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NO. 44

Two of the Contestants in our Baby Show.



THESE ARE BRIGHT FACED YOUNG AMERICANS.

We will publish two more next week. Send in your photographs early so we can publish the pictures.

N. D. Taylor will be in his studio in Pickens next Saturday and every Saturday thereafter until February 1st, 1908.

This contest of so February 1st 1908.

Premium List Pickens Poultry Show.

The following is a list of the prize winners in the poultry show recently held in Pickens, giving the breed of fowl, the name of owner and the prize won—we use figures which denote the prize. For instance, "1 cock," means that the cock of that pattern or breed of fowl won first prize.

White Wyandottes—

B. F. Robertson, Clemson College—1 cock, 1 hen, 2 pullets, 1 cockerel, 1 & 3 pullet, 1 pen. Mrs. J. N. Hallum, Pickens—2 cock, 2 hen. E. Tripp, Pickens—3 cock. O. M. Bower, Pickens—2 cockerel. E. M. Smith, Easley—3 pullet.

Buff Plymouth Rocks—

C. L. Carleton, Pickens—1 cockerel.

White Plymouth Rocks—

M. M. Steel, Greenville—1 & 2 hens, 1 cockerel, 1 & 2 pullets. J. B. Ellison, Easley—1 cock, tied 1 hen, 3 hen.

Barred Plymouth Rocks—

B. T. McDaniel, Pickens—1 cock, 1 & 2 hen. Barnes & Hendricks, Easley—1 cockerel, 1, 2 and 3 pullet, 2 cock. E. M. Smith, Easley—3 cockerel.

Rhode Island Reds—

George Williams, Pickens—1 pullet, 2 cockerel. E. H. Craig, Pickens—1, cockerel, 1 & 2 hen. C. G. Voigt, Easley—3 cockerel, 3 hen, 2 pullet.

Silver-Laced Wyandottes—

Barnes & Hendricks, Easley—1 & 2 pullet.

Buff Cochins—

D. B. Finney, Pickens—1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

American Dominiques—

William F. Thompson, Pickens—1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

Silver-Spangled Hamburgs—

D. F. Hendricks, Pickens—1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

Cornish Indian Game—

W. A. Bruce, Pickens—1, 2 & 3 cock, 1, 2 & 3 hen, 1 cockerel.

Brown Leghorns—

N. O. Cothran, Pickens—1 cockerel, 1 hen, 1 pullet. Gardner Freeman, Pickens—Tied on 1 cockerel, 2 pullet.

Buff Orpingtons—

H. I. Coe, Richland—1 & 2 cock, 1, 2 & 3 hen, 1 & 2 cockerel, 1 & 2 pullet.

White Leghorns—

Mrs. J. N. Hallum, Pickens—1 cockerel, 1 hen. Geo. Williams, Pickens—1 cock, 1, 2 & 3 pullet. W. F.

Artful, Easley—2 hen, 2 cock.

Buff Leghorns—

J. M. Hughes, Richland—1 cock, 1, 2 & 3 hen, 1 cockerel, 1, 2 & 3 pullet.

Black Minorcas—

Mrs. M. F. Hester, Pickens—1 cockerel, 1 pullet. Mrs. E. A. Gilreath, Pickens—1, 2 & 3 hen.

Some of the Symptoms.

Do you want to beat your wife, Start a sharp domestic strife, Do you feel as though your heart were filled with hate?

Are you venomous and spiteful, Are you ugly, cross and frightful, At the baby would you like to hurl a plate?

Are you swearing at your neighbors, Do you dread your daily labors, Do you feel as though you want to break and rip

Everything that's in your way? You're not going mad, I say, You are simply showing symptoms of the grip.

Do you have the sight of hubby, Do you think he's fat and rubby, When before to you his figure seemed just right?

Do you strive to be sarcastic, Are you bossy and bombastic, Do you wish he'd go away and stay all night?

Do the children drive you crazy, Has the servant girl grown lazy, Do you fail to give the janitor his tip?

Every minute do you grumble? You're not batty! Take a tumble— You are merely showing symptoms of the grip.

Does the world seem dark and dreary, Are you weary, oh, so weary? Are you sure that no one gets what he deserves?

Are you satisfied that life is a useless sort of strife? Does the slightest interruption jar your nerves?

Is there nothing worth the doing, Not a maiden worth the wooing, Not a bit of charm about a smiling lip?

Don't imagine—it is folly— You are getting off your trolley, You are merely showing symptoms of the grip.

—[Chicago Tribune.]

Wifely Cheer.

"I haven't a pull with any one," said the unsuccessful man. "Oh, yes, you have, dear," said his wife encouragingly, "with the fool killer."—Life.

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON, Author of "Graustark"

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dignity. She tried to jerk her arm away, but he held it tight. "Release my arm, sir!" she cried, hoarse with passion.

"Call your champion, my lady. It will mean his death. I have evidence that will insure his conviction and execution within an hour. Nothing could save him. Call him, I say, and—"

"I will call him. He is my sworn protector, and I will command him to knock you down if you don't go away," she flared, stopping decisively.

"At his peril!" "Baldos!" she called, without a second's hesitation. The guard came up with a rush just as Marlaux released her arm and fell away with a muttered imprecation.

"Your highness!" cried Baldos, who had witnessed everything.

"Are you afraid to die?" she demanded briefly and clearly.

"No!"

"That is all," she said, suddenly calm. "I merely wanted to prove it to Count Marlaux." Tact had come to her relief most opportunely. Like a flash she saw that a conflict between the commander of the army and a guard could have but one result, and that disastrous to the latter. One word from her would have ended everything for



"Stop!" almost shrieked Beverly. Baldos. She saw through the Iron Count's ruse as if by divine inspiration and profited where he least expected her to excel in shrewdness. Marlaux had deliberately invited the assault by the guard. His object had been to snare Baldos into his own undoing, and a horrible undoing it would have been. One blow would have secured the desired result. Nothing could have saved the guard who had struck his superior officer, but Beverly thought in time.

"To die is easy, your highness. You have but to ask it of me," said Baldos, whose face was white and drawn. "She has no intention of demanding such a pleasant sacrifice," observed Count Marlaux, covering his failure skillfully. "Later on, perhaps, she may sign your death warrant. I am proud to hear, sir, that a member of my corps has the courage to face the inevitable, even though he be an alien and unwilling to die on the field of battle. You have my compliments, sir. You have been on irksome duty for several hours and must be fatigued as well as hungry. A soldier suffers many deprivations, not the least of which is starvation in pursuit of his calling. Mess is not an unwelcome relief to you after all these arduous hours. You may return to the barracks at once. The princess is under my care for the remainder of the campaign."

Baldos looked first at her and then at the sarcastic old general. Yetive and her companions were waiting for them at the fountain a hundred yards ahead. "You may go, Baldos," said Beverly in low tones. "I am not fatigued nor"—he began eagerly.

"Go!" started Marlaux. "Am I to repeat a command to you? Do you ignore the word of your mistress?" There was a significant sneer in the way he said it.

"Mistress?" gasped Baldos, his eye blazing, his arm half raised.

"Count Marlaux!" implored Beverly, drawing herself to her full height and staring at him like a wounded thing.

"I humbly implore you not to misconstrue the meaning of the term, your highness," said the count affably. "Ah, you have dropped something. Permit me. It is a note of some description, I think."

He stooped quickly—too quickly—and recovered from the ground at her feet the bit of paper which had fallen from her hand. It was the note from Ravons to Baldos, which Beverly had forgotten in the excitement of the encounter.

"Count Marlaux, give me that paper!" demanded Beverly breathlessly.

"Is it a love letter? Perhaps it is intended for me. At any rate, your highness, it is safe against my heart for the time being. When we reach the castle I shall be happy to restore it. It is safer with me. Come, we go one way and—have you not gone, sir?" In his most sarcastic tone to the guard, Beverly was trembling.

"No, I have not, and I shall not go until I see you obey the command of her highness. She has asked you for that piece of paper," said Baldos, standing squarely in front of Marlaux. "Insolent dog! Do you mean to question my?"

"Give over that paper!"

"If you strike me, fellow, it will be—"

"If I strike you it will be to kill, Count Marlaux. The paper, sir." Baldos towered over the Iron Count, and there was danger in his daredevil voice. "Surely, sir, I am but obeying your own instructions. Protect the princess and all that is hers with your life, you have said to me."

"Oh, I wish you hadn't done this, Baldos!" cried Beverly, pale stricken. "You have threatened my life. I shall not forget it, fool! Here is the precious note, your highness, with my condolences to the writer." Marlaux passed the note to her and then looked triumphantly at the guard. "I dare say you have done all you can, sir. Do you wish to add anything more?"

"What can one do when dealing with his superior and finds him a despicable coward?" said Baldos, with cool irony. "You are reputed to be a brave soldier. I know that to be false or I would ask you to draw the sword you carry and"—He was drawing his sword as he spoke.

"Baldos!" implored Beverly. Her evident concern infuriated Marlaux. In his heart he knew Baldos to be a man of superior birth and a foeman not to be despised from his own station. Carried away by passion, he flashed his sword from its sheath. "You have drawn on me, sir," he snarled. "I must defend myself against even such as you. You will find that I am no coward. Time is short for your gallant lover, madam."

Before she could utter a word of protest the blades had clashed, and they were hungry for blood. It was dark in the shadows of the trees, and the trio were quite alone with their tragedy. She heard Baldos laugh recklessly in response to Marlaux's cry of:

"Oh, the shame of fighting with such caution as you!"

"Don't jest at a time like this, count," said the guard softly. "Remember that I lose, no matter which way it goes. If you kill me I lose, if I beat you I lose. Remember, you can still have me shot for insubordination and conduct unbecoming."

"Stop!" almost shrieked Beverly. At the risk of personal injury she rushed between the two swordsmen. Both drew back and dropped their points. Not a dozen paces had been made. "I beg your highness' pardon," murmured Baldos, but he did not sheathe his sword.

"He forced it upon me," cried Marlaux triumphantly. "You were witness to it all. I was a fool to let it go as far as this. Put up your sword until another day—if that day ever comes to you."

"He will have you shot for this, Baldos," cried Beverly in her terror. Baldos laughed bitterly.

"Tied and blindfolded, too, your highness, to prove that he is a brave man and not a coward. It was short, but it was sweet. Would that you had let the play go on. There was a spice in it that made life worth living and death worth the dying. Have you other commands for me, your highness?" His manner was so cool and defiant that she felt the tears spring to her eyes.

"Only that you put up your sword and end this miserable affair by going to your—your room."

"It is punishment enough. Tomorrow's execution can be no harder."

Marlaux had been thinking all this time. Into his soul came the thrill of triumph, the consciousness of a mighty power. He saw the chance to benefit by the sudden clash, and he was not slow to seize it. "Never fear, my man," he said eas-

ily: "It won't be as bad as that. I can well afford to overlook your indiscretion of tonight. There will be no execution, as you call it. This was an affair between men, not between man and the state. Our gracious referee is to be our judge. It is for her to pardon and to condemn. It was very pretty while it lasted, and you are too good a swordsman to be shot. Go your way, Baldos, and remember me as Marlaux the man, not Marlaux the general. As your superior officer, I congratulate and commend you upon the manner in which you serve the princess."

"You will always find me ready to fight and to die for her," said Baldos gravely. "Do you think you can remember that, Count Marlaux?"

"I have an excellent memory," said the count steadily. With a graceful salute to Beverly, Baldos turned and walked away in the darkness.

"A perfect gentleman, Miss Calhoun, but a wretched soldier," said Marlaux grimly.

"He is a hero," she said quietly, a great calmness coming over her. "Do you mean it when you say you are not going to have him punished? He did only what a man should do, and I glory in his folly."

"I may as well tell you point blank that you alone can save him. He does not deserve leniency. It is in my power and it is my province to have him utterly destroyed not only for this night's work, but for other and better reasons. I have positive proof that he is a spy. He knows I have this proof. That is why he would have killed me just now. It is for you to say whether he shall meet the fate of a spy or go unscathed. You have but to exchange promises with me, and the estimable guardsman goes free—but he goes from Edelweiss forever. Today he met the enemy's scouts in the hills, as you know quite well. Messages were exchanged secretly, which you do not know, of course. Before another day, is gone I expect to see the results of his treachery. There may be manifestations tonight. You do not believe me, but wait and see if I am not right. He is one of Gabriel's cleverest spies."

"I do not believe it. You shall not accuse him of such things," she cried. "Besides, if he is a spy why should you shield him for my sake? Don't you owe it to Graustark to expose?"

"Here is the princess," said he serenely. "Your highness," addressing Yetive, "Miss Calhoun has a note which she refuses to let any one read but you. Now, my dear young lady, you may give it directly into the hands of her highness."

Beverly gave him a look of scorn, but without a second's hesitation placed the missive in Yetive's hand. The Iron Count's jaw dropped, and he moistened his lips with his tongue two or three times. Something told him that a valuable chance had gone.

"I shall be only too happy to have your highness read the result of my first lesson in the Graustark language," she said, smiling gayly upon the count.

Two men in uniform came rushing up to the party manifestly excited. Saluting the general, both began to speak at once.

"One at a time," commanded the count. "What is it?"

Other officers of the guard and a few noblemen from the castle came up, out of breath.

"We have discerned signal fires in the hills, your excellency," said one of the men from the fort. "There is a circle of fires, and they mean something important. For half an hour they have been burning near the monastery; also in the valley below and on the mountains to the south."

There was an instant of deathly silence, as if the hearers awaited a crash. Marlaux looked steadily at Beverly's face, and she saw the triumphant, accusing gleam in his eyes. Helplessly she stared into the crowd of faces. Her eyes fell upon Baldos, who suddenly appeared in the background. His face wore a hunted, imploring look. The next instant he disappeared among the shadows.

CHAPTER XX.

"THERE is no time to be lost," exclaimed Count Marlaux. "Ask Colonel Braze to report to me at the eastern gate with a detail of picked troopers—a hundred of them. I will meet him there in half an hour." He gave other sharp, imperative commands, and in the twinkling of an eye the peaceful atmosphere was transformed into the turbulent, exciting rush of activity. The significance of the fires seen in the hills could not be cheaply held. Instant action was demanded. The city was filled with the commotion of alarm; the army was brought to its feet with a

[TO BE CONTINUED.]