

# THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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NO. 47.

## For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
HAIR VIGOR,  
ACQUICURE,  
CHERRY PECTORAL.  
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

### The Booms.

Boom, boom, boom!  
Listen to the bumping of the boom—  
Fairbanks boom.  
How it slips along the way,  
Like an iceberg cold and gray  
From a crisp antarctic day  
In its boom.  
Hear the boomlet smooth and true  
Of good Mister Cortelyou—  
Lovely boom!  
How it cortels in its joy,  
Like a blithesome, happy boy  
With a brand new painted toy,  
Blue and red,  
As it speeds into the gloom  
Straight ahead!  
Boom, boom, boom!  
Like a splendid new-made broom,  
Sweeps the boom of Mr. Knox.  
How it shakes its gory locks!  
How it cultivates its vox,  
High and clear!  
How it hustles through the sky,  
And goes honking, honking high  
Through the flume,  
To the loomng, rheumng, boomng  
Atmosphere!  
See the ever-plumng plume  
Of the ever-boomng boom,  
Fore and aft,  
That belong, as we assume,  
Unto Taft.  
With what majesty it glides!  
How it slides!  
How it rings with awful sound  
On its lofty errand bound,  
Palling roots up by the pound;  
How it strides

## Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, **Swamp-Root**, Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

O'er the ground  
On its bounding, tuming play,  
In its unassuming way  
Night and day!  
And above the spray and spume,  
With its wheels well oiled with coom,  
Flies a boom—  
A one boom—  
Of an overwhelming size—  
Tis no mollicoddie's prize—  
Of a candidate to whom,  
We presume,  
There will come a chance to say,  
First, "I won't," and then "I may;"  
"Call around some other day."  
Then, "Oh, well, if it must be,  
I don't want it, but—you see,  
If there's no one else to whom  
You can delegate this boom,  
Why, of course—it's willy-nill—  
Yes! I will!"  
Boom—Boom!  
—[N. Y. Times.]

### Mrs. T. C. Robinson Killed.

News was received in Pickens, Friday evening, stating that Mrs. T. C. Robinson had been killed at her home at Norris that evening by a tree falling upon her. Later accounts stated that she was not killed but was fatally injured.

It seems that Mrs. Robinson was going from the store to her home nearby, and a dead tree began to fall as she was passing under it. Persons nearby saw her peril and hurried to her to run, but she seemed paralyzed when she saw the fate that threatened her and stood immovable in her tracks. The tree fell, crushing her head and breaking both legs. She lingered until Sunday night, when she died. She leaves a husband and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her death.

The Greenville News of the 16th says:

"Mrs. T. C. Robinson, formerly of this city, died at her home at Norris, in Pickens county, Sunday night, and the burial services took place at Springwood cemetery in this city yesterday afternoon, a large number of relatives and friends being present. The services were conducted by Rev. W. M. Duncan, pastor of the Bancroft Street Methodist church.

"Mrs. Robinson was formerly Miss Hunt, of this city. She had numerous relatives and friends here and her death is a great shock to them. She was injured by the falling of a tree during a windstorm at Norris, Friday afternoon. At first it was hoped she would recover, but later it was found that she had been fatally hurt and the sad end came Sunday night. Mrs. Robinson is survived by her husband, who is a prominent merchant of Norris.

"The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers at the burial: A. H. Donaldson, D. W. Ebaugh, W. H. Griffin, Geo. E. Taylor, J. H. McDavid and M. M. Gaines."

Many persons in Pickens, and throughout the county, knew Mrs. Robinson personally, and they deeply sympathize with Mr. Robinson in his sore affliction.

### THE HOME LIFE.

Happy home life says the Housewife, is worth more to boys and girls than any number of acres or bank stock, which indeed have been the ruin of many lives of fairest promise. Make work enjoyable by associating it with all the good things it brings, but do not render the very thought of it intolerable, by attaching to it only memories of privation, discomfort, absence of companionship, and dense ignorance of what the rest of the world is doing. Let our homes be such as dwellers therein shall always, afar or near, be thankful for having, and in them grown into helpful manhood and womanhood.

### GRASTARK.

"I come in grief and sadness to your court, most glorious Yefive. My burden of sorrow is greater than I can bear," he said hoarsely.

"Would that I could give you consolation," she said, sitting in the chair reserved for her use at council gatherings. "Alas, it grieves me that I can offer nothing more than words." Truly she pitied him in his bereavement.

Bolaroz said that he had heard of the murderer's escape and asked what effort was being made to recapture him. Yefive related all that had happened, expressing humiliation over the fact that her officers had been unable to accomplish anything, adding that she did not believe the fugitive could get away from Graustark safely without her knowledge. The old prince was working himself back into the violent rage that had been temporarily subdued, and at last broke out in a vicious denunciation of the carelessness that had allowed the man to escape. He first insisted that Daulgloss and his incompetent assistants be thrown into prison for life or executed for criminal negligence; then he demanded the life of Harry Angulsh as an aider and abettor in the flight of the murderer. In both cases the princess firmly refused to take the action demanded. Then she acquainted him with her intention to detain Angulsh as hostage and to have his every action watched in the hope that a clew to the whereabouts of the fugitive might be discovered, providing, of course, that the friend knew anything at all about the matter. The Duke of Mizrox and others loudly joined in the cry for Angulsh's arrest, but she bravely held out against them and in the end curtly informed them that the American, whom she believed to be innocent of all complicity in the escape, should be subjected to no indignity other than detention in the city under guard, as she had ordered.

"I insist that this man be cast into prison at once," snarled the white-lipped Bolaroz.

"You are not at liberty to command in Graustark, Prince Bolaroz," she said slowly and distinctly. "I am ruler here."

Bolaroz gasped and was speechless for some seconds.

"You shall not be ruler long, madam," he said malevolently, significantly.

"But I am ruler now, and, as such, I ask your highness to withdraw from my castle. I did not know that I was to submit to these threats and insults or I should not have been kind enough to grant you an audience, prince though you are. When I came to this room, it was to give you my deepest sympathy and to receive yours, not to be insulted. You have lost a son, I my betrothed. It ill becomes you, Prince Bolaroz, to vent your vindictiveness upon me. My men are doing all in their power to capture the man who has so unfortunately escaped from our clutches, and I shall not allow you or any one else to dictate the manner in which we are to proceed." She uttered these words cuttingly and at their conclusion arose to leave the room.

Bolaroz heard her through in surprise and with conflicting emotions. There was no mistaking her indignation, so he deemed it policy to bottle his wrath, overlook the most offensive rebuke his vanity had ever received and submit to what was evidently a just decision.

"Stay, your highness. I submit to your proposition regarding the other stranger, although I doubt its wisdom. There is but one in whom I am really interested—the one who killed my son. There is to be no cessation in the effort to find him. I am to understand, I now have a proposition. With me are 300 of my bravest soldiers. I offer them to you in order that you may better prosecute the search. They will remain here, and you may use them in any way you see fit. The Duke of Mizrox will linger in Edelweiss, and with him you and yours may always confer. He also is at your command. This man must be retaken. I swear by all that is above and below me he shall be found if I hunt the world over to accomplish that end. He shall not escape my vengeance!"

"And hark you to this: On the 20th of next month I shall demand payment of the debt due Asphain. So deeply is my heart set on the death of this Grastark Lorry that I agree now, before all these friends of ours, that if he be captured and executed in my presence before the 20th of November Graustark shall be granted the extension of time that would have obtained in the event of your espousal with the man he killed. You hear this offer, all? It is bound by sacred word of honor. His death before the 20th gives Graustark ten years of grace. If he is still at large, I shall claim my own. This offer, I believe, most gracious Yefive, will greatly encourage your people in

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

We are glad to see much interest taken in improved chickens by the people of this county, and if they will help us to maintain it, we will establish a "Poultry Department" in this paper. If you cannot contribute anything original for the "good of the order" send us suitable clippings from your poultry journals.

Letters received from Mrs. W. H. Johnston state that she is delighted with her home surroundings and the city of Charleston, but she does long for a drink of cool, sparkling Pickens water and an occasional sight of the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains. She is pleasantly domiciled at No. 8 George street.

County Supervisor E. F. Looper returned from Atlanta last week with a drove of 12 fine mules, weighing from 1200 to 1600 pounds each. They will be put on the roads of the county, pulling the scrapes, and soon we will have the best roads of any county in the state, if Mr. Looper's calculations do not miscarry. Time will prove that he is the right man in the right place.

Pickens county has paid her taxes to the state for constable hire to enforce the dispensary law in this county since the removal of the dispensary. Her expense account was \$1,747.76. Constables were placed in 15 counties, but only two, Newberry and Pickens have paid. The sale of contraband liquor seized in Cherokee and Lancaster counties over paid the bills for constables in these two counties.

At the old soldier's meeting held April 1st, 1907, the meeting was called to order by W. B. Allgood and on motion J. F. Hendricks was elected chairman and J. J. Lewis clerk. On motion it was resolved to elect one set of delegates to attend the national and state reunions, and in case the principal cannot attend, he be allowed to appoint an alternate. The following officers were elected: J. F. Hendricks, Allen K. Edens, J. J. Lewis, J. S. Howard and Matthew Hendricks from Pickens camp, and D. H. Templetton and M. T. Smith from Liberty.

Wednesday, the 10th inst., Constable H. A. Neely and U. S. Deputy Marshal Chapman captured near J. A. Manly's house, about five miles above Pickens, nine gallons of mountain dew. It was in jugs of three gallons each. One jug was found buried in the yard, one near the house and another in a patch of woods above the house. It is whispered around that the informer had been up and around Manly's for a day or two and had reported the location of the whisky so that his (the informer's) brother could get through Pickens with a load of liquor.

The entertainment by the Daughters in the school auditorium Friday night was well attended, well rendered and a perfect success in every way. We cannot take up the programme and specialize or comment on each rendition separately—we would run out of superlative adjectives and at once get into deep water, besides having some of the participants on our bones for using more descriptive matter about one actor than another. Gentlemen, here's saying you acted your parts well; ladies, for bewitching smiles, your beauty, your grace, charm and ease of manner, and your perfectly natural mode of action captured your audience, who would like for you to repeat the performance, or put on another entertainment at an early date. One and all did superb.

The work at the cotton mill is progressing finely. The mill, proper, is completed, the shafting is in and the spinning frames and looms are being set, the scaffolding is up about 100 feet for the smokestack, work upon which is under way; the water tank is up and the connections about all made; a force of hands is busily engaged laying the water mains for sewerage and for fire protection; the reservoir is complete and water being turned into it; the grounds are being cleared off and the cotton mill rushed to completion. Soon the hum of the machinery will be heard in this ideal mill village.

John Henry King, who was convicted for bigamy at the last court, was released last week on bond. His sentence was two and a half years on the county chain gang. C. E. Robinson, his lawyer, has secured affidavits from the officials of Banks county, Georgia, that his first wife is dead. The papers have been sent to the governor. King claimed at the trial that his wife was dead. He had a letter to that effect. Others testified that according to their knowledge she was not dead. But the affidavits from Georgia show that she did die in March, 1906. Judge Ernest Gary, before whom the case was tried, when the facts were brought before him, interested himself in behalf of King and presented a petition for pardon in person to Gov. Ansel. The governor, after looking into the case, granted a pardon.

### DEEP BREATHING.

Deep breathing means to exercise the lungs and thus pumping the blood more rapidly through the veins. To merely stand in a room or on the back porch taking long breaths for a few minutes each morning and night will never result in any great benefit. The whole body should have all muscles brought into play. While walking briskly in the open air one may practice deep breathing successfully, but out door work is the kind of exercise most needed and will prove more beneficial than any artificial, forced morning night breathing spasms.

### FUN IN THE HOME.

The home should be made the jolliest place on earth for the children. Don't be afraid of a little fun at the family fireside. Don't let the boys think that all mirth and social enjoyment is barred from the home, if you wish to keep them away from places that lead to vice and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere, and if they do not find it in their home, they will seek it at other and less desirable places. Parents should not repress the buoyant spirits of their children, but join in their merriment around the home fireside. The children will lose none of their respect for their father or mother if they occasionally lose their "dignity" and take part in the children's fun and sport. An evening's romp and play with the young folks will drive dull care away and dispel the memory of many an annoyance of the day. Have fun at home.

### KILLING GRASS AND PLANTING GRASS.

Last week we saw two men digging up Bermuda grass roots out of their cotton patches and another farmer hauling these same roots to his farm planting the roots out on the same kind of lands near by. This may remind you that it takes good grass and little work to grow fat stock and a deal of hard work, guano and other things too worrying to mention to grow cotton.

We know of other men that are trying to kill out the whiskey, evil by keeping it out of the country, while others are trying to kill out all the whiskey in the land by bringing it in and dinking it up.