

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

VOL 41.—NO. 47.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19 1901

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

The World's Greatest Fever Medicine.

For all forms of fever take **JOHNSON'S CHILL and FEVER TONIC**. It is 100 times better than quinine and does in a single day what slow quinine cannot do in 10 days. Its splendid cures are in striking contrast to the feeble cures made by quinine.

COSTS 50 CENTS IF IT CURES.

IT WILL COST YOU ONLY ONE CENT TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE

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The quality, the guarantee, the prices, and the sizes. Drop us the postal; simply say, "REX," and sign your name in full, giving address.

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Carriages, Surreys, Buggies, Phaetons and Wagons

At an Absolute Sacrifice!

Until our stock is reduced. Don't take our word for it, but come and see for yourself and be convinced.

Harness of all kinds at cost. We carry the Babcock, Courtland, Tyson & Jones, and various other makes of Buggies, &c., as strict High Grade Wagons, the Studebaker and Weber, as cheaper grade the Owen-born, Taylor and Chattanooga. Now is the best season for selling vehicles of all kinds, and we are going to sell our part, profit or no profit.

The season for Mules and Horses is pretty well over but we have a few bargains yet. Remember, we put no horse rent or clerk hire, own our own repository and do our own work. We will sell anything we have for cash or good paper. Polite and kind treatment to all. When in Greenville come and see us. We are always glad to see the people whether they wish to buy or not.

CHARLES & McBRAYER,
Corner Court, River and Jackson Streets. GREENVILLE, S. C.

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WILL E. WHITE.

WHITE & CO.,

We handle all kinds of



MARBLE AND GRANITE

known to the trade and employ none but first-class workmen to finish the work.

If you need anything in our line a postal card with our address will bring a man with designs and prices to your home. We buy in car lots and can give the lowest prices. **BEST IRON FENCING AND COPING SPECIALITIES.**

WHITE & CO., Anderson, S. C.

WHEN THE STARS ALL FELL.

Bill Arp Tells About the Great Meteoric Shower in 1833.

Atlanta Constitution.

Shakespeare tells of man's seven ages, but his seven does not fit our day—nor indeed, did they fit his own day with any distinct lines of demarcation between them. They glide into each other and it is hard to tell where the one quits and the other begins. We have infants and school boys and lovers, but very few ever becomes a justice of the peace. His sixth age does not do justice to our men and women of three score years and ten, for most of them grow fat instead of lean, and our big manly voices have not turned to treble, nor do they pipe and whistle in their sound. I can till sing bass to the long-term dosology and my wife can sing "Mary had a little lamb" to the baby. As to the seventh age, which he pictures as second childhood and mere oblivion without teeth or taste or eyes or ears or anything, we never see them—our old people die before they get to that. But in the life of every man and woman there are epochs, events, mile stones, as it were, that stand out prominent in memory and mark their progress from youth to old age. My earliest recollection is the killing of our dog Hector, who was supposed to be mad, and it grieved us for we loved him and he loved us.

Next I recall the falling of the stars in 1833. My father held me up and with my feet upon the top railings of the banisters, I saw them come down in myriads as quietly as I softly as snowflakes and they went out as they neared the earth. They were separate and distinct as the stars, but as near together as the sparks from the chimney of an oldtime blacksmith shop. George Lester was my playmate and lived close by, and the next morning he and I hunted all over his mother's garden to find some signs of the stars that fell, but found none. While they were falling our negro cook, Aunt Aisley, was down on her knees praying, and as she clung to my mother's night gown she called on Jesus to come and take us all to heaven. That night was an epoch and it is worth being 75 years old to have witnessed it.

My next remembrance of note is a journey to Savannah with my father and mother and brother, where we took a sail vessel for Boston. I remember the magnificent double row of china tees in the long street, and I wonder now if there is a person living in Savannah who was living there then and remembers that row of beautiful trees that are long since dead and gone. I remember that voyage of thirty-three days around Cape Hatteras, where our ship was almost wrecked, and mother held fast unto her children and silently prayed for deliverance. I remember when we reached Boston and how, after our visit was over, father bought a carriage and pair of horses, and we journeyed by land from Boston to Georgia and never crossed a railroad, for there was none to cross. I remember our stop at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and how we walked away down in the gorge and looked up and afterwards stood on the bridge and looked down from the dizzy height.

When I was about ten years old I had another epoch, for I had a fight on Sunday at a camp meeting and got licked, and my fine Sunday clothes were all spoiled with mud and dirt. A country boy said I was a town boy and was dressed too fine and he was going to take the starch out of my ruffled shirt. And he did. I fought as hard as I could, but he licked me and I cried. I had gone to the spring to get some water and the fight came off there. My father whipped me next morning and the school teacher got ready to whip me again, but I showed him my legs and he let me off with a talk. My next episode has left an indelible impression. We had to walk two miles to school and about half way

there was a big gully that we used to slide down in. One morning Bill Malibie and Overton Young and Jim Wilson and myself stopped to slide down, and Bill pulled out a deck of cards and said he would show us how to play. I had never seen a deck before in my life, but I had heard tell of 'em. They were mighty pretty and he taught us how to shuffle and cut and deal and turn Jack and play seven-up.

One morning Tom Wilson and Jim Alexander came along as they were going to school and heard our racket in the gully and they caught us playing cards. They slipped up on us, for we were completely absorbed in the game, and Tom said: "Well, you are the youngest set of gamblers I ever saw in my life. The sheriff will get you and put you all in jail before night." I never was scared so bad in my life. I couldn't study my lessons nor eat my dinner at school and watched for the sheriff all day long. But that cured me of card playing and I never handled a deck again until I got to college. College was a good place to play cards then; it is a good place to kick a ball now. Tom Wilson and Jim Alexander were good-hearted boys and never told on us. Tom died years ago and Jim died last month in Atlanta. He got to be a great doctor and everybody loved him. When I received the telegram that told me he was dead I felt like another prop was gone, and that now only one was left—his brother Tom in Rome. Malibie is dead and Young and Jim Wilson. All my schoolmates are dead except one and all my school teachers and college professors are dead.

For several years there was no epoch—no episode. Every day was alike until I began to notice the girls with a peculiar longing emotion and brushed my hair more carefully and carried a cleaner handkerchief and wore tighter boots well polished. In fact, I got to be a dandy in my dress. Shakespeare makes fun of the lover and dismisses him with a line. Says he sighed and wrote poetry about his sweetheart's eyebrows. We beat that in our day. I didn't sigh a bit for my sweetheart, but as she clung to me as I was about her, and we were too happy to sigh. We soon became engaged, and she fixed the day away on in June, but I judged it backwards to May, and then to April and at last to March, to all of which she blushing assented. I wrote poetry, too—not to her eyebrows—but to her from head to foot. Here is the last verse, which is only a sample of what I could do in those halcyon days:

When incense on the sacred altars burned
Its odors seemed in fragrant clouds
So may my wishes all to heaven turned,
Procure rich blessings for thee from the skies."

This is pretty good, I think. In 1864 some Yankee soldier came along and stole the album and carried it off as a trophy and gave it to his sweetheart. She kept it twenty years, and married another fellow and sent the album back to him, and he mailed it to my wife with a nice apology. He is a gentleman, though it took him a long time to repent and reform. Of course our marriage was an epoch—a big milestone. My wife was only sixteen and as docile as a pet lamb. I took her young, believing I could train her if she needed training. For a year or two I could make her do just as I pleased, but later on I could make her do just as she pleased and now she makes me do just as she pleases, too. But it is all right, and I have got used to it. Yesterday I received a letter from a friend asking me to help him about choosing a wife. He is a widower, with one child, and wanted a woman over 30 and under 40—a settled woman—and he said he would make her a good, loving husband, etc. Well, I talked it over in the family and named several good old settled girls, and my wife stopped sewing and said: "I don't think you are a very good

judge of marriageable girls. You had better let this matter alone." I didn't like that remark, and replied: "Well, when I was a young man maybe I was a poor judge, but I think I could do better now." I am sorry I said it, for a woman can't take such jokes and keep calm and serene. I'll be more careful in the future.

But I must reserve some epochs for another letter. The birth of our first child was an epoch, but afterwards that business ceased to be a monopoly and became monotonous. BILL ARP.

Fruit trees require to be cultivated and pruned, but they will repay all care and attention.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Littlejohn*

Tax Notice.

The treasurer's office at Pickens Court House, South Carolina, will be open on Monday, October 15th for the collection of the following named taxes for year 1901.

Levy for State Tax, 5 mills.
Levy for ordinary County tax, 5 mills.
Levy for Constitutional school tax, 3 mills.
Levy for past indebtedness, 2 mills.
Total levy for State and county 11 mills.

Levy for interest on Pickens Railroad Bonds, Pickens court house town hip, 1.8 mills.

Levy for interest on P. R. R bond for Hurricane township, 2 1/4 mills.

Levy for interest on P. R. R bond for Eastatoe township, 3 1/2 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 10, 2 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 11, 4 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 13, 3 1/2 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 16, 2 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 23, 2 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 31, 4 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 49, 2 mills.

Special levy for school district No. 55, 2 mills.

Poll tax one dollar and commutation road law tax is two dollars collectable at the same time from those liable according to law. Books close December 31st 1901.

Respectfully,
S. D. Chapman,
Treasurer Pickens County.

WM. P. CALHOUN,
Attorney at Law,
113 West Court St. GREENVILLE, S. C.
Practice in all the courts, State and Federal.

H. J. HAYNESWORTH, C. E. ROBINSON,
L. W. PARKER, GREENVILLE, S. C.
Greenville, S. C.

Haynesworth, Parker & Robinson,
Attorneys at Law,
Pickens C. H., South Carolina.
Practice in all Courts. Attend to all business promptly.
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C. A. SNOW & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Opp. U. S. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corn Potash.

removes from the soil large quantities of

Potash.

The fertilizer applied, must furnish enough Potash, or the land will lose its producing power.

Read carefully our books on crops—sent free.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
21 Nassau St., New York.

Church Directory.

Below we give the names of churches, pastors, and the Sundays on which they worship, as far as we have information. If your church is not on the list send the necessary information.

BAPTIST.
Pickens—Rev. A. J. S. Thomas—3d Sunday, 11 a. m., and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday 8 p. m.

Second—Rev. J. C. Foster—Saturday before the first Sunday at 3 p. m.; 1st Sunday 11 a. m.

Third—Rev. J. E. Foster—3d Saturday 3 p. m.; Sunday after second Sunday 11 a. m.

Fourth—Rev. J. E. Foster—4th Saturday 3 p. m.; Sunday after fourth Saturday 11 a. m.

Fifth—Rev. W. C. Seaborn—Saturday before the second Sunday 2 p. m.; second Sunday 11 a. m.

Sixth—Rev. W. C. Seaborn—Saturday before the third Sunday 2 p. m.; 3d Sunday 11 a. m.

Seventh—Rev. W. C. Seaborn—Saturday before the fourth Sunday 2 p. m.; 4th Sunday 11 a. m.

Eighth—Rev. H. C. Haddock 1st and 3d Sabbaths; morning, 11 o'clock; night, 8 p. m., every Sunday at 4 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday 8 p. m.

Ninth—Rev. G. F. Runion—Saturday before fourth Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.

METHODIST.
Pickens—Rev. R. R. Dagnall—1st Sunday 8 p. m.; 2d Sunday 11 a. m.; 4th Sunday 8 p. m.; 5th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twelfth—Rev. R. R. Dagnall—1st Sunday 11 a. m.; 3d Sunday 3:30 p. m.

Thirteenth—Rev. R. R. Dagnall—2d Sunday 4 p. m.; 4th Sunday 11 a. m.

Fifteenth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—1st Sunday 11 a. m.; 2d Sunday 11 a. m.

Sixteenth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—2d Sunday 11 a. m.; 3d Sunday 11 a. m.

Seventeenth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—3d Sunday 11 a. m.; 4th Sunday 11 a. m.

Eighteenth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—4th Sunday 11 a. m.; 5th Sunday 11 a. m.

Nineteenth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—5th Sunday 11 a. m.; 6th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twentieth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—6th Sunday 11 a. m.; 7th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-first—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—8th Sunday 11 a. m.; 9th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-second—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—9th Sunday 11 a. m.; 10th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-third—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—10th Sunday 11 a. m.; 11th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-fourth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—11th Sunday 11 a. m.; 12th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-fifth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—12th Sunday 11 a. m.; 13th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-sixth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—13th Sunday 11 a. m.; 14th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-seventh—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—14th Sunday 11 a. m.; 15th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-eighth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—15th Sunday 11 a. m.; 16th Sunday 11 a. m.

Twenty-ninth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—16th Sunday 11 a. m.; 17th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirtieth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—17th Sunday 11 a. m.; 18th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-first—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—18th Sunday 11 a. m.; 19th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-second—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—19th Sunday 11 a. m.; 20th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-third—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—20th Sunday 11 a. m.; 21st Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-fourth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—21st Sunday 11 a. m.; 22nd Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-fifth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—22nd Sunday 11 a. m.; 23rd Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-sixth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—23rd Sunday 11 a. m.; 24th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-seventh—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—24th Sunday 11 a. m.; 25th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-eighth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—25th Sunday 11 a. m.; 26th Sunday 11 a. m.

Thirty-ninth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—26th Sunday 11 a. m.; 27th Sunday 11 a. m.

Fortieth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—27th Sunday 11 a. m.; 28th Sunday 11 a. m.

Forty-first—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—28th Sunday 11 a. m.; 29th Sunday 11 a. m.

Forty-second—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—29th Sunday 11 a. m.; 30th Sunday 11 a. m.

Forty-third—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—30th Sunday 11 a. m.; 31st Sunday 11 a. m.

Forty-fourth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—31st Sunday 11 a. m.; 1st Sunday 11 a. m.

Forty-fifth—Rev. W. E. Wiggins—1st Sunday 11 a. m.; 2nd Sunday 11 a. m.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S NOTE.—Little Rock Democrat: Carrington C. Bacon, of Imboden, Lawrence County, Arkansas, is the possessor of a promissory note for \$370, which was given by Thomas Jefferson, April 7, 1813, to Edmund Bacon, great-grandfather of the present holder of the paper. The note has long since been paid, but on account of the customs and institutions of the period when it was executed, remained in the possession of the drawee and descended through three generations to the present owner. At the time the note was drawn Edmund Bacon owned a farm adjoining Mr. Jefferson's Monticello place in Virginia. Before the note was paid Mr. Bacon moved West and made his home in Kentucky. With him he brought the note, which was duly paid. The note at the time wore slow and uncertain, and for this reason the note was not returned to Mr. Jefferson. This odd bit of yellow, milled paper is prized by its owner as much for its connection with the history of his family as for being an autograph of a famous man and written by the same hand that executed the Declaration of Independence.

SURVIVOR OF THE "OLD GUARD."—The sole surviving officer of the Old Guard of the First Napoleon is said to be living at Warsaw in poverty. He is a Pole named Markiewicz, and is now 107 years old. He receives a small pension from the Russian government, but it is contended that as he has the military cross of the Legion of Honor, he is entitled to an allowance from the third republic. Markiewicz was decorated for distinguished conduct on the battle field eighty-eight years since, when he was only a lad of 19. The decree is dated November 23, 1813. Markiewicz is thus not only the sole survivor of the officers of the Old Guard, but he is doyen, or senior member, of the Legion of Honor. He has, however, been enabled to live in three centuries, and according to all accounts, is still alert, in spite of age and poverty.—The Tablet.

Do not apply nitrate on wheat in the fall, as it may not remain in the ground until spring. If applied early in the spring it shows wonderful effects on growing wheat, and seems to give the wheat a good start and a deep green color.

The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.



The discoverer of Swamp-Root at Work in His Laboratory.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the new discovery is the true specific for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It has cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, after all other efforts have failed. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. A sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. and mention this paper.

A Few of the Many Money-Savers for Men.

- Lot White Handkerchiefs.....25
- Lot extra fine White Handkerchiefs.....25
- Lot nice hemmed white Handkerchiefs.....25
- Lot men's all linen fine hemmed white Handkerchiefs.....12
- Lot men's heavy flannel Gloves.....24
- Lot fine Skin Gloves.....50
- Lot men's \$1.25 Castor Gloves.....\$1.05
- Lot heavy flannel Undershirts.....25
- Lot Sanitary wool flannel Shirts and Drawers worth \$1.00, our price per garment.....75
- Lot all wool White Drawers.....50

Here's Real Dress Goods Bargains

- Lot 25c Plaid Dress Goods, double width, at.....15
- Lot 54 inch 50c Heavy Black Sateen Goods at.....20
- Lot Black Granite Cloth, something new for skirts and dresses.....19
- Lot Double width black wool flannel dress goods.....21
- Lot Black Dress Patterns.....21
- Lot 36 inch Flannel, 25c value, at.....15c

Great Clothing Values. For \$2.89 we sell you a Clay Worsted Suit. For \$3.89 we sell you a good Cheviot Suit. For \$5.00 we sell you a fine Cassimere Suit. For \$7.50 we sell you a good Dress Suit as you can find elsewhere for \$10. For \$10 we have a large line of fine business and dress Suits for which other people ask \$15.

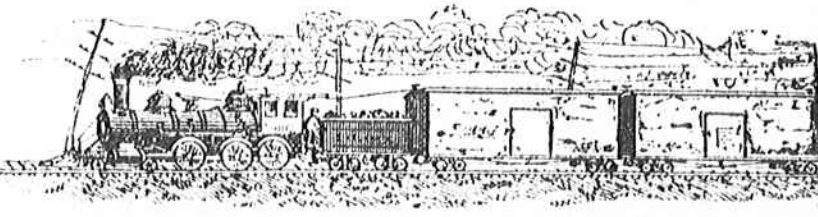
Our Well Known Shoe Department Hardly needs to be mentioned to so many people that people recognize ours as the place for Shoes. Children's Shoes at 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 95c, and \$1.25.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, 75c, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.48, \$1.98, \$2.50.
Special Lot Stacy Adams & Co's fine \$5 Shoes at \$2.50. Lot Williams Knee- and Co's \$5 Shoes at \$2.50.

CHRISTMAS.

BY THE CAR LOAD.

WE are making great preparation to meet your Christmas wants, and we earnestly request you not to miss seeing our great collection when in search of Christmas goods. We have a department, where you will find all kinds of useful Toys, Books, China and Glass Ware. We have made arrangements with Santa Claus to use one of our large show windows as a work shop, and cordially invite you to come to see him.

A Great Treat is in Store For You if You Will Only Come to see Our Fine Display.



OTHER GOOD THINGS.

WE ARE making great preparation to meet your Christmas wants and are daily receiving quantities of goods suitable for useful presents for any friend, or member of your own family.

- Lot Children's Fancy Handkerchiefs.....1c
- Lot Ladies' Colored Bordered Handkerchiefs.....3c
- Lot Ladies' White Hem-Stitched Handkerchiefs.....3c
- Lot Fine White Initial Handkerchiefs.....4c
- Lot All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.....5c
- Lot Long Flannel Lined Warm Gloves.....15c
- Lot Ladies' Black Kid Gloves.....25c
- Lot Ladies' \$1 Kid Gloves at.....73c
- Lot Beautiful Facinators.....23c
- Lot Fine Leather Belts.....15c

Also a big lot Books, Toys, Pictures, China and Glassware at very low prices.

Come Early if You Want a Chance at These.

- Lot Calico Remnants at.....8c
- Lot Short End Gingham at.....8c
- Lot Red Plaid Calico at.....5c
- Lot 10c Black Pattern Remnants at.....5c
- Lot (just received) Wool Red Plaid at.....12 1/2c
- Lot School Boys' Jeans.....16c

Special Drummer's Sample Hat Sale

Hat sale, about one hundred and fifty different styles at just the wholesale price.

The Manufacturer's Outlet,

217 Upper Main Street, Greenville, S. C.

JOHN W. PAYNE, Manager.