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NO. 6.

Salmagundi

The Hapsburg of Austria is the oldest dynasty in Europe. It began in A. D. 1276.

The Alaskan Marble Company at Shakan shipped 2,500 tons of marble to Puget sound last year.

James Lewis, of Terrell Tex., was excused from jury duty recently because he has twenty-two children.

"Mother" Stewart, the founder of the W. C. T. U., has just celebrated her 91st birthday anniversary. She was postmistress under Gen. Jackson the first woman known to hold a Federal office.

Joseph Rocco, his wife and two babies are on a four-months' driving trip through Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. They are riding on a street piano vehicle, driven by a horse.

A friend slapped Morris Northway with a shingle, in sport, at Ithaca, N. Y., and set off a lot of matches in Northway's hip pocket. He jumped into Cayuga lake, however, and extinguished himself.

A curious bit of real estate is owned by Mrs. Margaret T. Graham of Middleton, R. I. It consists of a small rock located just off her estate, in the ocean, and a special act of the legislature was necessary to give her the rights of ownership.

One of the most interesting of present day novel writers is Florence Morse Kingsley. She is the wife of a minister, Rev. Charles R. Kingsley who presides over a union church at a charming little town on Staten Island.

Dr. Paul Prager, an army surgeon of Vienna, suggests that molds of the mouths of prisoners would be much better than finger prints for identification purposes, as the palate remains absolutely unchanged throughout life.

The efforts to purchase the John Howara Paine "Home Sweet Home" cottage at Easthampton, Long Island has failed, and it is likely to be removed to a new site and completely remodeled for a dwelling house.

Mrs. John Hay, widow of the former Secretary of State, and her sister Mrs. Samuel Mather, have given to Adelbert College, Cleveland, a memorial chapel in memory of their father, Amasa Stone.

This advertisement appeared in a Swiss paper: "Hotel in a most picturesque site, a distance of a hundred meters from a police station. A physician is attached to the establishment in which an abundantly supplied American bar presents such attractions that very few customers leave it of their own free will"

The daily consumption of matches in the United States averages ten for each man, woman and child in the country. At the Match Trust Factory in Ohio alone 150,000,000 are manufactured every twenty-four hours.

Father Francis O'Boyle has been elected president of the St. Louis university. He is only 35 years of age, and his career has been one of remarkable brilliancy. Most of his life was spent in Detroit, and he is a graduate of Detroit College.

The new Alabama Senator, John Bankhead, is a self educated farmer who was wounded three times in the Confederate army, and later served several terms in the State penitentiary and was warden of the penitentiary before going to Congress.

Wiley's Kidney Cure
Cures kidneys and bladder right.

A Dewsbury (England) champion glutton has been beaten by a big black pudding. He matched himself to consume it in a given time, but failed. The pudding was three yards long and was served hot. He consumed two yards, but the last yard was too much for him.

The Rev. Dr. Elijah Benjamin Hanley, of the East End Baptist Church, of Cleveland, Ohio, has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, of Providence, R. I., the oldest Baptist Church in America, founded by Roger Williams in 1638. He will occupy a pulpit built in 1775.

Two duellists were taking the early train for Fontainebleau, their place of meeting. "A return trip", said the first duellist to the ticket agent. "Single for me," said the second man quietly. "Aha," blustered the other. "You are afraid you won't come back are you?" As for me, I always take a return. "I never do," said the second man. "I always take my return half from the dead man's pocket."

When Sir William Ramsay began his investigation into the properties of radium his letter box was filled almost to the bursting point with warnings from spiritualists, assuring him that the newly discovered metal is an active agent of the supernatural.

Reasons Why I'm a Trades Unionist.

- Because--
1. I want to see every working-man have plenty to eat, plenty to wear and plenty of time to enjoy it.
 2. I had rather be poor and loved by honest workmen than to possess enough money to corner their food supply.
 3. I want to help others to become enlightened upon the subjects which vitally concern their well-being.
 4. I want to place the coin of human love into the palsied hand of poverty and want and wipe from the wrinkled cheeks of unhappiness the scalding tears of discontent and fear.
 5. I want to be as good as I can, to everybody I can, just as long as I can.
 6. I want to have better wages, shorter hours, steadier employment, and to assist my fellow-worker to obtain the same.
 7. If I should see my fellow-worker being imposed upon, I claim the right to render him honorable assistance in securing the proper immunity from the hand of the oppressor.
 8. I believe the principles of organized labor are right, and I want to put my shoulders to the wheel and help push the old car of "humanity and justice" up the hill to success.
 9. I cannot afford to preach unionism and practice hypocrisy and raciality.
- [R. G. Wright.]

Twelve Mile Association.

The Ministers Conference of the Twelve Mile River Association will meet with Shady Grove Baptist church Wednesday and Thursday before the third Sunday in July. All ministers and deacons are cordially and earnestly invited to come.

The following topics will be discussed:

1. Is it advisable to form pastorates? B. F. Murphree.
2. Is the cause of Christ suffering? If so, why? Rev. L. M. Lyda.
3. Should all ministers take an active part in Sunday school work? If not, why not?

E. B. Alexander,
Frank Heaton,
Taylor H. Stewart.

A Breezy Letter from Liberty.

MR. EDITOR:—I see so much in the papers about farmers rising (as near as they can) their own supplies, that it has set me to "tuminating," and it makes me wish I had a good farm, with a large, airy house, with wide verandas on all sides, house set well back from the road, surrounded with a well-kept, shady lawn, a large pasture well stocked with cows and sheep, a garden and orchard. I would raise all the corn, wheat, meat and lard needed. A good sized poultry yard would furnish fresh eggs and broilers in abundance.

Then I would invite the unappreciated, oft abused editors, (a few at a time) until I had given a goodly number the chance to live awhile away from tin cans and paper bags.

Here is a bill-of-fare "with variations" from day to day:

BREAKFAST.
Fried Ham and Eggs,
Broiled Chicken, Home-made Water-
Ground Hominy, Biscuit,
And (the queen of bread)
Light Corn Muffins,
Butter, Honey, Sweet Milk.

DINNER.
Beans and Cabbage, with
Home-Made Bacon,
Peas, Corn, Tomatoes,
Potatoes, in many dainty
and delicious ways,
Pickle made with pure cider vinegar,
Boiled Ham, Mutton,
Peach and Cherry Pie,
to be eaten with Honey,
Corn and Light Bread,
Baked Apples, Cool Milk.

SUPPER.
Cold Ham and Mutton,
Potatoes deliciously creamed, or
cooked in their jackets,
Light Bread, Muffins,
Butter, Honey and Milk.

Now you have lived like you should live, and nothing was store-bought except soda, salt and pepper.

When I get rich I am going to make this a reality instead of a dream; but don't all of ye editors speak at once.

I wish to thank you for making it possible for a goodly number to read McCutcheon's writings, who otherwise would have been deprived of that pleasure. While I realize there is no such country as "Graustark," only in McCutcheon's brain, still I think it very, very interesting, and look forward to "Beverly" being more entertaining than "Graustark."

Again thanking you, I remain your well-wisher.

DREAMER.

Very Short-Sighted Policy.

Corporations, like individuals, will sometimes do very foolish things. Instead of filling their warehouses first-hand from the wagons of the producers, we have known South Carolina cotton mills to wait till the rush of the marketing season was over, after raw material had become scarce, and then ship cotton from Louisiana, paying a higher price for the staple besides the freight. This seems to be a very short-sighted policy, but a Georgia mill has capped the climax by ordering 500 bales of cotton from Liverpool. If a dividend can be made by paying two cents above the market to get cotton from Liverpool, think of what could have been made had the cotton been purchased at the prevailing price last fall. Furthermore, had the Georgia mill supplied its needs at that time the farmers of that vicinity would doubtless have been benefited.—[Edgefield Advertiser.]

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Colds Prevents Pneumonia

Speaking from Experience.

War ain't any jokin', so don't you pack yer traps,
Rather rest in peace at home an' cultivate the crops;
Been erlong with Longstreet, spent some time with Lee,
An' peace I want ter tell you's satisfactory ter me.

War ain't any jokin'. They talks it low as high,
But it changes its complexion when you hear the bullets fly;
It's fine fun—in the papers—but when I see the shine
O' bayonets right in front o' me I'll just take home in mine.

Ain't no fun in fightin'. A foller does his best,
But he always wears the pictures o' his loved ones on his breast;
An' then to kies an' leave 'em, never more ter meet,
Ter listen through a lifetime for the unreturnin' feet!

War ain't any jokin'. Ef it comes, it comes;
An' I reckon that I'd answer ter the roll-call o' the drums;
But I ain't in any hurry for packin' up my traps—
Ruther rest in peace at home an' cultivate the crops.

—[Frank L. Stanton.]

Judge J. H. Newton Travels Some.

PICKENS, June 26.

MR. EDITOR:—A few days ago I finished my traveling route for this summer at Elizabeth City, N. C., a place of some importance, on the A. S. Sound. From there I ran up to Jamestown to take in the Exposition, which is 12 miles out from Norfolk, reached by a line of steamers and by electric railway, the latter going out about every 30 minutes. The buildings are not all completed. The Exposition as a whole is very good. Was very much gratified to see the excellent exhibit made by our Palmetto State. The South Carolina exhibit is very beautifully and attractively arranged and beautifully classified. The palmetto, cotton, corn, timber and minerals and the various products from the cotton mills of Greenville, Anderson, Spartanburg, Easley, etc., are on exhibition. Was delighted to observe minerals there from Woodall mountains and Hagood farms in Pickens county. This made me feel like I was at home. Wofford, Clemson and Winthrop colleges and perhaps others of our state had exhibits. I think South Carolina has about the best exhibit of any of the states. Board can found at \$1 to \$1.50 per day. I went across the Elizabeth river over to Portsmouth and found board at \$1 a day. A transfer steamer crosses every 15 minutes, carrying passengers. This river, which is about three-fourths of a mile wide, divides Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. Stereoscopically one can see the first slaves ever brought to America; the sale of them; the first church; the first general assembly; the women brought over and bid off by the men for wives and paid for in tobacco; George Washington at a banquet, with his sword and uniform, dancing with the ladies, etc. I was there on Virginia day. The military parade was grand, about 5,000 soldiers in line, with fine music. The U. S. navy-yard at Portsmouth, with her dry-docks, is exceedingly interesting to a mountain man. Lying at anchor are several war vessels. Every afternoon visitors are allowed to go through these vessels by getting permission from the sentinel. Norfolk

has a population of about 60,000, narrow streets, filthy places. Portsmouth has a cleaner city, broader streets, well laid off.

Leaving at 7 p. m., took a steamer on Chesapeake Bay up to Cape Charles, then transferred to railroad, and by riding all night reached Philadelphia about 6 a. m. next morning. Philadelphia, the mother town of our republic, has a population of 1,225,000. She claims to have the longest paved street in America—Broad street—28 miles long. Spent Sunday in the city, and had the pleasure of attending the church of John Wannamaker. He put \$50,000 in the building. Rev. Geo. Stewart, of Tennessee, a co-laborer of the late Sam Jones, preached a very forcible sermon on Sunday. Was in Wannamaker's store. He employs about 3,000 clerks to run his extensive business.

Leaving Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania R. R., reached Washington, 136 miles, in a little over three hours.

Met Isaiah Cox and Duffie Stewart, Pickens boys, at Washington. Mr. Cox is making a first-class city detective; Mr. Stewart is holding a good position in the government printing office. Zade is as familiar with the streets and sights of Washington as we are with the boulevards of Pickens. He very kindly accompanied me to the most important places of interest. One could spend a week to advantage in the National Museum and two weeks in the different departments of the government. The Washington Monument is one of the very interesting places to visit. It is on an elevation near the banks of the Potomac river in an open space. It is constructed of marble blocks, 550 feet high, about 30 feet square at the base, gradually tapering to the top.

The inside is like a room. The ascent is made in an elevator, taking only 30 people at one time. At the top of the monument are windows, from which you get a charming view of the city, the Potomac river, Arlington Heights, etc. I happened to visit the monument at 12 m., and saw that ball on the war and navy building fall just at 12 m., which regulates the time over the United States, and causes all the whistles to blow, bells to ring and horns to toot, and makes the boys in the southern fields to whoop and the mules to bray.

J. H. NEWTON.

A Year Without a Summer.

The crafty weather last spring has revived interest on account of the cold season of 1816. In old newspaper files it is known as "the year without a summer." There had been nothing like it in the memory of the oldest persons living, and there has been nothing like it since. May was a month of frosts and snow and ice formed an inch thick, 'tis said. At least one man was frozen to death in Vermont, where snow fell to the depth of ten inches. There were three inches of snow in New York, and water froze in ponds on the Fourth of July as far south as Virginia. Corn was killed.

August was no better, and the succeeding months were cold. In the spring of 1817 seed corn was sold for \$5 a bushel. Similar conditions were reported from Europe.

In an Albany paper, dated several years ago, James Winchester, 90 years old, of Vermont, was quoted on his knowledge of that strange summer.—[K. C. Star.]

There is a chance for some genius to acquire everlasting fame by inventing a device that will enable a man to determine who his friends are.—[Chicago News.]