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Some Hits And Some Miss.

—Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

—It is nice to be handsome but it is a good deal handsomer to be nice.

—A step taken for mother is a pearl dropped into your future diadem.

—Take your joy with you or you'll not find it even in heaven.

—The best biography—the life that writes charity in the largest letters.

—Children need love, tenderness and sympathy as much as flowers need air and sunshine.

—A happy family is but an earlier heaven.

—It is worth a thousand dollars a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

—To bring what pleasure and contentment we can into every life is the best way to fill our own with beauty.

—To make a home happy is an art—an art a good many people have either lost or never found.

—Train your eyes to rest on the brightest spots in life. Pass the darkness on the other side. One of the sunniest places on earth is the spot made sacred by the hallowed influences of those we love in our own homes.

—If you are a kicker and see the shadows of failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go into secluded canyon and kick your own shadow on the clay bank, and give those who are working to build up the town a chance. One-long-faced, hollow-eyed, whining, capping, chronic kicker can do more to keep away business and capital from a town than all the drouths, short crops, chinch bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined.

—The father who is "chummy" with his boy, gets down to that eager, inquiring, restless little soul and explains and encourages, does not need to cut a birch gad in order to maintain discipline; and the mother who sympathizes, cuddles and plays with her children can keep her slippers on her feet and her hair-brush on the dressing table. Children need love and sympathy as much as flowers need air and sunshine.

—The best way to keep the boys at home is to make it an object for them not to go out to seek amusements, for these they will have. Every farm home ought to be made a very heaven on earth to its inmates. Not alone the farm either, but all the houses in the land. Learn each child's nature, and then work some home charm to keep him in your circle.

—Wednesday evening a meeting of the Colleton County Audubon Society was held at the court house at Walterboro and the matter of electing officers and a game warden was gone into. There is a membership of 22 in Colleton county, as a result of the recent visit of the state secretary, Jas. Henry Rice, Jr. The following are the officers: Paul Sanders Ritter, president; P. M. Buckner, Walterboro, secretary and treasurer; T. K. Buchanan, Walterboro, game warden.

—The following is a very truthful remark. "The man who grows up in his native town is regarded as a boy by his elders until he is well started down the declivity of life that ends in a hole. The stranger who comes into a place is more often pushed to the front than the young man who has grown up in your town. This is the reason why so many young men become dissatisfied with their home surroundings and long to cast their lot in other quarters."

—How lucky is it that the man in the moon is blind.

—The man who could run a newspaper to suit everybody, went to heaven long ago.

—There is no way of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools and good people to settle among you, and this can not be done unless you spend your money at home.

—The kickers and croakers have no place in a city with the push and progressiveness of our town. The man who opposes needed public improvements and stands in the way of progress is not a good citizen.

—Don't croak. Leave that to frogs in stagnant pools. A few croakers though are necessary in every community to measure the rate of progress at which live men are advancing.

—Learned men tell us that in Latin the word "editor" means something "to eat." In the United States its meaning is altogether different. It means to scratch around like blazes to get something to eat.

—An advertisement is to a merchant very much what sowing seed is to a farmer. It may take a little time for the results to become apparent, but they are sure to come. The wise farmer is not niggardly with his seed, nor the wise merchant with his advertisement.

—The way the yard sticks rattled, hardware jingled and our merchants and clerks moved around Saturday indicated a lively day for our business men; and the people that thronged our thoroughfares were delighted in the bargains they had pocketed and the general verdict is this is the place to trade.

—The time to have the brightest lamps lit, the hottest supper ready, to wear the gayest dresses and hunt up the funniest stories in one's memory, is the cold, rainy night, when there will not be any company, but when the home-coming husband sons, or brothers will doubly enjoy the cheer.

—The King's Mountain Commercial Club together with the prominent and progressive citizens of that section, held a mass meeting and consummated the plans for laying out and building the road from Yorkville to the King's Mountain battleground and for easy handling of the folks who attended the unveiling of the monument October 7.

—Of all places, praise should be most lavishly used in the family circle. How many of us keep all our words of kindness for strangers, for those in whom we have not one spark of vital interest; and to the hearts dependent upon us for sympathy and appreciation, have scarcely one cheery word. If we are so niggardly in the expenditure of the sweet charities of life that we cannot squander commendations on the home folks and strangers too, by all means let the home folks come in first for their share.

—Here is the way the papers will write up a wedding ten years hence. "The bride looked very well in a traveling dress, but all eyes were centered upon the groom. He wore a dark suit that fitted his form perfectly and in his dainty gloved hands he carried a small rose. His curly hair was beautifully done, and a delicate odor of hair oil of the best quality floated down the aisle as he passed. The young people will miss him now that he is married. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender grace and his winning ways. The bride commands a good salary as bookkeeper and the groom will miss none of the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. A crowd of pretty men saw him off at the depot."

—When you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and a fat man unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.

—When you hear a man sneering at the local papers you can safely bet he don't spend his time making them better. They who don't see a benefit arising to a town from its newspapers havn't as much sense as a cove oyster, and are of about as much value to a town as a ten-pear-old delinquent.

—The life of our editor was saved the other day by a silver dollar in his pocket. A crank shot at him and the ball struck the dollar. Now should we happen to get shot before you pay up your subscription and there is no dollar to stop the ball we shall always presume you might have saved our life.

—Some of our pretty little girls seem quite fond of our cunning little boys, on whose lips the first appearance of what will in the course of time be a mustache, and they are really imperiling the lives of these youths in keeping them out so late evenings. Girls, remember that little boys should always go to bed early.

—When you want any article of merchandise buy it of a reputable home dealer, that the profit may remain to enrich the community. Send your money abroad only for what you cannot purchase at home. Home talent, home labor, home industry, home capital, and home pleasures are things to be fostered, encouraged and patronized.

—Too poor to take a home paper? Well that is a distressful condition; buy a hen, feed her crumbs and waste from the kitchen and she will lay eggs to pay for a year's subscription; then work her up into pot pie and she will pay first cost; so the paper will be clear profit. Repeat this process year after year, meanwhile learn wisdom and cease to be poor.

—Twix twilight and dark, up near Manitou park, a maiden sat combing her bright golden hair, when heated with roaming, all panting and foaming, there came up and squeezed her a big grizzly bear. It did not affright her, the bear did not bite her, she lay back and murmured, "O still tighter dear." This broke up old bruin he let off his wooing sneaked back to the mountains and hid a whole year.

Let Us Take Time.

Let us take time for the good-bye kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet, foolish words to those we love. By-and-by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read our Bible. Its treasures will last when we shall have ceased to care for the war of political parties, and rise and fall of stock, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we coveted or the fame for which we struggled.

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.



Curing the Fever.
Are you all worked out and lazy,
Sort o' stretchy like an' old?
Are yer innards sort o' sluggish
And yer tribbles clammy cold?
Hev you nervous fits an' wakie's
In th' middle o' th' night?
An' you've got t' quit an' tend it
It's th' April fever comin'
With its springtime appetit!

It's th' blaimedest kind o' sickness
Thet a feller ever had!
'T ain't no dif'rence who yer doctor—
It will git yew gist as bad!
It is surer thing than babies
Er th' mortgage on th' farm,
An' you've got t' quit an' tend it
Er th' thing'll do yew harm!
You can't fight it down ner kill it;
Sassafras don't do no good.
All th' squills an' sugared sulphur
In th' kingdom never would.
It's a case o' go an' dig it
Out behind th' barn er shed
And a scootin' t' th' river,
When th' sun is sinkin' red!

It's a choice o' fish er fever—
If you're sick go out an' play
Where th' zephyrs sort o' cool ye,
By th' brook's glad roundelay,
Where th' buds is bustin' eager
And th' pasque flower nods its blue,
You will find a bracin' tonic
Thet'll put new life in you!
Breathe it in, b'gosh, an' sniff it,
'T ain't no dif'rence who yer doctor,
It's elixir o' the country,
And it knocks th' fever out!
Drugs ner nothin' else won't touch it—
You have got t' steal away
Where th' zephyrs sort o' cool ye,
By th' brook's glad roundelay!

Old Man Haskins.
Old man Haskins knew what was the matter with his pretty daughter, but Mrs. Haskins was not so penetrative. At any rate, Florentia was "all run down" and nervous. She screamed when the cat jumped off the chair behind her, was afraid of burglars and moths and wept dolefully when the Italian peanut peddler went by with his shrill steam whistle.

It was when Old Man Haskins paid his gas bill that the light of intelligence penetrated his head convolutions and "put him next," as the slang parlance is. Then he recalled several little incidents along about midnight and 2 a. m. that heretofore had merely disturbed his rest. That was why Haskins called on the young man's father immediately and, incidentally, that is why after a solemn conclave, there was much chuckling on the part of two old cronies and a glass or two of something old from the cob-weby region underneath the residence.

The young man was much surprised next morning to receive a sudden summons from the head of the firm to go to a distant state for a month. There were tears and more nervousness up at Haskins' house that night, but he went, at last, just as the chickens were crowing for a poet's sunrise.

When he arrived a day later at S— and received among seven letters from Florentia, one in a bold, business-like hand, the cruel wretch opened that first. This is what it said:
"My Dear Boy:
"I have just been wondering if young people don't have it worse now than they did when I was in my adolescent age?
"Anyhow, the gas bills seem to be larger!
"You will be absent a month, your father tells me, during which time I hope to keep Florentia in bed most of the time. I calculate she will be about even if she snoozes twenty-two hours a day for thirty days!
"During this time, also, I have arranged to have your bed moved from your father's house to our house, and will speak to the county clerk about the license that he may know when he sees you coming what it is you want most on earth, and not subjugate you to embarrassment.
"As I have no particular objection to you as a son-in-law, and expect to feather your nest slightly until you have given evidence of desiring to move to one of your own, I hope, in the future, that you will, out of respect for me, be a little more careful of the gas!
"If I have to marry my daughter to rescue her from being loved to death, I am your future and affectionate father-in-law."
JASPER HASKINS.

"Well, I'll be—," but the young man didn't finish the sentence. On the contrary he walked down to the telegraph office and wired Florentia:
"Home on the midnight express. Meet me!"

When Old Man Haskins saw the telegram and noted the hour of arrival he finished the aforesaid ejaculation—and then hurried down to the county clerk's office on important business.

Classified.
Irate Citizens, to Judge—"He called me a boiled lobster!"
Judge, eyeing prisoner carefully—"I'll fine him \$10. I don't see anything 'boiled about you!"

Might-Have-Been Conflagrations.
I note by one of my exchanges that another of those conflagrations "which might have proved one of the worst in the city's history" again has been averted.

Yep!
It takes more than one electric fan to make an early summer.

Byron Williams

COME TO GREENVILLE TO TRADE!

Railroad Fare Refunded Within Radius of 40 Miles;
Fare One Way Paid for distance Over 40 Miles.

Here is The Plan:

Buy \$25 worth for cash, all at one time, or part at one time, and part at another, within three months from any of the merchants named below. Not necessary to buy all at one store. Get Rebate Book with first purchase, have each purchase recorded and when \$25 worth is entered in Book take or send book to Secretary of Retail Merchants' Association for amount of Railroad Fare.

Buy From Any of These:

China, Glassware, Etc.

Gilreath-Durham Co.

Drugs and Sundries.

Bruce & Doster Drug Co.

Dry Goods, Notions, Etc.

J. Thos. Arnold Co.

Barr's Dry Goods.

R. L. R. Bentz.

Hobbs-Henderson Co.

Hovey Smith.

C. D. Stradley & Co.

Furniture, Etc.

L. A. James.

Symmes-Browning Co.

E. S. Poole.

Buggies, Wagons, Etc.

Markley Hardware & Manufacturing Co.

R. N. Tannahil Co.

Clothing.

Hall Brothers.

J. O. Jones & Co.

L. Rothschild.

Smith & Bristow.

Stewart, Anderson & Merritt.

Jewelry, Etc.

Bruns-McGee Co.

Lumber, Etc.

Oregon Lumber Co.

Office Supplies.

Seybt-Lanford Co.

Millinery, Coat Suits.

The Ayers Co.

Shoes.

Americus Shoe Co.

Henderson-Ashmore Co.

Pride, Patton & Tillman.

If you don't understand, write the Secretary.
Information Cheerfully Given.

Greenville Retail Merchants Association,

JOHN WOOD, SEC'RY.

Office over Smith & Bristow. Cor. Main and Washington Steets.

FARMS FOR SALE!

Gordon County, Georgia, Farms,

lie better, have better sub-soil and are much cheaper, per acre, than your lands. The reason of the latter is that we haven't a practical farmer in the county. They don't plow deep and 200 pounds of fertilizer to the acre would scare most of them. Many of them use only acid. I have all kinds and size farms for sale. Some rare bargains if sold before rented for another year. Delays are dangerous. Don't take time to write—come and see for yourself. Wire me when you start.

Calhoun, (County Seat of Gordon County) is a fast-growing town of 2,000 people. Located 80 miles north of Atlanta. I refer you to the following men of your county. I have shown them the goods.

J. R. Keith, W. M. Chastain, Pickens, S. C., R. F. D., 4.

CALHOUN, GA. - T. M. BOAZ, - CALHOUN, GA.
P. O. Box, 82. P. O. Box, 82.

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OCTOBER 25--30, 1909.

Russian Symphony Orchestra!

The best organized and most uniform in talent in the United States, supported by a splendid chorus of two hundred male and female voices.

Specil Rates from All Points in South Carolina.
Ask the Doctor. Ask the Preacher.
Ask the Banker. Ask the Lawyer.