

The Barnwell People.

W. W. HOLMES, Editor & Prop'r

CHOICE COUNTY CIRCULAR

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912.

THE BARNWELL PEOPLE.

VOL. XXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912. No. 52.

The above is the legend at the head of the first page of *THE PEOPLE* today. Few readers, except the original subscribers, may take notice of this sign of increasing age. Those who may remember the seventh day of September, 1877, when this paper first saw the light, may have leisure and fancy to let their memories retrace the weary years and take thought of the mighty changes that have taken place since that first birthday.

Then Barnwell was a county of two railroads, the ante-bellum South Carolina running from Augusta, via Branchville, to Charleston and Columbia, and the newly completed Port Royal connecting Augusta and Beaufort.

Then, in quiet hours of the evenings or mornings, when soft winds blew from the North, the whistle of the iron horse as it tolled its way between Blackville and Williston might be heard, a prophesy of these latter days.

But this very isolation helped to make Barnwell the capital of the county where the good and the great men from every section, from the Edisto to the Savannah, came to transact their legal affairs and to take counsel together and touch elbows in the supreme successful struggle to win back home rule and lift the so long plighted, plundered and prostrate State back into the possession of its God-given right. Then the white men of the county were of one mind, one determination, and their solidarity had achieved the noblest political victory against the mightiest odds that ever fell upon a conquered people. The victory at the polls in the elections of 1876 had cleared the clouds from the political sky and the decisions of the courts, Federal and State, soon after saved from anarchy and the despotism of the bayonet the civilization of Carolina.

There were great men whose homes were in Barnwell or within the sounds of its calling church bells in that year of 1877. Of those that have finished their courses on earth I may as one who was in close and honored touch with their inner lives, pay this tribute to the memories of Judges A. P. Aldrich, John J. Mather, Hon. Isaac M. Hutson, Judge Robert Aldrich, then just across the threshold of his luminous career. No brighter, more self-sacrificing four men have ever added lustre to the Bar and Bench of South Carolina with richer learning, wiser judgment, tender service to the unfortunate than they.

The election in 1876 had brought to Barnwell as residents and public servants such worthy gentlemen as Major James J. Brabham, such unflinching soldiers as J. Wyatt Lancaster, as unflinching under the hall of shot and shell as the sleeping infant smiling in dream and as held in the mother's sheltering arms the bed time song is a prayer for the little one and a promise of safe guarding. There were others, but some are still of time and too many to be chronicled now.

Of the younger members of the 1877 bar the only living survivors we can now easily recall are Major Andrew C. Dibble of Orangeburg, Major Lauriston T. Izlar of Ocala, Fla., and Col James M. Ryan of Portland, Maine. They all did faithful duty in '76.

Rev. W. D. McMillan is the only minister of the gospel who has been spared all these years to illustrate the devotion of a long life to the winning of souls.

Of the medical profession we can only remember as ministering to suffering humanity those golden hearted gentlemen, Dr. W. L. Breeland of Allendale, Dr. N. F. Kirkland of Buford's Bridge, Dr. John M. Smith of Williston.

Few if any then grown business men throughout the entire county continue unabated the activities of commercial or agricultural life.

Barnwell, as remarked above, was a good town then, made so very largely by the leisurely coming and returning of surviving wearers of the gray and few came into *THE PEOPLE* office without inquiring for their comrades of the lost cause. No such questions are asked now except to the few who have not been called over the river, less than a corporal's guard in number.

Barnwell was then largely a self-supporting county in the production of home supplies, and the beef and mutton and razor-backed bacon that floated the pinewoods, feeding on that ranging mast and the raining acorns until the frosts had made the peas and potatoes ready for the final fattening process was as superior to packing house products of the West as cheese is to chalk.

Barnwell has grown, so have all the older towns of the county save Midway, and new and pretty villages are strong like beaded pictures along the three great railroads passing through the county. The forests have gone down before the saw mills like sedge stalks before a March fire and many a grand, aristocratic country home is now in ashes, or tenanted by wage earners or share croppers.

Barnwell did not then have a brick building or an inch of pavement. The wooden floors, seats of war, were still new and unhealed and even horse

shoes had forever, until the red shirts of 1876 brought it back.

Since that restoration of home rule progress and improvement have been slogans of the old and new towns in the county. In the territory where there were eight incorporated villages there are now in the neighborhood of thirty railroad towns or stations, and Rosemary is the only township strange to the iron horse.

Change has been the rule everywhere. The sun dial, a local asset, and *THE PEOPLE*, a county proposition, are least changed of all the landmark reminders, the one noting only the sun's hours, the other keeping its sanctum as a chapel of memories.

To have helped in his small way to break and banish the reconstruction tyranny as exercised by the carpet bagger and scoundrel was the training school in which this editor received the bent of his newspaper life, the intelligence of the people, their information as to the conditions of the present and the problems of the future depended, in his judgment, more upon the country press as unselfishly and fairly serving the public good than upon the wit of the politician, the inflammatory enthusiasm of the peace hunter with an axe to grind.

This issue completing the thirty-fifth volume of *THE PEOPLE* does not establish any exceeding greatness of newspaper age for there are many in South Carolina that under successions of publishers and editors are in the centennial class. But I think that few if any of the knights of the quill have filled the dual duties of editor and publisher so long as I have done. I have served as many years as the government of the United States requires judges to preside on the bench or permit a general to hold a fort or a captain to sail a battleship. I have not attached or maintained my ideals, but I trust that I have done some good and no harm to others that I have met in passing through life. And so I want this editorial to be considered a special personal letter to every subscriber.

JOHN W. HOLMES.

Tuesday morning, August 27th, 1912. The campaign comes to a close. The battle of the ballots, we write before the opening of the polls, will decide in less than ten hours the fates of many candidates. Others will remain for the second primary two weeks from today.

There is, as we see it, one hope of having no more such violent campaigns as that of 1912. That one hope lies in the adoption by the Democratic State Convention prior to the opening of the campaign of 1914 of a State Platform, defining the issues to be discussed by the candidates and passed upon by the voters.

In the campaigns of the recent past the candidates have made the issues. This year the issue makers were not more than a half dozen in number.

The Barnwell County Convention made the movement in that right direction by the adoption of resolutions commending the idea to the State Convention. Let us hope that the future will see it carried into effect. Then campaigns will be conducted on high plane and the best citizens will be proud to become candidates.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Will the next Senator and Representatives from this county act as a committee to consider and carry out the platform?

It will be, if adopted, the beginning of better politics.

State campaigns are costly. In making the race for the Governorship Judge Ira B. Jones spent \$5,969.87. When the returns of the election are all in the believers in luck in odd numbers will have their faith strengthened or weakened by the election or defeat of the Judge.

Governor Bleasie's expenses amounted to \$2,331.05, even and odd figures being equal in number.

Possibly candidate John T. Duncan's expense account was told in even numbers.

Much other money was freely spent by the friends and supporters of the contesting candidates.

A State platform of principles and issues for discussion would have made it unnecessary for the candidates to shell out so much.

DEATHS.

ANOTHER VETERAN PASSES.
On the 17th inst. at his home near Elko, after a long illness bravely and patiently borne, Mr. L. Tarleton Williams departed this life in his 79th year. On the Sunday following in the presence of one of the largest assemblages ever gathered around the God's Acre of the Hair burial ground his body was laid to rest until awakened by the resurrection call. His pastor, Rev. J. D. Heckle, conducted the touching funeral services.

He is survived by six children who sorrow that so good a father has been taken from the now desolate home in which he was so well loved.

He gave four years of his young manhood to the military service of his country, and his record as a soldier was one of true gallantry and unflinching courage. In every good cause he was among the foremost in his readiness of service and he leaves a life history without a stain on its pages.

SPICE COOKIES.

Cream together two and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter; add to this two eggs, one cup seeded raisins, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon cinnamon, two cups flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

NEW MUSTARD.

Mustard for table use is very much improved if mixed with milk instead of water. A tiny pinch of salt added to it brings out the flavor.

Whose Valentine?

The Question Was Soon Settled

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I don't see how Roger Brislin can look at Aunt Lou when"—Pretty Louise Arden always flushed and stopped when she reached this point in her oft repeated remark. In her own mind the real conclusion of the sentence was "when there is such a young and beautiful girl as I am in the same house." Of course you know that Louise was only sixteen and very conceited or she never would have been guilty of such a remark. She was a sweet girl, though, and perhaps the years would broaden what now was a very narrow outlook on life.

"Why, Aunt Lou is thirty years old if she's a day," went on Louise. Miss Lou Haysland was more than thirty years old. She was thirty-two, but nobody would have guessed it, because she retained all her girlish carriage of form and her graceful slimness of shoulders and poise of head. Miss Haysland had a wealth of deep chestnut hair that rippled from brow to nape of her white neck, and she had great violet eyes, with long, thick lashes and the most charming features in the world. Besides all this personal beauty, she had a sunny disposition and was sweet and amiable to the point of self sacrifice.

Her namesake, Louise, had watched her pretty aunt vanish down the snowy street tucked under the buffalo robe in Roger Brislin's sleigh, and it was a slight attack of jealousy that was responsible for the remark. She would have been proud to be Roger's companion, but it was Aunt Lou whom he chose to invite on every occasion, and people were beginning to say that Roger Brislin certainly meant business.

Louise dressed herself in a pretty gray chinchilla coat, in which she looked especially lovely, for she was a dark, sparkling beauty, with black eyes and brilliant color of cheek and lips. On her head she planned a saucy gray hat with a scarlet wing, and, tucking her hands in her muff, she went down the street toward Homer Beckford's stationery store.

In front of the window she waited a long while, gazing at the handsome display of valentines in the two large windows. She intended to buy several to send anonymously to her friends, but her bright eyes could not help but stray to the handsomest one in the window.

It was a large white satin affair with hand painted cupids and hearts upon it intertwined with wreaths of thyme roses. Beneath all this was a sentence, "I have waited for thee."

Louise sighed. She would have been happy indeed if she had received that valentine and known that Roger Brislin had sent it to her, for—yes, I must confess that Louise was almost in love with her charming aunt's admirer.

She slipped inside the store to make sure of something. Her romantic mind harbored the idea that possibly, by some freak of circumstance, Roger Brislin really did prefer her to her Aunt Lou, only he could not at this time break off with Miss Haysland if this was the case and Roger was so really nourishing a preference for Louise instead of Lou, then, then, concluded Louise, what was more natural than to be should send her a beautiful valentine? He would no doubt select the most beautiful and costly one in Beckford's store, and that was the white satin beauty.

If she did receive the white satin valentine Louise would know from whence it came unless there happened to be more than one of the white ones in the store; then it might be from most anybody, for Louise Arden had several boyish admirers. She would go in and inquire now.

The store was empty of customers as she entered. Homer Beckford's son, young Homer, stood behind the counter looking over a tray of valentines and rearranging them in order, for it had been a busy afternoon. When he saw Louise coming in a little flush reddened his ears, and his light blue eyes sparkled. He was in love with pretty young Louise.

"Good afternoon, Homer," said Louise carelessly as she came up to the counter. "I want to inquire the price of that white satin beauty in the window."

"Five dollars, Louise," said Homer. "But you're too late—it's sold." "Who bought it?" inquired Louise saucily.

"You know I can't tell that." "Not to me? I won't tell," urged Louise.

"I can't—don't ask me to. If it was anything except a valentine I might tell." Homer was looking much embarrassed and distressed over the matter—suppliciously so.

"Humph" commented the displeased Louise as she walked down the store toward the show window. "I suppose I may look at it a moment. Any rule against that?"

"None at all," was Homer's cheerful reply, and he unhooked the white satin valentine from its place in the window and gave it into Louise's hands. She looked at it long and earnestly. She had seen it before—in fact, ever since it had been hung in the window—and she had not cherished the hope that, after all, Roger Brislin might be suffering from a secret love for her and would send it to her under cover of the day dedicated to the sending of tender missives.

If the valentine was sold the name of the purchaser was probably traced on the back of the missive. If Homer would only turn his head the other way she would steal a glance at the reverse of the valentine and see whether Roger really was the purchaser. If his name was there it must be for her. He certainly would never dream of sending anything so sweetly romantic to a woman as old as Aunt Lou—an old maid!

"Will you please bring me a drink of water, Homer?" she asked prettily, and Homer hastened to obey her request. While he was gone she turned the valentine over and saw the word "Sold" and the initials "R. B." Her heart sang with joy.

When Homer Beckford returned Louise had replaced the valentine in the window and was looking over a trayful of less expensive ones. Her eyes sparkled with happiness, and she was very gracious to Homer Beckford, who felt exceedingly happy himself.

"You liked that white satin one, didn't you, Louise?" he asked as he wrapped her purchases.

"It is lovely," sighed Louise. "Is it the only one you've got?"

"Yes, the only one we had in stock like that. Father thought there wasn't any use in stocking up with many expensive ones, as there isn't much sale for them here in Haleford."

"I wouldn't mind receiving that one myself," hinted Louise as she left the store.

"Perhaps you will," called young Homer, and immediately ducked down beneath the counter to hide his embarrassment.

The following day would be St. Valentine's day. Louise was reading in the library when her Aunt Lou reached home just at dusk. Miss Haysland came into the room, looking very lovely in her dark blue velvet and furs. Her cheeks were delicately flushed, and her large violet eyes held a depth of feeling they had never displayed before.

Louise caught her breath as she realized her aunt's loveliness, and for a moment she felt very sorry to think of the tragedy that lay in store for Aunt Lou. She wondered if she ought not to probe her aunt's feelings concerning the matter and sort of pave the way for the denouement that must one day come when Aunt Lou discovered that Roger Brislin loved the beautiful young niece and not the handsome aunt.

"Well, pussie, you are snug and warm in here," smiled Aunt Lou, bending down to kiss her niece's cheek and then holding her own hands to the fire.

"Yes, Oh, Aunt Lou! Can you sit down a moment? I want to ask you a question. You will try to be calm and not break down, won't you?" urged her romantic niece.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" cried Miss Haysland in alarm, starting toward the door.

"Your mother—"

"It's not that sort of trouble, Aunt Lou!" cried Louise impatiently. "It's only—only—would you feel very badly if Roger Brislin really was eating his heart out for another girl—somebody quite young and beautiful—who couldn't help his falling in love with her?" Louise warmed to the subject. She felt like the heroine in a melodrama.

Miss Haysland grew very pale and leaned against the mantel. "What do you mean, Louise? What right have you to ask me such a question? What right have you to attack Mr. Brislin in that manner?"

Louise was frightened, and she turned her head away, and a sudden look came around her mouth. "Of course you wouldn't believe it," she said significantly.

"No, I would not," said Miss Haysland with emphasis. "Look here, Louise," and she held out her slender left hand, on which gleamed a large diamond. "I'm engaged to be married to Mr. Brislin. You can understand why I must laugh at anything so ridiculous as you suggest."

"I'm very glad, I'm sure," said Louise stiffly and left the room after giving her aunt a cool kiss of congratulation. Later on she made up for her coldness by a delightful warmth. Now she was hurt and jealous and was anxious to seek the seclusion of her own room.

As she crossed the hall the door opened and her brother Dick entered with the evening mail. "A big valentine for you, Louise," he called and tossed her a square white package.

Despite his brotherly gibes she flew up to her room and tore open the wrappings. Inside was the white satin valentine. She turned it over. The initials had been erased, but she could see the faint indentation of the pencil marks. The first initial must have been an "H" instead of an "R."

Who was "H. B.?" She asked herself this question as she went down the stairs, and her brother Dick answered it as he grinned up at her.

"You needn't try to make a secret of who sent you that valentine, sis, because I saw that big lunatic of a Homer Beckford slipping it into the mail box just before they gave it to me!"

Louise sprang to the defense of Homer Beckford, and in that moment there died out the romance she had nurtured for Roger Brislin.

The white satin valentine had really come to her after all, and it bore a message of love that was more real than any imaginary feeling she might have for her aunt's lover.

CANDIDATE CARDS.

First Primary Election August 27th

Second Primary Election Sept. 10th

United States Senate
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the United States Senate, subject to the rules of the Democratic party. Your support and influence will be appreciated.
N. B. Dial, Laurens, S. C.

State Senate
Barnwell, S. C., August 30, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the State Senate, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
Jas. E. Davis.

Barnwell, S. C., April 27, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the State Senate, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
J. Emile Harley.

Barnwell, S. C., March 5, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the State Senate, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
A. Bethune Patterson.

Master
Barnwell, S. C., March 1, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Master, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
H. L. O'Bannon.

Blackville, S. C., Feb. 5, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of Court, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
H. Fullerton Bulst.

Clerk of Court.
Barnwell, S. C., March 26, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of Court, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
W. H. Duncan.

Barnwell, S. C., March 25, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Clerk of Court, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
M. B. Hagood.

Barnwell, S. C., Feb. 8, 1912.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of Court for Barnwell County subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to support the nominees thereof.
W. Gilmore Stigma.

Treasurer.
Barnwell, S. C., July 10, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Barnwell County, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
J. B. Armstrong.

Coroner
Spartanburg, S. C., April 11, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
C. M. Croft.

Barnwell, S. C., April 1, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself to the voters of Barnwell County as a candidate for the office of Coroner, and abiding by all the rules and regulations governing the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to support the regular nominees of the party.
J. Staff Halford.

Barnwell, S. C., March 18, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
M. J. Deik.

Blackville, S. C., R. F. D. No. 2, March 16, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
G. J. Diamond.

Barnwell, S. C., Feb. 8, 1912.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Supervisor of Barnwell County subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primary and pledge myself to support the nominees thereof.
J. Gregg Moody.

Barnwell, S. C., January 22, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
G. C. Langley.

Williston, S. C., R. F. D. No. 2, January 2, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
T. J. Grubbs.

Congress
Ambitious to represent the people of the Second District in Congress, I respectfully offer my candidacy in the coming primary for your kind consideration, agreeing to support the nominees of the party.
Harry D. Calhoun, Barnwell, S. C.

I hereby announce my candidacy for reelection as Representative of the Second District in the U. S. Congress, pledging myself to abide by the result of the Democratic Primary Election.
James F. Byrnes.

House of Representatives
Appleton, S. C., May 22, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
Clayton S. Warner.

Williston, S. C., May 18th, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
R. M. Mixson.

Barnwell, S. C., R. F. D. No. 2, May 17, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
J. J. Cochran.

Barnwell, S. C., May 6, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
Thos. M. Boulware.

Fairfax, S. C., April 13, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
S. B. Talley.

Auditor
Barnwell, S. C., July 1, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Auditor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
R. W. Riley.

Solicitor.
Aiken, S. C., May 18th, 1912.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Solicitor of the Second Judicial Circuit of South Carolina, and pledge myself to abide by the result of the Democratic primary election.
R. J. Gunter.

County Supervisor
Baldock, S. C., May 4, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
I. C. Bennett.

Olar, S. C., March 25, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
J. O. Sanders.

Kline, S. C., March 25, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
H. B. Cave.

Barnwell, S. C., March 23, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
J. W. Bates.

Blackville, S. C., R. F. D. No. 2, March 11, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
P. E. Allen.

Barnwell, S. C., March 11, 1911.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
G. J. Diamond.

Barnwell, S. C., Feb. 8, 1912.
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Supervisor of Barnwell County subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primary and pledge myself to support the nominees thereof.
J. Gregg Moody.

Barnwell, S. C., January 22, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
G. C. Langley.

Williston, S. C., R. F. D. No. 2, January 2, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of County Supervisor, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
T. J. Grubbs.

Sheriff
Barnwell, S. C., March 28, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
Frank H. Creech.

Barnwell, S. C., Feb. 6th 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
J. B. Morris.

Magistrate
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Blackville, and if elected I will endeavor to do my whole duty.
J. C. Wingard Berry.

Barnwell, S. C., July 1st, 1912.
I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
D. Sam. Black.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Elida, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primary election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
A. N. Black.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Ulmer's, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primary election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
R. A. All.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Williston, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
M. C. Kitching.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate for Four Mile Township, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
C. B. Ellis Jr.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Baldock, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
L. D. Pender.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate for Four Mile Township, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
C. M. Turner.

I respectfully announce myself a candidate for the office of Magistrate at Baldock, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic Primary Election, and pledge myself to abide by the results and to support the nominees of the party.
F. S. Owens.

V. SEYMOUR OWENS
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Office over
The Barnwell Sentinel
BARNWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA

Will practice in all the Courts. Collections a specialty. Loans negotiated on acceptable security.

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Dentist,
BARNWELL, S. CAROLINA.

Office hours: 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Persons living away from Barnwell will please make appointments before