

A WEAK PAPER.

A Message That Says Much But Means Very Little.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Supports the Gold Standard. Opposed to Trusts. What He Says About Cuba and the Philippines.

The third annual message to congress of President William McKinley is the longest document yet issued by the President. The message will attract widespread attention because it deals with the new conditions brought about by the accession of new territory resulting from the Spanish-American war, and because it will be regarded as the plea of the American people for the support of the American people in the presidential election of next year. Its main points are summarized below:

The president begins by stating that on the threshold of the deliberations of congress the members are called upon to mourn with their countrymen the death of Vice President Hobart, paying tribute to the worth of the dead statesman.

THE GOLD STANDARD. The president next declares unqualifiedly for the gold standard. On this subject he says: "I urge that we support the existing gold standard and to maintain the parity value of the coins of the two metals (gold and silver), and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the market and in the payment of debts," the secretary of the treasury be given additional power and charged with the duty to sell United States bonds and to employ such other effective means as may be necessary to these ends.

Mr. McKinley next discusses the subject of an American merchant marine, and earnestly recommends that steps be taken by congress to encourage and aid in the establishment of a great marine, seemingly endorsing the proposed ship subsidy movement without saying so clearly.

OPPOSITION TO THE TRUSTS. Perhaps there is no greater surprise in the message than the president's reference to the trusts. He places his administration squarely in opposition to the combinations of trade. On this subject he says: "Combinations of capital organized into trusts to control the conditions of trade among the citizens, to stifle competition, limit production and determine the prices of products used and consumed by the people, are justly provoking public discussion and should be early called the attention of congress."

"NO ENTANGLING ALLIANCES." Coming to the Transatlantic British war, the president seemingly rebukes in no uncertain tones the recent attitude of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, British colonial secretary, and Mr. Joseph Choate, United States ambassador to England, proclaiming that this country and England are practically in alliance. The president reaffirms the time-honored doctrine that this country shall remain free from entangling foreign alliances. He says: "This government has maintained an attitude of neutrality in the unfortunate contest between Great Britain and the Boer States of Africa. We have remained faithful to the precept of avoiding entangling alliances as to affairs not of our direct concern. Had circumstances suggested that the parties to the quarrel would have welcomed any kindly expression of the hope of the American people that war might be averted, good offices would have been tendered."

THE DESTINY OF CUBA. Coming to the acquisition of Porto Rico and discussing the Cuban question, the president dwells on the destiny of both countries, recommending the establishment of a civil government for Porto Rico as rapidly as possible and the raising of the customs duties on exports of that island. He declares that the island of Cuba, which is temporarily under the protection of the United States, must be turned over to the people of the island as soon as a stable government can be formed, reaffirming the purpose of the government declared prior to the Spanish war that the people of Cuba would be given their freedom and the yoke of Spanish rule swept away. He says this pledge is of the highest honor and must be sacredly guarded. Then he speaks of the ultimatum which must exist between America and Cuba and of the destiny of the island, declaring we must protect the people.

THE PHILIPPINES ARE OURS. The president relegated the Philippines question away to the rear of his message, but it can be clearly discerned that he intends what he says on this subject to be regarded as the most important part of the document. He begins on the question by referring to the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States signed December 10th, 1898, by which Spain ceded to this country the Philippine Islands in consideration of \$20,000,000 and peace. He declares on this question: "The islands were ceded by the government of Spain, which had been in undisputed possession of them for centuries. They were accepted not merely by our authorized agents in Paris, but by the direction of the executive, but by the constitutional authority of the people of the representatives of the nation in both houses of congress. I had every reason to believe and I still believe that this transfer of sovereignty was in accordance with the wishes and the aspirations of the great mass of the Filipino people. On the 21st of December, after the treaty was signed, the commander of the forces of occupation was instructed to announce and proclaim in the most public manner that we came, not as invaders and conquerors, but as friends, to protect the natives in their home, in their employments and in their personal and religious rights. It is enough to say that the claim of the rebel leader that he was promised independence by any officers of the

United States in return for his assistance has no foundation in fact and is categorically denied by the very witnesses who were called to prove it. The most insurgent leader hoped for when he came to Manila was the liberation of the islands from the Spanish control; they had been laboring for years without success to throw off.

"The prompt accomplishment of this work by the American army and navy gave him other ideas and a vision, and insidious suggestions from various quarters perverted the purpose and intentions with which he had taken up arms. The future government of the Philippines rests with the congress of the United States. If we accept them in a spirit worthy of our race and our traditions, a great opportunity comes with them. The islands lie under the shelter of our flag. They are ours by every title of law and equity. They cannot be abandoned. If we desert them, we leave them at once to anarchy and finally to barbarism. We find them, a golden apple of discord, among the rival powers, no one of which could permit another to seize them unopposed.

"Their rich plains and valleys would be the scene of endless strife and bloodshed. The advent of Dewey's fleet in Manila bay, instead of being as we hope, the dawn of a new day of freedom and progress, will have been the beginning of an era of misery and violence worse than any which has darkened their unhappy past. The suggestion has been made that we could renounce our authority over the islands, and giving them independence, could maintain a protectorate over them. This proposition will not be found, I am sure, worthy of our serious attention. Such an arrangement would involve at the outset a cruel breach of faith. It would place the peaceful and loyal majority, who ask for nothing better than to accept our authority, at the mercy of the minority armed insurgents. It would make us responsible for the acts of the insurgent leaders and give us no power to control them. It would charge us with the task of protecting them against each other and defending them against any foreign power with which they choose to quarrel. In short, it would take from the congress of the United States the power of declaring war and vest that tremendous prerogative in the Tagalo leader of the hour.

A FATAL FIRE.

Six Hundred Working Girls Caged in a Burning Building.

One of the most appalling fires that has ever visited Reading, Pa., occurred Thursday when the extensive hoisting mill of Voigt & Horst company took fire, destroying the plant, causing the death of Miss Louise Clay and injuring about 60 other employees of the company. The hoisting building was a large four-story structure, and nearly 600 persons were employed, most of them being women and girls. The fire was discovered about 11 o'clock and in a few moments the girls were panic-stricken. They made a dash for the fire escape and the stairs, but found that the latter means of escape could not carry all of them down at the same time. Several hundred of the girls then made a rush for the windows and appealed to those in the street to extend a helping hand. Some were brought into use and many girls were taken from the burning building safely. Most of them, however, jumped and were seriously injured. For a few minutes from every window on the second and third floors girls leaped one after the other. Some lodged in the arms of those below, but many struck the ground. They were picked up and rushed to hospital or to the homes of their relatives. Many of the girls who escaped by the stairways and fire escapes were badly burned, but none of them, it is believed, was seriously injured.

The girls who escaped by the stairways and fire escapes were badly burned, but none of them, it is believed, was seriously injured. The case of A. R. Fowler has been the subject of many newspaper comments, but it is a tale which is very romantic even when twice told. He was not always without hands, but lost one hand about five years ago as a result of an accidental discharge of a gun while out hunting. He was subjected to censure at the time, for he had but a few days before taken out an accident policy which he had not received, but the first premium on which he had paid. The insurance company contested the payment of the policy, and his position was sustained by the courts. He came to a friend, time being as he was, and the friend was notified that the loss of the hand was accidental. They were riding in a buggy and the gun was discharged without his touching it. The member was taken of midway between the wrist and elbow.

The right hand was also lost in a similar manner. Three years ago last November, while acting as an insurance agent in Union county, Tennessee, he was hunting with a friend, John H. Dent. They were sitting on a fence when a covey of partridges suddenly flew up. Hereached down for his gun, catching it with his one hand by the muzzle. It caught on the fence and was discharged, taking off his only hand close to the wrist. The history of the forgery case as related by Fowler at the time of his incarceration, is, of course, somewhat incongruous in his favor, but he makes no denial of the forgery. About three years ago he contracted with a gentleman in Greenville, Mr. H. Livermore, for the purpose of obtaining a charter for a mutual insurance company to be established in Texas. According to his statement, Mr. Livermore was to advance \$1,000 and Fowler was to give his note for that amount until the charter could be obtained. He was arrested for forging the endorsement on the note. The endorsement was that of his brother-in-law, Mr. J. D. Harris, Fowler admitted forging the endorsement, and, after sentencing, appealed to a higher court. On January 13, 1898, he was informed by his attorney that the appeal had been dismissed.

Fowler says that he wrote to the sheriff that he was ready to go to the penitentiary, and was informed he (Fowler) would have to pay his own way. He stayed at home, spending only one night away, until Corp Smith of the penitentiary guard came for him. And it was charged that he evaded the law and attempted to escape from being brought to the penitentiary. Fowler is a native of Greenville county, and had a little farm up there. His sentence is for three years. When his term shall have expired he says he

will return to his farm, try to make money enough to pay his debts and then if he succeeds in reinstating himself into the confidence of the people he will resume the duties of the ministry. Fowler attended the college at Clinton, and says that he spent a while at the Columbia Theological seminary. He is now, or has recently been writing a book, a history of his life. It seems remarkable that he should write, and his statement to that effect was doubted until it was demonstrated that by typing a pen to the stub of his right hand he could write as rapidly and as legibly as an expert bookkeeper with all his digits. Not Much Smallpox. Dr. James Evans, secretary of the state board of health, has written a letter to Governor Chandler, which is a reply to the usual Georgia statement that no smallpox or other contagious diseases originated in that state. Dr. Evans in his letter gives a clear and definite statement as to the smallpox situation in this state. He says that the very few cases in the state are in counties bordering on the Savannah river. There are only 21 of them and the state board of health has isolated every one of them and has enforced compulsory vaccination in the various communities affected. The records show that the disease appeared in Hilton Head, Beaufort, and Darlington counties in August, and the board of health has traced the history of the cases to show that it was originally introduced by a Negro from Savannah. Later in October the disease was introduced from cases originating in Savannah or Augusta or through people who had passed through that to this state. Fought a Burglar. Mrs. L. Schurtzberg, a national delegate from the Red Cross society to the Philippine islands, is lying at the home of Mrs. S. C. Wise, 401 Thirteenth street, Chicago, under a physician's care with her face bruised and swollen and her arms and body black and blue as the result of a struggle with a burglar Thursday night. Mrs. Schurtzberg is a member of a literary family and was on her way to Washington after being in the Philippines since last May. Early Thursday morning she was awakened by hearing some one in her room. Mrs. Schurtzberg jumped up and grappled with the burglar, screaming for help. In the struggle for the possession of Mrs. Schurtzberg's jewel case she was struck on the head and the burglar finally fled through a window and escaped. Mrs. Schurtzberg would have probably been confined to her bed for some time. She saved her money and jewelry. Body Found in the River. A dispatch from Macon, Ga., says the body of Mrs. Eugenia Pottle, widow of the late Judge Joseph Pottle, one of the most prominent men in the state, was found in the river. The body was that of Col. John Hamilton, who took a prominent part in the border troubles in Missouri and Kansas before the war, was found in Ocmulgee river, just above the city Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Pottle disappeared while on the way from Macon to her home in Covington, Monday, Nov. 20, and the search for her since that time had been unavailing up to Thursday. An investigation of the case led to the belief that she had been the victim of foul play and circumstances strongly pointed to John Fuller, a Negro, as her probable murderer. Fuller has been arrested and lodged in Bull County jail where he will await more thorough investigation of the case. Mrs. Pottle was well known throughout the State and was a woman of marked peculiarities. A Montana Sensation. A special to The Times from Butte, Mont., says: Prof. Malachy Dwyer, an old resident of Butte, formerly of Ogdensburg, N. Y., during a heated religious discussion with J. S. Charlebois, the divine healer, attempted to strike the latter. Charlebois called on God to protect him and Dwyer dropped dead. The men were in the public library at the time. Charlebois, who is from Helena, is editor of a publication called "The Living Truth." During the discussion with Dwyer, the latter called Charlebois a liar and made a rush for him with upraised hand to strike him. Charlebois says he stood up and called on God to protect him and before Dwyer could raise his hand he had fallen. Dwyer was 63 years old. The doctor's inquest Thursday evening developed the fact that death was due heart failure produced by excitement. Suffered on Suspicion. Two Negro women, Dolphose and Ida Hooks have been in jail at Macon, Ga., for several weeks. They are charged with the murder of Jim Jones, colored. Wednesday Jones made his appearance and his coming has caused a profound sensation among the Negroes. A dead Negro was found in South Macon several months ago, who had plainly been murdered. He was identified by Jones's mother as Jones, and was buried by her. Suspicion pointed to the Hooks women and their conviction was regarded as certain. Jones says he has been working on a turpentine farm and did not know he was thought to have been murdered. Solicitor General Hodges ordered the release of the accused women Wednesday. Murdered His Wife. Hiram Sharp shot and killed his wife and wounded his mother-in-law at Lithana, Ga., Wednesday. Family trouble was the cause. Sharp and his wife had been married 20 years. Sharp escaped into the woods, and was followed until he had shot his wife and wounded his mother-in-law. He started in pursuit, it is understood there has been an estrangement of several years' existence between Sharp and his wife. A short time ago she left him, after a bitter quarrel, but she returned, and since they have been living together at their country home. A Good Plan. When the town of Bethlehem, Pa., feeds traps she requires them to pay for their food by breaking stone. As stone breaking is not a congenial occupation to the average tramp, he breaks from that town after the first meal and gives the town such a hard name that the other tramps he meets steer clear of it.

PARDON GRANTED.

Fowler, Who was Sent up for Forgery, is Freed.

CLOSE OF CELEBRATED CASE

Review of Romantic Career of Former Presbyterian Preacher Who Went From Pulpit to Penitentiary.

Gov. McSwain Wednesday granted a full pardon to A. R. Fowler, the famous arless ex-Presbyterian preacher, who was convicted in July, 1897, of forgery in Greenville county and sentenced by Judge Watts to serve three years in the State penitentiary. On August 22 last Fowler was transferred by a commutation to the Greenville county chain gang, where he has since been serving. The man has now served nearly two years of his sentence and has a devoted wife and children in Greenville. Very strong petitions were presented. Among those asking his pardon were State Senator Dean, the master, the clerk of court, the county auditor, Col. M. L. Donaldson, Editors Hoyt and Williams, a number of prominent ladies, several of the jurists who convicted him, the officers of the chain gang and others.

The following letter from the county supervisor also had much to do with the governor's decision in the case: Hon. M. B. McSwain, Governor of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C. Dear Sir: I have the honor to request your consideration of the petition of A. R. Fowler for a pardon. I feel that in doing this it is for the best interests of Greenville county as well as for the prisoner.

Mr. Fowler was sent to labor on the public works of this county from the penitentiary, having been confined there about two years. He has no hands and is therefore of very little service, while requiring much more attention and care from the officers in whose care he has been committed than in ordinary cases. His value as a laborer does not equal the expense of his maintenance, and it will be a relief to the officers when this helpless man is discharged from custody. I am satisfied that a pardon will meet with the approval of the best people of this section. Yours very truly, J. E. Speegle.

The following facts about Fowler's case published in The State in August last at the time of the commutation will be of special interest at this time: Number 14,513 will leave the pen. A. R. Fowler's sentence has been commuted by the governor. Ill health is the cause assigned. He was sentenced for forgery, and was to have been hanged for it. Seemingly an anomaly, but nevertheless true. An ex-Presbyterian minister in the garb of a felon. When Fowler committed the forgery of which he was convicted he had one hand with which he was able to write just as well with none. When he first arrived at the penitentiary the management was puzzled to know what use to make of a convict with no hands. He was first put to work protecting the strawberry patches from the ravages of the English sparrows. Afterwards he was assigned to carry a gun while out hunting. The buggy and the gun was discharged without his touching it. The member was taken of midway between the wrist and elbow.

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BURNED AT STAKE.

By Thousands of Men at Maysville, Kentucky.

PENALTY HORRIBLE CRIME.

Taken from the Sheriff at Court House Stops Chief Actors Known, No Concealment Being Attempted.

Richard Coleman, colored, confessed murderer of Mrs. James Lashbrook, wife of his employer, expiated his crime in daylight at the hands of a mob, consisting of thousands of citizens, by burning at the stake after suffering indescribable torture. The dreadful spectacle occurred on peaceful creek grounds on the outskirts of Maysville, Ky., Wednesday.

Just two months ago Richard Coleman, the trusted employe of Farmer James Lashbrook, murdered the woman who had been his benefactor. Coleman had been left in charge of the house. Mrs. Lashbrook had driven to Maysville and returned, when Coleman asked her to enter the cabin to look at some work that had been engaged. The negro locked the door on the inside. Mrs. Lashbrook became frightened and screamed. Coleman struck her on the head, knocking her down, but not stopping her cries. He then seized a razor and cut her throat. He picked up the bleeding body, and placed it on the bed. He then left the room, but returning, heard her still groaning and with an axe he struck her repeatedly on the head until he was sure she was dead. The negro washed the blood from his hands and clothing and went to where Mr. Lashbrook was at work in the field and told him that he had better come to the house, as some one had killed his wife.

It was not until after the officers arrived that suspicion was directed against Coleman. Blood spots had been found on his clothing, but he accounted for that by saying that he had been killing chickens. That night, however, at Maysville, a partial confession was obtained, and, knowing the result if that fact should become known, the officers quietly took him to Covington, Ky., for safe keeping. He was indicted for murder. Shortly after his incarceration at Covington, he made a complete confession of his crime to the jailer. The story of his crime, including worse than murder, was told without any appearance of feeling by the prisoner.

The trial was set for Wednesday. Sheriff Perrine determined to leave Covington by the train at 7 o'clock, and the train started at 7:30. Coleman was taken to Cincinnati and Covington. Coleman had been apprised Tuesday night to prepare to return to the scene of his crime. He was instantly stricken with fear and begged piteously to be permitted to remain in Covington until after his execution. He said he expected to die, but he dreaded the vengeance of a mob. When he was handcuffed on leaving the jail in Covington he was almost paralyzed and had to be assisted to the patrol wagon. On entering the train he seemed unable to sit down until one of the guards forced him into a seat. It developed that the crowd at the depot and even on the train there were some of the relatives of Mrs. Lashbrook, ready to convey information if any attempt was made to secrete the prisoner. Messages were sent here. The prisoner with his escort arrived at 10:20 o'clock. Sheriff Perrine while en route to Maysville, had been informed that a mob was waiting for the arrival of the train at the depot and he had prepared for it by swearing in deputy sheriffs. As the train puffed slowly into the old station the mob formed on both sides in two long but closely huddled crowds. Armed men stationed themselves at the platforms of the cars and warned the frightened passengers to remain quiet and not to interfere. The sheriff and his assistants were strongly armed and there was some resistance as the leaders of the mob jostled roughly against them and demands were uttered from the outer fringes of the crowds for the prisoner. Sheriff Perrine made a bold movement and started, walking swiftly, but with no indications of panic, from the car. A step backward he followed Coleman in their midst, seeking to protect himself behind the browney furus of his protectors.

As the officers proceeded the numbers of the mob were constantly swelled by new arrivals and through the downtown business streets to the court house they were closely followed. Hundreds of stones and other missiles were thrown and revolvers and rifles were freely displayed. The prisoner was frantically appealing to the mob to let him go from wounds on his face and head. At the court house a mob of over 2,000 men headed by James Lashbrook, the husband, had been hastily formed. A demand for the prisoner was made. There was a brief struggle in which weapons were hastily drawn by the officers and then the sheriff and his assistants were overcome by force of numbers and the prisoner was seized by the leaders of the mob. The prisoner was dragged along by ropes loosely attached to his body. He was the target again of hundreds of missiles and several times he sank half-conscious to the ground while the crowd pressed forward, striking at him with clubs, sticks and whips until his head and face were severely recognizable. More dead than alive he was dragged along and forced to his feet. Scores of women joined the men. The wretch could be heard pleading for his life, but the cry of the prisoner was answered with an oath and a blow.

The place of execution had been selected weeks ago and all the other details of the program mapped out by the leaders of the mob. The prisoner was strapped against a tree, facing the husband of the victim. Large quantities of dry brush and larger bits of wood were piled around him while he was praying for speedy death. James Lashbrook, the husband of the victim, applied the first torch to the brush wood. A brother of the victim struck

the second match. Some one with a knife was vainly slashing at the prisoner's chest. Not a single shot was fired. The purpose seemed to be to give the wretch the greatest possible amount of torture. A fatal shot would have been merciful and there was no mercy in the crowd surrounding Richard Coleman. The ones securing him to the tree were burned and his body finally fell forward on the burning pile. The crowd used rails and long poles to push his body back into the flames. It is not certain how long life lasted. During the process, while his voice could be heard, he begged for a drink of water. At the end of three hours the body was practically cremated. During all that time members of the family of Mrs. Lashbrook had remained to keep up the fire. In all the thousands who constituted the mob there was not a single effort made to disguise or conceal identity. No man wore a mask. All the leaders of the mob are well known and there are hundreds of witnesses who can testify to their participation in the tragedy. They are leading citizens, all lines of business and many are members of churches. County Judge Harbeson will empanel a special grand jury at once to make a speedy investigation and return indictments against the leaders of the mob. The coroner held an inquest on the charred remains of Coleman and rendered the simple verdict "death at the hands of a mob." The body was lying there at and present has not been removed. Relic hunters took away teeth and bones and flesh and every fragment that they could lay hands upon. All the afternoon children, some of them not more than six years old kept up the fires on the blackened body by throwing grass, kindling wood, brush, bits of boards and everything combustible that they could gather. The reaction of the mob seems to be generally approved, even by women who think that hereafter they will be safer.

BADLY SCARED.

Believe the World is to End About Christmas Time.

Wild and superstitious negroes in Charleston are very much excited and alarmed at what they believe to be the approaching end of the world. According to the opinion expressed by ignorant leaders the world is scheduled to make a grand finish with the end of the present year, and negroes who take stock in this doctrine are making preparations for a religious departure. The fact that the century is about to close has strengthened the belief that the end of the world is near and in many of the smaller churches around town ministers are hitting hard licks in the converting line. The congregations have been told that their time on earth is short; that when another year should elapse a great sea of fire will sweep down and the end will come. Naturally the word of a preacher is believed by ignorant followers and among certain classes there is a strong belief that the year soon to close will be the last.

There are thousands of negroes around here however, who are scoffing at the preaching of the "daddy" leaders. The end of the world will come, they say, when no man watcheth and "while the bridegroom sleeth his sleep." But notwithstanding the preaching of intelligent leaders the first impressions made by wild-eyed gans are still being believed firmly and it is rather difficult to put the ignorant masses straight. The negroes expect to appear, there was a state of abrupt fear and terror among the superstitious negroes, for they believed that the falling stars were coming down to destroy the earth, and when the nights passed without the appearance of the stars the negroes thought that dates had been mixed and that the grand finale was being postponed. The fire burning bush, the smoking mountain, the falling stars and the end of the world at the Christmas time. At any rate there is wild excitement among the ignorant negroes and until the new year gets well on its way they will still believe that they are to be snatched off at any old moment of the day or night.

UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED.

Gov. McSwain expected to go to Orangeburg Thursday morning to attend the Methodist conference educational meeting, but owing to the fact that Private Secretary All was called home yesterday by the sickness of one of his children he will be unable to leave the office. He last night wired the Rev. H. B. Browne: "You have my best wishes, and I greatly appreciate invitation to be present at educational meeting. Much to my regret official business will prevent me from being present. Please place my name on the list for \$25. With best wishes, M. B. McSwain."

Ran Away With a Horse.

A dispatch to the Columbia State from Laurens says: "When Gerald, a young white man well known to the authorities in Greenville, is in jail here charged with stealing a horse. Thursday Gerald hired a horse from Geer Bros. of Belton, and failing to return, one of the Messrs. Geer followed the man, arriving here shortly after Gerald had been arrested in the act of selling the animal for \$45 by the officers who had been notified to be on the lookout for him. He will be carried to Anderson, probably by the sheriff of that county."

Defended His Mother.

A dispatch from Montgomery, Ala., says word reached there from Crenshaw county that the 15-year old son of Widow Rhodes shot and killed William Jones and mortally wounded John Pruitt, while they were attempting to force an entrance into his mother's home. They battered down a door with a fence rail when the boy fired.

Bulling the Mule Market.

Purchases of mules in America for the use of the British government seems likely to upset the calculations of American live stock men. It is said orders have been received to purchase 10,000 more animals. Almost this number have already been shipped from southern points.

A GREENVILLE TRAGEDY.

In Which a Moonshiner and a State Constable Are Killed.

Wednesday afternoon a desperate fight took place a few miles above Greenville between Constables Cornwall and Cooley of the State constabulary, and George Howard, whose home is just outside the city limits, on the Buncombe road near the Sampson and Poe cotton mill. It seems that Cornwall and Cooley were on the scent of whiskey wagons and met George Howard with another man coming from towards the mountains, but there is no accurate information as to what took place except that shooting began without any unnecessary delay.

A dispatch to The State says the shooting affray took place in a piece of woods near the Paris mountain road, just before it crosses the Southern railway. George Howard was there with his unknown companion, who had driven a covered wagon into the woods this morning. The constables were out on a raid, and circled around the wagon. One of them discovered liquor kegs and notified the other. Cooley took charge of the liquor and carried it to his buggy, while Cornwall approached the men, who were sitting on the ground before a fire near the wagon. The men surrendered without resistance and Howard says that Cornwall took hold of him, at which he remonstrated, telling him that the liquor belonged to the other man, but that Cornwall again seized him. After saying this much he desired to talk any more. Cornwall was not armed, but Howard informed him that he was not armed, but that Howard opened fire on him, which he returned at close range, inflicting five wounds, and when Howard was found on the roadside by his nephew his overcoat was afire from the powder of Cornwall's pistol. Cooley was putting a keg in the buggy on the opposite side from where the others were standing, and says he was fired upon when his back was towards them. He thinks it was the man who ran away that shot him, and says the fire was repeated almost instantly. He raised up and fired a rifle at Howard and then emptied his revolver at him.

Howard was wounded five times, the most serious of which is in the left breast, just below the nipple, the bullet going in straight and the doctors are afraid to probe for it. He was taken to his home on the Poe hill, and the physicians injected nitro-glycerine, keep his heart going and prevent a collapse, while they were examining his wounds. Cornwall's wounds are also considered fatal, the ball passing through his intestines, and the physicians do not express any hope of his recovery. He was married about two months ago in Chester county and his wife is seriously ill at their home, which caused him to be taken to the road to town before he fell, and when Cooley found him on the side of the road he was too weak to get into the buggy. Cooley then hastened to town for assistance, which was speedily given. Howard walked 100 yards before he gave up and when his nephew came to him on the roadside driving a wagon out of town on his way home, Howard informed him very coolly that he had been in a shooting scrape and was certain that he had shot one of the constables.

A dispatch from Greenville to the News and Courier says: Dispensary Constable John B. Cornwell, who was mortally shot in the stomach by Geo. Howard in Tuesday's fierce battle between dispensary constables and moonshiners, died Thursday morning at 6 o'clock. Howard was shot five times by Cornwall, died Friday night. He made no sworn statement. Cooley testified before the coroner that he killed Howard. Cooley's condition is somewhat alarming. A reporter accompanied Drs. Wright and Bramlett on a visit to Mr. Howard at 6 o'clock Thursday night. Mr. Howard had then recovered from his first shock, his temperature being normal. The grimy moonshiner looked like a wounded panther last night as he lay on his bed with a bored expression on his face, slightly drawn with extreme pain, but fire in his clear blue eyes as he opened them occasionally.

"Did Cooley run?" he repeated in answer to a question. "If he done any running it was not away from me. Now, he never run. I know them both and saw what each was doing during the fight." "Who fired the first shot of the battle--your friends who ran away?" "I'll tell you all about that in a few days," was the reply, after some hesitation. "It hurts me to talk, now me. Now, it wasn't Will Gosnell with me. I ain't seed Will Gosnell."

The Governor.

Mr. W. A. Reckling, the photographer, Thursday delivered to the governor's office a composite picture of the governors of South Carolina since 1876, which was ordered some time ago. It is to be placed in the private secretary's office and is composed of five pictures of the following governors: Wade Hampton—1876-79. W. D. Simpson—1879-80. Johnson Hagood—1880-82. T. B. Jeter—1880. Hugh S. Thompson—1882-86. Ino. C. Sheppard—1886. John Peter Richardson—1886-90. B. N. Tillman—1890-94. Jno. Gary Evans—1894-96. Wm. H. Elerbe—1896-99. Miles B. McSwain—1899.

Of these all are living save Govs. Simpson, Hagood, Jeter, Elerbe and Richardson. The picture is one of peculiar interest, covering as it does two revolutionary periods in South Carolina politics.—Columbia State.

Dive For a Livinr.

Over 100 Japanese women following the hazardous profession of divers are found along the coast of the peninsula. They are divided into four batches, and their age range from 17 to 30. They come almost exclusively from Shima, Miyoken, a noted fishery center in Japan. Their earnings are of course not uniform, as they are paid according to the amount of their work, which consists in diving for agar-agar, seaweed, sea-ear, sea-cucumber, and so forth.—Japan News.

No More Quails for Him.

A man's ability to eat 30 quail in 30 days has been the subject of much speculation, but Clay Smith, a barber living in Danville, Ill., has proved that he can do even better. He has eaten 33 quail in 33 days, and says he will try to keep the record up for 40 days. One would not think the task a hard one but it seems to be. Smith says he never wants to see another quail as long as he lives after he wins his bet this time.

BAD NEWS.

No Hope for Peace in the Philippine Islands.

AQUINALDO AND HIS ARMY.

The Americans Cannot Suppress the Insurrection For a Long Time and Our Troops Must Suffer Hardships.

A dispatch to the New York Herald from Manila, P. I., says: Hope of ending the insurrection and halting military operations in the Philippines, which seemed so bright a few days ago, has again faded into the uncertain future. Much has been accomplished. During the last few weeks the campaigning has been almost phenomenal. In dreadful weather, through a devastated country, across swollen rivers, along roads that were impassable for wagons, artillery and in some cases for cavalry, the advances of the troops have been so rapid and in so many directions that they have often been beyond the military telegraph lines and operations have necessarily been independent in being conducted by the field commanders. The army is rightfully proud. The insurgents have had a series of routs and disasters. The slaughter has been great. They have lost a large quantity of supplies and ammunition and many of their men have been captured. Their government has been scattered or captured. What it is at liberty is in flight. A portion of Aguinaldo's family are in our lines. Aguinaldo himself is a fugitive. Notwithstanding all these things, there is no reason for an extreme optimistic view of the situation. Nothing more is heard of having the rebellion stamped out in the course of a few days. That sort of talk only lasted while the insurgent leader was slipping away last week. Field commanders now think that the end is still afar.

It is admitted that little is definitely known of the present strength and whereabouts of the insurgents. Aguinaldo's army is estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 armed men, scattered throughout the islands. There are 45,000 American soldiers now in the Philippines, 35,000 being in Luzon. These are already so greatly scattered by the recent operations with the exception of those in Manila, where 12,000 are concentrated, that they seem like a mere handful. Still we hold less than one-third of the area of Luzon, but we have in the hands of our troops a Manila newspaper called Freedom prints this story as part of an interview with a Spanish prisoner escaped from the Philippine lines: "One thing not generally known is that a saddle-colored Joag of Arc is leading a brigade of the Joag army. She is described being about 35 years of age, a pure Filipino and very plain looking. She was dressed in trousers, high boots, short khaki jacket, and carried a handsome belt, with two revolvers attached. She wore one of the United States service hats, and on her shoulders the straps of her rank. The natives gave her every honor and said she was perfectly fearless on the field. Her husband, whom she was with when he was killed near Imus, was a major; when he fell she seized his revolver and killed to reform the flying 'gurus,' but in vain. For this she was commissioned in her husband's place, and has since been promoted for bravery to a brigadier."

Will Succeed Brooks.

Gen. Leonard Wood had a conference with the secretary of war Friday respecting his future. While neither of the principals had anything to say for publication as to the conclusions reached, it is gathered that Gen. Wood is to be the next governor of Cuba, succeeding Gen. Brooks, who will return to the United States. It is expected that the military force in Cuba can be greatly reduced in the near future, so that while Gen. Wood, by commanding the troops remaining will be a military governor, there will be so little left of the military establishment that his office will be much more civil than military in fact. The reduction in force will enable the war department to withdraw some or perhaps all of the general officers of the regular