

The Pickens Sentinel.

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

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1881.

VOL. XI. NO. 7.

NEWS GLEANINGS.

Corn is selling in East Tennessee at sixty cents per bushel.

Some 400,000 feet of cross ties will be shipped from Kentucky to Mexico.

The levee at New Orleans is to be illuminated with the electric light.

Professor Cather, of Alabama, predicts a hard winter.

Immigration and capital are steadily flowing into Tennessee.

A fine vein of coal has been discovered in Jackson county, Alabama.

Albany, Ga., is going to spend \$900 for an artesian well.

There are 634 convicts in the South Carolina penitentiary.

The average product of the cotton crop in the Memphis district is fifty-one per cent. less than last year's yield.

Tyler James, colored, was given twenty stripes by a Richmond, Va., court for stealing an overcoat.

Three thousand snappers were carried to Pensacola, Florida, in one day last week.

At the Florida state fair a premium of six dollars was offered for the best darning stocking.

All over the south telegraphic inquiries have been received from New York bankers about Confederate coupon bonds.

A few Florida farmers who have planted arrow-root make as much as \$1,000 on an acre.

Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, have peach trees now living and bearing which were planted in 1816.

For the year ending September 1 the citizens of Brownsville, Tenn., consumed 528 barrels of whisky.

A Pennsylvanian has leased 10,000 acres of land near Woodbury, Cannon county, Tennessee, and will bore for oil.

Colonel E. W. Cole, the "railroad king," has purchased the old Bank of Tennessee building at Nashville for \$42,000.

Rev. Father A. J. Ryan, the sweetest poet in the South, has taken charge of the Catholic church at Eufausa, Alabama.

Last year J. E. Yates, of Rappahannock county, Virginia, purchased 275 sheep, for which he paid \$3.50 apiece. The lambs and wool this year brought him \$1,700.

One firm in Virginia, with 37 acres of land, has produced 3,500 gallons of wine in a season. Two counties in that state this season will make 60,000 gallons.

Messrs. Stuart & McDowell, of the Rudisill mine in North Carolina, have sent to the Atlanta exposition a solid piece of gold sulphuret ore weighing 900 pounds, and is assayed at about \$80 per ton.

The tobacco trade of Richmond, Virginia, have decided to appoint an inspector of tobacco, who shall have charge of the entire market. This will separate the business of warehousing and of inspection.

James Phillips, twelve years old, was left at home by himself in Robeson county, North Carolina. During the night some devilish boys visited the house and tried to gain an entrance for the purpose of frightening the boy. The little fellow was scared so badly that he was thrown into spasms, from which he died shortly afterward.

Rome (Ga.) Courier: Two sisters, Misses Emma and Susie, daughters of widow Cornwell, of Rocky creek, Gordon county, picked out with their own hands, last week, a bale of cotton, had it ginned, and sent it to Rome. Mr. H. H. Smith bought it at twelve and a half cents, and sent it to the Atlanta Exposition as a sample of North Georgia cotton.

The Bote, of Inowrazlaw, Prussia, gives the following table of wages for workmen in that city, a place of some 8,000 or 10,000 population. The wages are for a week's work of six days of fourteen hours each. A mark is equal to an English shilling, or about twenty-four cents.

Bricklayers, best, 12
Bricklayers, common, 12
Joiners, 12
Cabinet-makers (including board), 12
Locksmiths (including board), 12
Tailors (including board), 12
Miners, 12
Factory laborers, 12
Gardeners, 12
Field hands, 12

Is it any wonder in view of these figures, and they are to a certain extent a criterion to judge the wages all over Germany, that the sturdy yeomanry and artisans of that country are coming to the United States by thousands?

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Boston women gamble in railroad stocks.

MARK TWAIN has written another book.

CHINESE are becoming plentiful in Chicago.

TOBACCO in Virginia will be only half a crop this year.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, is eighty-one years old.

THERE will be a scarcity of coal in the West the coming winter.

BOSTON now boasts of one female lawyer, Miss Lelia J. Robinson.

A MONUMENT to Dean Stanley will be erected in Westminster Abbey.

THE students at Harvard are compelled to attend prayer meeting.

AN EQUESTRIAN statue will be erected to Gen. Burnside in Rhode Island.

EX-GOV. SHEPHERD ("Boss") is about to return to Washington from Mexico.

ILLINOIS' oldest citizen is dead—Mrs. Margaret Noughton, aged 116 years.

MRS. GARFIELD'S income will be \$20,000 a year. Mrs. Lincoln's is \$3,000.

IT is thought the Indianapolis Journal has an eye open to a Cabinet position.

MR. WINDOM will retire from the Cabinet and return to the United States Senate.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S picture is to be placed upon the five cent international postal letter stamp.

A RECENT frost in the vicinity of Boston is said to have done damage to the extent of \$1,000,000.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRIN says he has made his last speech and written his last letter. We knew there was a silver lining somewhere.

THE Czar of Russia is resigned to any fate that may overtake him. He is said to often declare, "I am quite ready to meet death when it comes."

THE mummy of the daughter of King Ramesses is said to be among the discoveries at Thebes—the woman who found Moses in the bulrushes.

SARAH BERNHARDT was kissed at Amiens, and stepping to the footlights, remarked: "I am not accustomed to play to geese." Ready wit.

THE Mormons take great consolation at the present political status. They feel that their polygamous institution is secure, and that the Lord is with them.

THE expense of Garfield's illness is estimated at \$100,000, of which the doctors' bills will be \$53,000. Dr. Bliss is accredited with a claim of \$25,000.

THE Pall Mall Gazette acknowledges the United States to be the most powerful nation on the globe. This confession is a great one, coming from an English source.

ELLEN NELSON, a Swedish woman, committed suicide in Philadelphia the other day because she could not get a husband. She must have been horrid ugly.

THE President's brother, William Arthur, who is Major and Paymaster in the army, was married a few days ago at Governor's Island, to Miss Laura Bouvier.

JUDGING from results, the Ohio voter is a scratcher. That comes of getting poor men on the regular ticket—a fact that the late election has forcibly presented to party managers.

THE Cincinnati Commercial says the situation in Ireland is quite too utter. We suppose this means that it is in a stooping posture. Nations, like individuals, are nothing if not fashionable.

GLADSTONE is held responsible for the arrest of Parnell, and Gladstone is of the opinion that the arrest is for the vindication of law and order, and "the first elements of civilization."

UNDER the old French law, being intoxicated three times deprived men of their right to vote. Such a law in this country, it is to be apprehended, would prevent the holding of an election in some sections.

SINCE "information" has been filed, we have failed to hear that Brady, of Star Route notoriety, is still ranting round, demanding an early trial. His

ardor for justice has cooled down somewhat.

AN AGENT of the Land League in Ireland has been arrested for putting needles in potatoes to be fed to the cattle of a farmer guilty of paying his rent. That is partaking of a very low kind of fiendishness.

GUITEAU seems determined to have Ben. Butler to defend him. Ingersoll he doesn't want. His discrimination is based upon religious principles. Butler, however, does not crave the service, and will endeavor to excuse himself.

"THE Mormons are held together," says the Mormon organ, "by an influence that is beyond the power of men or nations to prevent, destroy or control." That "influence" is a plurality of wives, certainly not divine.

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that the hog crop of the territory tributary to St. Louis will be very inferior in quality and less in quantity than for many years past. The high price of corn is given as a reason for this condition of things.

THIS is a sad comment on the insurance question: One insurance President, whose company loses \$12,000 by the fire in McCall's Building, in New York, himself had \$20,000 worth of property stored there and only \$3,000 insurance on it.

EIGHT members of the last House of Representatives are now United States Senators: Messrs. Frye and Hale, of Maine; Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hawley, of Connecticut; Lapham and Miller, of New York; Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, and Conger, of Michigan.

JOHN BATTERSY, for twenty years the chief of living skeletons in the side-shows, has of late been missed from the ranks of the human curiosities. The reason is that, from a weight of fifty-seven pounds he has rapidly grown to 125, and he has considerably gone to blacksmithing.

WRANGLE LAND, which Canada claims under the old boundary treaty, and which claim the United States disputes, is on the north coast of Siberia and over a thousand miles from the American coast. There will be no fighting over its possession. It ain't worth it.

MASSACHUSETTS has a Judge who evidently enjoys his morning naps. He has rendered a decision that the ringing of a church bell at 5 o'clock in the morning is a public nuisance, and if people must worship at that hour they should do so without disturbing their neighbors.

SINCE David Davis is President of the Senate, the public generally are anxious to know to which party he belongs. Mr. Davis, we believe, is not much annoyed on the subject. He is where he feels at liberty to take a plum from either party, and plums he is very fond of.

THE convicts of the Ohio Penitentiary sent \$100 to the Michigan sufferers. They raised the amount by denying themselves the luxury of tobacco and the sale of trinkets which they had made. Really, this expression of sympathy from such a source is touching.

THE father of Mrs. Christman testified in Washington the other day that previous to accepting the Senator his daughter had refused twenty-five offers of matrimony. This, we suppose, is an instance of passing by all the straight and taking a crooked stick in the end.

ABOUT the meanest thing we are able to call to mind just now is the action of the steamboat companies whose crafts ply between the National Capital and Yorktown. For the benefit of those attending the Yorktown celebration they put the fare up to five times the usual price. What noble patriots those fellows are.

GENERAL GARFIELD wrote in answer to a friend who had congratulated him upon his election to the Senate: "As to the hope you express that I shall be called higher, I can only say that my idea of the highest ambition of a public man ought to be to discharge fully the duties of the position to which he is already called. A man is not in position to discharge his duties fully and without bias if he is aspiring to higher places and laboring to secure them. The post of greatest usefulness ought to be the place of the highest honor."

LOVE was at the bottom of the Arkansas train robbery. The three boyish fellows who committed the crime were moneyless and desperately in love, and reading how easy it was for the James boys to rob a train, resolved to imitate them to bridge over the obstacle standing

between themselves, their girls and matrimony. They obtained the money, but thinking they would not be pursued, they made no effort to escape. Their girls, no doubt, feel bad to think that for their sake they were led to the commission of a crime that has culminated in a seventy-years' sentence in the penitentiary.

MR. VENNOR says in the preface of his almanac for 1882: "I lay no claim to the discovery of an infallible system of forecasting weather. The science of practical meteorology is yet in its infancy, and is being studied by men whose abilities are far greater than any I could endeavor to lay claim to. There will be many mistakes before a right understanding or interpretation of its principles is arrived at. Based, as my system of predictions must be, on records of weather as yet incomplete and very faulty, the results can not be entirely satisfactory, more especially in respect to new ground; yet I believe the key to the solution of the problem has been found, and that all errors will but aid in more correctly discovering the secrets of coming months."

STOCK-RAISING in the West.

The freedom to pasture cattle on excellent grazing land, together with an accessible market, are the main reasons why at present stock-raising is particularly profitable. The first of these conditions is precarious, and it is evident that in ten years there will not be much good free range left east of the Missouri river. When immigration to that extent shall have shut him off from free pasturage, the stock man can either sell his farm at probably four times its present value, and move to Dakota or Montana, or else turn his attention to fattening stock on grain for other parties.

For instance, as a practical case, there is a cattle man of Council Bluffs who is said to own 100,000 head of cattle in Idaho. He has a range of sixty square miles of land not worth a cent to the acre for agriculture, yet affording excellent pasture for cattle. He has ten men employed at wages varying from \$24 to \$40 per month to look after the stock. These men require 200 ponies to handle the cattle. An overseer is hired at \$1,200 a year. During the winter, however, four men can do all the work required, which is mainly breaking the ice in the streams that the cattle may have water. Streams serve as the great checks upon the cattle straying away, for they never will go far from water. In the spring of the year the cattle men of the plains have a grand "round up" (as it is called), the stock is picked out by means of the brand, and those cattle that are meant for the Eastern market are started for Omaha. They travel about ten miles a day, and generally take the whole season in the journey from the winter ground to the Missouri bottom. At Omaha the cattle are put on the train and shipped nominally to Chicago, but really to different points along the road, to be handed over to farmers for fattening. Mr. Stewart delivered over 1,900 head to farmers last fall, and of these only eight were lost during the winter. The parties who receive the cattle agree to fatten them at the rate of 5 cents for every extra pound of weight they add to the animal. This seems small at first sight, but when cattle put on 250 extra pounds during a winter, and where two hogs are fed from the refuse of each, the farmer finds that the result to him is equivalent to selling his corn at 100 per cent profit. The large cattle-raisers, of course, have their inspectors, who travel from farm to farm to look after their property, and gather it together in the spring for shipment to Chicago, where they are either slaughtered or shipped to Europe. The cattle men have a great advantage over mere farmers, in that they are to a great extent independent of railways. If they are badly treated by one corporation, they have a simple remedy in driving their stock a few miles to the next road.—Harper's Magazine.

Gough.

After all his life-long work upon the platform, and with the high fees his fame and abilities justly command, John B. Gough is not a rich man. His private charities are as large and numerous as they are mostations, for this great-hearted man does not let his left hand know what his right hand does. He has met with frequent and heavy losses on account of the tender-hearted willingness with which he puts his valuable autograph on the back of a friend's album for ninety days, and the almost infallible certainty with which he is compelled to get it back again for himself when the three short months have flown. Mr. Gough ought to be worth \$500,000, but like most men whose hearts are wrapped up in, and whose lives are consecrated to, some great work of reform, he is not a good business man, and impetuous friends and suffering humanity have got most of the money the great apostle of temperance has earned by hard platform work.

"Have you spoken to pa about that yet?" anxiously inquired the oldest daughter of her indulgent mother. "No, my child, not yet. Your father is too busy with his creditors to think of pony phaetons and russet harness to match just now." "Bother the creditors," was the snappish reply. "That's what your father is doing, my dear. After he has compromised you shall have your turnout."

IF WANT of sense is the worst kind of poverty, we know some people who ought to have been in the poorhouse since their childhood.—Lampton.

"Affidavits Are Not Lobsters."

Gen. James Grant Wilson furnishes the Cape Ann Advertiser with the following pleasant gossip about old Admiral Coffin—one of the Coffins, by the way—and the great variety about Cape Cod of lobsters weighing exactly ninety pounds.

Sir Isaac Coffin, a British Admiral and a member of the family which held a famous reunion at Nantucket, August 16, was born at Boston, and when a child lived for some years on Cape Cod. Sir Isaac came to this country soon after the war of 1812, and during the voyage he stated to the officers of his flag-ship that when they reached Cape Cod he would show them lobsters that weighed ninety pounds! The rules of a quarter deck do not permit you to flatter a contradicting Admiral, but still some doubt and distrust was visible on the countenances of the Captain and Lieutenants who stood around. "Well," said Sir Isaac, "if you doubt it, I will make you a wager that when we reach Cape Cod I will produce a lobster that weighs ninety pounds." The wager was made under the gracious permission of the Admiral, and when they arrived there Sir Isaac secured the Cape, but he could not find any lobsters that weighed ninety pounds, so he said: "Well, they don't happen to be here just now, but I will obtain the affidavits of the old fishermen to prove that there are such lobsters."

And he produced a pile of affidavits, showing that when there were fishermen in early times lobsters that weighed ninety pounds were as common as huckleberries on the Cape. Then it was left to an umpire to decide, which had lost and which had won, and by him so concise a judgment was given that if now living it would entitle him to the vacant judgeship in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, if all his decisions were equally good. His decisions were that "affidavits are not lobsters."

The distinguished member of the Coffin family, writing to his friend Commodore Isaac Hull, in 1816, says: "Many thanks for your kind exertions; send the ninety pound lobster when you can. My intention will be saved, although my money is gone," and in another letter now lying before me the Admiral remarks: "The lobster you committed to Capt. Tracy arrived in good condition, and is considered a marvellous one here. Still my friend Sir Joseph Banks longs for one of ninety pounds." Whether Hull succeeded in saving Sir Isaac's reputation by sending him a ninety-pound lobster I very much regret I am unable to state, but a venerable Gloucester fisherman whom the writer consulted on the subject said: "There ain't been no such lobster seen on Cape Ann during the last sixty years, and I don't believe any such were ever caught on Cape Cod."

Aunt Susan's Suggestions to a Fretful Wife.

"Hester," exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"Oh, auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are; in fact, I think not, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be good-natured."

"Why, auntie—"

"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman, who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other night, the only remark he made about them was: 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Oh, auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say: 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor! I won't have my floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his mustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affections will die a long, struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"Yes, auntie—"

"But, well! you are not dead yet, and that sweet-natured woman has not been found: so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence."

THERE is red and green as well as black ebony.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Was Eve's first dress made of bear-skin?

U NATURALLY look P Qliar if U R C D and going to D K.—Bill Nye.

IN some hats the cabbage leaf must feel perfectly at home.—Quincy Modern Argo.

INQUIRE: The most horrible suicide on records is that of the man who took a drink of Chicago water.—Boston Post.

My father was Irish, My mother was Irish, And I am Irish now.

—Yonker's Statesman.

IT was probably an Irish missionary who, when about to be masticated by the cannibals, originated that beautiful song:

"When you lose a needle on the floor, the quickest way to find it is to take off your shoes and walk about. But somehow people don't do that way."

"Gesticulation," says an eminent actor, "is fast becoming a lost art!" He probably never saw Talmage fencing with an imaginary lobster.—Herald.

ALBANY paper tells of a woman in this city who woke her husband during a storm and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder!"

"CONFOUND it! you've shot the dog! I thought you told me you could hold a gun." Pat.—"Shure, and so I can, your honor. It's the shot, sor, I couldn't hold!"

A RAD-TEMPERED MAN: He had lost his knife and they asked him the usual question: "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places for it to kill time."

Nor every man can tell from experience how it feels to be struck by lightning, but he can get some idea of it by going suddenly around a corner and meeting his mother-in-law while he is walking with a pretty girl.—Boston Post.

A KEROSENE man succeeded in hugging his sweetheart to death. But he has no trouble in finding others. The girls seem rather anxious to take their chances on his hugging them to death. They don't believe he can do it; would just like to see him try it.

AN Irish lady was so much on her guard against betraying her national accent that she is reported to have spoken of the "creature of Vesuvius," fearing that the crater would betray her again.—Albany Journal. She finds her parallel in the Yankee who speaks of the pitfalls of a portico.

WHEN a corpulent citizen endeavors to jump off the dummy of one of our cable roads while on the down grade and falls on the track in the front of the wheels nothing gives him so much genuine satisfaction as, just when he is about to be crushed to pulp, to wake up and find himself on the floor beside his own bed.—San Francisco Post.

How pestering little things will happen. A stranger in a Middlesex County village was looking for a man named Oudeck, and when he went up to a fellow and asked: "Are you Oudeck?" the fellow answered, "I reckon I am," and the stranger tried to talk business to him and they got all mixed up in a misunderstanding and had to be parted by the bystanders before they got through. And it was all on account of that confounded name.—Boston Post.

ESCALATE social life presents many points of interest in its slang. We have all probably read the anecdote of a young American lady in England (not a "fair Barbarian," either who, while playing croquet, exclaimed at a surprisingly fortunate shot of an opposing player: "Oh! what a horrid scratch!" whereupon a young English lady remarked: "You shouldn't use such language, it's slang." "Well, what should I say?" asked Miss America. "Oh! what a beastly fluke!"—New Orleans Times.

Who and Whom.

A too frequent error is the use of the objective "whom" instead of the nominative "who" in such expressions as "the men whom he says were present."

This sentence should read: "The men who he says were present." "Who" is not governed by the verb "says," but is the subject of "were," and should be in the nominative. "Whom" is a stiff and clumsy word at the best. It is very little used in conversation, even by highly-cultivated people. It has a flavor of pedantry and affectation. The usual substitute of "whom" is "that," as "the man that I saw," or it may be omitted altogether in many cases. No body of any taste would think of using such sentences in conversing as "Of whom are you speaking?" "Whom do you mean?" These phrases may be grammatically correct, but they are decidedly inelegant. The easiest way to deal with them is the best. "Who is it you are speaking of?" or "Who is it you mean?" are equally good English, and far more graceful forms of expression.—N. Y. Star.

Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed. Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.