

**WILL FOSTER HELD
FOR THE MURDER
OF JOHN YOUNG**

CORONER'S VERDICT

State of South Carolina,
Spartanburg County,

We, the undersigned jury of inquisition sitting on the dead body of John Young, find that he came to his death on December 6, 1907, from the effect of blows and cuts upon the head and neck, received on Monday, November 25th, 1907 about 9 p.m.

We believe, to the best of our knowledge, from evidence before us, that said blows and cuts were inflicted by the hands of Will Foster.

December 6th 1907.

P. J. O. SMITH, Foreman.

A. P. FARMER.

WALTER C. ROUTH

W. C. GASH.

J. A. DEARMAN,

THAD C. DEAN.

J. M. BOWDEN.

J. C. LEE, Jr.

M. Y. CALDWELL.

H. J. SOLESBY.

J. C. BLACK.

JOHN S. Turner, Coroner.

J. L. GLOVER.

Mr. John Young, age fifty four, died at the city hospital last Friday morning about 9 o'clock, of wounds received at the hands of a highway robber who assaulted him on the Howard Gap road ten nights ago, while he was driving his wagon, known as the "Inman Express," toward his home at Gramling. The funeral services will be held at the Baptist Church at Inman at 8 o'clock this afternoon.

Negro Held for Murder.

Coroner Turner held an inquest over the body yesterday afternoon. According to the testimony brought out, the jury rendered a verdict that to the best of their knowledge the negro, Will Foster, who was arrested the night of the assault, is the party who inflicted the wounds that caused Mr. Young's death. The testimony of the witnesses is printed in full. It reads like some exciting story and will be of interest to all, as Mr. Young was one of the best of the best characters in the county.

Lived Ten Days.

Though Mr. Young was so seriously wounded that the physicians had no hope for him when they first looked at his injuries on the night of the assault, he lived for ten days, and up to Wednesday it was thought that he would recover.

Mr. Young was born near Campobello fifty-four years ago. He had lived in Gramling for the past 30 years.

He was one of the best known characters in Spartanburg county. For years he ran the "Inman Express," bringing a load of farm produce to the city daily, selling it out and on the return trip carrying a load of supplies to the small country merchants along the road and to the store-keepers in Inman. The merchants say that he was just as reliable as the Southern Express company and they let him handle their money just as they would allow a bank man to handle it when they made a deposit in the bank. Often Mr. Young brought down several bales of cotton sold them and carried the money back with him to the parties in Inman.

He was a man of many peculiarities. He never cut his hair and never shaved and always appeared as wild and rugged as some of the wildest characters of the mountains. He was known to every man, woman and child in the county as "Sugar Babe Young." He came by this sobriquet honestly, for long ago he came to call everybody whose acquaintance he made, when he met them afterward, "Sugar Babe." Whether he be a business man, a lady or a girl, John Young always said, "Hello, Sugar Babe."

He is survived by four children: Mrs. Mary Pack of Beaumont, B.B. Young of Gramling; Mrs. Nannie Ragan and Mrs. Annie Waters of Gramling. He was not a member of any church. About seventeen years ago he belonged to a church, but he had his name stricken from the roll, saying that he did not believe in "that kind of religion." While at the hospital he talked with his children and told them that he wanted them to live honorable lives and meet him in heaven. On Monday, he told his son, Mr. B.B. Young, that he was dying, but he was prepared for the change. Mr. Young had the reputation of being a God-fearing man and many testimonials of his kindness have been given during the past few days. One poor man told a reporter that in the spring when he was sick Mr. Young would stop in every day to see him and read the bible to him and that at the end of each week he would give him a sum of money to live on. This man said that he knew of a number of others for whom Mr. Young had done as much.

Mr. Young often carried big sums of money with him in the wagon and was in danger at all times of being held up. Two years ago, at the Junction, he was fired upon, but luckily came off safe. Just two nights before

this his son, B. B. Young, had been held up on the Howard gap road with his wagon and robbed by five or six highwaymen, who, when he told them he had no money, told him to the cent how much he had and the different parties from whom he had received it in the city. Mr. Young and his son B.B. Young generally traveled together on the road, but on the night when he was assaulted, the 25th of November, his son was unable to be with him.

Testimony Before Coroner.

Following is the testimony of the witnesses who testified in the coroner's inquest yesterday.

Coroner's Inquest.

South Carolina,

Spartanburg County.

An Inquest over the dead body of John Young, deceased, this sixth day of December, 1907; John S. Turner, Coroner.

Wash Johnson, being duly sworn says: "I lived about one mile above Spartanburg Junction. The Masons met that night; we did not do any business. George Swindler, Sherman Mitchell, J. S. Stoddard, Richard Young, and myself was on our way back home. I got a pretty good distance ahead of the men who were with me, and I heard a voice behind me and stopped to listen. While I was standing there the men behind me stopped, too. I thought it was old man Young whipping his mules. While I was standing there a fellow by the name of Richard Young overtook me and I said to him, 'Mr. Young, that is Mr. Young back there; he has fell off his wagon and got run over. Let's go up there and see what is the matter.' We decided to go and see what was the matter with the old man. After we got there, George Swindler, and J. S. Stoddard came up, and I sent Stoddard, Swindler and Sherman Mitchell to the fertilizer works to give the alarm. While I was standing in the road Mr. Young's wagon passed, no one with it and stopped about fifteen steps from me. While Richard Young and myself were standing there someone left the road from behind me, going toward the right, and went around to the wagon and attempted to move the team; and I said to Richard Young, 'Let's see if that man got on the wagon; there may be someone with old man Young, going to take care of the team; and we went close enough to see and didn't see anyone at all. The party vanished to the right. It was a dark night; did not see if it was a white man or negro; the man we saw was a tall man, about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches; spare-made man; had on a long overcoat and a black hat. The next time I saw a man who looked like this man was, a man passed by me and asked, 'What is the matter?'

passed on by and turned around and came back, and said he knew that old man; that it was old man Young, who hauls all the time and lives about Inman.

“The next time I saw him he was standing almost where the accident happened. He was a stranger to all of us, and he told us his name was Will Foster. Mr. Gibbs had sent him up the road and brought him back to the crowd. I saw him arrested and heard his statement that night. I heard him say that he had left home at 8 o’clock or something after; said he was going to Miles Jackson’s, his cousin at Lolo; he said his wife and Monroe West, his brother-in-law, and his little children were at home and when he left he said he told his wife he was going to Miles Jackson’s and would come back next day. I took Mr. White and showed him where I saw the man standing, and found tracks. I went back to the store with Mr. White and saw him take off Will Foster’s shoes and saw him try the shoes in the tracks, and they fit the tracks like the foot was in them. I also went with Sheriff Nicholls, Mr. White and others next morning and followed the tracks through the field to the woods and back to the road where I saw this man about where I saw the man the night before, and the shoes fit these tracks. It was about three-quarters to an hour from the time the man clucked to the mules till I saw him the next time. I heard the licks that struck Mr. Young; thought it was Mr. Young whipping his mules. This elbow and rope was found right where the blood was. I asked this man and he said he came from the junction. I saw mud and blood on the back of his coat. He said to Mr. White that he got it on him from helping to carry Mr. Young to the store. “Found Mr. Young lying in the road near my house hollowing. The wagon was about two telegraph poles from where we found Mr. Young crawled on his hands and knees from the wagon down to me and asked me to help him. I asked Mr. Young if he was drinking. He said, ‘No’; said he was walking, and whoever hit him, slipped up behind him. He crawled about seventy-five yards from where he was hurt. There were two lanterns in the crowd; Wash Johnson had one, and some of the others had one. The light from these lanterns enabled us to see and shape and appearance of the man as he was going off down through the field.

Wash Johnson.

Dr. J. L. Jeffries sworn says: “I was called by Sheriff Nicholls to go up the Howard Gap road to see a man who had been knocked down. I went up and found this man in a store. I found after examining his wounds that they were of a very serious nature and requested Mr. Gibbs to call Drs. Dean and Black. I waited till they came. I cut off his hair and beard and washed the blood off till they got there, which was in about an hour; and after going

over the case with me, we stimulated him and carried him to the hospital. Our reason for doing this was to relieve him from the shock and to put him where we could dress the wounds properly and get the best results. He had four handkerchiefs about his neck and I took them off. He told me he was struck from behind. I heard him tell Mr. White in the hospital that he thought it was a negro that struck him.

“Jas. L. Jeffries.”

Dr. Geo. R Dean, sworn, says: “The night we got there, while waiting for a conveyance, after deciding to take him to the hospital, Mr. White, Mr. Nicholls and all of us took lanterns and went back where Mr. Young was struck to see what we could find. We found blood where the colored man said Mr. Young was struck on the road; and seventy or eighty yards up the road we found more blood, where the colored man said he had found him. Mr. White seemed very much in earnest about finding out the perpetrator of this crime and asked me and several of us went with him and examined the tracks and confirmed all that this colored man has said about them. The shoes fit the tracks. I never saw a more perfect fit. The tracks were rather small for a colored man of this size of the man arrested. I heard Mr. White question this man, and heard him tell him that he had left home between eight and nine o’clock and told her when he would be back, and I advised Mr. White to go and see her that night, which advice I don’t think he needed as he was hot after the case himself. I confirm what Dr. Jeffries has said in reference to waiting till morning to perform the operation on account of his depressed condition; that it was best to rally him with stimulants.

“In talking with him when he was at his best mentally, I asked him if there was some clue he could give us; if he had had any fuss with anybody; or any trouble or any conversation with that would lead up to it. He said yes, but did not know whether he ought to tell about it or not. I told him that I thought he should tell us about it. He said, ‘I had a talk with a colored man in a restaurant. He talked mighty queer. It was mighty curious talk for any man to talk.’ I asked him what it was, and he said the man had said it was a mighty easy thing to waylay a man and knock him in the head and get his money. He said he told the man that that was a mighty bad thing to do, and the man replied, ‘Well, it is often done.’ He did not say what he was going to do, or make any threats or anything of that sort. He said that same man overtook him in a hollow just this side of where he was hurt, and came up on the opposite side of the wagon from where he was walking. He said he asked him where he was going; if he was going to see his sweetheart. He said that he answered ‘no.’ He said he never saw him anymore and did not know whether he left the side of the wagon or not. He described the man to me,

and the descriptions fit very well the man that was arrested that night: his clothes and mustache. He seemed to have some embarrassment in talking about the negro, and said several times to me, 'You better not say much about that negro.'

"He said he was struck from behind, That he had no fore-knowledge of it whatever. He told me that after he was struck and fell to his knees, the man kept hitting him; that he thought he wanted his money and he told him he might find it in the wagon, and commenced calling for help. 'I crawled on my hands and knees,' he said, 'till I found he was trying to cut my throat.' Then he said to me, 'I bought that evening two new handkerchiefs and had them and some others muffled up around my neck, and when I found that he was trying to cut my throat, I pulled them up close and got down on my face, so he could not cut my throat,' He seemed to have a perfect recollection of everything. He said that the boys said that when they found him he was hollering, 'it is in the wagon.'

"It would be possible for the blood to be absorbed by the handkerchief and collar about his neck. At the time of this conversation with me, he was perfectly rational."

Geo. R. Dean, M. D."

Dr. H. R. Black, being sworn says: "Beginning with Dr. Dean's concerning the conversations in the restaurant, I endorse in main what he said thereafter. I did not follow up the footprints and other evidences on the road, therefore, I cannot corroborate it.

"I heard Will Foster's statement the night he was arrested. I heard Mr. Young's statement at the hospital. He said it was a tall, slim man.

"H R. Black, M. D."

George W. Swindler, colored, being sworn says: We left the bar a little after 9: came on up the road two and two together. Johnson and Ager Anderson were in front. Ager Anderson went on down the railroad where he got to the crossing. Johnson was a little in front of us and kept that distance out to the other road. Just as we crossed the railroad and got about the bend of the road near a mud hole, we heard seemingly a scrimmage across to the other road about 125 yards from us. I said Mitchell, 'What's the matter out there?' Mitchell said 'it must have been some one fell off that wagon going up the road.' I said, 'It seems to be a fight.' Mitchell says, 'They are giving whoever it is bricks, sure' At that time every time they hit him I could hear the licks as plain as if I was there and saw it. Whenever they hit, they would say something; but I could not understand what they were asking. I could not discover whether there were two voices or one. As they hit the licks something was mumbled. The only thing I did understand was he said, 'in

the wagon.' At that time we had gone up to where Wash Johnson was standing, just before you got to Pa__ Bookers' house. One of us said, 'what does this mean?' Wash said, 'that's old man Young's wagon and it's stopped down there by the well somewhere.'

"After we found out it was old man Young's wagon Wash said, 'let's go up there and see what is the matter.' Richard Young said, 'I'll go with you, come on.' I said we will stand here till you all go and see then. As they started up the road they could hear old man Young coming down the road moaning crawling. Wash said to him, 'What's the matter, Uncle John, is you drunk?' Wash said, 'well, we will help you.' He says, 'help me now, put me on my wagon.'

"At that time, we had all got close to him with our lanterns. He still insisted on us to help him on the wagon. We said, 'we will go over here to the phone and phone for somebody to come and help you.' We went over to Mr. Lawson's at the fertilizer mill, to get him to the phone and he sent us to Mr. Robertson's. We went to Mr. Robertson's and he told us to go and get Mr. Gibbs. Went to Mr. Gibbs house and got him and Mr. Correll. From the time we went to Mr. Lawson's to the time we saw strange party in the road, was about a half an hour.

"Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Correll, Stoddard and Mitchell and myself were coming down the road when we met a strange colored man. He asked, 'who is that hurt?' Mr. Gibbes said to him come on and go back. After he started back he (strange man) was told that it was old man Young.

"Mr. Gibbes said after they got Mr. Young in the store, 'boys we will all stay here; don't let any body leave the store till the sheriff comes.' I did not know this strange man; had never seen him before, that I know of.

"From the time we found him around in the road till we went to the store the stranger did not tell us who was, where he was going or anything about himself. He said he left home at 8 o'clock or a little after. Said his wife was at home and his brother in law, Monroe West, and his little children were at home when he left. He told them he was going to Miles Jackson's near Ben Nolen's at Lolo. Said to them, that he would be back home next day. I heard Mr. White caution him about what statement he made and call up witnesses and make him repeat it several times, and each time he repeated the same thing.

"He said he got the blood and mud on his shoulder in helping to carry Mr. Young in the store. He did help carry him in the store.

"When I met the man, it occurred to me suddenly. 'This is the man.' His actions were strange. We met the strange darkey in the Howard Gap road before it reached the Lolo road."

“George W. Swindler”

J. S. Stoddard, being sworn says that he corroborates the testimony of George W. Swindler in full

J. S. Stoddard

J. P. Gibbes, being sworn, says: “Monday, the 25th November, about 9 o’clock at night there was an alarm made in my ward by someone calling me, and I went to the door and George Swindler, Sherman, Mitchell and J. S. Stoddard were standing in the yard. George Swindler said to me, ‘Mr. Gibbs, I want you to go and help us; some one has hit old man Young down here in the road and he is badly hurt. Nathan Correll and I started with them. Went down the road, down to Robertson’s. We met strange darkey and he said to us, ‘what’s the matter with this man down here in the road?’ I said to him, ‘come back and help us.’ After we had walked a few steps, I asked him who it was and he said it was old man Young. Then we all went on together till we got where Mr. Young was. He was lying with his face down calling for help. He knew me, and asked me to help him, to take him to the fire that he was freezing to death. We helped him up on his feet and found that he could not stand. He then said (putting his hand on his head) that his brains were running out; that he was beat to death. Then I asked Jim Booker to go back and ask his mother if we could carry him in the house to the fire. She sent back word that we couldn’t take him in the house; that they did not have any room; that her husband was not at home, and he could not be brought in. Then I told Nathan Correll to go up to Mr. Robertson’s and tell him to get up and come down there and help us. Mr. Robertson came and six of us toted him to the store and placed him near the stove and built a fire in the stove.

“After we got in the store and had the fire built, I told the boys to all stay there; for each to watch the other and see that no one left till the sheriff came. Then we went over to the Farmers Fertilizer company and phoned for the sheriff. He answered saying he would send a doctor at once, and Mr. White, I understood him to say.

“Then went back to store and waited till the doctor came. About three-quarters of an hour I reckon, don’t know exactly the time.

“While we were waiting Mr. Young called for me and said that he was going to die. He told me to tell his son to get ready to meet him in heaven, and also his wife. Then he commenced quoting scripture. ‘The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, etc.’ and kept on shouting till the doctor came. Got mighty near too weak to shout before the doctor got there. The last word

he said to me as well as I can remember was that he wanted me to take his mules and feed them good for they were tired and hungry.

“Dr. Jeffries came up, examined him and said he was in a serious condition and would have to have help. Then I went and phoned for the sheriff again and for Dr. Black and Dr. Dean and for Mr. White, but did not get any answer.

“They came, I suppose, in about an hour from that time and they decided in a few minutes to move him to the hospital.

“Some time before the sheriff came, Mr. Robertson and myself went back to look at the place where Mr. Young had been hurt at. We carried a lantern. Where we found the blood on the ground I discovered there a piece of iron, a knuckle or elbow of pipe. It had blood on one end and hair sticking to it. I left it where I found it. Then I walked up the road about ten steps beyond and I found his hat, and looked at it, could see no marks or dents on the hat, but could see blood on the inside of it. I looked at it and laid it back down. I saw the print of his knees and hands in the road, where I found the hat; and then it looked as if he had been crawling on his all fours, knees and hands. There I found his whip stock and whip. The whip was very bloody, but there was none on the stock that I noticed.

“I noticed the tracks in the road particularly; they were large tracks, something like my own made with a rough shoe, about a No. 6 or No. 6 1-2, following the big track walking, one after the other up to where the hat lay. Here the big track stopped; did not see it further; here the big track stopped; did not see it any further. Here the little track skewed as if taking a side step to make a swing. The road was sandy and a little damp. I went back three times to look at these tracks. Could not tell where the small tracks went from this spot. The little track was made with a sharp-toed shoe. I saw Mr. White take the shoes off of Will Foster and try them in the small tracks of the road. One track fitted exactly that night to the shoe that Mr. White had in his hand.

Will Foster, or the man arrested that night, seemed wild. His actions were strange and impressed me. His action the time he was in the store was different from anybody else there. The others helped when asked, but this man helped without being asked. Uncle John Young laid his hand on this man’s shoulder when he was helping carry him to the store, and in this way the blood came on his shoulder.

“J. F. Gibbes”

A. A. Correll, being sworn, says: He corroborates the statement of Mr. Gibbs with the exception that he was not with him at those times he went to look at the tracks.

“A. A. Correll”

Jas Brooks, being sworn says: My house is the nearest to where it happened. I heard him (Mr. Young) holler. I never went out till I recognized the voices of Richard Young and Wash Johnson. I found Mr. Young out in front of the house in the condition that all of the witnesses have testified. It was 8 or 10 minutes after 9 o'clock at night. I looked at the watch and it was exactly 9 o'clock and I had pulled off my shoes and was getting ready to go to bed. I was with the crowd until the prisoner and Mr. Young were taken away, and corroborate what the other witnesses testify in the main.

“James Hooper”

W. J. White, being sworn, says: “ On the night of November 25, 1907, something after 10 o'clock, I was called to the phone by some one from the Herald office, and asked if I knew anyone by the name of Mr. George Johnson who ran a dray wagon from Enoree Manufacturing Co. being knocked on the head about 3 miles from here. “I told him I did not and tried to find out the particulars; he told me that that all he could tell me was that he understood that Mr. George Johnson ran a dray wagon for Enoree Manufacturing Co. had been knocked in the head about 3 miles out on the road and that Dr. Jeffries had gone out to attend him; he could not tell me what road it was, I could get no other information and I went back to bed. About 11 o'clock the phone rang again and the sheriff told me that Mr. John Young had been knocked in the head upon the Howard Gap Road, up about Mr. Robertson's, and wanted me and him and Drs. Black & Dean to come out there. He told me to get ready and notify Drs. Dean and Black and that he would come by for me as soon as he could hitch up, which I did. I think all four of us started out together. I think the sheriff and I got there first. When we got to Robertson's store we found the parties who have been named all there and Mr. Young lying on a pallet by the stove, the worst butchered man I ever saw, done with human hands. I then asked the crowd if any of them could give me any information about it, and they answered that they had been unable to get anything much from Mr. Young. I then tried to get something out of Mr. Young himself, but he was so weak or in so much pain that I could not get any satisfaction out of him. After the doctors examined him they decided to send him to the hospital and phoned for someone to bring a conveyance, and he was brought to the hospital. I then asked the crowd where it happened, and for them to get out and show me. A number of them went out with me, someone picked up the elbow and handed

it to me. While we were out there Wash Johnson took me to one side and said there is a strange negro here who none of us knows. He then told me while three others whom he had sent out to give the alarm that he had seen a man come through the field from the direction this attack happened at and went to the wagon and clucked to the mules and then leave the wagon and go off through the fields. I asked him to describe the man. He said he was a spare man with a black hat on and a long dark overcoat, and that while he was standing there waiting for help he next noticed a man standing about where Mr. Young was assaulted, above where he was with Mr. Young, who after a while came down to where he was and asked the question and passed on and was turned back by Mr. Gibbs just as all the witnesses have testified to. I then said, "Wash, how does the man you saw come across the field, cluck to the mules – the man that passed you and the man turned back by Mr. Gibbs correspondent"; and he said he looked like the same man. I then asked him to point this man out to me, which he did. I then called on the crowd and said lets go back to the store and I saw that this man went along. After we got to the store I said to Wash, 'Get the lantern and lets go back up here and show me where you saw the man walk across the field down opposite the team.' When we had gone up a piece he said 'about here is where I saw this man,' and we went out in the field walking on our heels so as not to make any tracks. When we got to where he said it was, we found the tracks going angling towards the road. We examined them closely and stuck up a stick at two of the tracks. We then went back to the store and I questioned this man and asked him if he had been out of the road, particularly as to this place, and he said not. I then asked him to pull off his shoes and let me have them. A number of the crowd went out with us to try the shoes in the tracks and when we got out there I put the shoes in the tracks and they fit perfectly. We then went back to the store. I asked this man what his name was; he said his name was Will Foster. I asked him what he was doing up there and where he was going; He said to Miles Jackson's at Lolo. I asked what time he left home; he answered at eight o'clock or a little after. He said he lived in town on Short Henry street. I asked him who was at home when he left; he said his wife, his brother in law, Muro West, and his children. I asked him if he told his people where he was going and when he was coming back; he answered that he told them he was going to Miles Jackson's and would be back tomorrow. I warned him to be careful about what statements he made to me and called up the crowd to witness what he had to say and he repeated all that he had said to me. I then told him that his shoes fit the tracks in the field. He said he did not see how that was, as he had not been out there. I then examined him as close as I could for blood on

his clothes, and the sheriff called my attention to the mud and blood on his shoulder; and I asked how it came there; he answered that he must have got it there by helping carry Mr. Young in the store. That was all the blood I found on him. I then searched him, and found this knife on him. Saw no signs of blood on it. The sheriff then told him he would have to hold him and instructed me to take charge of him. I then brought the prisoner to jail; on the way to the jail he denied all knowledge of the assault and asked me to take him home to see his wife. I told him I could not do that. I brought him here and locked him up, taking his shoes off him. I then went to the station house and told Sergeant Jackson that I wanted him and two or three men to go with me down to his house myself. Sergeant Jackson and Mr. Crockers went to his house. I knocked on the door; his wife asked who it was; I told her who I was. I asked who lived here, and Munro West answered and said Will Foster. I said that I wanted to see him. He told me that he was not there. I then asked if his wife was there. He answered, 'yes.' I told him to open the door that I wanted to see her then. Munro West then opened the door, lit a lamp and carried me to the room of Will Foster's wife; and I asked her if she was Will Foster's wife; she answered 'yes.' I then asked her where Will was at, and she said she did not know. I asked her what time he left home, and she about 5:30 or 6 o'clock. I then asked her where he said he was going, and she said that he did not say. I then asked her when he said he was coming back, and she said he did not say. I then turned around and asked the same question of Munro West and he answered just as Will Foster's wife had. The policemen and myself then left and Sergeant Jackson and myself went around to the hospital, and by that time they had Mr. Young in bed and warmed up and got him revived up. I then said to those in the room, 'let's see if he can tell us anything more.' I stepped around by the bed and said, 'Mr. Young, do you know me?' He nodded his head and he said, 'it is Jim White.' I said, 'Uncle John, who hit you,' and he shook his head and answered very low 'I don't know.' I said 'how many were in the crowd?' He shook his head. I said, 'was it a white man or a negro?' he answered, 'I think it was a negro.' I said, 'how did he do it, Uncle John?' he said, 'he slipped up behind me and then tried to cut me.' The next morning as soon as we could see the sheriff, I went up to the place of assault and took the shoe and fitted them to the track and most of the tracks fitted the shoe perfectly; others did not. I saw Mr. Young several times while he was in the hospital, but at no time could I get any more satisfaction from him than I got out of him the night of the assault, till last Sunday. On that day I went around there and had a long talk with Mr. Young; this conversation corroborates the

statement made by Dr. Dean as to the man coming up with Young in the flat, just before he was struck, in all particulars.

“W. J. White,”

J. F. Jackson, being sworn, says that he corroborates what Mr. White has said about going to Will Foster’s house, and the answers made to the questions put to her and Munro West are correct, and further that Mr. White asked her what Will Foster did, and she answered that he had not done any work for the past three or four months, except clean some clothes and mend some shoes.

“J. F. Jackson”

“W. A. Crocker,”

W. A. Crocker, who being sworn, says: “I corroborate the statement made by J. F. Jackson in all particulars.

“B. M. Crocker”

Statement of the Doctors

Doctors Jeffries, Dean and Black, being sworn, testify:

“We were called to see the man known as John Young from Inman. We found him in the store of Robertson on the Campton and Howard Gap road on the night of the 25th of November.” We found him in the store in a desperate condition wounded. We stimulated him and had him removed to the Spartanburg Hospital, and there stimulated and made him comfortable. After daylight we dressed all his wounds. There were four deep cuts about the face and neck, one on right cheek, one small one under his left eye, one behind left ear, and one in neck, just over the jugular vein. All these were stitched and they essentially healed nicely. There were eleven cuts on the scalp nearly all the way to the cranium. One fearful one on the top of his head, made by several stokes of some blunt instrument. One on the right side and others on rear part of the head; all of which this jury have seen. He lived until this morning and died of septic meningitis, effects of these wounds.

Jas. L. Jeffries.

“Geo. R. Dean,

“ H. R. Black.

“Spartanburg, S.C.
Dec. 6, 1907.”

Contributors’ Remarks

The contributors have transcribed verbatim the original newspaper account of the coroner’s verdict, keeping intact the punctuation (or lack thereof) and the inconsistent spelling of surnames. In the second line of page 7 above we could not read the full name of Pa__ Booker due to a blur in the newspaper.

We would like to thank Mr. Willie Young, a great-grandson of Sugar Babe, for alerting us to the above Coroner's Verdict.