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NO. 25.

LIKE HUMAN CORKS

How the Water in Great Salt Lake Treats the Bathers.

Bathing in Great Salt lake is a unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated. The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are nonsinkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a rocking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals. Only a strong shower bath of fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into fit condition to dress.—Travel Magazine.

The Doctor's Imagination.

"I have a good story on one of Washington's best known oculists," said a prominent clubman, addressing some friends in the billiard room of the Metropolitan club. "My eyes had troubled me for some months, and finally I went to see the doctor about them.

"After a thorough examination he said that the muscles were badly strained, and then he gave me a prescription for drops to be used in my eyes three times a day. When I left he gave me an appointment for that day week, as he said he could not examine my eyes for glasses until they were in their normal condition.

"Well, I mislaid that blessed prescription, and as I was particularly busy that week I had no time to get another copy. So in some trepidation I kept my second appointment.

"As the doctor examined my eyes I hesitated a moment about telling him I had not used the drops, when he took the words out of my mouth and the breath out of my body by remarking with pleased emphasis:

"Your eyes are very much improved. That medicine which I gave you is certainly wonderful. It always has such prompt and satisfactory results."

"It was all I could do to keep silent," concluded the speaker, laughing. "But I wasn't quite sure how he would take the joke. You see, he may not have a sense of humor."—Washington Star.

Comets in Olden Days.

People nowadays do not regard the comet as one of those signs that fore-run the death or fall of kings, but the superstition was still current in the time of Queen Elizabeth, though, to the amazement of her courtiers, the queen calmly scorned it. It was also thought that if the sovereign would refrain from looking at the malignant celestial passerby no harm would come to her. On one occasion Elizabeth's attendants shut and curtained her windows, but her majesty, as might have been expected, with "a courage answerable to the greatness of her estate," caused them to be opened, crying as she looked up: "Jacta est alea—the die is cast!" Then, like King Knut on the seashore, she read her people a homily, asserting that her "steadfast hope and confidence were too firmly planted in the providence of God to be blasted or affrighted with those beams which either had no ground in nature whereupon to rise or at least no warrant in Scripture to portend the mischances of princes."

"These kisses you sold me yesterday are hard and stale," growled a customer at the candy counter. "I thought you claimed to keep only fresh candies."

"We do generally," replied the fair saleslady. "Those must have come from an old batch."—Lippincott's.

Local Readers Ask More About Cooper.

Lively Interest Taken in the Account of His Work Printed in this Paper Last Week.

Big Demand for the Cooper Remedies at The Pickens Drug Store Causes Much Comment.

For the past several weeks the famous Cooper Remedies have been selling in quantities that far surpass anything ever introduced here. The Pickens Drug Co., local agents say they have never before handled remedies that have proved to be more popular. There seems to be no abatement to the interest displayed by local people in the work of Mr. Cooper in Chicago, the following account of which is from the Journal of that city:

During the past two weeks hundreds of voluntary testimonials have been given at Cooper's headquarters, The Public Drug Company, 150 State street, on the efficiency of the Cooper preparations for deafness, stomach complaints, rheumatism and as a general spring tonic.

Among the recent callers was Mrs. Emma Stanley, living at 713 Washington Boulevard. She told her story in a most convincing manner, and many persons who stood around her, indorsed all that she had to say in praise of the Cooper remedies. She said:

"Perhaps I had the most complicated case that Mr. Cooper has had to deal with. I was troubled with both deafness and stomach complaints. I don't know that one thing had anything to do with the other, but I do know that I had tried many patent medicine preparations without result. I was so deaf that I could not hear the clock tick and my stomach was in such wretched shape that I could not enjoy a meal that I ate.

"I was nervous and could hardly sleep. I had a roaring noise in my ears and dozing spots before my eyes. I felt very bad and weak.

"One day I heard about the Cooper medicine and decided to try it. I have just started on my fourth bottle and the improvement in my case has been really wonderful. My nerves have been quiet

ed, my hearing is much improved and I feel like a new woman.

"I cannot say too much for these wonderful remedies, for they have made me well again, so that I may now enjoy life like I used to before I was sick."

Among the many callers yesterday was Mr. George P. Lintz, 300 Center street, who had been suffering from stomach trouble for many years. He said:

"I suffered several years from indigestion and stomach trouble. At times I was very weak and nervous, had dizzy spells, headache and felt tired and miserable nearly all the time. Sleep at night gave me no strength and I was always tired in the morning. My appetite was also impaired; once in a while I could eat a good meal, but most of the time I had no desire for food.

"One day I saw the advertisement of Cooper and read of his remedies. I went at once to get the medicine, and after I had taken a few doses I was relieved of an enormous tape worm. Now I know what caused my suffering. My stomach feels easy now, as if a great weight had been removed, and my health improved rapidly. I have a good appetite and am completely restored in strength.

"I am very thankful to Mr. Cooper for all that his medicine has done for me, and I heartily recommend it to all persons who feel exhausted and are probably troubled as I was.

"It has done all that has been claimed for it in my case and has helped me where other medicines failed."

Hundreds of people are daily calling to see Mr. Cooper with the same story of restored health, strength and happiness, which only proves that all that has been said or written about the medicine is undoubtedly true.

SELECTED HIS OWN GRAVE.

Dead Shot Bill Found the Marshal Was Not to Be Bluffed.

When Dead Shot Bill rode into Hays City one day in the early seventies with his hat pulled down over his eyes and a hard look around his mouth those who knew him said that he had come for blood. He had not, however. He had come to have an understanding with Dave Mills, who had lately been appointed city marshal. Bill sat on his horse in front of the Star saloon until Dave came along, and when they had saluted each other and shaken hands he said, "Dave, what about this city marshal business?" "I'm going to keep order," was the reply. "No more shootin' up the town?" "No more, Bill." "You'll stop it?" "I will."

"Say, Dave, you can't do it. You are a good man, but you jess can't do it. I'm comin' in tomorrow to capture the town." "Don't try it on, Bill." "But I shall, Dave." "Hev you got a few minits to spare?" asked Dave as he gave a hitch to his gun. "A hul hour. What's wanted?" "Come over to the graveyard, Bill, and select your last restin' place. It's fillin' up purty fast, but thar ar a few choice spots left." They went over the creek to Root hill, the three acre spot set aside for the dead, and as Bill got off his horse Dave waved his hand and said, "Take your pick and I'll put a Chinaman at work diggin' the grave."

Bill walked over the ground and finally selected a sunny spot on the south side of a knoll and said it would do. The city marshal called to a Chinaman who was passing and ordered him to get a shovel and dig a hole, and then he turned to Bill with, "Waal, at

what time tomorrer kin I expect you?" "About noon, Dave." "Sure to come?" "Dead sure. I never disappoint an audience, you know." "I'll be ready. Goodby, Bill." "So long, Dave." At 11:55 o'clock next day Dead Shot Bill came into Hays City with a whoop and a yell, his broncho on a dead run and a gun in either hand. At 12:05 he was lying dead in front of the Wild West saloon, and at 12:45 the inquest had been concluded and he was occupying the grave he had selected. The city marshal had downed him, and the verdict of the jury was, "We are kinder sorry for the deceased, but it was all right and according to Hoyle."—Denver Field and Farm.

Queen Elizabeth as an Ale Drinker.

There is an amusing letter written by the Earl of Leicester to Lord Burleigh as to the lack of sufficiently strong ale for the queen at Hatfield. "There is not one drop of good drink for her here. We were fain to send to London and Kenilworth and divers other places where ale was. Her own beer was so strong as there was no man able to drink it." Ale and bread were the chief items of the royal breakfast. The quantity of ale consumed by ladies at breakfast in those days was considerable; for in the reign of Henry VIII. the maids of honor were allowed for breakfast "one chet loafe, one manchet, two gallons of ale and a picher of wine." A Lady Lucy made a mighty tuncle of the national brew. Her breakfast was a chine of beef, a loaf and a gallon of ale, and for her pillow meal a posset porridge, a generous cut of mutton, a loaf and a gallon of ale.—Westminster Gazette.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Liberty.

Miss Iva Callahan was taken seriously ill at the schoolhouse last Friday. Her sickness has cast a gloom over the school that will not be dispelled until she is her usual bright self once more.

We are sorry to state that Mrs. Jay Boggs is very sick.

Lorena Brown, who has been very ill for the past two weeks, is not improving.

Mrs. W. H. Chaney is visiting at her father's, D. J. Grier,

Little Magnolia Young entertained a few friends at a birthday party last Saturday.

My son and I visited the SENTINEL-JOURNAL office last week. When I told the editor who I was he started to say, "I am glad to meet you," when the fate of all liars came into his mind, and he simply stammered out, "I—I am surprised." "Uncle Zeke" took to his heels. I then and there vowed I'd never shock another editor by a visit. Kind readers, be warned, so that you can be prepared for my picture should it appear in the paper. How often you have heard people say, "I am glad to meet you," when you didn't believe they were. Apropos of this let me tell you how a friend of mine was "backed." I said that he met a young man once who used that hackneyed phrase, "I am glad to meet you." Thinking to joke the other my friend said, "I wish I could say the same of you." "You could," replied the young man, "if you don't mind telling a lie any more than I do."

Since the above was written I learn that Mrs. P. C. Cartee is very ill.

Put in the sick-list, "Where, O where is Cleve?"

Now, Mr. Editor, blue-pencil this as much as you please, to make room for others. DREAMER

Mile Creek.

Hello, Mr. Editor, I am glad to be with you again after so long a time. I don't have much to write like "Old Riddle" always has. She surely does not work any, for I believe if she had to work as I do she couldn't think of so much to write every time. While I was at work to day I thought of a heap to write but I have just about forgotten all.

Miss Luia Murphree is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. She is not expected to live.

Mrs. Kate Hughes lost a fine hog last week worth probably \$25.

Mrs. B. F. Mauldin, Miss Mabe and her little brother Lewis visited relatives near Liberty Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Essie Findlay is quite sick again.

Miss Myra Parker has gone to Greenville to work.

"Old Riddle" said something about the wedding bells down on her side, and from what I saw Sunday, I believe they are going to ring around here shortly.

"Papa's Darling," you and I had better wake up and write more for the paper or our names will be taken off the list. I am going to write more every time I write if I don't forget. Papa's Girl.

Dalton Town Heard From.

Good morning, Mr. Editor. After so long a time I have come again to give you a few dots from our little burg.

Married on the 6th instant, Clarence Davis and Margie Hughes, Squire J. E. Gillespie officiating.

The Mile Creek Band met at J. S. Bowen's last Saturday night and rendered some fine music. I hope they will let us know the next time they meet for bachelors love music too.

Mrs. L. R. Dalton and youngest daughter visited in Pickens on last Saturday.

We are sorry to say that Miss Lula Murphree is very sick at present.

I will come again sometime if the frost dont catch me.

With best wishes to the Sentinel-Journal. UNCLE TOM.

Dacusville.

Dear Editor: As I have not seen anything in your columns from this section in some time, I will try and give your many readers a few sketches from our thriving little burg.

The health of the community is very good.

Picking cotton and gathering corn is the order of the day and 'possum hunting the order of the night. We all, I guess, love 'possum and "later."

J. W. Loooper has purchased a part of W. N. Hughes' land on waters of Carpenter's creek.

B. D. Lumbart is erecting a barn and some extension to his dwelling house on his place where N. M. Loooper now lives. This will add much to the place when completed.

James H. Hughes and sister Miss Anna visited A. B. Hughes and other relatives in Greenville Saturday and Sunday and report a good time.

E. C. Berry went to Easley last Tuesday on business.

Some of the boys who have received three or four post cards, are now suffering from post-card-mania. Who will prescribe the remedy.

Misses Irene and Lillie Berry visited Misses Maude Berry and Lizzie Loooper last Sunday.

Let us all write more and make the Sentinel Journal the best county paper in the state.

With best wishes to the Sentinel-Journal and its many readers, I am still the Mountain Boy.

A Happy Occasion.

At noon, Sunday, 10th inst., we were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Harris. When we arrived at their hospitable abode we were greeted by a crowd of young people and invited into the parlor, where elegance and refinement reigned supreme.

After a social chat of an hour or two we all repaired to the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Avery Jones, where Miss Bertha Harris and Mr. Thomas Burns were happily married. Mr. Avery Jones gracefully performed the ceremony.

We then returned to the home of Mr. Harris, about a mile's drive, the merry party made everything pleasant for us. About sunset we were invited into the dining room, where was set the most bountiful, elegant and appetizing wedding repast we ever looked upon. Everything that the daintiest epicure could desire was on that table. The spread was heartily enjoyed by about twenty people, with strong, healthy appetites.

Supper over, the joyous throng stormed the home of W. T. Day, a short distance away, where they enjoyed music, etc., until a late hour.

The happy young couple have the best wishes of their many friends for a long, happy and prosperous life. CLEVE.