

## THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

### Roosevelt, "The President of the Black Belt," and Is

## NOT AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

### The Prejudice Against the Negro Is Not Local, But Prompted by World-Wide Race Sentiment.

The race question was again discussed in the United States senate Wednesday. Mr. Money of Mississippi spoke for two hours, his remarks having direct reference to the action of the president in closing the Indianola, Miss., postoffice. Mr. Money explained at the outset of his remarks that if he could secure unanimous consent for leave to print he would not take up the time of the senate. The sentiment of the senate seemed to be that remarks not delivered should not be spread in the record. He thereupon proceeded, and delivered himself of some severe strictures of the president, stating in the course of his remarks that Mr. Roosevelt was not the president of America, but the president of the "black belt." At times he was closely interrogated by Messrs. Foraker and Spooner.

It was the inherent and constitutional right of a great community, said Mr. Money, to have their mail handled regularly. Letters, he said, which have been addressed to Heathman, to important county officials residing at Indianola, have been sent to Greenville, and this he declared was an unwarranted interference with the liberty and rights of the people of Indianola. It was indeed to punish the people of Indianola, and in his opinion, the punishment had gone far enough. The department has shown to the world its authority and nobody had disputed it. He declared that the postmaster general should do all he could to heal the breach and not continue stubborn and vindictive. "The department has made the people hate the administration."

Directing his remarks to President Roosevelt, he said that in the south it was believed that Mr. Roosevelt, when he succeeded Mr. McKinley, would make an American instead of a sectional president, but a change had come over this dream. "He is not so much an American president," said Mr. Money, "as he is the president of the black belt," and he added with some feeling, "we don't consider him a great American president." He declared that all the appointments made in Mississippi none have given such general disgust as those made by this administration and, he said, the president had raised the question of social equality of the negro, but there could never possibly be any social equality between the two races.

"There is a race prejudice in the south," he said, "and I thank God there is."

The prejudice against the negro, he asserted, is not local, but prompted by a universal, world-wide sentiment. Answering Mr. Foraker, he said that these recent appointments have revived the race question and while the people of the south had heretofore tolerated negro officeholders they did not want any more of them. "This is a white man's country and a white man's government," said he. "It has been carved out of the wilderness and conquered from the Indians, not for the African, but for the white man."

Mr. Foraker asked Mr. Money if his objection to colored people holding office extended to all offices of all kinds, and also whether it would include the enlistment of colored men in the army to defend the flag and the constitution. The reply was that he had no particular objection to colored men serving in the army, but declared that it would be better if no colored men held any official position whatever.

"Would you decitizenize the negro as to voting?" asked Mr. Foraker, "and if so should that be taken into account in fixing the representation in congress?"

"That is another question," said Mr. Money. The participation of the negro in the affairs of the government, he thought, was dangerous.

"Is it the demand of the south," inquired Mr. Spooner, "that the president of the United States shall in no case appoint a colored man to federal office in the south?"

Mr. Money replied that there was no demand made and no authority for it, but it was the feeling in the south that his qualifications no matter what his qualifications may be, shall hold federal office. The whole truth of history, he declared, shows the utter incompetence of the colored race self-government.

Mr. Spooner remarked that a president of the United States who would yield to the demand of any section that the right of citizenship should be surrendered would show himself unfit to hold the office and quite willing to violate his oath as president.

Mr. Foraker commented upon Mr. Money's statements as being most remarkable because of their far-reaching consequences.

Mr. Money expressed the conviction that the amendment to the constitution which made negro voters was a tremendous mistake, and he said a vast number of people of the north entertained the same view. He said there has been no objection in the south to a colored man working and none had been killed for so doing as was the case in Illinois. The feeling which obtained in the south, he said, was that if a white man did not think himself socially better than the negro he was not half as good.

In the matter of these appointments Mr. Money said the president should consider conditions in the south. Appointing negroes to office in the south was most obnoxious and repugnant to that section. It was impossible, he declared, for any one raised north of Mason and Dixon's line to know anything about the negro. He concluded by saying that there had been no intention of creating any disturbance whatever in Indianola, but the idea of

## A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

### The Governor Tells of the Day of Industrial Prosperity.

## GREAT FUTURE FOR THE STATE

### The People of South Carolina Are Being Brought Into Touch With Those of Other States.

Gov. Heyward attended the anniversary dinner of the Hibernian Society in Charleston last Tuesday night week. He responded to the toast of South Carolina and spoke as follows: "Mr. Toastmaster and Members of the Hibernian Society: Before addressing myself to the subject of the toast which has just been announced—a toast which strikes a responsive chord in every heart around this board and finds its echo in the hearts of every true Carolinian from the restless wave of the Atlantic to the range of blue mountains on the northern border of our State—I must say a word of thanks for the invitation which brings me here tonight. To tell you that I appreciate most highly the honor you have done me would not be expressing all that I feel. It is not only an honor but a privilege to commemorate with the members of this society the birthday of the land of which you are the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. Today with fonder memories, the hearts of Irishmen the world over are turning back to Erin. Today they rejoice because that liberty which has always had a home in Irish hearts is about to find a lodgment on Irish soil. Today the prophetic words of your own poet, 'The wave of America and of the south can claim him too, are being realized, when he said: "Look aloft! look aloft! the clouds drifting by, There's a gleam through the gloom there's a light in the sky, 'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far flashing on high! Erin's dark night is waning, her day is dawning, her night is o' the past. It cannot, my friends, come too soon From our hearts we all should say: God speed the coming of that day. Never mind how poor an Irishman may be when he comes to our shores there is one thing which he always brings with him, and that is his love of country; but loving and remembering the land from whence he came makes him none the less loyal to the land of his adoption. Irish South Carolinians—Irish Americans, are true South Carolinians, they are true and patriotic Americans. They love South Carolina and they love America with the same love that they love Ireland and hence it is that on such occasions as this, when a toast is proposed to the 'State of South Carolina,' the Palmetto is greeted by 'loyal hearts and true' as ever hailed the shamrock in an Irish banquet hall. The few words which I shall address to you tonight shall be to you not as Irishmen or as descendants of Irishmen, but as Charlestonians and as South Carolinians—as men who rejoice that 'over the newly-wedded mountain and seaboard' as expressed in your toast, 'peace and prosperity' now reign. I know, my friends, and my countrymen, that I voice the sentiment of every true Charlestonian and of every true South Carolinian, when I say I rejoice that the day has come when, forgetting the things of the past we can, hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder, with renewed courage, as brethren, press on to the things which lie before. If it has fallen to my lot, as you kindly intimate in the sentiment which has just been read, to bear a humble part in bringing about this happy condition, I can only say that I found a fertile field in the plowing of which I found ready and willing helpers from the mountains to the seaboard. In every section of our State I found sturdy South Carolinians—men who loved South Carolina—men whose warm handclaps and whose untiring labor did far more than anything I could do to accomplish the results upon which we felicitate ourselves tonight. The era of peace and good will which today is prevailing in South Carolina means much for us in the present and for the future—for us, for our children and for our children's children. Whether or not we shall attain our full measure of good depends upon us and upon us alone. If we are to work out successfully the great future which I believe in before us as a people, we must practice not only in our lives but also in our politics the principles of the golden rule. We should seek to build up and not to pull down—to understand and not to misunderstand, remembering always that we are one people with a common heritage and a common destiny—all sons of one mother and that mother the grand old commonwealth and of South Carolina. A brighter day is breaking over our State—a day of industrial prosperity such as our forefathers never dreamed of. It is coming as surely as the sun will rise upon the morrow. We can see its signs on the horizon—we can breathe it in the very atmosphere. When a storm is over, and the lightning has ceased to flash and the thunder to shake the earth, how gladly does the traveler behold the rainbow in the cloud? It ascends from the rugged mountain top and with its myriad of colors spanning the sky, it seems to sink to rest in the bosom of the ocean—a holy covenant that never again shall these waters cover the earth. So it is with that prosperity which today is gradually spreading its bright bow of promise over South Carolina. From the 'everlasting hills' of the Piedmont to the bar on yonder harbor its light is beginning to radiate. That light is entering today the humble home of the laborer, making his home better and happier, it is causing the farmer to sing behind the plow, it is touching, as with the wand of a magician, our sleeping marts of trade and bidding the awake; it is making the negro realize that we are one people with our lines are fallen in pleasant places' and

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### Thinking Her Husband Dead a Lady Marries Another Man.

## CURIOUS STORY OF WEDLOCK.

### The Husband Mysteriously Disappeared Three Years Ago, and His Remains Found in the Woods Last Week.

The following dispatch published in The State on Tuesday, 17th instant, caused considerable comment in Columbia and elsewhere: "A human skeleton was found in an isolated spot in a pasture five miles from Wilmington, near the coast, and identified, as a result of an investigation by the coroner Wednesday, as that of W. W. Young, a white carpenter, 32 years old, who disappeared from his home in this city May 3, 1900. The cause of the man's death is unknown and the investigation is being pursued. Members of his family say they advertised for the man and made diligent search, at last giving up hope of finding him. Young has a wife and two children in Columbia, S. C., Mrs. Young having married a railroad employe named Roberts after the first husband's disappearance. On last Thursday morning the State published the following sequel to the above dispatch: "The Mrs. Young referred to is the widow of the late Mr. Wm. J. Roberts, a car inspector in the employ of the Southern railway, who was killed a few weeks ago by being run over in the Atlantic Coast Line yards. She married Mr. Roberts, believing her first husband was dead, no word having been heard of him since May, 1900. The dispatch from Wilmington was the first information she has had concerning him since that time. Mrs. Young, or rather Mrs. Roberts, lives at 928 Oak street in the Shannon district, and when seen Wednesday by a State reporter gave the details of her first husband's strange disappearance. In the year 1890 Young, a carpenter by trade and a native of Camden, married a Miss Kirby, the daughter of a farmer living in that county. This is the present Mrs. Roberts. They made their home in this city for a short period of time, leaving it to go to Parkville, and thence to Augusta. After two years' residence the couple went to Wilmington, N. C. During the period of their life in that latter city Young's health broke down and he was unable to work at his trade only at intervals. He grew no better and gradually his mind became affected. At the end of seven years Mrs. Young decided to leave Wilmington with her two children and return to this city to make her home with her father. The little family was then in very reduced circumstances and the plan was practically forced to a conclusion by this dire necessity. Young, who was then almost totally incapacitated for work, was left with his sisters in Wilmington in the hope that he might recover. Mrs. Young was in constant communication with his sisters from time she left North Carolina in November, 1899, but her husband's mental condition did not improve. He grew moody and took long walks alone if not watched. At times far out in the forests he would fall to the ground in the rigors of an epileptic fit and in his paroxysms inflict personal injuries upon himself. Once or twice he was found lying across his mother's grave in Bellevue cemetery. Finally it was decided that he should be sent to the North Carolina State Hospital for the Insane and a medical board was appointed by the authorities to examine him as to his sanity. But on the day previous to the examination Young mysteriously disappeared and nothing has ever been heard of him until the gruesome discovery on Monday last of his grinning skeleton lying in the dark woods near the mouth of the Cape Fear river. After Young was lost to sight every attempt was made to ascertain his whereabouts. The country for miles around Wilmington was searched and advertisements offering rewards inserted in the newspapers of the State. His fate remained a mystery, though it was practically concluded that he had fallen, in one of his paroxysms, into the Cape Fear river and had been drowned. His life was insured and his widow kept up the premiums for many months, expecting that his body would be recovered. For this purpose she used in part the receipts from the sale of his tool chest. When all hope had been abandoned the policy was allowed to lapse. Mrs. Young has now two children 9 and 11 years old respectively, born to her by her first husband. On February 6, 1902, she married Mr. Roberts, firmly believing at the time that her first husband was dead. It is a question as to whether his death had occurred at the time, but the probabilities are that it had.

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### W. C. King Convicted of Murdering James and Samuel Rodgers.

William C. King, the white man who murdered James and Samuel Rodgers in Florence County on January 31, was found guilty with recommendation to mercy Friday by the jury in the court of general sessions at Florence. His attorney, Walter Wells, Esq., made a motion for a new trial, but when court reconvened Friday afternoon he announced his abandonment of the motion, but gave notice of an appeal to the supreme court. Judge Gage then sentenced King to the penitentiary at hard labor for his natural life. A dispatch from Florence to The State says verdict has given unusual satisfaction, and groups of men can be seen on the streets discussing the case. Then general consensus of opinion is that it marks the beginning of a new era in South Carolina, especially this part of the State. It is asserted that this is the first conviction of a white man for the killing of another in this judicial circuit since Lockhart was convicted of manslaughter in Williamsburg county years ago under the late Judge I. D. Witherspoon. All the evidence in the King case goes to prove that it was an unprovoked, uncalculated murder of two obscure men, and all about a dog which King admitted that he had never seen. It is learned that the jury on the first ballot stood eight for murder with recommendation to mercy, three for murder outright and one for manslaughter. On the second ballot eleven were for conviction with recommendation to mercy and one for manslaughter. The next ballot was in conformity with the verdict rendered. When King was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he shook his head and said, "I have nothing to say." Judge Gage did not undertake to give him a lecture, neither did he refer to the heinous crime of which he stood convicted, but simply passed the formal legal sentence of life imprisonment in the penitentiary. William King is a man who perhaps has seen 53 summers; about six feet tall, weighing about 160 pounds. He has a brutal face, large protruding jaw bone, cold steel grey eyes which wove restlessly from side to side without turning his head. His head is very small and exceedingly narrow across the base of the skull. It is stated that the two Rogers men are not the only victims of his nimble pistol. Upon what grounds his attorney will base his appeal to the supreme court is not known, for it is an admitted fact that the judge charged the jury on every point on which he was requested and neither directly or indirectly referred to a single fact connected with the case, nor did he touch upon the evidence in the case.

## TWO DROWNED

### While Aleep on a Steamer, Which Suddenly Sinks While

## THE PASSENGERS SLUMBERED.

### The Waters Poured In Awakened Men, Women and Children to a Terrible Reality of Their Fate.

A dispatch from Palatka, Fla., says the steamer Metamora of the Lucas line running up the Ocklawaha river sank Thursday morning a little after three o'clock four miles above the mouth of the river. As the passengers were all asleep and the steamer sunk almost without a moment's warning it is almost a miracle that so few were drowned. Rufus King and Walter Watson, both colored residents of Palatka were drowned. Manual Myers, the well known pilot, who was at the wheel when the boat went down, was the first to discover that the boat was sinking. He immediately called Captain Mercier, who had just retired. Engineer Fred Priest, who was on duty at the time also noticed the peculiar lurching of the vessel and turned on the midship syphons, but finding no water he started aft and discovered that the vessel was sinking stern first. Engineer Rosignal by this time was on deck and ordered all hands to the cabin top. In an instant the vessel made a lurch to port striking the timber on the north bank of the river and with a crash rebounded to starboard and sank, submerging the second deck and filling the state rooms with water. With an axe Engineer Rosignal broke in the doors and windows, while other members of the crew under Captain Mercier carried out the half drowned passengers, some of whom had to be passed to the cabin roof over the outer rail. A boat was immediately sent to Welaka and within an hour row boats and launches were at the scene of the disaster. On these the terror-stricken women and children were taken to Welaka, where they were clothed and fed. Little or no baggage belonging to the passengers has been recovered. Many escaped in their night clothing only. The boat lies at an angle of almost 45 degrees. It is thought she can be hoisted. It is not known with certainty what caused the boat to sink, but it is believed her hull struck a sunken log, causing her to spring a leak. There were twenty passengers on board and all were saved. The two men who were drowned were of the crew.

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## CONFEDERATE RECORDS.

### The United States Government Wants to Preserve Them.

The Columbia Record says it was not generally known that in the appropriation act of the recent congress provision was made for the compilation of a complete roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies. Secretary of War Root has sent a letter to the governors of all states asking their cooperation in this work, which will be a most important and a stupendous one. In his letter he says there will be little or no difficulty in preparing a roster of the Union soldiers, for the state's furnishing them have already undertaken that duty and now have complete records as possible. He says, truly, that there will be difficulty in obtaining Confederate records in his department, and we wish that was the only difficulty to be encountered in this great work, for the loan of the necessary documents might easily be obtained if they were in existence. We fear few of the Southern states have ever looked after this matter at all carefully or systematically, and we know that our own state has no records that are at all complete. Time and again the legislature has been asked to appropriate a comparatively small sum in order that Confederate records might be preserved, and though at times small sums have been voted for the purpose, the amount has never been large enough to insure a complete and correct list of the names of all the soldiers of this state who enlisted in the war. It is hardly necessary to show that it is proper to preserve the names of all who fought or died in the cause of our state, not only because such a compilation would be of great historical value, but because it is our sacred duty to do so. The legislature in looking after this matter of preserving records of the names of those who fought and died in the cause of our state, and the consequence is that we have not these records for ourselves, and unless Confederate camps now take the matter in charge and see to it that our records are complete, the government compilation so far as we are concerned will be very inaccurate. If the South Carolina soldier is to receive the full credit due him something must be done to put our records in proper shape, for the government records in the future will be taken as official and correct.

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If it has fallen to my lot, as you kindly intimate in the sentiment which has just been read, to bear a humble part in bringing about this happy condition, I can only say that I found a fertile field in the plowing of which I found ready and willing helpers from the mountains to the seaboard. In every section of our State I found sturdy South Carolinians—men who loved South Carolina—men whose warm handclaps and whose untiring labor did far more than anything I could do to accomplish the results upon which we felicitate ourselves tonight. The era of peace and good will which today is prevailing in South Carolina means much for us in the present and for the future—for us, for our children and for our children's children. Whether or not we shall attain our full measure of good depends upon us and upon us alone. If we are to work out successfully the great future which I believe in before us as a people, we must practice not only in our lives but also in our politics the principles of the golden rule. We should seek to build up and not to pull down—to understand and not to misunderstand, remembering always that we are one people with a common heritage and a common destiny—all sons of one mother and that mother the grand old commonwealth and of South Carolina. A brighter day is breaking over our State—a day of industrial prosperity such as our forefathers never dreamed of. It is coming as surely as the sun will rise upon the morrow. We can see its signs on the horizon—we can breathe it in the very atmosphere. When a storm is over, and the lightning has ceased to flash and the thunder to shake the earth, how gladly does the traveler behold the rainbow in the cloud? It ascends from the rugged mountain top and with its myriad of colors spanning the sky, it seems to sink to rest in the bosom of the ocean—a holy covenant that never again shall these waters cover the earth. So it is with that prosperity which today is gradually spreading its bright bow of promise over South Carolina. From the 'everlasting hills' of the Piedmont to the bar on yonder harbor its light is beginning to radiate. That light is entering today the humble home of the laborer, making his home better and happier, it is causing the farmer to sing behind the plow, it is touching, as with the wand of a magician, our sleeping marts of trade and bidding the awake; it is making the negro realize that we are one people with our lines are fallen in pleasant places' and

## FOUND AT LAST.

### Thinking Her Husband Dead a Lady Marries Another Man.

## CURIOUS STORY OF WEDLOCK.

### The Husband Mysteriously Disappeared Three Years Ago, and His Remains Found in the Woods Last Week.

The following dispatch published in The State on Tuesday, 17th instant, caused considerable comment in Columbia and elsewhere: "A human skeleton was found in an isolated spot in a pasture five miles from Wilmington, near the coast, and identified, as a result of an investigation by the coroner Wednesday, as that of W. W. Young, a white carpenter, 32 years old, who disappeared from his home in this city May 3, 1900. The cause of the man's death is unknown and the investigation is being pursued. Members of his family say they advertised for the man and made diligent search, at last giving up hope of finding him. Young has a wife and two children in Columbia, S. C., Mrs. Young having married a railroad employe named Roberts after the first husband's disappearance. On last Thursday morning the State published the following sequel to the above dispatch: "The Mrs. Young referred to is the widow of the late Mr. Wm. J. Roberts, a car inspector in the employ of the Southern railway, who was killed a few weeks ago by being run over in the Atlantic Coast Line yards. She married Mr. Roberts, believing her first husband was dead, no word having been heard of him since May, 1900. The dispatch from Wilmington was the first information she has had concerning him since that time. Mrs. Young, or rather Mrs. Roberts, lives at 928 Oak street in the Shannon district, and when seen Wednesday by a State reporter gave the details of her first husband's strange disappearance. In the year 1890 Young, a carpenter by trade and a native of Camden, married a Miss Kirby, the daughter of a farmer living in that county. This is the present Mrs. Roberts. They made their home in this city for a short period of time, leaving it to go to Parkville, and thence to Augusta. After two years' residence the couple went to Wilmington, N. C. During the period of their life in that latter city Young's health broke down and he was unable to work at his trade only at intervals. He grew no better and gradually his mind became affected. At the end of seven years Mrs. Young decided to leave Wilmington with her two children and return to this city to make her home with her father. The little family was then in very reduced circumstances and the plan was practically forced to a conclusion by this dire necessity. Young, who was then almost totally incapacitated for work, was left with his sisters in Wilmington in the hope that he might recover. Mrs. Young was in constant communication with his sisters from time she left North Carolina in November, 1899, but her husband's mental condition did not improve. He grew moody and took long walks alone if not watched. At times far out in the forests he would fall to the ground in the rigors of an epileptic fit and in his paroxysms inflict personal injuries upon himself. Once or twice he was found lying across his mother's grave in Bellevue cemetery. Finally it was decided that he should be sent to the North Carolina State Hospital for the Insane and a medical board was appointed by the authorities to examine him as to his sanity. But on the day previous to the examination Young mysteriously disappeared and nothing has ever been heard of him until the gruesome discovery on Monday last of his grinning skeleton lying in the dark woods near the mouth of the Cape Fear river. After Young was lost to sight every attempt was made to ascertain his whereabouts. The country for miles around Wilmington was searched and advertisements offering rewards inserted in the newspapers of the State. His fate remained a mystery, though it was practically concluded that he had fallen, in one of his paroxysms, into the Cape Fear river and had been drowned. His life was insured and his widow kept up the premiums for many months, expecting that his body would be recovered. For this purpose she used in part the receipts from the sale of his tool chest. When all hope had been abandoned the policy was allowed to lapse. Mrs. Young has now two children 9 and 11 years old respectively, born to her by her first husband. On February 6, 1902, she married Mr. Roberts, firmly believing at the time that her first husband was dead. It is a question as to whether his death had occurred at the time, but the probabilities are that it had.

## HOW HE WORKED FARMERS.

### A Swindler Takes Advantage of a Cash in Advance Custom.

## GOES UP FOR LIFE.

### W. C. King Convicted of Murdering James and Samuel Rodgers.

William C. King, the white man who murdered James and Samuel Rodgers in Florence County on January 31, was found guilty with recommendation to mercy Friday by the jury in the court of general sessions at Florence. His attorney, Walter Wells, Esq., made a motion for a new trial, but when court reconvened Friday afternoon he announced his abandonment of the motion, but gave notice of an appeal to the supreme court. Judge Gage then sentenced King to the penitentiary at hard labor for his natural life. A dispatch from Florence to The State says verdict has given unusual satisfaction, and groups of men can be seen on the streets discussing the case. Then general consensus of opinion is that it marks the beginning of a new era in South Carolina, especially this part of the State. It is asserted that this is the first conviction of a white man for the killing of another in this judicial circuit since Lockhart was convicted of manslaughter in Williamsburg county years ago under the late Judge I. D. Witherspoon. All the evidence in the King case goes to prove that it was an unprovoked, uncalculated murder of two obscure men, and all about a dog which King admitted that he had never seen. It is learned that the jury on the first ballot stood eight for murder with recommendation to mercy, three for murder outright and one for manslaughter. On the second ballot eleven were for conviction with recommendation to mercy and one for manslaughter. The next ballot was in conformity with the verdict rendered. When King was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he shook his head and said, "I have nothing to say." Judge Gage did not undertake to give him a lecture, neither did he refer to the heinous crime of which he stood convicted, but simply passed the formal legal sentence of life imprisonment in the penitentiary. William King is a man who perhaps has seen 53 summers; about six feet tall, weighing about 160 pounds. He has a brutal face, large protruding jaw bone, cold steel grey eyes which wove restlessly from side to side without turning his head. His head is very small and exceedingly narrow across the base of the skull. It is stated that the two Rogers men are not the only victims of his nimble pistol. Upon what grounds his attorney will base his appeal to the supreme court is not known, for it is an admitted fact that the judge charged the jury on every point on which he was requested and neither directly or indirectly referred to a single fact connected with the case, nor did he touch upon the evidence in the case.

## TWO DROWNED

### While Aleep on a Steamer, Which Suddenly Sinks While

## THE PASSENGERS SLUMBERED.

### The Waters Poured In Awakened Men, Women and Children to a Terrible Reality of Their Fate.

A dispatch from Palatka, Fla., says the steamer Metamora of the Lucas line running up the Ocklawaha river sank Thursday morning a little after three o'clock four miles above the mouth of the river. As the passengers were all asleep and the steamer sunk almost without a moment's warning it is almost a miracle that so few were drowned. Rufus King and Walter Watson, both colored residents of Palatka were drowned. Manual Myers, the well known pilot, who was at the wheel when the boat went down, was the first to discover that the boat was sinking. He immediately called Captain Mercier, who had just retired. Engineer Fred Priest, who was on duty at the time also noticed the peculiar lurching of the vessel and turned on the midship syphons, but finding no water he started aft and discovered that the vessel was sinking stern first. Engineer Rosignal by this time was on deck and ordered all hands to the cabin top. In an instant the vessel made a lurch to port striking the timber on the north bank of the river and with a crash rebounded to starboard and sank, submerging the second deck and filling the state rooms with water. With an axe Engineer Rosignal broke in the doors and windows, while other members of the crew under Captain Mercier carried out the half drowned passengers, some of whom had to be passed to the cabin roof over the outer rail. A boat was immediately sent to Welaka and within an hour row boats and launches were at the scene of the disaster. On these the terror-stricken women and children were taken to Welaka, where they were clothed and fed. Little or no baggage belonging to the passengers has been recovered. Many escaped in their night clothing only. The boat lies at an angle of almost 45 degrees. It is thought she can be hoisted. It is not known with certainty what caused the boat to sink, but it is believed her hull struck a sunken log, causing her to spring a leak. There were twenty passengers on board and all