bullets were flying in all directions.

Sam Nance was shot through the lungs, another negro was shot through the hat and Thornton Nance was killed. The trial was begun on Tuesday last at noon and was continued until 11 o'clock. The State was represented by Lewis W. Simkins and Solicitor Schumper, and the murderers by Johnson & Richey.

The defence argued ably for the band. For seven they tried to prove an alibi, for the remaining three they claimed that the evidence showed that Thornton Nance was killed by Henry Suher, one of the negroes who fled and had never been arrested.

The jury remained out about three hours and returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to the mercy of the Court. The prisoners were brought into the Court room about 11 o'clock this morning to receive the sentence.

A motion was made by Mr. Johnson for a new trial on the ground that his Honor had erred in the charge to the jury. The motion, however, was overruled.

The negroes appeared to be little concerned during the whole of the trial, but there was a sad scene in the Court room as the Judge pronounced the sentence of death. The wives and relatives of the prisoners were present and could not restrain their feeling, and broke forth in bitter walls, and ere ordered by the Court to be carried out.—News and Courier.

She Loved Him in Poverty. ATLANTA, Sept. 24.—Richard Hornig, a poor German, settled near Anstett some time ago. He was an honest, hard-working farm laborer, and won the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He received but little attention from the women in the settlement. But there was one poor girl, Miss O'Shields, who was always kind to the stranger, and their friendship soon ripened into love. As both were very poor, matrimony was not thought of.

A few months ago a letter with a foreign stamp arrived at the Anstett postoffice, directed to Richard Hornig. It announced to him the death of his father in Germany, and that he was sole heir to 3,000,000 marks. Mr. Hornig was astonished, and returned to his father's home, and returned to Anstett last week. Of course this change in his condition made a marked change in the reception accorded him. But his heart was still true to the little woman who had been his friend when he was a poor stranger, and he made her his wife to-day.

Miss O'Shields was taken from the cotton field and arrayed in silk and fine linen and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could buy. Her husband said that he intends to send her to the best schools in the old world to fit her for her new life. When asked why he did not marry an educated girl, Mr. Hornig replied that such showed him no attention when they thought him a penniless stranger, and he would always feel, she is some relation of Mrs. Hadgitt's and she's certainly a lady by manner and education."

Royal Gifts. The finest sables in the world are owned by the czarina of Russia and the duchess of Edinburgh, who inherited those belonging to her mother, the mother of the czar. The favorite bridal gift of the Russian empress is one of furs, and fortunate, indeed, are the recipients of the splendid specimens she bestows. When the Princess Alexandra of Greece wedded the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, the czarina sent three dresses down over the mountains in a carriage, and the sides of the car were lined with exhausted teams. Unless the town site is opened soon, riot and bloodshed will follow. Bread is 50 cents a loaf, and other things in proportion.

Dr. Richard Doad. SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Rev. Dr. Richard died at 4 p. m. today. He gained national prominence in the Maine-Cleveland campaign by his famous altercation "rum, romanticism and rebellion."

No Third Party in Georgia. ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 23.—This morning the Georgia Legislature the much-mooted Ocala resolutions as endorsed by the Alliance and demanded by them of the next Congress were introduced by Parrett of Pike County, for the approval and endorsement of that body. The resolutions were defeated by a vote of 43 to 43. This is somewhat of a triumph for the third party movement in this State, and clearly indicates that any Alliancemen of the Legislature who are in a majority in that body are not in sympathy with any measure that is directly opposite to their views as Democratic members.

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V. C. BADHAM, GENERAL AGENT, COLUMBIA, S. C. THE TALBOTT ENGINE IS THE BEST Feb 19-15. COTTON SAMPLE IMPROVED! ONE CENT PER POUND BY ACTUAL TEST.

At the gin of Mr. E. H. Roberts in Richland County, just before starting his Sator Elevator one bale had been ginned by the old method, and after starting the Elevator another bale was ginned from the same pile. Without knowing this fact the cotton buyer offered one cent per pound more for the bale ginned with the use of the Elevator. Read the statements of the buyer and seller.

COPY. This will certify that of two samples of cotton offered us today by Mr. Rowan Rose the market value of one exceed that of the other by one cent per pound. (Signed.) D. CRAWFORD & SONS, COTTON ELEVATOR.

This will certify that the two bales of cotton offered as above were both from the same pile of seed cotton, and ginned in the same gin. One was carried to the gin in baskets and one through the Sator Seed Cotton Elevator. (Signed.) J. E. ROSE. The best Gins, Presses, Elevators, Engines and the best machinery of all kinds, for sale by W. H. GIBBES, JR., & CO., COLUMBIA, S. C.

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