

Ben Mattison killed John Owens, a negro, at Anderson because his wife offered Owens, her brother, a glass of ice cream from the supply which her husband had bought. Mattison was with an ice pick, drove Owens from the house, and the latter returned with a pistol and dared Mattison to come outside. Mattison went to the door with a shot gun, Owens shot him and missed, and then Mattison shot Owens dead.

Our idea of a soft job would be collecting customs from transatlantic liners who arrive in New York from London.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

One of the hardest things a man has to do is keep his eyes on the thing when he is sitting in a room where, judging from the display they make, the girls don't seem to realize his presence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR CLERK OF COURT
I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of Court for Kershaw County subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
J. H. CLYBURN

FOR MAGISTRATE
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Magistrate in DeKalb Township, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.
B. M. SMITH

FOR CORONER
I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Coroner for Kershaw County, and I appreciate the continued support of the Democratic voters of the county.
W. F. RUSSELL

FOR CORONER
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of Kershaw County and I pledge myself to abide the result of the primary election.
S. J. WEST

FOR MASTER
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Master in Equity for Kershaw County and will appreciate the support of the voters in the coming primary.
W. L. DePASS, JR.

FOR MASTER
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Master for Kershaw County and will appreciate the support of the voters, promising to abide the result of the Democratic primary.
L. REX JONES
Kershaw, S. C., June 13, 1928.

FOR CONGRESS
I hereby announce that I am a candidate in the Democratic primaries in South Carolina, for the nomination as representative of the 5th Congressional District for the 71st Congress. I take this opportunity to thank the people of the District for their support in the past and to say that I shall endeavor to deserve their support and confidence in the future.
W. F. STEVENSON

FOR CONGRESS
I hereby announce my candidacy as representative from the fifth district in the seventy first congress, subject to the result of the approaching primary, and will appreciate your support.
ZEB VANCE DAVIDSON

FOR MAGISTRATE
(Upper Wateree)
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Magistrate for Upper Wateree District.
BEN A. RABON

FOR MAGISTRATE
I hereby announce as a candidate for re-election to the office of Magistrate at Bethune, promising to abide the results of the Democratic primary.
C. C. PATE

FOR COUNTY DIRECTOR
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Director for DeKalb Township and I pledge if elected, to discharge the duties of this office fairly, impartially, and to the best of my judgment and ability.
Very respectfully,
H. G. CARRISON, JR.

FOR ROAD SUPERINTENDENT
We, the voters of Buffalo township, ask the favor of all voters of Kershaw county in the re-election of Henry E. Munn to the office of road superintendent as he has faithfully performed his duties for the interest of the people.
VOTERS

FOR MAGISTRATE
At the request of many friends and neighbors of Lower Buffalo Township I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Bethune. Pledging myself to abide the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary.
J. E. COPELAND

FOR MAGISTRATE
I hereby offer my name as a candidate for re-election to the office of Magistrate from Flat Rock Township and will appreciate the support of the voters.
T. C. FLETCHER

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Education for Kershaw County, having served in this office for seven years acceptably to the people of the county. I seek the support of the voters at the polls.
J. MCKENZIE

Famous Old Mulberry Has Historic Past

James Henry Rice, Jr., well known country writer, had the following interesting account of Mulberry, the old time plantation home recently sold by Mr. David R. Williams, which appeared in the Columbia State of Sunday last:

Announcement has come from Camden that Mulberry has been sold. This is the old Chesnut home, four miles from Camden, for many years the seat of David Rogerson Williams and his wife, before her marriage, Ellen Manning, daughter of the late Governor John Laurens Manning, whose home near Scott's lake, in Clarendon county, was itself one of the South's historic shrines. Mulberry plantation has been in possession of the Chesnut family and their descendants for 191 years, nearly two centuries. There is consolation in the fact that a nephew of David Williams has bought the property, so that it will continue in the family.

The house, built by Robert Mills, master builder, who designed Monticello, the Washington monument and the treasury building at Washington, was erected in 1820, as the date on the weather vane shows.

Few mansions are so girt about with deathless associations. A capacious volume could be devoted to its history; and there is pathos in the fact that Mulberry is one of two plantations remaining, the rest having been sold to wealthy Northern people.

David Williams derives from three governors; his wife from six; and each numbers United States senators among ancestors.

In my visits there, conviction has grown on me that no country seat in the South can bear comparison with Mulberry. The plantation consists of 1,600 acres, 1,000 of which hold virgin forest. Lovers of the beautiful in nature, especially tree lovers, can drink in delight from the solemn stillness and majesty of the great oak forests which, in ancient times, would have been sacred to the old gods and witnessed rites in their honor.

Lord Redesdale tells of an English lord who, on his death-bed, proudly declared: "Thank God! I have never cut down an oak!" At Mulberry this grand aristocrat would have fallen on his knees and thanked God for permitting him to see a forest, to which the noblest in England could bear not the remotest comparison. Oaks, while supreme, by no means monopolize the forest at Mulberry. Giant white hickories, among them here and there, the pignut (myristicifera-formis), beach, ash, the tulip tree, immense pines, maples, with holly, black walnut, dogwood, cedar, wild cherry, in short, all the varied arboreal flora of the mid-country, in its most favored part, reveal what a goodly possession was vouchsafed to the early settlers, and show, by comparison, what wretched return has been made elsewhere for the benefactions of God.

Mulberry house is a fitting crown of this lordly estate. It is built of brick with granite steps leading up to the portico, itself supported by white marble columns. The wide hall terminates in a grand spiral staircase, so strongly, yet airily constructed that Ruckstull pronounced it worthy of Michaelangelo at his best. The library, stocked with relics, curios and priceless collections, is on the left; the drawing room on the right; and just behind it the dining room, spacious, appointed and adorned with taste, born of generations of culture and high living. Two noble sideboards speak of a time long before the meddler and the mischief-maker put heads together to mar a joy they never felt and destroy customs too sacred for them to understand.

One of life's solid satisfactions, where much has been disappointment, comes when I reflect that I have paid wergeld at that fireside and performed libation at those sideboards. There was a time when a Presbyterian elder, a Baptist deacon or even a Methodist preacher would have felt no shame in such a libation—in the days when men feared God and obeyed His commandments, and counted the spirit more than gear or gold.

The busts in the hall are genuine Greek and Roman antiques, bought long before this enlightened age began to forge them and to adulterate human food. Ruckstull was positive that their market value would be at least \$50,000 each; and there is no better judge of such values than he. Those who glibly prate about the progress of this age may be surprised to learn that Robert Mills, in 1820, built bathrooms into each room—not rat-boxes and dog kennels, which masquerade under the name of bathrooms, but large, comfortable rooms, wherein a guest may take his ease, as did the Romans more than two millenniums ago. They are fair-sized rooms in themselves.

So well did Mills plan and so honestly did his workmen execute that it became a matter of extreme difficulty for the electricians to get into the walls to wire the building, when lights were installed.

"In the elder days of art, Builders wrought with greatest care Each minute and unseen part, For the gods see everywhere."

On the shores of Black river, two miles above the highway bridge, rises a white mansion, pillared behind and in front, roof garden on top, hardwood floors, mirrors, carved walnut in dining room, two glassed-in sun parlors, modern fixtures from top to bottom, heated, lighted, everything modern to the last detail. I wonder how that mansion will look a century hence. Unless the usual signs fail, it will be senescent in 30 years and falling down in 50, unless constant repairing keeps it intact.

Mulberry will be where it is a thousand years from now, unless fire or some upheaval of nature destroys it—and show no sign of age. When Edwin de Leon was consul-general at Cairo, just before the outbreak of the Confederate war, he became friendly with the Khedive, Said Pasha, son of the infamous Mehmet

Alli and uncle of Abbas Pasha, who was strangled by two of his slaves, as de Leon relates in his story, "Askharos Khassis, the Copt." Abbas Pasha and his kinswoman, Nesle Khanoum, play leading parts in that romance, which—Law Wallace undoubtedly drew upon to form the ground plan of Ben Hur. Said Pasha was having troubles of his own in a weak attempt to suppress the slave trade; and de Leon, fresh from a country where slavery was a burning issue, could well sympathize. Said Pasha became fond of him and as a mark of his regard presented him with a pure Arabian stallion, a noble animal, white in color and with all the fine points of his breed.

This horse was sent over and stabled at Mulberry, de Leon well knowing General Chesnut's love of horseflesh; and the horse remained at Mulberry during the war until Sherman's raiders seized him in 1865 and carried him off. Although large rewards were offered for his return, nothing was ever heard of him; and very likely he succumbed to the rough treatment on the march.

The servants at Mulberry, with few exceptions, were born on the place and love it as their own flesh and blood. Few if any such plantations remain in this day and time; and, if one stopped to consider it "time would run back and fetch the age of gold."

In this godless age, when every demagog on the face of the earth is doing his utmost to unsettle the minds of laborers and make them discontented with their stations in life, Mulberry "shines like a good deed in a naughty world." In order to grow, man's spirit needs repose, needs permanence in occupation and dwelling place.

"These quarters," remarked Ruckstull to me, as we were having a goodnight smoke before going to bed, are good enough for the Prince of Wales." Never before had the splendor of the planter life struck him with such force; it revealed a world he had dreamed of, but never expected to see.

If mankind are to be fed and clothed at prices that men can pay; if the world is ever again to revel in abundance; if ever the daily struggle of what is to be banished, so that those who follow other pursuits may have leisure to work, then the big plantation must come back. The small farmer becomes a huckster, a peddler, with every temptation to be dishonest and untruthful in a daily attempt to push up prices of what he sells. Even the women have been taught to skim the cream from milk before selling it (all right, if they label it "skimmed milk" which they do not), and dishonesty has corroded the moral fibres of the nation.

What may happen in a wild, chaotic democracy no man knows; but we do know that such things never went on "while yet the topless towers of Ilium stood"; and the old plantations functioned.

So it sweetens the spirit to come on so perfect an avatar of plantation life—or, better, plantation life itself, unchanged from its "golden prime."

One can easily invite great thoughts on that noble portico; one can commune with the spiritual world within the shades of that virgin wood; and when he looks out from the upper windows past the curtilage, greenward spaced with trees and dotted with plantation buildings, to the policy beyond, and calls to mind the men and women, nourished from these broad acres and the guests which that hospitable roof has covered in time past, he feels that the Paladins of South Carolina were cradled in purity and fed on greatness.

To the sneering who taunt such places and the men who possess them as aristocracies, it may be well to say that no man of that race ever sought to get a thing for himself out of the state. Many of them served for the honor of serving; all of them loved the state; not one is known to have sought, and certainly not one received, special privilege of any kind. They were uncommonly endowed with fine qualities; the Lord of Hosts is responsible for that; and they applied energy, brains and character to the business in hand. This, continued through eight or ten generations, naturally resulted in the accumulation of wealth. Any man, similarly endowed, could have done the same thing. The ambition of the family, from generation to generation, was to fit itself for ever higher and nobler living, and finer achievement.

The result of this might have been foreseen; and, whether foreseen or not, Mulberry is a monumental reminder.

"I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens," said Pericles, in the greatest of all orations, "because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious."

So, in speaking of Mulberry, I call before the bar of history the Paladins of which it is so signal a memorial, and who, from every speaker and writer entitled to respect are now receiving their due after passion has subsided, the truth shines out, like the sun after a storm. Such buildings," wrote Dr. George B. Sudworth, "are evidence of the noblest civilization America has known."

To Clean Up Cemetery
We have been requested to announce that members of the Antioch Baptist Church are expected to meet at the church on Thursday and Friday, July 12 and 13, for the purpose of cleaning off the grounds at the cemetery and all members are earnestly requested to be present.

Card of Thanks
We desire to express our sincere thanks for the many kind deeds and expressions of sympathy shown us in the recent death of husband and father, Sam Gaines. These expressions of sympathy and good deeds were very comforting to us in our sad bereavement.
Very respectfully,
Francis Gaines and Family

"Big Tim" Murphy Victim of Gangsters

Chicago, June 27.—The gang guns got "Big Tim" Murphy last night.

A machine gun barrel was thrust through the window of a sedan cruising slowly by the Murphy bungalow. Murphy's six feet, three standing on the lawn was an easy target.

Fire streamed from the window of the sedan. The knees of a giant buckled, and the blood of "Big Tim" Murphy stained the grass where he fell.

Two years ago Murphy stepped from Leavenworth penitentiary after serving a sentence for complicity in the daring Dearborn street station robbery of 1922.

Racketeer, mail robber, gambler—Murphy's name frequently was whispered in connection with police mysteries. When "Mossy" Endicott, who had been prospering in fields which had been Murphy's own was shot dead at his home in 1920. Murphy

was arrested. But they couldn't connect him with it.

It was following his release in this case that Murphy for the first time appeared in public with the body-guard which designates the marked man in Chicago's underworld. He was never one to carry a gun. He had no weapon when he was shot down last night.

Fifteen years ago the word went around that Murphy, who had risen to power as president of the Gas Worker's Union, had been marked for death. Yet Murphy's buck teeth continued to gleam in the Murphy smile and he lived to read the obituaries of scores of gangsters, racketeers, feudists and slayers.

But 42 years is a long time to live for one with pursuits so precarious as "Big Tim's." His time came last night.

The world's star salesman would be the man who could secure Mussolini's subscription to a success magazine.—Louisville Times.

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Two Portuguese aviators hopped off from Lisbon on Wednesday for the Azores, in an effort to fly to the United States; but were forced to return on account of engine trouble after flying for several hours.

The cost of living in the Turkish empire has increased 1,704 per cent since 1914, according to statistics compiled by the British chamber of commerce.

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