

PAGELAND CASE GOES TO TRIAL

CASES BEING HARD FOUGHT

Ten men face charges at this term of General Sessions Court.

The spring term of court of general sessions convened at Chesterfield Monday morning with Judge S. W. G. Shipp presiding. The charge of His Honor to the grand jury was clear and pointed. In charging on the several indictments handed out by the solicitor, His Honor departed considerably from the usual form in that he used practical common sense illustrations instead of abstruse legal definitions, and he was very emphatic in his congratulations to the county on the fact that every member of the grand jury was present to answer to his name.

The most important case before this term of court is the trial of the Arants, Wests and Wallaces of the western part of the county for riot and murder. On March 19, 1915, after a lawsuit before Magistrate Evans at Pageland, the principals of the case became involved in a fist fight. Other members of each faction joined in, pistols and rifles were brought into play. The fight resulted in the death of Wesley Arant and the subsequent death in a Charlotte hospital of J. D. Wallace. Several others of each faction were wounded.

Solicitor Spears had all the parties indicted for murder and riot. The grand jury returned true bills against C. W. Arant and J. M. Arant, H. H. West, Luther West, Baxter West, Arthur West, Shepherd West, Jno. West, Luther Wallace and Walter Wallace.

When the case was called the attorneys representing both the Arants and the Wallaces and Wests tried to have the indictment quashed, so that the trials for murder might be conducted separately. This motion was overruled and the case ordered to trial. The following jury was selected: E. J. Moore, foreman; C. A. Baker, J. E. Short, J. G. Hoffman, C. A. Hoffman, J. E. Brown, C. E. Snipes, W. M. Raley, J. C. Smith, J. E. Steen, M. D. Gardner, J. N. Tolbert and D. H. Brewer.

The Arants are represented by Frank A. Miller of Hartsville, Geo. W. Brown of Darlington and G. K. Laney. The Wests and Wallaces are represented by Stevenson & Prince and Pollock & Pegues. Solicitor Spears is assisted by M. J. Hough.

The evidence is very complicated and the entire time of the court up to last evening was taken in hearing same. The arguments were begun late in the afternoon of yesterday and it is thought it will take all of today and tomorrow for the completion of the arguments.

The grand jury was discharged on Tuesday, having completed their duties for the term.

WANTED

A reliable man to sell stones for us in Chesterfield county; one with some experience in this line preferred. Mecklenburg Marble & Granite Co. Box 32, Charlotte, N. C.

HUSBAND AND WIFE BOTH SAVED FROM SUFFERING

I wish to tell you the good results myself and husband received from Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. About eleven ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe and was confined to my bed about eight weeks under the doctor's care. He pronounced my case kidney trouble and rheumatism and not receiving the results from the doctor's treatment I should have received, I decided to try Swamp-Root. After taking several bottles of Swamp-Root I was able to get up and attend to my work. About a year later my husband was affected with a severe attack of kidney trouble and doctors for some time with the doctors and received no benefit. Knowing of the good I had received, he decided to try Swamp-Root. His condition was such that he was confined to his bed and words cannot tell how he suffered, but after taking Swamp-Root to all persons afflicted with kidney and bladder troubles and you may publish this letter if you wish.

Your truly,
MRS. A. E. BRIGGS,
Eldred, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of May, 1912.

Ira McCarthy, Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Cheraw Chronicle. Regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

The Chronicle—\$1 per year.

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS

Sledge, a typical politician, becomes infatuated with Molly Marley, daughter of a street car company president. He sends her red roses.

On Molly's invitation Sledge attends a party. Before the crowd disperses Molly thanks Sledge for his kindness, and then he proposes marriage. Her refusal is treated as only temporary by Sledge.

Molly attends the governor's ball, and her attractiveness results in her climbing the dizzy heights of popularity. The notable respect accorded Sledge, however, perplexes her.

Sledge moves for the car company's reorganization. He asks Marley for Molly's hand, but is refused. Having financially ruined Bert Glider, Sledge threatens to do the same to Marley.

Marley's loans are ordered called by Sledge. Fearing that he will lose his salary for keeping quiet about the public fund scandal, confesses during Sledge's questioning and is roughly handled.

Molly becomes angry at her father's obvious fear of Sledge. He tells her to marry him, but she refuses and suggests a working arrangement. The reorganized street car company stockholders meet. Marley presides, and Sledge is present.

The two votes of Marley and Bert Glider are sufficient to carry the amendment to the resolution for the purchase of the franchise for \$20,000 cash.

Sledge receives an announcement of the engagement of Molly and Glider. Bozham tells Marley Sledge decided not to sell the franchise at any price, and that he is financially dead.

Sledge goes to the state capital and gets everything fixed up for the passage of a franchise for a new car company a few years franchise free of charge.

Marley visits the state senator at home and meets Sledge. He finds out the particulars of the bill and then wires a syndicate for best offer for controlling interest.

At her father's suggestion Molly, accompanied by Fern, visits Sledge. Delighted, Sledge again starts to lavish presents on her. Marley arranges a meeting with the chief.

Two exquisite autos are sent Molly and Fern. Sledge orders Marley to say he sent them. A quarrel arises between Glider and Molly, but he checks it quickly.

Sledge presents Molly with a magnificent diamond at the theater. Marley tells his stock. The political leader learns that Molly and Glider are to be married in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XII.

A Friendly Chat on the Peaceful Sabbath.

MARLEY, as president of the Ring City Street Railway company and as chairman of the impromptu convention of street car magistrates, was so full of business that he felt stuffed like a sausage. To his mind the fund they had raised to fight Allerton's iniquitous legislation was woefully inadequate, and the men who should have been most interested were strangely optimistic.

He suggested to several of them that they appoint a committee to see Allerton and arrange some sort of compromise, but the feeling again he found an unexpected lukewarmness. Nobody seemed to think that Allerton could be "reached," and as a matter of fact every time he broached that subject he found his fellow magistrates evasive. The news that they need not have blazed so much about the probable corruption fund, because there positively was none. The subscription secured was found for the conduct of a public campaign and to pay for the services of a perfectly legitimate lobbyist, who would explain the reasonable rights of the street car men.

On Saturday morning the visitors all went home, looking fagged about the eyes, without having done much more than pass some friendly resolutions and make the feeblest of references to and investigate by electric light whatever the keys of the city would unlock; but President Marley, staggered under the burden of his position, was very much worried.

He confided his fears to his future-in-law after he had seen the last dread working magazine on a train headed for home and remorse.

"I don't think these men appreciate me as I do, the need of controlling street car legislation," he complained. "Allerton's bill looks like a measure to my interests, and I am a little bit surprised that Sledge, since his entrance into the game on a big scale, does not seem more concerned about it."

"It was Sledge who arranged to have these fellows come together," Bert rejoined him.

"Yes," admitted Marley, "but he seemed to have such feeble ideas about what to do after he had them here. It wasn't like his usual vigorous methods."

"Then he has something up his sleeve," declared Bert. "I wish that fellow would drop dead. I'm afraid of him."

"You've been talking to Molly," laughed her father.

"No; I've been talking to Sledge," denied Bert. "I had just as lief have a rattlesnake devote its life to the abolition of sinking a fing into the side of my leg as to have Sledge fussing at me. If I can find a bigger foe for it I'm going to unload my stock in that amusement park while the public still thinks it will be left."

Marley frowned his crushing displeasure.

"You are expressing very small confidence in me," he remarked. "I don't see why your personal interest about Sledge should extend to an operation which depends on my judgment alone. The Ridgewood avenue extension is to be built as fast as it can be pushed through. I have already ordered the rails, the frame has not been distributed, and even if Sledge were to parallel the Ridgewood avenue line it would only bring more patronage to your park."

"Not mine," corrected Bert hastily. "I'll get my money out of it as quick as I can, and I'll put that money where Sledge can't reach it."

"You're scared blue," charged Marley contemptuously. "How did you come to get tangled up with Sledge?"

"I met him down at the city hall. He was wearing one of his fool red roses, and I think he saw me looking at it. Perhaps I did grin. At any rate, he stopped and asked me when I was to be married to Molly."

"What did you tell him?"

"Christmas. Molly, yesterday afternoon, warned me not to tell any one, and particularly Sledge, that it is to be Thanksgiving."

"What did he say that scared you so?"

"Nothing," confessed Bert. "He only smiled. I felt as if I had been in a cold rain."

"Same smile Molly described." Marley laughed, though he was quite out of patience. "I cannot understand Molly's taking a whimsical fright based on nothing, but I didn't expect it of you, Bert. I have myself found Sledge to be rather decent in the last few days, and I am only annoyed because he does not seem to see the necessity, or using his influence with Allerton to stop this street railway bill. I think I shall see Allerton myself tomorrow."

He comes home every Saturday night. Pursuant to that happy idea, the president drove out to Allerton's house the next morning and found the senator in the luxury of pajamas, easy slippers and lounging robe amid an extravagant confusion of Sunday papers. At his right hand was a taboret, on which bubbled an electric coffee percolator, and at his left hand was a feather-weight serving table, on which was a comfortable supply of cigarettes. In front of him sat Ben Sledge.

"Hello, Marley," greeted the senator. "You're just in time for coffee."

"Had mine hours ago," returned Marley, nodding his return to Sledge's greeting.

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"Had mine hours ago," returned Marley, nodding his return to Sledge's greeting.

"Then it's time again," insisted the senator pleasantly, ringing for another cup. "Or would you prefer a cocktail?"

"A little of your exclusive rye, I think, if you insist on anything," accepted Marley, drawing a chair into the cozy little circle. "You're trying to say that rye or you would have offered it in the first place."

"No; only trying to promote sobriety," bantered Allerton. "I suppose, however, that a memory of that good Kentucky stock is what brought you out here on this peaceful Sabbath morning."

"Hardly," denied Marley. "Frankly I suppose I came on the same errand as my rival and competitor here."

"What's that?" asked Allerton, with a glance at Sledge.

"To find out what the dickens you mean by that infamous street railway bill of which you are the disreputable parent."

Allerton gazed at him blankly for a moment and again glanced quizzically at Sledge. There was a low rumble down in Sledge's throat, but neither his face nor his eyes betrayed any sentiment or emotion whatsoever.

"I mean to protect the honest workman, to save our houses and firesides and add honor and glory to the American flag," responded Allerton solemnly.

Marley accepted that merry quip with the courteous chuckle which it deserved.

"Outside of that and drying the tears of the widows and orphans, what do you propose to accomplish by it?" he persisted in like vein. "If I didn't know you were above spittlework I should think that you had it in for the street car interests."

Again the senator looked at him with a puzzled air, then he turned to Sledge. "Doesn't he know anything?" he queried.

"Now," rumbled Sledge.

"I see," answered Allerton coolly. "I suppose you all knew that before the bill was passed it would be amended to conserve the important financial interests."

Marley pondered that statement awhile, and then he laughed.

"Of course," he said. "It's only political claptrap, intended to make the voter think you are eternally on the job in his interests."

"I wouldn't put it in exactly that way," soberly reproved Allerton, justly offended by this coarse method of impugning his motives.

"I apologize," said Marley. "I should have said 'the bill displays that you constantly have the interests of your constituents at heart.' We were rather exercised about it, but we should not have been, for in your long service for the public I do not think you have ever promoted or fostered any legislation which would be destructive of capital."

"Certainly not," agreed Allerton, who never let down his pose in the presence of a man who had not proved his right to sit within the sacred circle. "With out the proper and legitimate fostering of enterprises requiring extensive financial support there can be no national prosperity."

"That's sound enough doctrine," commented Marley. "What are the amendments which are to soften the blow?"

With kindly patience the senator explained to him the amendments, one by one, being careless enough, however, not to mention the fifty year franchise clause.

At the end of an hour Marley, much relieved in his mind, took his departure, regretting that Sledge was not ready to accompany him.

"It's strange how easily a man in control of important investments takes fright," he acknowledged, as he arose to go. "We can be put on the run with a penny's worth of firecrackers. Not long ago our friend Sledge here had me strapped, but I checkedmate the old villain. As a matter of fact, the only result of his campaign against me was to put me in control of my own company, and now, I fancy, I have the thing so well tied up that I can't be hurt. I beat you at your own game, eh, Sledge?" and he chuckled down at his defeated oppressor, with forgiving triumph.

Sledge looked up at him and smiled. His thick lips parted, displaying his teeth. The under side of his upper lip showed a sharp roll of vivid scarlet, and his cold, gray eyes combined to give that fatal distortion an expression of malignity startling even to Allerton, who knew the man even better than Tom Beddix.

Marley was conscious of that strange sensation, which those who had run foul of Sledge had described as an actual physical chill, like the sudden opening of a window to the cold rain, and the smile upon his own face froze. He was conscious that his lips were still in the corner which his bragging chuckle had given them, and he felt the embarrassed awkwardness in restoring his face to their normal expression, which Sledge does who has committed no crime against society.

The horror of the menace and the malignity of the smile increased upon him as he drove into the city. In front of the telephone office he abruptly stopped, and, hurrying in sent this message to his private syndicate:

Wire Bert to stop controlling interest. Bert Glider, a necessary adjunct to the Sunday dinner, came just in time to sit down at the table with the family, and he was so preoccupied that Molly was half vexed with him.

"Now, who has won part of your marble?" she chided him, attempting to conceal his annoyance with him under the guise of gay raillery.

"Bert already looks like a married man," laughed Fern. "I'd be frightened half to death, Molly. Think what he'll look like at a breakfast on the first of each month."

"He'll never see the meat bill," declared Molly. "I intend to begin with allmomy."

"I hope I can pay it," responded Bert, catching the all too jovial spirit of the assemblage and pretending to gaily himself. "I think my first step toward making a living, however, will be to move out of this state where I can buy and sell a piece of property without asking permission of some alderman or ward thug."

"I think we'll all go," suggested Marley, who had been looking studiously into his soup. "What has happened to worry you, Bert?"

"Since Sledge smiled," queried that neatly mustached young man in that tone which he took from that reproach, "I took a drive out Lincoln road this morning, and they're going ahead with their amusement park project."

"Impossible," asserted Marley straightening in outraged dignity. "While the Ring City Street Railway company has a Lincoln road franchise, which would prevent our competitors from obtaining one. It has not announced any intention of building in that direction and will not do so."

Bert laughed quite without mirth. "You remind me of that good old standard story of the man who was arrested for some trifling offense. He sent for his friend and explained the circumstances. 'Why, it's confounded nonsense,' exclaimed the friend, holding the bars and looking through the grating of the cell door. 'No policeman on earth can throw you into jail for that.'"

"Why, he was in jail at that very minute," protested Fern.

"I think that's supposed to be the point of the story," guessed Molly. "Of what is it supposed to be?"

"Of the impossibility of building an amusement park on Lincoln road," he answered. "They're digging a lake out there. They've erected the scaffolding of a roller coaster. They've built a big workshed, which is later to be turned into a Tarnenbaum hall, which just now is stacked with gaudy parts of a three story merry-go-round. It may be utterly impossible for them to build an amusement park out there, but they're doing it."

Molly glanced quickly at her father. He motioned that his untouched soup might be taken away and toyed in nervous embarrassment with an almond.

"I've already done it," he half shame facedly explained.

"Sold your stock?" she eagerly inquired.

"Not quite," he hesitated. "I did, however, stop at the telephone office on my way back from Allerton's this morning, and I wired the people who have been after my stock to name their best offer."

"Good!" she responded. "Will you take it, whatever it is?"

"I can't bind myself to it," he replied. "I must confess, however, that

whatever the offer is, I shall be tempted."

"Allerton must have given you very little satisfaction about that bill," surmised Bert.

"Quite the contrary," stated Marley. "The bill is absolutely harmless. It is only a bit of political clapdoodle, intended to convince the voters of the state that Allerton is constantly on the job."

"Something must have happened to make you change your mind so quickly," pondered Molly. "Whatever it was I'm glad of it. You must have met Sledge," and she giggled.

"Sledge must have smiled at him," laughed Bert, keeping up the joke.

"I have excellent reasons," Marley concluded, with becoming business gravity. "The future of street railway investment in this city is too uncertain."

"Father," said Molly suddenly in the midst of the silence which followed. "If Mr. Sledge sends you have sent that telegram he will do whatever he is going to do before you can turn around."

"He'll have to move quickly," answered her father with a superior smile, his self approbation returning on the slightest provocation. "I sent my people that telegram today so they would have it the first thing Monday morning. They were very eager while they were here to acquire possession, and I shall doubtless hear from them by 10 o'clock."

"I wish I could sleep until 10 and when I wake up find that it's all right," Molly worried. "If you and Bert are not entirely out of all business deals in this town by our wedding day Sledge will see to it, if he has to move heaven and earth to accomplish it, that we none of us have a dollar, and by that I mean absolute pauperism in the best and most thoroughly melodramatic sense."

"He has the most absurd way of making love," commented Fern. "It's like the old cave dweller plan of killing off the family, battling the fair maid in the head with a club and letting her wake up in her new home."

"Not Sledge. He does his lovemaking with red roses," laughed Molly, "tons and tons of them. This is a different proposition. He has reduced everything in life to dollars and cents, and he thinks that if he can only break Bert and father there'll be no wedding bells for us. Bert and I will each be compelled to seek a more lucrative match."

She glanced smilingly at Bert and surprised on his face a curious expression, which plunged her into deep and not overly pleasant thoughts.

"He'd have bluffed me long ago," confessed Fern. "I'd have been so scared to death that by this time I'd be sending out afternoon tea invitations on his business stationery."

"You spiritless wretch!" chided Molly.

"It might not be so bad, after all," returned Fern, persisting, now that she had started, in revealing the entire depth of her depravity. "I suppose I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it, but I like Sledge."

"You may pack up your things and go home," laughed Molly, not really blaming her for the sentiment, however. "You're positively hopeless, Fern."

"All right," insisted Fern. "I don't think there'd be any more fun than taming and managing a big brute like him."

"Throw her out," begged Bert. "She's dangerous!"

This story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Chronicle will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Chronicle is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

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SALE BY U. S. MARSHAL

Eastern District of South Carolina; in the U. S. District Court; Raymond C. Griffin, as survivor of E. M. Griffin & Company Plaintiff vs. S. T. S. McManus, Administrator of T. S. Gregory, deceased, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution in the above entitled cause, lodged with me and dated February 4, 1912, I have levied upon the following described lands in Chesterfield county, S. C., and will sell the right, title and interest of the parties defendant in and to same, for cash, to the highest bidder, within the legal hours of sale, at the Court House, Chesterfield, S. C., on Monday, the third (3) day of April, 1912; said lands being sold as the property of T. S. Gregory, deceased, and subject to the mortgages held by Merchants & Farmers Bank, to wit:

"All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in Chesterfield county, S. C., town of Cheraw, bought of J. A. Sellers and fronting on Second Street, sixty three (63) feet and running back three hundred (300) feet, being sixty three feet wide for one hundred and fifty feet, and one hundred and thirteen feet wide the balance of the way; beginning at Second Street in the town of Cheraw, at the corner of lot recently known as T. E. Pratt lot and running with line of said lot a north-easterly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the back corner of the said T. E. Pratt line; thence with said line in a southeasterly direction fifty feet to his corner at Shepherd Sanders line; thence a northeasterly direction with said Shepherd Sanders line one hundred; and fifty feet to branch thence a northwesterly direction, parallel with Second street one hundred and thirteen feet; thence a southwesterly direction three hundred feet to Second street; thence along Second street sixty three feet to the beginning."

Purchaser to pay for Marshall's deed of conveyance.

JAMES L. SIMS,
U. S. Marshall.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

The polish that's easiest to use—the shine that's hardest to lose.

Black White Tan 10¢

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

The F. F. Dalley Co., Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y.

Uses and Abuses of Fertilizers

By Prof. R. J. H. De Loach, Director of Georgia Experiment Station.

1. THE USE OF COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS—HISTORY.

The First of a Series of Six Articles.

We would not be disposed to try to give a complete history of the use of commercial fertilizers, but only to show how this great industry began and grew in the Southern United States. Generally speaking, the farmers of this generation inherited the habit of applying fertilizers to soils, but have not been taught the underlying principles of the industry.

The use of some kind of manures on soils with crops for the purpose of increasing the yields goes back to ancient times. We know that many ancient people applied animal manures to their soils for this purpose. The Chinese, centuries