

The Pickens Sentinel.

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

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO.

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THE TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DEATH IS STILL AFFECTING GOAL, IT SEEMS.

Hos are high, but not too awfully plentiful.

The proofs of Guiteau's sanity are overwhelming.

PHILADELPHIA is overrun with professional beggars.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON'S daughter is preparing for this stage.

OFFICE-SEEKERS make very little headway with President Arthur.

The citizens of Montreal will give a dinner in honor of Mark Twain.

Yes, President Arthur is very deliberate—ideas long drawn out, you know.

GENERAL GRANT will probably visit the Atlanta Exposition before its close.

IT APPEARS that Patti is itching to appear before a Cincinnati audience.

OHIO does not get many officers, but when she does get them, she gets good ones.

MACKEY, the bonanza king, is casting about, with a view to buying a portion of Texas.

THE restrictions upon the importation of American pork to France are soon to be removed.

THE estimated expenses of the Government for the year ending June 30, 1883, are \$340,462,507.

P. T. BARNUM, who used to be a prohibitionist, has come out in favor of a limited license law.

DAVID DAVIS is again in the matrimonial market. What a fat take he will make for some woman.

THE Cabinet does not appear to be getting reconstructed very fast. Arthur is very deliberate in his acts.

PHILADELPHIA may be a poky place, but still she has just enterprise enough to light up the entire city with electricity.

THE main portion of the President's message was printed in the London papers the day following its delivery to Congress.

OR late it seems that Venuor's weather predictions are missing oftener than they hit. We shall have to erase his name from the list pretty soon.

PRINTERS in the Government printing office are getting pretty particular. They demand sixty cents an hour for labor performed after midnight.

MRS. GARFIELD has seen and approved a proof of the new five-cent postage stamp, which bears upon its face an accurate likeness of the late President.

THERE has been no lack of rebuttal testimony in the Guiteau case to prove that the prisoner, and all the other members of the Guiteau family, were perfectly sane.

TEN years of the sentence of the Honorable claimant expired October 29, and by a continuance of good marks he will have three years and eight months more to serve before he is free.

JEFF. DAVIS, who has returned from Europe, and experienced a most stormy passage, will devote himself henceforth to his plantation in Tennessee, and the business growing out of the publication of his work.

THE Liberal idea is looming up in Texas. It is proposed to Mahonize the State. Hon. Geo. W. Jones, member of Congress from Texas, will resign his seat in the House to become the Liberal candidate for Governor.

KEEL, of motor fame, has squandered \$150,000 stockholders' money in experimenting with his invention, and by his repeated failure to fulfill his promises of success, the stockholders now bring suit to recover their money.

IT is stated that \$15,000,000 of the fractional currency has not been prepared for redemption. The greater part of this amount has been lost or destroyed, while much of it has been filed away to be held as a reminiscence.

IT is all owing to how the indictment reads. A Wisconsin man stole thirty-nine sheep and a steer, but the warrant charged him with stealing thirty-nine steers and a sheep, and, he, left the court-room with all his reputation restored.

CAPT. HOWGATE's trial is in progress. Mr. Howgate will endeavor to explain to the Government what he and an expensive mistress did with \$150,000 Government money while his family were being neglected. Oh, but this country is full of rogues!

HALSTEAD of the Cincinnati Commercial, wants Guiteau hanged forthwith. The assassin suffered from too much turkey Thanksgiving, and with Christmas here at hand?—why, of course it would be an outrage. Let the Christmas turkey be forestalled.

AN ASSOCIATION has been formed in Dublin for the relief of widows and unmarried ladies, annuitants and holders of mortgages on Irish estates, a number of whom are rendered destitute through the non-payment of rents. Lady Cowper was present and subscribed £100.

THE total number of land owners in Ireland is 68,758, of whom 36,144 are the possessors of less than one acre each, or only about 9,000 acres all told. It follows, then, that, with this relatively insignificant exception, the nearly 21,000,000 acres of Irish soil are owned by 32,614 persons.

GUITEAU has experienced more real enjoyment and more solid satisfaction in the notoriety which his trial has given him than he had in all his life preceding that event. If left to choose, he doubtless would give the balance of his life in preference to a denial the pleasures his trial has afforded him.

IT is sincerely hoped that Congress will do something to facilitate the sending by mail of fractional currency. Silver is too heavy to enclose in a letter, and its safe transmission by such means is questionable. This want is small, although a common one, and should be promptly attended to.

REVENGE is sweet. Windfield S. Cox, of Passaic County, N. J., who was opposed for the office of sheriff by a number of prominent men of Paterson, consisting of insurance men, manufacturers, bankers, etc., has placed them on his first petit jury list to serve at \$2 a day, at the neglect of their large business interests.

ACCORDING to the testimony in the Guiteau trial, while Guiteau was so everlastingly religious, in 1875, he was lounging about afflicted with a loathsome disease and squandering money on low women that this wife was earning as an employee in a hotel. It seems to have been more a case of moral depravity than of religious insanity.

SMALLPOX seems to be raging in all quarters, and if the greatest precaution is not taken to prevent its spread, the probabilities are that during the present winter the death rate from that cause will be something alarming. In every instance where there is a patient afflicted with the dread disease a yellow flag should be hoisted to prevent others from unnecessarily coming in contact with it.

AN ELECTRIC wire came in contact with a telephone wire, in Cincinnati, and the lightning traveled both ways on the telephone. Fortunately no one had the telephone trumpet to his ear, or there is no telling what the effect of the flame that burst forth from the trumpet at a distance of six inches, would have been. Wires in large cities are getting to be entirely too plentiful for the enjoyment of first-class health.

THE past two months have been unpleasant ones to those who have been to sea. The great steamers have been arriving at New York days and even weeks behind time, and some have been compelled to put back with broken machinery. The officers of one of the arrivals mention as a significant fact of their stormy voyage that they did not see a sailing vessel during the voyage. It is only too probable that more than one bark of this class will never be heard from.

A Rule That Works Both Ways.

"That must be a false rule," says the Interior, "requiring virtue, cleanliness and good temper and conduct in women, while many men may go on to any length almost, and society one and all wink if not blink at our faults. What ever degrades a woman also degrades a man. Take some of the vices and habits of the day. A man smokes a filthy cigar, or carries about a half an ounce of tobacco in his cheek, and yet expects his wife to preserve a clean mouth and a sweet breath. Again, a young man starts out to spend the evening with his adored Evelyn. Should he find her not at home, but in the neighboring saloon, however genteel it might be, that would be his last visit. In his estimation she would have sunk below his level, and yet that young man himself is a daily visitor to that same saloon, and engages in all its exercises."

Vaccination, Primitive and Modern.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the discovery of Dr. Jenner that vaccine virus was an antidote for smallpox so moved the gratitude of the British Government that it gave him nearly half as much money as our own people raised for Mrs. Garfield. When he died a splendid monument was erected to his memory, and he is ranked everywhere among the benefactors of humanity. Yet it is only fair to say that the experience of late years has not sustained all the hopes at first entertained. We have been told by an aged physician, whose studies began while vaccination was still a novelty, that his instructor advised him not to waste much time in reading about smallpox, as it would soon disappear from among men.

The failure of this prediction has arisen in part from the neglect of vaccination, and in part, also, from the fact that what is recognized as virus has been weakened by transmission through a long line of human subjects. It has also been more than once combined with diseases far worse than that which it was intended to keep off. People who have been more than once vaccinated, or who have supposed that they were, have been attacked with smallpox in severe, and perhaps fatal forms, while others have been made wretched invalids for life.

These facts have led to an organized opposition to vaccination, which has its headquarters in England, though its ramifications extend to other countries, our own among the number. It publishes tracts and reports, helps poor people to fight the agents of compulsory vaccination, and boldly asserts that unmodified smallpox is preferable to that which may come after vaccination, perhaps with deplorable accompaniments. Of course this is exaggeration and absurdity. One has only to glance at the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to find abundant evidence of the fearful ravages of variola, and of the terror which it inspired in palace and in hovel.

Still, it may be questioned whether much of what passes for vaccine virus is really such. If long humanized it may have become inert, if not impure. Recognizing this possibility, it has become the fashion to take virus directly from the cow, and the severity of the symptoms following vaccination from this source has been thought to prove the wisdom of the step. Yet it does not follow that every pustule found on a cow is identical with that observed and experimented from Jenner. It is certainly true that while in the early days of vaccination one operation was thought enough to protect one during life, it is now held that repeated vaccinations are essential—that the process should be gone through with at least as often as smallpox threatens to become epidemic. This may be a conclusion established by more careful observation, but it seems to indicate that the quality of the virus has been impaired. We have been told of a man who was vaccinated in the early years of this century by matter brought direct from Jenner. When his arm was well to test the value of the process, he was inoculated with smallpox virus. He went to a post house to await results. He did not have varioloid, even in its mildest form. Could as much be hoped from much of the vaccination of the present day?—Exchange.

A Japanese Hotel.

In imagining a Japanese hotel, good reader, please dismiss all architectural ideas derived from the Continental or Fifth Avenue. Our hotels in Japan, outwardly, at least, are wooden structures, two stories high, often but one. Their roofs are usually thatched, though the city caravansaries are tiled. They are entirely open on the front ground floor, and about six feet from the sill or threshold rises a platform about a foot and a half high, upon which may be seen the proprietor, seated on his heels, busy with his account books. If it is winter, he is engaged in that absorbing occupation of all Japanese tradesmen at that time of the year, warming his hands over a charcoal fire in a low brazier. The kitchen is usually just next to the front room, often separated from the street by only a latticed partition. In evolving a Japanese kitchen out of his other imagination the reader must cast away the rising conception of Bridget's realm. Blissful, indeed, is the thought as we enter the Japanese hotel that neither the typical servant girl nor the American hotel clerk is to be found here. The landlord comes to meet us, falling on his hands and knees, bows his head to the floor. One or two of the pretty girls out of the bery usually seen in the Japanese hotels comes to assist us and take our traps. Welcome, invitations and plenty of fun greet us as we sit down to take off our shoes, as all good Japanese do, and as those filthy foreigners don't, who tramp on the clean mats with muddy boots. We stand up unshod, and are led by the laughing girls along the smooth corridors, across an arched bridge which spans an open space in which is a rookery, garden and pond stocked with goldfish, turtles and marine plants. The room which our fair guides choose for us is at the rear end of the house, overlooking the grand scenery for which Kanazawa is justly noted all over the empire. Ninety-nine valleys are said to be visible from the mountain top on which the hotel is situated, and we suspect that multiplication by ten would scarcely be an exaggeration. A world of blue water and pines, and the detailed loveliness of the rolling land, form a picture which I lack power to paint with words. The water seemed the type of repose, the earth of motion.

He who can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul.

Hoffenstein's Prize Brogan.

Hoffenstein was busily engaged marking the selling price on some clothing which had just arrived, when suddenly stopping in his work he turned to the clerk and said:

"Herman, I had forgot if we sell and all of those black jean bants vat was damaged. Vas any more of dem in de adore yet?"

"Yes, Misder Hoffenstein. I dink dere vas dree bairs left. I haf been drying to sell dem but de beople say dey don't want to go around de adreet mit bants on vat makes dem look like a circus brocession. Dere vas yellow spots all ofer de bants, you know."

"Vell, subbose dey haf got spots on dem, vas you going to let de beople dink dey vas damaged? My gr-r-acious, Herman, de longer you vas in de piness de more you don't learn noding. Vy, ven a man comes in de adore and dells me dot dose bants vas damaged I dells him he vas misdaken and I asks him if he know a bieco of quadruple, vox finish, needle point, hand dvised vool from a bieco vat vas von ply, cotton stitched and mit a beveled edge. Ven I ask him dot he don't can say noding. Den I dells him dot de bants vas not damaged, and dot dey vas made of vot vas called in de old world Spanish sot vool, de best article made dere. In a couple of minutes adfer I dalk to de customer he buys de bants, and I half sell nine bairs in dot vay."

Hoffenstein had scarcely finished speaking when a negro with a bundle in his hand and considerably excited entered the store.

"Vell, my frent, vat can I do for you?" said Hoffenstein, advancing toward him and smiling pleasantly.

"You can't do anything fur me," replied the negro, angrily, "but I want yer to gib me back my money what I paid fur dese hyar shoes or I se gwine to take de matter fore de law. I gib four dollars for dem shoes an' I nebber wore dem but six days fore de soles dropped off, an' when I 'zained dem dar warr'n a God's blessed ting dar bat paper. I se bin cheated, and when a man thinks he can come miratin' around me an' I ain't gwine to say nuffin' he's apt to find hisself in de nine hole."

"My frent," said Hoffenstein, quietly, "did you find anything in de soles of dem shoes?"

"No, sah," replied the negro. "Vell, dot vas a bieco of hard luck, my frent. De shoes vat you buy vas de Louisiana prize shoe, and ven you dake a bair of dem you vas liable at any moment to find a dventy dollar gold bieco in de soles of dem. If de soles of de prize shoes vas made of hard ladder, dey wouldn't wear out, and de consequence you wouldn't find de dventy dollar bieco, and dot vas de reason de soles vas made of baper so dot dey vill wear out soon, and let de beople know if dese hyar shoes de regerler prize shoes?" inquired the negro, greatly interested.

"Vell, my frent, if ye see a man vat come in de adore day and show me a couple of dventy dollar biecos vot he got out of dem shoes, you would say dey vas a gold mine."

"If de shoes is de regerler prize shoes, I'll take 'er nudder pair."

"Certainly, my frent. Herman, wrap de sheutleman up a bair of dose Louisiana prize shoes, and dake dose vat you dink de money vas in."

When the shoes had been paid for and the negro had gone, Hoffenstein said:

"Herman, did you see how I vork off dose old star brogans?"

"Yes, Misder Hoffenstein."

"Vell, ven ofer a customer comes in de adore, regelleck dot dey vas de Louisiana prize shoe mit a dventy dollar gold bieco in de sole of dem. I think I vill learn you something about de business yet."

The Pleasures of the Table.

The simplest food will not suffice to maintain a community in mental and physical health, and to produce the highest form of efforts. A people who live on rice will usually be found unfit to do anything better than grow rice. Monotony in food, as in other things, begets dullness. For all classes there must be something in life to look forward to if men are not to become sour, and, constituted as we are at present, the pleasures of the table must continue to form an important element among the pleasures available for man. But if the use of luxurious food be defensible on these grounds, absolute waste of food, at any rate, produces the ill effect pointed out, without any compensating advantage. The dinner at every glutinous city feast contributes his quota to the already existing distress in some other part of the community. So does the guest at a charity dinner. The money he subscribes to the charity is merely a transfer of wealth which leaves the world neither rich nor poorer; the dinner he eats or leaves increases the poverty of his neighbor.—The Fortnightly Review.

An Edinburgh professor has discovered that an animal struck by lightning or by an electric shock, under scientific direction, is rendered delightfully tender in a moment. Read this paragraph out at supper in presence of the assembled boarders. It may startle the landlady, cause her to invest in an electric battery, and change the hard and stony-hearted beefsteak from "a thing of duty and a chaw forever" into a soft and tender-hearted dream of Mary's little lamb.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The revised edition of the New Testament failed to catch the popular favor that was expected. Copies of the work are offered for sale in the East at greatly reduced prices.

Praying Workmen of Constantinople.

In the bazars of Stamboul the workmen and salesmen (there are no women employed in these bazars—Turkish opinion will not permit it) are of the male sex only. Eunuchs are not infrequent, and are easily recognized at a glance from other black men, but are never other than harem servants or managers of the household. As one loiters through these bazars some queer things are seen. The bazars, properly so called, are narrow streets of shops, covered from rain by arched roofs, and continuous for miles one with another, so that without umbrella (for sunshine or rain) one can go through them protected. The floors are damp stones or packed clay—they are dark and one goes up and down steps from one to another so that progression is unpleasant. The personal solicitation of the salesmen is something painful and very annoying—until one learns, as he soon does, to pay not the slightest attention to any one, but to look around him, apparently indifferent and unobtrusive of the remarks and exhibitions of goods—while inwardly you feel a yearning desire to knock over some impudent man who takes you for a fool.

While you pass along looking at some workman making something in the skillful yet clumsy way they work, with tools unlike, often, anything you ever saw—using feet as if they were hands and making complex furniture, veneered beautifully with the simplest of tools, (so few as to make the work seem incredible)—lo!—the worker will turn about with his back to the door and crowd—seem to read his Koran—and lose himself in prayer!—or walk off, leaving his purchaser at the door, and enter the nearest mosque and say his prayers. (Internally aggravating when you have about concluded a desirable purchase!) In the mosques one sees them enter, after washing their feet, pray reverently and absently towards Mecca, (the altar of the mosque is always placed so that praying towards it is praying towards Mecca,) and reverently depart, putting on their shoes again at the door as they go out.

Several times felt a strong inward temptation, when at the door of some popular mosque, to gather up the queer collection of worshippers' shoes and fly with them to start a museum with.

On the boats, at sunset, the Moslems seem in the midst of the crowd, utterly oblivious apparently, of surroundings, bow to the earth repeatedly, seemingly uttering prayers toward Mecca, and three times touching the earth with the forehead.

The bazar workmen are, however, by no means always Turkish, or even Mohammedan. They are of every race; many Jews, some Americans and English, who have crept in. The fruit-sellers of the city are mostly Armenian. The strong-muscled porters (herculean many of them) whom one sees everywhere in the streets carrying loads that a tender-hearted man would not force his horse to pull, are many of them Wallachian, Serbian, Bulgarian or Roumanian. The merchants and artificers, as a class intelligent-looking and pleasant countenances—are Greek. This is a place of conglomerate nationality—the Turk ruling—the middle class largely Greek—the under classes Macedonian, etc.—with mixtures in each class. The Circassian always either soldier, or, if woman, a bought wife in the harem (pronounced *ha rem*), the negro, (of all shades of color) Persian, Indian, Egyptian, European, American (a few), etc., are commingled, and a very picturesque crowd is the visible result.—Constantinople Letter in Kokomo Tribune.

How an Indian Boy Shoots.

The remarkable shooting of the young Nez Perces Indian boy, Otto, was witnessed by a large audience of those interested in rifle shooting. The most remarkable feature of the exhibition was the lightning quickness of the boy. But very few of the attempts failed. The first shot was at a five-cent piece on the head of a figure representing a man, and was hit, the distance being fifteen paces. The next was the cutting of a string that suspended a figure at the rear of the stage. This rifle was picked up from the stage by the lad after he had turned a somersault, and the shot was fired almost instantly. The most remarkable shot of the evening was accomplished by the use of peculiarly placed appliances, in the following manner: In a small steel frame a pistol-barrel was suspended; behind the barrel a razor had been fixed, and on either side of it was suspended a glass ball. The boy was then taken to the front of the stage and blindfolded, with his face to the audience. At the command "about face," he turned, raised his rifle, and after only a momentary hesitation, fired. The ball passed through the pistol, was split by the razor, and each glass ball was broken by half the bullet. This shot is said to be due to the boy's wonderful gift of the power of location. The precision of the aim is secured by taking a position directly in front of the object, and aim is taken by a certain pressure of the rifle-stock against the shoulder and cheek. An exhibition bayonet drill followed. The boy was applauded for his marksmanship and dexterity.—San Francisco Call.

Practical Arithmetic.

"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make too sheep or two cows."

A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue milkman, held up his hand, and said:

"That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

BITS OF INFORMATION.

POINT lace is the oldest variety of lace known. It was the work of nuns during the latter part of the fourteenth century.

AMERICAN deer, both male and female, shed their horns every year from the latter part of January to about the 15th of February only.

THE "freedom of a city" is an honorary distinction conferred on some illustrious man. It is usually bestowed through a certificate or diploma signed by the municipal authorities and suitably mounted. It is presented on the occasion of a visit or may be forwarded. It makes the recipient an honorary citizen. It may be awarded a countryman or a stranger.

THE engagement ring is supposed to be of a Roman origin, and to have sprung from the ancient custom of using rings in making agreements, grants, etc. Its primitive form was that of a seal or signet ring. Betrothal rings were frequently exchanged by lovers in ancient times. It is also believed that the Romans originated the custom of giving rings with mottoes or posies engraved on them to their lady loves.

FORKS were invented in Italy in the fifteenth century, but were not employed in England until the middle of the seventeenth century; then only by the higher classes. As late as the eighteenth century, forks, as well as knives, were kept on so meager a scale by country inns in Scotland that it was customary for persons traveling to carry with them a knife and a fork in a shagreen case, and a small knife and fork still forms part of the ornamental equipment in the Highland costume.

THE bridge or covered gallery which connects the ducal palace and the prison of Venice is high above the water and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons were sunk into the thick walls of the palace, and the prisoners when taken out to die were conducted across the gallery to the other side, upon the bridge, and there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into the cell is now walled up, but the passage is open, and is still known by the name of the "Bridge of Sighs."

THE origin of the cant name, "Uncle Sam," was as follows: Immediately after the declaration of war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, etc. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "Uncle Sam") generally superintended, in person, a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked "E. A. U. S." The work fell to the lot of a factious fellow on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., for United States, were then almost entirely new to them), said: "He did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam" himself being present was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. Many of these workmen being of character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended this identical one first appeared in print; it gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of the country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remains a nation.

The Weight of the Transgressor.

By almost universal consent, the lightweight championship is conceded to dealers in coal. As water unto milk, and glucose to the lager beer, so are the platform scales to the coal cart. It would be unjust to large numbers of honest and reputable dealers to say that their coal is like the fellow who said that when he was mad he weighed a ton, but the conduct of disreputable and dishonest dealers has a tendency to throw suspicion upon all of them. According to the statement of one who has tried it, it requires the spirit of a martyr to be an honest dealer, at least in New York. He tells a delusory story of the difficulties, not to say the dangers, he encountered in trying to deliver 2,000 pounds for a ton to his customers. He began by announcing that any one buying coal of him could test its weight at any of the public scales. The result was astonishing. Orders came in from all directions and not more than one in ten ever wanted to test it. When cartmen came from other yards he had to enlarge their carts. For these offenses he was set upon by a member of the Coal Association and beaten; his cartmen were got away from him; they tried to prevent his vessels from landing; broke his derricks, and he had good reason to think that they either shot at him or had him shot at. So that it is not the weight of transgressor, but the other man's, that is hard.

RECORDS show that in thirteen Septembers in the past thirty-one years no rain fell in San Francisco. The rain in the remaining eighteen Septembers ranged from .02 of an inch to 1.03 inches.