

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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NO. 31.

Like Marrying a Title.
Old Auntie Mandy, who did the washing, was such a happy, brave old soul that, although she worked very hard early and late and must often have been weary, nothing could depress her. In everything that occurred she saw only "good luck" for herself. One day she brought home the washing in a high state of glee.

"Jes' think, Mis' Arnold," she said, "I's goin' ter git married. Isn't dat jes' fine luck fo' poor, old black woman like me?"

"I shall be very sorry to lose you, Mandy," said Mrs. Arnold, "but I'm glad if your life will be easier."
"Lose me!" gasped Mandy. "Lor! Mis' Arnold, I can't afford to let you lose me jes' now. Why, I's goin' ter marry Br'er Johnson an' his five chillun. I's got ter hustle now, fur sar-tin'."

"But I fall to see where your good luck is coming in from such a marriage, Mandy."

"Why, chile, if I marry dat man an' his chillun he's promised me six mo' big washes his fust wife done had! Dat's clar luck, Mis' Arnold, clar luck, 'sides habin' de honor ob marryin' in Br'er Johnson's fambly!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

When Goethe Dictated.
In Wilhelm Bode's "Studies With Goethe" an interesting chapter is made up from the recollections of his last secretary, Christian Schuchardt. Of Goethe's method when he dictated "Wilhelm Meister" Schuchardt says: "He dictated with a certainty and rapidity which made one fancy that he was reading from a printed book. If this had been done in quiet and without interruption, I would not have marveled so much. But while the work was proceeding there came the barber, the hairdresser—Goethe had his hair shined every other day and had it dressed daily—the library servant, often the former secretary, his clerk, all of whom had access to his study unannounced. Friends called, the barber gossiped, the librarian told about books newly received, some member of the family would enter and join in the conversation, and finally, when all was again quiet, I would read the last sentence, and the dictation would proceed as though there had been no interruption."

Talked Too Much.
In a certain village of New Hampshire there is a quaint old character known as Boss Mellin keenly alive to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." Mellin's gift in this respect approaches genius, though he was fully aware of what he deemed his shortcomings therein.
Mellin used to make mattresses for a living. One day a native of the place entered his shop and asked, "Boss, what's the best kind of a mattress?"
"Husks," was the laconic response of Boss.
Twenty years later, so runs the tradition, the same man again entered the shop and again asked what, in the opinion of Mellin, was the best kind of a mattress.
"Straw," said Boss.
"Straw? You told me husks was the best!"
Boss Mellin emitted a sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin'," said he.

Passed the Limit.
"I purchased these shoes here last month, and I want to get them exchanged," began the man in the department store. "You'll notice that the patent leather has cracked."
"Oh, yes," exclaimed the clerk when he had examined the shoes. "They are old stock. The patent has probably expired."—Harper's Weekly.

Heeded Instructions.
Father—Joe, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal yard? Joe—Why, father, I think she has seen the notice, "Now is the time to lay in your coal."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not an Outing.
"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.
"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a knouting there one summer."—Chicago Tribune.

Schoolboy's Definition of Rubric.
The archbishop of Canterbury at a banquet said the boys at a secondary school had been given a dictation, and one of the words of which they were to give the derivation and meaning was "rubric." One boy clinched an initial difficulty by giving it two b's, then, being puzzled for the rest, wrote, "The word is derived from rubber and means a religious rule which you can stretch or twist."—St. James' Gazette.

Breaking the News.
The matrimonial failure of Pat, a bartender in the center of the city, has been common knowledge for some time, and it has also been no secret that Pat really does not blame his wife for her impatience with his habits. Pat is in dead earnest when he says that his wife really is too good for him and deserves a divorce, which the self-abasing Pat would gladly grant her if it wasn't so expensive. The good faith of Pat in this respect was, however, never more forcibly illustrated than during the severe attack of pneumonia from which he has just recovered. "Pat, the doctors say you are very sick," said his wife during her visit to the hospital one day. "What do they really say? You can't hurt me by telling the truth," answered Pat. "Well, Pat, they say that you cannot live," whispered the wife, finally yielding to Pat's insistent demand for the truth. "Don't you believe it. Doctors make a habit of holding out hopes to the last," drawled Pat in his wearisome style. "They are only breaking the news to you gently. I am going to get well."—Philadelphia Record.

Telltale Bibles.
A dealer in secondhand books advertised the other day for old Bibles belonging to three families that have lately come into prominence.
"Do they want them as heirlooms?" asked a customer who had read the advertisement.
"Not a bit of it," said the dealer. "They want the Bibles because they contain a record of births; consequently they reveal ages—women's ages, presumably. Very often dealers in old books are asked to look up inconvenient documentary evidence of that kind. Before days of affluence the family Bibles got lost in the shuffle of moving around. Nobody thought much about the loss then, but with the advent of prosperity the books could easily become a source of mortification to many women if they happened to fall into the hands of malicious persons; hence the frantic attempts to gather all such records into the family."—New York Post.

He Robbed the Thief.
From Czenstochowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing story of coincidences. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief.
"I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and seeing a man in the crowd with a wallet on his back, slipped his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had left in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest, and the thief got away.—Warsaw Col. Fall Mail Gazette.

Clara—I'm going to break off my engagement with Tom. I said I do not love him. Maude—Indeed! When did you make the discovery? Clara—Last night. I saw him out riding with another girl, and I didn't feel like pulling her hair or scratching her eyes out at all.—Chicago News.

He Had No Choice.
The wife of a dynamo tender went to a haberdasher's to buy a necktie for her husband. She selected a brilliant red one, ready made, whereupon the young and inexperienced salesman, with compassion for the future owner, was moved to remark:
"Excuse me, missus, is this tie for your husband?"
"It is," replied the woman.
"Don't you think he'd rather have some other color? I'm afraid he won't wear this red tie."
"Oh, yes, he will!" said the woman firmly. "He'll have to—he's dead."—London Answers.

The Irish Priest.
Stephen Gwynn has said somewhere excellently that the Irish priest possesses the secret of Irish life. He does, and so entirely is the key to it in his possession that I doubt if any genius, however great, could give an adequate rendering of Irish life without introducing the priest.—Katherine Tynan in Fortnightly Review.

A Discourager.
Miss Kreech—Some authorities believe that the practice of singing will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Responsible.
"Hold on," said the learned chemist. "Didn't I give you a bottle of my wonderful tonic that would make you look twenty years younger?"
"You did," replied the patient, "and I took it all. I was then thirty-nine, and now I am only nineteen."
"Well, then, will you please settle this bill you owe me for the treatment?"
"Oh, no! As I am only nineteen now, I am a minor, and minors are not held responsible for the bills they incur. Good day, sir."—Illustrated Bits.

Christmas Holiday Rates.
Greatly reduced rates via the Southern Railway.
Account Christmas Holidays the Southern announces Special Excursion Rates of one and one-third first-class one way fare plus 25c for the round trip to all points south of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi river, including Washington, D. C., and Cincinnati.
Tickets will be on sale Dec. 20 to 25, inclusive; December 30 to 31 1907, and January 1st, 1908, with limit good to leave destination not later than Midnight January 6th 1908.
Apply to nearest agent of the Southern Railway or address J. C. Lusk, Div. Pass. Agt., Charleston, S. C.

Christmas Holiday Rates.
The Charleston & Western Carolina Railway will sell excursion tickets on account of the Holidays at very low rates for the round trip.
Tickets on sale Dec 20-25 inclusive, 30th and 31st 1907, and Jan. 1, 1908 with final limit returning Jan. 6, 1908.
For further information apply to ticket agents or,
Ernest Williams,
Gen. Pass. Agent,
307 Broadway, Augusta, Ga.

H. Snider has his stock replenished for the holiday trade with new patterns in watches, lockets, bracelets, etc.
A fair line of emblem goods also several brands of standard quality silver.
More new goods will be in before this reaches you. Make somebody glad with a nice piece of jewelry from this stock.

Piedmont Union.
The second division of the Piedmont Union will meet with the first church of Central on Saturday before the 5th Sunday in December, at 10 a. m.
1. Devotional service.
2. Enrollment of delegates.
3. Reports from the churches.
4. 11 a. m.—Introductory sermon, by Rev. P. F. Crawford.



Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?
Make him a **Scott's Emulsion** baby.
Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.
Consequently the baby that is fed on **Scott's Emulsion** is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.
ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

Intermission. 1.30 p. m.—Union reassembles. 1st Query—"Is baptism essential to salvation?" Opened by Revs. F. R. McCleughan and G. L. Martin. 2d Query—"Church attendance. Its importance. Is it on the decline? If so, some of the causes" Opened by J. T. Dobson and Hon. Urban	Mauldin. Such other queries as may present themselves to the Union will be discussed. Union will reassemble at 10 a. m., Sunday, for mass meeting. 11 30.—Missionary sermon, by Rev. D. W. Elliott. All churches are urged to elect delegates who will attend. W. T. EARLE, for Com.
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Thinks Much of Our Scholarship Propositions.
ATLANTA, GA., 28th Nov. 1907.
EDITOR SENTINEL-JOURNAL:
It gives me great pleasure to recommend the scholarships which you offer from time to time in Atlanta business colleges.
I was fortunate to secure one of your scholarships, and studied bookkeeping here in Atlanta under Prof. H. L. Bridges. I am now a bookkeeper for J. M. High Company, one of the largest dry goods houses in the South. My work is pleasant, and I get a good salary. I think any young man, or woman, would be spending their time wisely in trying to secure one of the scholarships which you offer.
Wishing you much success, and thanking you for the scholarship which you gave me, I am
Sincerely,
LEILA BALLENTINE.

Nobody That Knows
CLOTHES!
Will Ever Doubt
The real values and bargains we are offering the people of this section of the state. Every day the fact is more plainly crouched out that it is an impossibility to find such clothing at the prices as we offer in our
One-third Discount Clothing Sale.
The people are coming from far and near to buy high-grade and new stylish 1907-8 clothing and overcoats at ONE-THIRD LESS. Mothers, it is a good time to remember the boys with a new suit—at the prices now on them they are cheaper than you will get them again.
No alterations—nothing charged—nothing on approval.
ERDEL'S 120 S. Main Street
Greenville, S. C.

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