

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MORALITY, EDUCATION AND TO THE GENERAL INTEREST OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. V.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1875.

NO. 2.

The Pickens Sentinel.

J. F. BRADLEY, Editor and Proprietor.

PICKENS, S. C., SEPT. 9, 1875.

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Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square, of (9) nine lines, on less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Business men who advertise to be benefited, will bear in mind that the SENTINEL has a large and increasing circulation, and is taken by the very class of persons whose trade they desire.

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The following are the only authorized agents to receive advertisements for this paper:

Geo. F. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row New York.

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We will accept cash-in-advance orders from other agencies, at reasonable rates.

We can give no advertisement preference in position.

HAVE GOOD TEMPER.—"The horse that trots is the horse that sweats," is an old saying of horsemen, and it is just as true of men as horses. The man that allows himself to get irritated at every little that goes amiss in his business, or in the ordinary affairs of life, is a man that, as a rule, will accomplish little and wear out early. He is a man for whom bile and dyspepsia have a particular fondness, and for whom children have a particular aversion. He is a man with a perpetual thorn in his flesh, which pricks and wounds on the slightest movement; a man for whom life has little pleasure, and the future small hope.

"To 'keep jolly' under all provocation is, perhaps, a task which only Dickens' Mark Tapley could perform. We never have met Mark Tapley in our experience of human nature, but we have seen him closely approximated, and it would be well if people in general could approach more nearly a tinimitable character.

In all phases, emergencies and occupations of human life, good temper is a commodity for which there is a great demand, but in those which bring an individual into daily contact with others, it is perhaps in greatest demand and most limited supply.

To foremen in shops, and superintendents of large manufacturing establishments, good temper is a most valuable qualification. Indeed, this article was suggested by a notable want of good temper, in the treatment of subordinates, by a foreman in an establishment recently visited by us. It was evident that this establishment was pervaded by a spirit of revolt, begotten by the brow-beating, insolent language and manner of the foreman—the men, who were sulky and obstinate, being undoubtedly rendered unmanageable and restless by the total disregard of amenity in the man placed over them.

The best way is always to keep a cheerful heart. Take the world as it goes, and the good and the evil as they severally come along, without repining, if fortune frowns, with that philosophical ejaculation of Jacob Faithful, "Better luck next time."

It has been remarked that if a man wants to know his faults he should run for an office; if he would discover his virtues he has only to die.

A WIFE ON THE "SITUATION."

Whenever a man gets into a tight place he commences grumbling and lecturing his wife and daughters about economy. They buy too many dresses, too many bonnets, too many shoes—in fact, if they have bought or want to buy anything at all, it is that much too much. As for himself and that great strapping calf of a boy of his, they never spend any money except what is actually necessary! Oh no! That fifteen dollar pair of pants, ten dollar pair of boots, five dollar hat, were all of them prime necessities, costing as they did more than the entire outfit for the season of the wife and daughters. As for the cigars, tobacco, toddy regularly every day, they are either all given them—this father and son, or nothing is said about them in the family circle. Nor does the housewife dare out down her lord's rations. Economy don't consist in that. He must have his regular dishes, morning, noon and night. Just let her reduce table expenses and she will hear a grunt at the table from the great bear at the other end. Says the New York Express:

It is safe that marriages are fewer than ever before, and it is true; but why? It costs too much to marry! Whose fault is that? Not of the men alone, but of the women, too, many dresses, too many parties, too many clubs of the men, and too many cigars and too much wine also. On both sides too much is expended to keep up appearances. Men who would like to marry and be more in ladies' society are kept out of it. Instead of Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch and Sharon, they go by themselves to the coast or to the mountains, where they can wear blue flannel and linen, striped shirts and slippers, and be free and easy among themselves rather than formal and stately among those who expect great attentions because they receive them at home. If young women were more reasonable, young men would be more hopeful, and there would be more marriages to record.

Suppose we reverse this last proposition, and request young men to be "more reasonable." A woman in the government of a man is clay in the hands of the potter. A man in the hands of himself is a full grown gnarled oak, set, grown, finished, especially in those habits known as extravagant, yet so familiar to him he calls them "actual necessities." The old man is an immense old humbug. He habitually pulls the wool over the good wife's eyes. He is a book-keeper who is not asked by his partner to make out a balance sheet with itemized statements. If she would require such a document every three months, there would be less said about the "extravagant habits of our women." Such a document, if truthfully written, would be rich reading.

What is that which has three feet but no legs, is all body but no limbs, has no toes on its feet, no head, moves a great deal and never uses its feet for that purpose, and has one foot at each end and the other in the centre of its body? This is a queer creature in some respects, and is very popular among the ladies and some men. It never walks out, but goes with one foot where its head might be, dragging the other foot behind. These feet have nails but no toes, no heel and no bones in the feet? A yard measure.

A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

He took the evening train up from Cleveland, and in looking through the train discovered a female sitting alone in a seat, and it instantly occurred to him that she might be lovely. A veil dropped over her face, but there was no reason to suppose that she was not good looking, and he gallantly raised his hat and sat down beside her remarking with a lovely smile:

"It's lonely traveling alone."

She just murmured a reply, but the accent was captivating, and he was won at the start.

He was practiced in all the arts of polite tactics, and spoke to her softly of this grand desolate world, with appropriate allusions to human hearts. He told her how he had huddled and thirsted after the affection of a true heart, and had yearned to feel the breath of the love of the heavenly flame of love.

No, he sighed, he had no wife, no one to love and caress him, and mend his suspenders; and when he had inquired if she was treading the path of life singly and alone, she murmured so pensively and sad that he felt compelled to put his arm on the back of the seat lest he should fall out of the window—which was closed.

They reached Norwalk, and just as the train stopped he heard a grating, hissing sound close to his ear, and then the words:

"Y-o-u villain! you old hypocritical sinner, I'll make you think you've been struck by a breath of heavenly flame, you old owl."

He looked round just far enough to get a glimpse of a pair of flashing eyes and the face of his wife, who had murmured so fondly to him along the journey. A sudden spasm seized him, but he managed to accompany her from the train, and as they moved into the darkness toward home her flashing eyes lit up his pale face with spectral effect.

HOW THE EARTH IS COOLING OFF.

Professor Duncan, among the ablest of European astronomers, has lately declared that there is strong evidence that the earth is a solid body now cooling, because the deeper the penetrations into mines, or of borings into the earth, the hotter is the temperature; and if the temperature continues to increase at depths to which man can not reach, in the same ratio that it does at depths to which he can reach, a temperature of 3,680 degrees would be found at a depth of forty five miles. At this temperature granites and lavas fuse. Assuming then, says Prof. Duncan, the earth to be a hot body now cooling, as it cools the rocks must contract—moreover, those rocks which are rich in silica will not contract so rapidly on cooling as others, and consequently herein is a source of change in the shape of the earth. Professor Duncan says it is well known that surface changes are going on; that some large areas of land are in course of slow rising, while others are slowly sinking, and that at one geological period there was a great upheaval of the larger portion of the continent of North America. He concludes, therefore, that the globe is cooling unequally; the radiation, too, from some parts is greater than at others, and in this there is consequently a further source of disturbance.

BLACKING FOR HARNESS.

Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy, four ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add a half pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

IN JAIL.

What comfort can it be to a man, and especially to a woman, to be confined to a narrow cell—damp, perhaps, and dirty—poorly lighted, and poorly ventilated. Very poor fare is to be expected, and what is most to be deprecated is the society within, and the pity, scorn, and contempt without. Does it pay to steal a chicken, or a few pounds of beef, or some trifling thing, and then, by way of atoning for the crime, be forced to quit home, no matter how humble, to quit family and friends, and the pure air, and the gushing spring and the wholesome fare that honest toil will secure, and to be thrust into a damp, dirty cell, without a bed, or a chair, or a candle, or a fire, or the sweet sunshine and the pure atmosphere all around, with no chance to have a friendly call from a kind neighbor in his Sunday clothes, and enjoy an hour's chat; with no chance to go to church and greet the people and join with them in the rapturous song, or the ardent prayer; with no chance to go to town and receive the greetings of smiling friends and buy and sell and lay in the comforts of life. Who would run the risk of all these evils for the sake of having a chicken for supper, or a bit of beef, or pork? All these and better things can be obtained by labor. And when a man is hard run and can't find work every day, he will do better to beg a morsel, than to steal and be lodged in jail to the injury of his pocket, his character, his family and his country.

The jail birds are a dead expense to a county, and this part of the evil ought to be corrected. In order to correct the evil, let there be a workshop in connection with every jail, and an overseer with power to make the thieves work in the yard or out of it. Every convict should be required to make his own support, or leave the country. It is too much for honest laboring men to support the lazy, thieving pack that occupy our jails and then pay the judges and jury that try them. Let every stout man make his own "grab" in jail or out of it.—Abbeville Medium.

CONCERNING EARS.

Large ears, says a theorist, mounting his hobby, hears things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought, while small ears hear things in particular and show a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by the love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the leading facts of a case, with the general principles involved; too strict an attention to the enumeration of the details, especially all repetition of the unimportant, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generality, and are usually fitted to conduct large enterprises; to receive and pay out money in large sums; they prefer to give with a free hand, without reference to the amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story, as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying or selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over and under the measure given or received. People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.

A lady living near Troy has a piece of soap supposed to be a hundred years old. Isn't it astonishing how long some people can keep soap in the house and never feel the slightest temptation to use it?

Gone to meet his uncle on his mother side, was an obituary notice in a Western paper recently.

WORTH SEEING.

Yesterday afternoon we looked over an acre of cotton cultivated by Mr. J. M. Crawford, which is of wonderful growth. Many of the stalks are five feet or more in height, and the whole acre of stalks is laden down with bolls. The stalks are nearly all prostrate with the weight of the fruit. The bolls grow in great clusters, and number from 50 to 75 and 100 bolls to the stalk. They are nearly the size of ordinary eggs, and have five lobes, which is a great advantage over the common cotton. But for the protracted drouth this summer, Mr. Crawford believes he would have gathered five bales of cotton from this single acre, and expects yet to get three bales or more from it. The seed was bought at an enormous figure, and is known as the Cheatham cluster cotton; but it very evident that there was no "cheat um" in this bargain. We will have a stalk on exhibition at this office in a day or two, but would advise those who wish to see this wonderful cotton to call at the farm. Mr. Crawford will have the seed for sale when the proper time arrives. He informs us that Mr. Cheatham has offered a \$500 premium for the largest yield of this prolific cotton to the acre, and as all purchasers heard from have not planted an acre or have met with unfortunate seasons, we indulge the hope that Mr. Crawford will be the fortunate winner of the prize. He has other cotton which, in consequence of the drouth, will not yield over one third of a bale to the acre. We were pleased to see his other crops doing well, only needing a little rain.—Columbia Register.

THE MOST POWERFUL WAR VESSEL IN THE WORLD.

The British iron-clad Inflexible is now about one-fourth completed, work having been begun upon her in February, 1874. Unless the progress of invention results in the projecting of a still more formidable engine of marine warfare before the Inflexible is launched, she will possess the thickest armor, the heaviest guns, the largest displacement in tons, the most machinery in the world, and probably prove more expensive than any other war vessel hitherto constructed. She will have engines for steering, for loading guns, for hoisting shot and shell, for ventilation, for moving turrets for lowering boats, and for turning the capstan as well as for propulsion. The vessel is little more than a floating castle, rectangular above water, 100 feet long, by 75 feet width, and protected by 24 inches total thickness of iron. The two turrets which are placed within the citadel are formed of iron of a single thickness of 18 inches, and within each of them are two 80 ton guns, which can be trained to any point of the compass. The main engines work up to 8,000 indicated horse power, and the trunks carry 1,200 tons of coal. The total cost of the vessel is placed at \$2,605,000.—Scientific American.

WHAT GOOD ROADS DO.

Good roads benefit every one residing along their course. Good roads save, horse flesh; they facilitate the transportation of produce to market; they save your temper; they increase the value of your land; they lend attractiveness to the eye of a stranger; they increase the traffic and business of a town by its vitality in all the various branches of trade. Show us a town which receives a large country trade by means of the fine roads leading to it, and we will show you a place that is lively, progressive and thrifty, with money circulating plenty, and men in all branches of industry as busy as beavers.—Greenville News.

Said one man to another: "If it wasn't Sunday, how much would you take for that lumber?" "If it wasn't Sunday I'd tell you," was the very prompt reply.

CAUSE OF THE WAR IN HERZEGOVINA.

The London Spectator, speaking of the causes which led to the recent revolt in Herzegovina against Turkish rule, says:

"From village to village, and from farm to farm, the Agas extend their sinister march, assessing the imposts by a calculation of the tax payers' resources under pressure, and enforcing their payment on the spot. When the cultivator is unable or unwilling to meet the exigencies of the Agas he is summarily bound to a post and beaten until he finds some means of appeasing the justice or cupidity of the Agas. If he continues to prove recalcitrant his harvest is cut down and carted away, or his cattle driven off by the zaptiehs. This time the tax collection was both more difficult and more burdensome than on recent occasions, in consequence of the Agas endeavoring to make the remaining inhabitants pay up the contributions alleged to be due by the 2,000 Christian families, who ever since the sanguinary outbreak of Moslem fanaticism last year have been refugees in Montenegro, Servia and the Austro-Hungarian borderlands. The Herzegovina peasantry had been sorely tried enough by the losses caused by bad harvest and cattle plague during the past season to make it a matter of extra hardship for them to satisfy the ordinary exactions of the Agas. When, however, they found that their local tyrants expected them to make good the deficiencies in the yield of the imposts produced by the flight of the persecuted Rayshs, they were forced into a desperate situation, which easily suggested a desperate remedy, and the vindictiveness of the Agas quickly added fuel to the fire that had already so many combustible elements on which to feed.

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes are worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice insulated knives are put into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy.

Rags, strings and papers are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, and cold puddings, are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new.

We frequently hear women exclaim, "I wish I was a man;" but, my countrywomen, you never saw a man who wished he was a woman. Which is an unanswerable argument in favor of the inferiority of woman—hello, my dear I didn't hear you come in. Have a chair. Sit down. With an eye on the olive branch, we will draw a different conclusion—which is an unanswerable argument in favor of woman's sufferings.—Rochester Democrat.

Ex-Senator E. G. Ross, of Kansas, is now foreman of the Lawrence Journal composing room, and is in very reduced circumstances. He has written an account of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson for the Hannibal (Mo.) Clipper.

If you wish to tell good eggs, put them in water; if the large ends turn up, they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.