

"DO THOU LIBERTY GREAT. INSPIRE OUR SOULS AND MAKE OUR LIVES IN THY POSSESSION HAPPY, OR OUR DEATHS GLORIOUS IN THY CAUSE."

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1903.

NO. 20

VOL. XXVII.

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 Healthman, to important county officials residing at Indianola, have been sent to Greenville, and this he declared was an unwarrantable 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 president, he said, had usurped the 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."

HELP FOR THE INJURED.

Those who had been fortunate enough to jump from the runaway cars quickly ran to the outside and told of the accident. Help was quickly brought to the men buried beneath the pile of wreckage, which filled the six-foot leading for a distance of twenty yards. At a late hour Thursday night the wreckage had been cleared away and the injured all taken out.

SOLD DEATH FOR \$100.

Herb Doctor Arrested for Administering Poison to Thirty-Four Men.

Seventy letters, written mostly by women, have been found in the home of George Hoosey, the negro "herb doctor" of Philadelphia, who is accused of being an accessory to the alleged murder of William G. Danze.

These letters, which are said to be of an incriminating nature, vary little in their terms, and it is asserted, show that Hoosey charged \$100 for every case. Some of the letters point to payment of the fee installments.

The police officials have directed the opening of 31 graves, having secured evidence that leads them to believe that George Hoosey, the negro "herb doctor," is responsible for at least that many deaths. Hoosey is in jail as accessory to the murder of William G. Danze, whose widow is charged with having administered to her husband slow poison furnished by the negro.

"We do not know how many poisonous cases can be traced to Hoosey," said a police official today, "but thus far we have secured evidence that has warranted us in directing the opening of 31 graves."

This case is assuming proportions far beyond the comprehension of those connected with it at the time Hoosey was arrested. The real investigation is just beginning and before it proceeds much further startling developments will crop out.

A Strange Case.

Twenty years ago last August Mrs. Adam Weaver, of Zebulon, Ga., received a bite from a copperhead snake. Annually thereafter, with the recurrence of dog days, the wound would become swollen and her limb would assume the peculiar mottled appearance of a copperhead snake. Her health became broken in time that recently she died of all the symptoms of a snake bite just received. Physicians say there are but few similar cases on record.

A Cranky Teacher.

Prof. A. T. Weaver, of Asheville, N. C., at the head of a leading educational institution has been sent to jail because he refused to be vaccinated and also because of his refusal to pay a fine of \$25 for the same. The vaccination was ordered as a precaution against smallpox. Prof. Weaver, it is said, may institute legal proceedings against the authorities, and may take the case before the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

An Honor Well Bestowed.

The president Thursday announced the members of the board of visitors to the West Point Military academy as follows: Hon. D. B. Henderson of Iowa, Hon. George F. Baxter of Colorado, Col. Ashby Covard, superintendent of the South Carolina Military academy; Joseph C. Dillington of Philadelphia, Wm. A. Brew, Jr., of Boston; the Rev. Ernest M. Sears, D. D., St. Thomas church, New York; and J. G. Schmiedlapp of Cincinnati.

A Fatal Accident.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., a freight train crashed into a furniture van of the North Side Transfer Company at the Sandusky street crossing, at Allegheny, Wednesday, wrecking the van and killing two men. Two others were seriously injured. The van was completely wrecked and three horses were killed.

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.

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.

I 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 historic society the birthday of him who is the patron saint of the Emerald Isle.

Hearty Irish fond 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, "we of America and of Ireland," 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-dawn is nigh!"

I 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 and Irish Americans 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 an occasion as this, when a toast is proposed to the "State of South Carolina," the Calm is greeted by as "loyal hearts and true" as ever halted 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 Carolinians and as South Carolinians—as men who rejoice in the newly-wedded mountain and seaboard of my State, and in the toast, "peace and prosperity" now reign. I know, my friends, and my countrymen, that I voice the sentiment of every true Carolinian and of every true South Carolinian, when I say I rejoice that the day has come when the things of the past we can hand down to our children 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 occasion, I can only say that I found a fertile field, in the path 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 hearty cheering were 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 attainments. Whether or not we shall attain to the heights of good deeds depends upon us and upon us alone. If we are to work out successfully the great future which I believe lies 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 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 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 morning. 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 those 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 them awake; it is making us truly Carolinians realize the fact that South Carolina lies fallen in pleasant places and

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On last Thursday morning the State published the following sequel to the above dispatch:

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Mrs. Young, or rather Mrs. Roberts, lives at 929 Oak street in the Shannon district, and when seen Wednesday by a State reporter gave the details of her 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, Mo., to Augusta. After two years' residence the couple went to Wilmington, N. C.

During the period of their life in Parkville, the young couple broke down and he was able to work at his trade only at intervals. He grew no better and gradually became weaker and weaker. 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 the 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, 1897, 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 in 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 his examination Young mysteriously disappeared and nothing has since 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 was searched and advertisements offering rewards inserted in the newspapers of the State. His fate remained a mystery, through 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 by 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 8, 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.

Tural Feet Routes.

There are now 230 rural free delivery routes in operation in South Carolina and more in process of being established. These carriers are paid by checks issued by Postmaster Ensor against funds on deposit in the Carolina National bank, the national depository in Columbia. Some idea of the magnitude to which this service has grown in this state can be obtained from the statement that the monthly pay roll of these carriers amounts to over \$11,000.

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A Terrible Disaster.

The steamer Mariposa, one day last week from Samoa, brings news of the disastrous hurricane which swept over the Pomoutou group of islands in January. In all over 600 lives were lost and the financial loss will exceed \$500,000. The Pomoutou group of islands number about 100. Relief measures have been instituted and everything possible is being done at Apia and other places in the Samoan group to relieve the sufferings of the Pomoutou Islanders.

GOES UP FOR LIFE.

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

STATE PHARMACEUTICAL BOARD.

Holds a Most Pleasant Meeting in the City of Orangeburg.

The State Pharmaceutical Examining Board, which is composed of Drs. Edward A. Burnham, Frank M. Smith and W. H. Zeigler of Charleston, O. E. Thomas and O. Y. Owings of Columbia, J. G. DeLorme of Sumter and M. H. Sanfifer of Rock Hill, met in Orangeburg on Wednesday morning to hold the spring examinations. For the first time in the history of the board there were no applicants for examination and the board had nothing to do.

The absence of applicants while a disappointment in one sense, shows that the young men who are to be the pharmacists of years to come are fully alive to the responsibility of the profession and are preparing themselves through college courses instead of trying to prepare themselves through an apprenticeship in the drug store as in the days of the past.

The hospitality of Orangeburg is proverbial, and the members of the board were the recipients of many pleasant attentions at the hands of the resident profession, the most noteworthy of which was a banquet in the evening. This delightful affair was given at St. Joseph's hotel, the drug druggists of the city, the hosts of the evening and the guests, the members of the examining board, the resident physicians and members of the press.

Those present were: Dr. Edward S. Burnham, Dr. Frank M. Smith, Dr. H. J. Zeigler, Dr. J. G. DeLorme, Dr. O. E. Thomas, Dr. H. Sanfifer, Dr. J. G. Wannamaker, Dr. J. M. Oliver, Dr. A. S. Hydrick, Dr. T. G. Doyle, Dr. A. C. Dukes, Dr. S. A. Reeves, Dr. D. M. Galley, Dr. T. A. Jeffords, Dr. D. J. Hydrick, Dr. T. E. Reeves, Dr. D. D. Salley, Dr. Lin C. Scheut, Dr. J. A. Clifton, Dr. Chas. P. Berrylock, Dr. W. R. Lowman, Dr. A. C. Ligon, and Messrs. George T. Keller, J. T. Parks, Robert Lide, W. K. Sease, L. L. Sims.

The dining room and table were prettily decorated for the occasion and the menu varied, comprising the delicacies of the season. There was no social speaking, but Dr. Doyle, who is the city's mayor, made a short address of welcome which was responded to by Dr. Burnham, chairman of the pharmaceutical board. A number of gentlemen were then called on for speeches, all of whom responded briefly and to the point.

The evening was enjoyed to the utmost by the entire party and the members of the examining board declared it the most delightful entertainment ever accorded them. As for the hosts of the evening, they found such a keen pleasure in their role that they announced their decision to ask the State Pharmaceutical Association to meet here next year, and if this proposition is accepted it is safe to say the association will be entertained in royal style, surpassing anything ever accorded them.

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 Sherman sent a letter to the governors of all states asking their cooperation in this work, which will be 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 a complete record of their names, says, truly, that there will be difficulty in obtaining Confederate records in his department, and we wish that 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 the matters of present or pressing need has neglected to appreciate the importance of this work, 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, and the future will be taken as official and correct.

Nothing But Rot.

The Columbia Record says a good deal of nonsensical talk is being talked and published as to what was said between Chico and the governor in their interview, and some of the bright sayings ascribed to the blind tiger dealer, he is mentally incapable of conceiving, much less saying. The interview, in so far as Chico was concerned, was of no sense an outrageous insult to the majority of the legislature, and had he not come under a flag of truce, as it were the governor would have been justified in at once placing him in jail. This making Chico the hero of conversational controversy, so to speak, is disgusting, when the circumstances are considered.

They Will Be There.

Among other novel features of the St. Louis exposition will be the reunion of the Smith and Lewis families, which all the Smiths and Lewises in the country will be invited to attend. The Smiths are raising a fund of \$10,000 for the erection of a building on the exposition grounds to be used as their headquarters during the fair.

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TWO DROWNED.

While Asleep on a Steamer, Which Suddenly Sinks While

THE PASSENGERS SLUM'ERED.

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 sank 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. Annual Myers, the well known r. c., who was at the wheel when the boat went down, was the first to discover that the boat was sinking. He immediately called Captain Mercer, 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 flooding 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 Mercer 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 men 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 light clothing only. The boat lies at an angle of almost 45 degrees. It is thought she was overloaded. 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.

A Terrible Tragedy.

A horrible tragedy occurred at Riley station, Ky., on the Louisville and Nashville railroad Thursday when Deputy Sheriff B. Williams, with a posse of three men, went to arrest an unknown crazy man. The maniac was armed with three pistols and was frightening people in that vicinity. He imagined a mob was after him to hang him. When Deputy Sheriff Williams and his posse approached the man and tried to overpower him he drew his pistol and commenced to fire. The deputy sheriff was shot through the body, sustaining a serious wound. Gabriel Floyd, in the back, Samuel Payne, through the arm and Samuel Devers received a scalp wound. After Williams had been fatally wounded, the mob, through his antagonists' head killing him instantly. Nothing was found on the dead man's person to identify him, but he had \$42 in money and a gold watch. Early in the day he had said that his mother lived in Nelson county. The recovery of Williams and Floyd is doubtful.

The Human Body.

A French chemist, of a particularly inquiring turn, says the Medical Journal, has determined by experiment that the body of a man, of about 80 kilos, has all the chemical elements represented in the yolk and white of twelve hundred ordinary sized eggs of the common hen. Properly reduced, such a body would furnish 96 cubic metres of gas and sufficient hydrogen to fill a balloon with an ascensional force of 70 kilos. Normal man, as a result of his population, is made up of some of our surplus population to these ends. Let us diversify our industries.

Accounts Short.

A shortage of over \$5,000 has been found in the accounts of the late J. S. Campbell, county treasurer for Richland. It is a year since the death of Capt. Campbell, and the estate has made no settlement with the county. Mr. B. M. Spikener, the treasurer elected to succeed Campbell, took the office from Mr. E. J. Brennan, who succeeded Capt. Campbell, until the cloud can be cleared. The late treasurer was in feeble health and had a great deal of sorrow the last two years of his life. His mental condition is advanced charitably as the cause of the deficiency. No official statement can be obtained.

Things Pennell Did It.

A Buffalo preacher has undertaken to place responsibility for the murder of Burdick upon the lawyer, Pennell, who was crushed to death beneath his automobile ten days after the mysterious crime had been developed. The preacher declares that Pennell killed Burdick and afterwards deliberately drove his automobile to a death plunge to kill himself and his wife.

In the Farmers' Improvement Society of Texas there are 3,000 negro farmers, who own 50,000 acres of land. That's the sort of solution of the race problem that is needed; and the white people of the south are willing to do all in their power to help the negroes solve it along that line.