

"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, NOVEMBER 6, 1903.

A BRUTAL MURDER.

Henry Patrick Shoots and Cuts His Wife to Death.

LITTLE ANNIE'S TESTIMONY.

Crased by Drink, the Infatuated Husband Accuses His Wife of Unfaithfulness and Then Kills Her.

Bennettsville had a shocking murder on last Tuesday week, the particulars of which are most revolting. A dispatch to the State says: A ghastly sight met the gaze of those who went to the home of Henry Patrick, a three-room cottage in the southeastern portion of Bennettsville near the cotton mill Tuesday morning. On the floor, face downward in a pool of her own blood, lay the dead body of Mrs. Mary Ellen Patrick with a gun shot wound just under her left ear and six gashes made with a knife or razor across her throat. In another room across her husband, in another room were two little children, a boy of 2 and a girl of 6, seeming not to realize that their mother had been murdered by their father. There is but one known eye-witness to the tragedy—that is the girl, little Annie May. Her story is as follows: I was in bed with mamma asleep and was waked up by the fuss. Papa was cursing mamma about a note she wrote to Raleigh Stewart. Kit Cox told him about the note, he cursed Kit and told her if she didn't get out he would cut her brains out and Kit went out. Mamma was sitting up in bed. She told papa to take that gun away and he shot her. She fell down on the bed and blood on my arm. He told her, "Damn you, damn you and Raleigh Stewart too." He was cursing every kind of a way and was standing up by the bed. After he shot her he pulled her out of the bed and dragged her into another room. Mr. Capel's place. After he shot Mamma papa told him if he didn't get up and make a fire for his little girl to warm he would shoot his old horse down. The negro brought papa home and put him in the porch and he went to sleep. I tried to go to sleep but couldn't and Mr. Carpenter came and carried me to his house. Raleigh was here when papa came home last night. Mamma was writing a letter to Raleigh and gave it to him herself. Papa told him if he didn't get away from here he would shoot his guts out. The collateral evidence gathered from several other witnesses is summed up below.

Mrs. Kit Cox, a woman about 30 years old, who recently came here from Stanley county, North Carolina, was boarding at Patrick's. She said she had heard no threats or fuss but left the house because Patrick was unoccupied and slept on the floor in an unoccupied room. The rest of the night she heard the rest of the wife after she left Patrick's. Two young men, Raleigh T. Stewart and Walter S. Carpenter, spent the evening at Patrick's home and drank with the men and then left again. Carpenter swore that while they were there Mrs. Patrick wrote a note and handed it to Stewart. Stewart handed one to a negro woman, a young man left between 9 and 10 o'clock. When Carpenter got home he found Patrick there and they again drank together. Patrick left there between 11 and 12. Carpenter's father said the gun fired after 1. Soon afterward the girl and the little girl came over and the girl said, "Mamma has killed her hand and it was bloody." Carpenter sent for the sheriff and he found Patrick lying at his steps in a drunken stupor. He had to be carried to jail in a buggy and was carried up the steps. He said nothing about the killing. Stewart denied knowing anything about the note. "I think that is a mistake," he said. "I did not receive any note." Stewart is a brother of J. T. Stewart, contractor for the wood work on A. J. Matheson's new residence and is himself at work on the building. Patrick is a well known character here. He has been living until about two months ago on Matheson street, near the depot. He was for a long time employed by two Marlboro Wholesale grocery. He is a strong, robust man, weighing about 200. His wife weighed little more than half of that. Mrs. Patrick was a daughter of John O. Sanders, an old and well known citizen of Bennettsville. Your correspondent saw Patrick on Wednesday afternoon and asked him if he had anything to say for publication. He said he was sorry the accident occurred, but that it was purely an accident. "I was loading my gun," he said, "and it went off. Mrs. Cox was there when it occurred, and I think Raleigh Stewart was there too. Sheriff Green has my knife and there is no blood on it."

A Valuable Tree.

It is reported by consul general Guenther that a new plant has been discovered in South America that promises to supplant the sugar cane and sugar beet. This plant is said to contain a large amount of saccharine matter and a high percentage of natural sugar properties which are easy to extract. It is said to be easy to cultivate in climates like those of the southern portion of the United States and according to experiments made by the discerning director of the agricultural institute of Agrucion, this plant is said to yield a sugar which is from twenty to thirty times as sweet as ordinary cane or beet sugar.

The Deadly Hot Supper.

At a hot supper in Rock Mills township Anderson county Thursday night Sam Reed and Shug Jones got into a difficulty. Reed drew his pistol and began shooting. He failed to hit the man he was shooting, at but one of his bullets hit Jones' brother, Will Jones, in the eye and killed him instantly. Reed fired two shots after killing Jones and then said it was about time for him to be going and left the house and has not been seen since. All parties are negroes.

GO IN THEIR DIRTY WORK.

A Number of People Were Robbed by Pickpockets.

SEND NEGRO AWAY.

Is the Only Race Problem Solution. Says Bishop Turner.

CLAMORING FOR AFRICAN HOME.

White and Black People Can Never Understand Each Other and Should Not Live Together Having Each Other.

"This nation or its aggressive people will either have to open up a highway to Africa for the discontented black man or the negro question will hinder this Government. There will be no peace to the United States as long as the negro question is an issue. I will tell the black man what John Temple Graves thought, but was reluctant to express. Your very existence depends upon separation. At present there is no Christian unity, much less civil and political unity. A shameful division prevails." In these strong terms Bishop H. M. Turner, one of the most distinguished colored ministers in the South, addressed himself to a mass meeting of his race at Atlanta recently. His address was in large measure a reply to the Rev. H. S. Bradley, who had opposed the separation of the race. Bishop Turner has for many years advocated the movement of the negro to Africa, and has been long expected, dealt with the question in plain language. In part he said: DO NOT UNDERSTAND NEGRO. "The bulk of white men know but little about the inner feelings and idiosyncrasies of the negro. When they speak about black men emigrating to better their conditions they signify, by reason of the fact that it is not a question that concerns them enough to get the most intelligent thought. I know there are many white men who ride into popularity by pretending to know all about the negro, but they only know the ignorant and scullions side of him. In this country, where white represents God and black the devil, but little thought is given to the black man's future. Everything that concerns the negro is whitened down to the present contingencies, and the eternal future which involves and contemplates change, revolution, mutation and destiny of races is but little thought of and if the negro does not think about it himself it will receive but little attention and our status as a race, to use the language of the elder Judge Lumpkin, is so ignoble and the foolish scare-crow of social equality has become such a hubbub with the ignorant masses that we are further apart in spirit and sympathy than heaven and hell. We are as ignorant of each other as we are of the life of the same world. The very conditions that surround and confront us forbid a white man from having any palpable knowledge of the negro, and I could bring a hundred illustrations to establish this fact. It was verified the other night in Dr. Bradley's address, when he said the negroes were American citizens and did not wish to be segregated.

NO REAL CITIZENSHIP.

"The doctor says the negro is an American citizen. I wish he were correct. Twelve millions of colored people of the United States would throw their hats heaven high if this doctor were a reality or could be established. Surely the doctor has not been apprised of the fact that the United States Supreme Court, called the United States Supreme Court, has issued a legislative decision taking away every vestige of his civil rights, and in the recent Alabama case has declared his political rights a nullity, and outside of the laws that tax and work the roads has not a single right that would prompt him to be a man. I would not mention the degradation this decision or these decisions (for there are three of them) have inflicted upon the negro in detail, but it would be too voluminous and do no good to list them. If any man will show me a decision from any other Court of last resort in the world.

A Fool and His Money.

The Three Card Game Played on Hartford Man.

WHO OWNS THE RAILROADS.

About Two Million People Are Directly Interested in Them.

PASS HIM AROUND.

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A STRANGE CASE.

Took Lives That He Might Gain Blood from the Bodies.

MOST HORRIBLE NARRATIVE.

A Russian Convict Who Can be Neither Put to Death or be Pledged for His Awful Crimes.

Watch from St. Petersburg, says the latest St. Petersburg mail, to the minister of the Interior, contains the following extraordinary story: A convict 1,118, name Kaseraki, was banished to the village of eighteen murders lately in the island have been reported. He is guilty of many more. He is unable to state just how many he killed. Convict-peonant first attracted the attention of the authorities by the money with which he sold fatigues. He raised more than fifty dollars. At the same time his crimes continued to multiply in the neighborhood and finally a house search was decided upon. In the house of convict Number 1118, three bottles containing a dark liquid were found. When questioned, he said he used the stuff to grease his boots. He granted that this he and the other convicts did to make the soles of the bottles to show that they did not contain poison or explosives. The convict complied with seeming pleasure and the search continued. Something that looked like a human foot was found in the pig-sty, and the search being aroused, the governor ordered the garden dug up, with the result that eighteen human skulls were discovered buried there. The convict then confessed that he was responsible for the numerous disappearances, and, maybe, for the death of many more persons—he could not remember how many he had killed in the last three or four years. He claimed that his crimes were due to irresistible impulse, a wild passion for drinking human blood. He said he could not exist without a bottle stored away in his larder. At the same time the convict was proud to show that he was not a murderer. "The money found on this convict," he said, "was not turned to their relatives (which was my wish), or kept at the bottom of my shirt, from where it was recovered by the authorities. He confessed, though, that he had made good use of their bodies, by cutting them up and feeding his hogs on them. The investigation is still continuing. In Russia, the death penalty is imposed only on political criminals, this ferocious monster will be suffered to live, and the czar's order against corporal punishment, formulated some two months ago, will likewise favor him. A further report by the medical authorities of the penal colony is that convict 1118 is perfectly rational.

BLIND TIGERS KNOCKED OUT.

Constables Stationed at Every Place and Give Dealers No Chance.

The Columbia Record says "some time before the raid opened it was rumored that an extra force of constables would be stationed here during the week to look after the blind tigers. The rumor proved true, and it is done in the most judicious way. In fact it may be stated that the tigers are completely out of business. Every place where it was known that whiskey was sold had a constable stationed in it. These took regular "sifts" relieving each other, and there was no chance for the dealers to do any business at all. Several of them Thursday afternoon closed their doors abruptly, except those which happened to have restaurant attachments. These had to do strictly a restaurant business owing to the constant presence of a constable. In one Main street restaurant a visitor called on a drink in the presence of a constable, and being informed that he could not be served he launched out in a general denunciation of constables. A fight resulted and there were hot times for a few minutes. The visitor was badly handled, though he put up a stiff spar. Notwithstanding their close watch in the city the constables managed to go out into the country and capture a large quantity of contraband hidden in the woods. As a chronicler of the sayings and doings of the people the Record states the fact that there is a good deal of kicking among a large class of visitors. They want a drink occasionally at night and they can't understand how they could get it last week and probably next week must not be served this week. That's the way they talk, but the authorities are obdurate and are enforcing the law as it has never been done here before."

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A HOTEL DISPENSARY.

Was Ordered Closed Wednesday by Order of the Governor.

NEGRO PROBLEM AN ISSUE.

Senator Gorman Says It Will Help the Democrats.

A SNAKE CHARMER.

Is Bitten by a Huge Rattlesnake That He Was Handling.

STRUGGLES WITH REPTILE.

With the Deadly Fangs Twice Planted in His Finger the Man Ran Swiftly to the Hospital.

A special dispatch from Charlotte to the Atlanta Journal says L. O. Crouch, of Winston, N. C., is at the Presbyterian hospital suffering from dangerous wounds inflicted by a rattlesnake, which he was exhibiting at the fair grounds. Mr. Crouch is a cripple, and has a wife and seven children. A year ago he started to collecting snakes and other animals and exhibiting them, and has made a good living by this industry. Big letters on his tent declare that he has inside 'ground lizards, four-legged rooster, cobra, squirrels and rattlesnakes.' Crouch has five rattlesnakes—two large and three small ones. He bought these within a year from men who captured them in their wild state. Until Friday Crouch had handled all his snakes with safety, though he realized that the poison had not been extracted from the fangs of two of the large snakes. The largest snake is over four feet long, and has a number of rattles. Mr. Crouch took this snake from its box to show to the young man who was in the tent. The rattler was plainly in an ugly mood. He was held at the neck by the hand of Crouch, but the rear part of his body described whirling curves and clutched the forearm of his owner. With a sudden wrench the reptile jerked his head loose, and venomous head went up quickly, and then the fangs settled in the middle finger of Crouch's right hand. With a scream Crouch grabbed at the snake with both hands and flung it away from him. The snake fell to the earth, but before it could move Crouch, flung it down by the foot resting on the back of the head. The rattler was plainly in an ugly mood. He was held at the neck by the hand of Crouch, but the rear part of his body described whirling curves and clutched the forearm of his owner. With a sudden wrench the reptile jerked his head loose, and venomous head went up quickly, and then the fangs settled in the middle finger of Crouch's right hand. 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