

LETTER FROM ATLANTA.

Sunlight and Shadow in the Gate City.

To the Editor of the Gazette:

ATLANTA, Ga., March 17, 1899.

A wholesale slaughter of negroes by a mob of about twenty-five masked white men took place at Palmetto, Ga., a little town twenty-five miles from Atlanta, on Thursday morning about 2 o'clock.

Nine negroes who were being guarded in an old warehouse, charged with arson, were ranged in line and a volley of shot and slugs poured into them from Winchester and pistols in the hands of the whitecaps.

Four fell dead and three were badly injured, one of whom will die; but strange to say two escaped.

It has been the annihilation of the weak in Georgia, in fact in the whole South, for it was one of the bloodiest and most desperate crimes perhaps that have ever occurred in Georgia.

For the past two or three months the little village of Palmetto has been in a fever of excitement for fear of an outbreak on the part of the negroes in that town. On account of the arrest and nearly imposed upon several negroes for idling around the place and for running "blind tigers," they sought to even up matters by burning the town, and several incendiary fires have occurred there lately. Much damage had been done by the fires and the citizens grow so alarmed that they have been doing voluntary patrol duty every night for two months in order to protect themselves.

On last Wednesday a negro was arrested on suspicion of having set fire to one or more of the destroyed homes, and as soon as arrested he confessed to the dastardly work and implicated eight other negroes. They were immediately arrested and the nine prisoners, tied together, were placed in an old warehouse and a guard of sever-

hauled to his horse. The mourners gathered and amid their wailing and moaning the supposed corpse raised his head and called for a drink of water. The frightened negroes were screaming from the house. He was finally carried to a drugstore for examination, where it was found he had received not so much as a scratch. He was simply frightened to death—for the time being.

After the mob had finished their bloody work they mounted their horses and rode away—as swiftly and as mysteriously as they had appeared.

The shooting had thoroughly aroused the quiet little village, and citizens came pouring out of every house. They thought the guards were being murdered by the negro prisoners or their friends. Excitement was intense. The white citizens feared that friends of the dead negroes would try to avenge the death of their black brothers before assistance could arrive. The mayor telephoned the Governor at 4 o'clock for military assistance, and at 10 o'clock a special train bearing fifty picked men from the Fifth Regiment left Atlanta for Palmetto.

There had been no further trouble up to the time of their arrival, though there would have been serious trouble in the afternoon, it is said, had the troops not arrived, for the negroes were gathering in squads and were sullen and threatening. But upon the arrival of the soldiers the town was put under strict martial law and quiet has been restored ever since. Nearly every negro has fled from the town and no further trouble is anticipated. In fact the special troops sent by the Governor have been withdrawn except about fifteen, who still remain on guard.

The action of the mob is pretty general.

It is a peculiar tramp. He did not resist the lavatory and he has gone to work."

INSANE MAN HANGED.

On last Tuesday Robert Lewis, a white man, was hanged here for the murder of Charles Haynes. The murder was committed on the 29th of last July, and was a cold-blooded deed. Haynes was foreman of a big building then in the course of construction and Lewis was working under him. For some reason he discharged Lewis, and on the same afternoon, as he was leaving his work, Lewis met him on the street near the building, took deliberate aim and shot him to death.

Lewis' attorney tried hard to save his life on the plea of insanity.

A stay of execution was granted for two weeks to allow an examination to be made as to his sanity. One very prominent physician declared him insane. Another equally as prominent said he was sane. Application for his pardon, because of his insanity, was in the hands of the pardon board, but it was simply a choice between the opinions of the two physicians. They accepted the sane theory and hung him.

A post-mortem examination made by Dr. W. P. Nicholson, one of the most eminent surgeons in the South, disclosed the fact that there was a disease in the brain of the executed murderer. In the opinion of this doctor Lewis was not possessed of his full quota of reasoning powers. But the discovery was made too late—for the executed man, at least.

DEATH OF EX-MAYOR GLENK.

Hon. John T. Glenn, Atlanta's mayor in 1889-90, died suddenly about 5 o'clock on last Tuesday morning. He was one of Atlanta's most prominent citizens and an able lawyer of extensive practice. A stroke of apoplexy was the cause of his death. He had recently returned from Washington where he was seeking the appointment of judge for the Fifth Judicial Circuit.

His death is universally lamented in the whole South—in Atlanta particularly, where he had thousands of friends.

PHASE II.

A New Style White House Reception. Washington Special to Baltimore Sun.

The new custom of "courtesying" before Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Hobart and the ladies of the line, in place of the shaking of hands, is becoming more and more popular, and is in vogue as much by Americans as well as distinguished foreigners. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador and dean of the diplomatic corps, with the courtly grace of a "New Old English gentleman," makes a profound bow before each of the ladies in turn, while Lady Pauncefote and the Misses Pauncefote follow with graceful, old-fashioned "courtesies." All the members of the diplomatic corps are most courteously in their stately greetings.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) druggist called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Finding the doctor to be left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by J. E. Curry & Company.

One of the most unique characters ever arrested in Atlanta was a "hobo" whose picture I send you. I gazed upon the queer individual myself and can testify to the correctness of the likeness. In fact it doesn't do him justice. His head snoring in a box-car on the outskirts of the city "awoke" a policeman who was beating his best woe. The tramp was arrested and sent to the city stockade for twenty-one days.

The Evening Journal's description in part of this "King of the Hobos" was as follows:

"The search in the box car revealed a bundle of rags which might have measured fully seven or eight bushels. There did not seem to be a whole garment in the tangled mass, and there

was hardly a piece of cloth a square foot in size. There were strings and nails dotting over the debris of his habiliments to hold the crazy patch-work together.

Near one end of this heap of strings and tatters the noise issued from the head of a human creature. The head was covered with a shaggy, straggly growth of thick brown hair unkempt and tangled, and on one side was the spotted half of a dirty wool hat.

"Hence that hat was a face covered with straggly light beard and railroad grime ground into the skin till the complexion did not bear a resemblance to human flesh.

"Two hands as black and soiled and crooked as the talons of a beast were folded complacently over the undulating bosom and down some distance below two feet were encased in fold after fold of tow-sacks bound with twine.

"With half a hat, half a dozen pieces of half a dozen coats of different shades and ages and patterns, trousers that were a veritable patchwork and shoes made of sack wrapping, his costume excelled by far any make-up of the tramp character ever put on the toughest play house. In his load of baggage there were a dozen pairs of garments, about fifty pounds of railroad brass, a stew pan, a dinner bell, a quart measure, some bits of bone, a few nokeys and a handful of peas.

"He rode in triumph to the station house this morning in the rear car of a procession of three patrol wagons sent out to Inman Park to take part in the grand entry. He stood up in the wagon, and producing a cigar from some mysterious receptacle among the folds of his clothes, lit it evenly and looked smilingly upon the crowds which gathered all along the line of regal march to see his majesty. He took off his hat reverently as he passed the Grady hospital and waved it in dignified acknowledgment of the attention shown him when forty policemen of the morning watch cheered his arrival at the station house.

"He speaks little English and that little almost unintelligible.

"When carried to the stockade Captain Camp stripped his royal highness, cut off his hair close to the scalp, shaved his coarse beard smooth and washed the remains for half an hour in water and lye soap.

"He is now arrayed in a decent though ill-fitting suit and is not liable to frighten the city gang into fits.

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BEARS AND HORSE FIGHT.

Jim Bell's Wild Animal Was Shooked to Wit and he Hid.

Simpson's Corner, N. C., Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

Fully 150 typical mountaineers, hunters, trappers and Tar heel leopards, were congregated about Simpson's store, the only place of business within twenty miles, when I arrived last Saturday. Having a curiosity to learn the cause of the odd combination, I enquired of a longlimbed, red-headed butternut hunter.

"Wal, stranger, there's goin' to come off right away the gosh darrest fight you ever saw right here at the corner."

"Who are the contestants and what are they going to fight for?"

"Thar ain't no who 'bout it. It's ole Jim Bell's stallyn that's goin' to lambrate Sam Carter's two big bears, an' let me tell you stranger, it will be a fight to 'member for many a year, an' I'm bettin on the stallyn."

"A horse to do battle with two full grown bears? My friend, the bears ought to be able to tear him to pieces in a jiffy."

"Say stranger, it's 'parent you don't know that hose. Why that stallyn's the biggest devil this side of ole Nantohah. There ain't no livin' critter no four legs can down him. That stallyn's done wiped out half a dozen bears, killed a painter, an' near 'bout cleaned out the creek of men and critters the last year. He's done as well as definite, an' nobody can handle his 'cep't ole Jim's boy, Jack, and how'n thunder he does it nobody knows. Sum folks say he hip'twisted the boss. Maybe he does; anyway, he's the only human that can handle him."

"Where can I see this terrible animal?"

"Right over there in that pen," replied my informant pointing to a big stockade of heavy timbers a short distance down the creek.

When I climbed upon a wide shelf or string of logs which extended entirely around the sixty-foot stockade and looked over at the occupant of the pen I was forced to confess that the hunter had not exaggerated, at least so far as the horse was concerned. The animal I looked upon was a wild stallion of mountain breed, common in the highlands of North Carolina.

Although he stood six feet in height, he was certainly the most vicious and savage looking brute of the equine species I had ever looked at. He was black as a coal, with long mane and tail and with limbs of perfect symmetry, and but for the manner in which he rolled his eyes and curled his lips above his long glistening teeth as he snapped at the pen on the shelf, he would have been a perfect beauty. As it was his actions showed him to be a devil incarnate.

I had hardly taken all this in when four men came up leading two tremendous bears, either of which would have tipped the scale at 400 pounds. The crowd followed closely behind, and almost before the men had opened two small gates at the bottom of the stockade to let the bears in a human belt encircled the stockade. The bears were let in on opposite sides, and almost in a flash there began the most terrific and bloody battle I had ever seen.

I have witnessed in the Old North State and in the mountains battles between castanets and bulldogs. I have seen a panther pitted against dogs, bears and castanets, and once witnessed a battle royal in Texas, in which two big bears and a panther fought a drove of peacocks, but in comparison with the fight which followed all of the above seemed placid as schoolboy play.

The bears had barely time to straighten up after their entrance before the black stallion gave a snort of rage and bounded toward the big bear, which stood almost below my feet. Bruin saw him coming and rose to his hind feet, his little yellow eyes snapping with rage and hunger. The horse was too quick for him, however, for before the bear could strike with his powerful arms the stallion reared up, drove both fore feet squarely into the bear's face and neck, knocking him six feet away.

When the lightning bolt struck the stallion galloped to kick, but before he could launch out bear No. 2 came up on a gallop, and just as the horse's heels left the ground the bear gave a quick snort, catching the hide about a foot above the fetlock, and tearing away a strip of hide a foot long and an inch in width. With a scream of rage and pain the horse bounded into the air clear over the bear, and whirled, it appeared, so quickly that it done, almost in a flash, and before No. 2 could face about the stallion's sharp teeth closed over one of its ears.

A snarl, a rip of tearing flesh and one ear and a big piece of hide were gone. The bear growling with rage, was on his hind feet in a second, but only in time to catch a vicious kick with his hind feet, which sent it over on its back. As before, the horse was compelled to whirl about to face a second enemy, for bear No. 1 had gotten on its feet and was rushing to the fray. Then for two or three minutes it appeared—but which probably was not much more than as many seconds—there was a mix-up of hide, hair and bells, mingled with growls, savage snorts and snapping teeth.

One bear was down and badly hurt. The other bear, No. 2, was bleeding profusely about the head and one of his legs seemed to be crippled. As for the stallion, he was fearfully torn on every one of his four legs.

But before I could take in the full extent of injuries given and received by the two fighters they were all on the move. The bears this time separated to attack the stallion from different quarters, but they met with a ring general, for the horse whirled and charged directly at one of them, and as the bear attempted to gain his hind feet he wheeled and launched both hind hoofs with a sickening thud against his ribs.

I could plainly hear the snap of broken bones as the bear toppled over, but

before the stallion could dodge or throw up his head out of reach No. 2 struck him on the nose with his claws.

Down went both, hoofs and claws flying. A second after the horse, which now seemed a mass of torn and bleeding flesh, bounded into the air and came down with all four feet on his prostrate foe, crashing bones and muscle beneath. Then scarcely giving his dying foe a glance, the crazed stallion sprang at his other enemy who was trying vainly to regain his feet. Again the stallion sprang into the air, with his four feet gathered into a bunch, and again there was a sickening crunch of bone and flesh. Both bears are now dead, crushed and kicked into bloody masses of wool, bone and flesh.

After his last dash the horse walked away a few steps, then turning staggered up on his hind legs, but he had knocked out, knelt down and literally tore skin and flesh from the bear's body; then with bloody head and glistening teeth the savage brute managed to stagger over to the other mass of wool and flesh, which he served in the same manner.

After tearing and battering the body into a mass of broken bones and mangled flesh, the stallion tossed his head, from which a quantity of blood in long streaks, gave a neigh of triumph, and fell lifeless to the ground. The stallion had won the battle, but it had cost him his life.

Not The Question.

Kirkbride's Farness.

A newspaper which drifts into these headquarters is discussing the question which it proposes to itself, which is the greater evil, whiskey or cigarettes. We failed to find any particular evil should be compared with another evil. It is admitted that an evil should be avoided. So far as whiskey is concerned, all agree that it is an evil, and one time held the boards as being the one foul blot on mankind. But there are other evils, and not least among them other cigarettes, and other drug afflictions and addictions.

The cigarette evil is in its infancy, but as it attacks infancy, the evils of it are the most threatening. The average boy of today is becoming a cigarette fiend. This is true, at least of the city boy. The evil has not reached the country to an alarming extent, but cigarette degenerates and debilitates youth. Look at any of its victims and you will see its light. The eye shows it; the hand shows it—the whole constitution indicates that it is being dwarfed and wrecked. Whiskey gets in its work on adults, for the most part, and therefore is not as dangerous as the cigarette.

The boy who becomes saturated with the cigarette's poison is sure to find a premature grave or become a tottering invalid when he should be in the prime of life.

Society is not yet fully aroused to this growing evil, but it will be, we hope some day, and then the philanthropist who are now being applauded for giving their ill-gotten gains will by popular acclaim be voted the most vicious foes ever turned loose upon mankind. The question is not which is the greatest evil, but what shall be done to save the youth of the land?

Some Tennessee Differences.

Harper's Weekly.

A yarn is told in Mills, and it concerns the prison and two Tennessee volunteers. A Filipino convict had climbed the prison wall and was running for dear life through the open long-leaves of Tennessee were on guard duty. They knelted to fire.

"I don't guess it's more than three hundred yards," said one quietly.

"I reckon it's just five hundred," said the other, as if we were discussing the weather.

The prisoner was running like a deer, and rapidly approaching the undergrowth and impenetrable little tufts where he would be safe.

"Call it four hundred," suggested the first Tennessee, in a conciliatory tone.

They adjusted their sights, aimed and fired. The escaping convict fell, and the two Tennessees went out to bring in what was left of him.

"If he's hit in the head, it's my shot," said one.

"I aimed low, accordin' to a 'savy regulation,'" drawled the other.



For sale by J. H. KENNEDY & COMPANY.

Here is one of those who are either so prejudiced against all advertised remedies, or have become discouraged of the failure of other medicines to help them, and who will succumb to the grim destroyer without knowing of the wonderful value of Foley's Honey and Tar for all Throat and Lung troubles.

THE TURKISH MINISTER.

The New Turkish Minister at Washington. Washington Special to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The new Turkish minister is a terror to Washington society. He is one of those foreigners who come to America full of curiosity concerning this people and with no hesitation about exercising it. Usually the American ladies of Washington are willing to satisfy this curiosity and can hold their own against the questioning. But this new Turk is altogether unresponsive in a social sense. He stands as an official function a few evenings since and was introduced to a lady in full reception dress, a little fuller than usual perhaps. The Turk exchanged the ordinary commonplace, for he talks the language of the country to which he is accredited. Gradually his attention became riveted upon the lady's costume in a manner that she was embarrassed, and raised her fan in front of her face. At length the minister, in his earnest way, pointing to the low cut of the bodice asked:

"Madame, does your husband permit this without protest?"

The lady colored furiously and replied that her husband found no fault with her taste. The minister shook his head in a deprecating way and began to talk how different it was in his country. The lady made her escape as quickly as possible. Not many days afterward the minister was at another official reception. He was presented to a well-known society woman, and began:

"Are you married?"

The lady answered in the affirmative with a smile.

"May I ask how long you have been married?"

The lady said that she had entered the state of matrimony some ten years ago.

"How many children have you?" was the next question.

The lady replied with a slight manifestation of embarrassment, that she had none.

The minister stopped to think for a full half minute, and with a puzzled look, resumed the same question.

"In my country?"

The lady said that what the minister was going to say will never be known. But no member of Washington society will now risk an introduction to the terrible Turk if she can help herself.

Miss a Mademoiselle.

King's Mountain Horrors.

As tax lists were known there are a great many people who will not list their property in the summer for taxation. This number has steadily grown until the Legislatures have had to legislate on the matter. Actually had to make laws to force the people to list their property.

COTTON CROP GUINNESS.

How Mr. Nell's Big Cotton Crop Estimates Has Fallen Down. Charlotte Observer.

It seems to be a settled fact that Mr. Henry Nell's big cotton crop estimate has fallen down. Mr. Nell represents an important cotton exporting concern in New Orleans and has some reputation as a crop prophet by having made approximately correct estimates (in advance) of the crop of the two previous years. Before any of the cotton of the present crop had been picked Mr. Nell predicted that it would amount to between 11,700,000 and 12,000,000 bales. This prediction has an immense influence upon the market and was mainly responsible for the downward turn in prices. Later, Mr. Nell issued a second prediction placing the crop at 12,150,000 bales and this was followed by still another, increasing the crop to 12,300,000 bales.

It is now known that Mr. Nell is a false prophet. Instead of exceeding last year's crop by a million or so bales, this year's output will fall considerably below the crop of the previous season, which was 11,150,000 bales. The crops do not now promise a crop for 1899 of over 10,000,000 bales. The information however, comes too late to do much good, for the manipulation of the market on the strength of Mr. Nell's wild guess work has resulted in a loss of thousands of dollars to the farmers. The planter literally sacrificed his crop in consequence of it. So much for the infallibility of the cotton guess of a supposed authority on the cotton crop of the South. It is useless to indulge in vain regrets, but we can be pardoned for the hope that Mr. Nell's luckless has been broken and that if another prophet is raised up he will be on the other extreme.

A small crop next year would enable the farmer to pay off his score against Mr. Nell, but it is not worth while to argue along that line—the coming crop is going to be as big as the farmer can make it. Leaving the size of the crop out of the calculation, however, there is a reasonable chance for the Southern cotton planter to recoup his losses. All the conditions favor him. "We have the grim satisfaction," says the New York Sun, "of knowing that over 3,000,000 acres of 'short' cotton or contracts to deliver that amount, which have accumulated in the New York market as the result of confident expectations for the decline by English speculators who believed in Mr. Nell's 12,300,000 bale crop will in all probability have to be cancelled at a heavy loss to the sellers and at an equally heavy profit to American buyers who did not believe in Nell."

Moving Away From North Carolina. Charlotte Observer.

The Winston Journal says that within the next few weeks or two twenty-five or thirty persons have left Yadkin county for the West. It is the latest story. Long before the civil war North Carolina people began moving to Alabama and Mississippi; some few of them to Texas. After the war the movement set in for Texas, Indiana, Illinois and Kansas. Later it has included Oregon, Washington and California. Some years the exodus is heavier than others, but there is never a total subsidence. The subject constitutes a study. We do not understand that the people of other Southern States are given to migration. Are North Carolinians more adventurous, more restless, than others? It may be that their bad roads and poor public schools tempt them away from home, because, except for these disadvantages there is no reason why they should prefer another State above their own. But the fact remains that we have largely lost our South. The South, the West and the Northwest are not one of the States of any of these but numbers native North Carolinians among its thirty and progressive citizens. Had our people remained at home for the period since the war, or even shown themselves no more migratory than those of other States, North Carolina would be easily the foremost State of the South and one of the greatest in all the country. With this constant and heavy drain upon our population it is marvelous that we have made the progress we have.

The Charlotte News notes that there are now 25 companies of the State Guard. Seven new ones will be formed to bring the total strength to a strength of 19 companies each. The new ones will be at Mr. A. H. Hooton, Mount, Weldon, Windsor, Salisbury, Marion and King's Mountain.

A. B. De Fries, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and I never fails." For sale by J. E. Curry & Company.



IGNATIUS WHITECLIFF, KING OF HOBOES. This Queer Specimen of Humanity was Arrested in Atlanta Last Week—The Likeness is a Correct One.

at white citizens put over them for the night.

About 2 o'clock the following morning some twenty-five or thirty mounted men, masked and heavily armed with Winchester and pistols, galloped up to the old warehouse, and with a crash that almost shook the little town, burst in the door and yelled "hands up" to the guards. In the face of such a determined mob of desperate men they could do nothing but obey. The guards were marched out of the buildings, and then the leader of the mob ordered the now screaming and terror-stricken negroes to stand up in line against the wall.

They pleaded and begged for mercy but all to no purpose, and as soon as they had arranged themselves in line the leader gave the command—"One, two, three, fire!" Instantly the contents of their Winchester were emptied into them.

All the negroes tumbled in a heap, four of them dead and three badly wounded. The other two atrociously wounded, but were frightened into unconsciousness and, piled up in the mass of blood and brains, they were overlooked by the mob, who thought the entire race dead.

After the first volley was fired the leader ordered his men to reload, and in order to make "dead" sure of their work, they made a hasty examination of the writhing, bloody mass of humanity and wherever a sign of life was visible they emptied the contents of their revolvers into the head or chest of their victims.

One of the negroes who escaped injury was taken out later for dead and