

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
 For Infants and Children.
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of
Wm. D. Galt
 of
Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
 Exact Copy of Wrapper.

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
 Vegetable Preparation for
 Simulating the Food and Regulating
 the Stomachs and Bowels of
 INFANTS & CHILDREN
 Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness
 and Rest. Contains neither
 Opium, Morphine nor Mineral
 NOT NARCOTIC.
 Recipe of **DR. J. C. WATSON**
 "Perfect Remedy for Constipation,
 Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
 Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness
 and LOSS OF SLEEP."
 For Simple Signature of
Wm. D. Galt
 NEW YORK
 At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS
 Guaranteed under the Food and
 Drug Act.

NORA THE KIDNAPER
 By HORACE BRIGHT.

"Sure, Mrs. Flaherty, there be a child crying in the basement. You can hear it if ye listen when you be passing," said Mrs. Grady to little Mrs. Flaherty, the carpenter's wife.

The two women were residents in the same tenement house in the city. It was not a squalid part, though the congestion made it an unhealthy one. It was clean enough, and Mrs. Flaherty's deft fingers kept the interior of her four rooms almost spotless. But Michael had been out of work for six weeks, owing to the business depression, and cleanliness was about all that Nora Flaherty could manage. She could not provide more food for the four hungry little mouths.

Day by day Michael tramped the streets in search of work. And every evening the bread and milk somehow seemed to go less far. The children were growing thin. Bridget, the oldest, was five, and the rest followed at regular gradations down to Phil, the baby of ten months.

"If it wasn't for the children, Nora," Michael would say wistfully, "you and me could start out on the tramp and do chores in the country."

That had always been their longing—a country home. But it seemed more remote than ever, now that there were six mouths to feed.

Nora Flaherty listened as she stood at the entrance to the tenement house. Sure enough, she heard the pitiful cry of the child. She had seen him once—a thin little boy of six or seven years. The father was a Pole. He drank away his money every Saturday night, and returned home mad with liquor. Then he would beat the little boy, who lay neglected all day in the dark cellar-like place.

She heard him cry, and the mother instinct overflowed in her. Softly she crept down to the basement. It was quite dark, except for the faint illumination from a small, dirty window

"Mrs. Flaherty!" she gasped, "the man has come from the society, and what do ye think? One of that Polack's friends has been and taken the child away!"

Nora Flaherty looked at her friend with a stare of misunderstanding. "The man from the society is asking if anybody's seen the child," continued Mrs. Grady. "Ye didn't happen to see him, did ye, Nora?"

"No," answered Nora Flaherty in a mechanical manner. "No, I didn't."

But after her visitor had gone away she sat beside the bed in fear and trembling every time a footstep sounded outside the door. And there was another reason for her dread. It had been an impulse to take the lad, an impulse which she had not followed to its logical conclusion. Perhaps she had merely wanted to give him some bread and milk and to show him a little of that mother love that he had never known. But now—what would Michael say?

He loved his children and he had always been kind to her, but—well, another mouth to feed meant a dreadful tax upon their scanty means. And he was out of work, might be for weeks to come, although he had received a half-promise of something in the near future.

She sat there in an agony of suspense until she heard her husband's tread along the hall outside. In another moment he was in the little tenement, and as she went out to meet him, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her. She looked at him with pride. What a good husband she had! He never drank or beat her, even if he was a little petulant at times. And he had been so patient all through that dreary time.

"Nora, girl," he exclaimed, "I've got a job and I go to work the day after tomorrow. And it's in the country, lass! It's in the new Richardson plant, twenty miles away—a steady job, my girl, and all expenses paid. And we move tomorrow!"

He saw a strange look on her face. She was trembling.

"What is it, Nora?" he cried, conscious of some dreadful fear.

She told him. And then she led him into the bedroom and showed him the pinched little figure upon the bed, the dawning smile upon the childish mouth. She turned down the coverlet and showed him the weals upon the little body.

"Michael, my man," she whispered, "there's only four of our own, though, praise God, there'll be more coming to us later. Can't we feed five, Michael?"

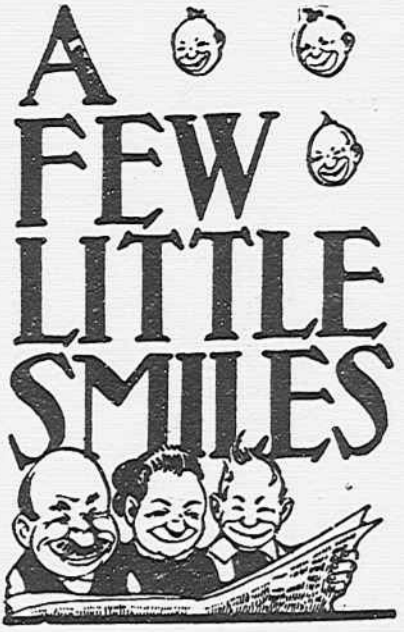
The man looked in a dazed way into his wife's face.

"Good Lord, Nora!" he ejaculated. "Is it keep the little nipper ye mean?"

"Michael! Think of one of our own babies growing up in the society's home—in the city, without ever sight of a tree or a flower. Let me keep him, Michael! I've asked little of ye before, but now I want him—Oh, I want him so much!"

Michael bent over the bed and took the little hand in his.

"Well, girl, I guess one more won't make much difference," he said. "But mind ye," he added sternly, "this is the last one—except our own, I mean." (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)



A Great Bar.
 "It is of no use bringing out that man for office. His early life would be against him."
 "Why so?"
 "He was a messenger boy."
 "What has that to do with his candidacy?"
 "The force of early habit. He never could bring himself to run for office."
As She Heard It.
 A young lady who was inspecting bicycles said to the clerk: "What's the name of this wheel?"
 "That is the 'Belvidere,'" answered the salesman.
 He was rewarded by a stony glare and the key question: "Can you recommend the Belva?"
His Little Joke.
 The Young Man—I understand your father speaks very highly of me.
 The Young Lady—Yes; but he only does that for fun.
 The Young Man—Are you sure?
 The Young Lady—Positive. He just does it to torment mother.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Doom of Aristocracy.
 Speculation as to the effect of the war upon the European monarchies is most fascinating, especially to Americans who have an ingrained suspicion of every form of government save their own. There are many who maintain that it is a war of dynasties, entered upon for territorial greed or because of animosities of the reigning houses. The Hapsburgs are fighting to extend their boundaries toward the Aegean, the Hohenzollerns have dreams of world dominion and the greater glory of their name; the Romanoffs are seeking to maintain their hold upon the loyalty of the Slavs outside of their empire and to bind them more closely to St. Petersburg so that the ultimate extension of the Russian frontier to the Mediterranean may be facilitated.

There is no doubt that these are among the potential reasons for the conflict. But they are not all the reasons. The German army is merely the Kaiser's fighting machine. It is Germany in arms. When 5,000,000 men respond to the call to the colors, or stand to respond to carry out the plan of the Kaiser's, it is pretty safe to assume that the cause of the Kaiser is the cause of Germany, and that national as well as dynastic reasons lie behind the great enterprise. The same reasoning will apply to Russia and to Austria only to a lesser degree.

Germany and Austria are in alliance because of their common interests. They both seek an outlet to the east to the Aegean and to the markets of east. The dynastic policies are supported by the commercial interests of the two empires, and in a large sense the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs are the spokesmen for and leaders of their people and leading in the direction in which they would go.

There is no dynasty in France to be glorified, but the French people have been arming for forty-four years for this great conflict. The Frenchman who took their hoardings from their stockings to help their government pay the indemnity to Germany in 1870 have been waiting for the opportunity to get it back again, and their children have inherited the same relentless purpose. They have watched and waited nearly half a century for this one great, overwhelming, all-absorbing opportunity of "revenge."

Despite the fact that the ambitions of the people and the dynasties are in accord, the effects of the war upon monarchical institutions will be momentous. The spirits of democracy is abroad. It has practically abolished the British house of lords. It has forced the establishment of a parliament in Russia. It is so active and alert in Germany that the Social Democracy is party is the largest and most powerful political organization in the empire. In France it overturned the monarchy nearly half a century ago, and is now so firmly established that only the wildest dreamers ever imagine that republican institution can be replaced. It is rampant in Portugal and nearly so in Spain. A nation in arms, as Germany now is, will not long be content to remain a nation without a ministry responsible to its parliament. The democratization of German institutions is inevitable after the war, whatever the result. The people, even in Russia are no longer driven serfs. They think they reason and a demonstration of the power of 5,000,000 men on the battlefield will not be lost on the patriots who wish also to demonstrate the power of the same number of millions in deciding at first hand the causes for which they will take up arms. Whether the kings and the emperors remain on their thrones matters little. Great Britain, though it retains the fiction of a monarch, is as democratic as the United States, and its parliament responds with greater precision to popular sentiment than the American congress. The war means the end of autocracy whether the kings remain or not.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ARRIVAL OF NEW Fall Goods AT THE BATTERY

We beg to announce to the trading public that our line of Fall and Winter Goods has arrived, and owing to the fact that we placed our orders before the war scare, we are able to quote you much lower prices than we could buy the goods on today's market. We realize that we have bought much heavier than we would have bought had we known conditions as they are today, but we have already got the goods in and it is too late to counter-mand so we are going to mark the price low so you will be able to come to our store this fall and buy much for a little.

Millinery Department

Our Millinery Department will be ready in a few days and will be in charge of Mrs. Nettie Barton Wallace, and assistants. We consider ourselves fortunate in purchasing our Millinery early as this class of goods is going to be very high and scarce owing to the war conditions in Paris. However, we bought before the advance and can save you money on your hats.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department

We will carry a full line of Ladies' Suits and Coats also Misses and Childrens coats. We have an especially pretty line of Ladies' \$10.00 and \$12.00 suits and up to \$25.00. We have all the latest styles and colors.

Men's and Boys' Clothing

Men's Suits \$5.00 to \$20.00.
 Boys' Suits \$1.00 to \$10.00.
 See our line of Men's \$10.00 suits. They are beauties.

Get the habit. Come to Easley to do your trading, and make our store your store. We will have what you will want to buy, and at the price you will want to pay.

Remember we guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

THE BATTERY
 Edwin L. Bolt & Co., Props.
 The Store That's Always Busy.
 Easley, S. C.

A. K. Park Greenville, S. C.

I have enjoyed the patronage of the readers of The Sentinel for more than 20 years. I have appreciated this patronage and have tried to give "Value Received." I am now ready to serve you with a large and well-selected stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Underwear, and Hosiery

These are the newest creations in their line, bought right and will be sold at "Right Prices," and if goods are not as represented I AM RESPONSIBLE, and will make them right. Come to Greenville. Come in to see us. We will take great pleasure in showing you our goods, and if goods and price suit you will be glad to sell you, and should they not suit, we will appreciate the call just the same.

A. K. PARK



Sat Beside the Bed in Fear and Trembling.

near the ceiling. She turned the handle. The door yielded. Upon the floor, crouched on a pile of rags, the little boy lay. He was thin and emaciated, and he stared at her in terror, like a little wild animal.

The good woman's indignation brought a storm of angry words to her lips. The child, thinking they were meant for him, began to whimper again. Nora hurried upstairs and stood looking at the remnants of the loaf of bread and the thin milk in the pitcher. There was just enough for that night. Perhaps it would go round—if one of them did not eat. And Nora's appetite was not very large just now.

With a half-guilty manner she cut a thick slice of bread, poured out a cupful of milk, and carried the food down to the boy in the basement. When she saw him fall upon the food ravenously the tears streamed down her cheeks.

That afternoon Mrs. Grady came to the door of her tenement.

"It's all right, Mrs. Flaherty," she said. "Somebody's written to the Children's society, and they're going to take the child away. The man's been put in prison for stabbing another of them Poles who he was drunk. The society will be here in the evening." Nora's heart misgave her. Somehow the thought of the little, dark-eyed boy growing up inside the shadow of the society's big, barrack-like building was dreadful to contemplate. She thought of her own babies, and she sat in her chair, a picture of helpless woe.

Suddenly a burning thought came to her that made her sit up and stare wildly about her. Why not? Why not? In another minute she had crept down to the basement again to where the boy was lying. At the sight of her he sat up and stretched out his thin little hands.

She lifted him in her arms and hid him beneath her shawl. How pitifully light he was! He did not understand her words of motherly kindness, but the tone is the same in all languages. He snuggled down in her arms, and a couple of minutes later he was resting upon her own bed, while the four children stood around, staring at the little stranger.

Ten minutes later, when the boy was asleep, Mrs. Grady came to the door.

MANY FALL FOR SWINDLE

New "Card Conspiracy" Game is Really Ingenious and Its Victims Have Been Numerous.

A new "card conspiracy" is being worked by clever swindlers. People who never have been swindled before are "falling for" this newest of card tricks. It is worked with an ordinary deck of playing cards, the telephone—and a good memory.

This is the way the game is worked: In a restaurant or cafe where a telephone is handy the swindler gets into conversation with a likely victim. He cleverly leads the conversation to mind reading, second sight and telepathy. Then after the victim has become interested the swindler tells about his wonderful friend.

"Why, I have a friend," he says, "who can tell over the telephone what card out of a whole deck has been chosen by the person speaking. He can do this without a hint from me, even if the person is an absolute stranger to him."

The victim doesn't believe this. A bet is made. Then a card is chosen by the victim. He shows it to the swindler. He does not leave his seat. He does not telephone. All he says is, "Go to the phone, ask for No. —, and ask him what card you have chosen."

The victim goes to the phone. He gets the number and the party asked for. Then promptly he receives over the phone the correct name of the card he has selected, thus losing the bet.

The secret is simple. The swindler has memorized the thirteen cards of one suit against thirteen common names. If clubs have been chosen, the ace will be Mr. Brown, the deuce Mr. Smith, the trey Mr. Jones, etc. If a diamond is selected, a Christian name is added. Other Christian names are added for other suits.

The confederate at the other end of the wire has a list of the names. A ring at the phone. A man asks for Fred Woods. The confederate looks at the list and knows that the victim has picked out the king of clubs.

The victim seldom realizes he has been swindled.

Discriminating.

She—There is some recompense in not being a millionaire; one does not have to dodge taxes.

He—But the poor man is just as busy dodging taxes.

Impudence.
 "Did that prisoner leave no message before he walked out?" asked the warden.
 "Yes," replied the guard. "His farewell was a sneer at our penitentiary. He left a note saying 'please excuse haste and a bad pen.'"

New Schedule.
 The railway train had just put in a tango playing-machine.
 "Are we running on eastern or central time?" asked a passenger.
 "Neither," replied the conductor, wearily; "rag time."

POSTPONED.

Stockton Bonds—Didn't you say that your aunt was to be buried today?
 Office Boy—She was, but on account of wet grounds the funeral won't take place till tomorrow.

Horrible Confession.
 Although the songbirds in their glee
 Make up a gay and tuneful troupe,
 The birds that I delight to see
 Are yonder in the chicken coop.

Plan That Failed.
 Rosemary—Marcella thought she would save money by doing her own shopping.
 Thornton—Did the scheme work out?
 Rosemary—Not exactly; she saved money on what she bought, all right; but she spent six dollars for taxicab fare.

False Impression.
 She—How can baseball men wear furs in warm weather when they're playing?
 He—Wear furs? Of course, they don't wear furs. That's nonsense.
 She—Well, I saw in a paper describing a game that one of the players had a costly muff.

Acrobatics.
 "Why did you laugh when the man stepped on the orange peel?"
 "For joy," replied the man who thinks of nothing but baseball. "I thought for a moment that I was witnessing a spectacular slide to second base."

A Crisis.
 "Your valet went on strike, did he? I hope you didn't accede to his demands?"
 "For my life, I had to, old chap; the cunning creature actually threatened to leave me one morning when I was half dressed!"—London Opinion.

The Test of Love.
 Of course sincerity and purity of affection has not one but many tests. If you love you must know where the other doubts and persist where the world deprecates. Love is because it is. For this reason one stands with it against the world and does not wield the weapons of the world against it. Surely its assurance in the face of the storm is one of its sweetest tests.

No Chance.
 "There's always a moment after dinner when the prettiest woman in the world has no chance against the attractions of a good cigar.—From 'The Marriage of Kitty.'"

Moving Upward.
 There is much wisdom in these words of Emerson: "Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But the day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then he has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun."

All PEPSI-Cola crowns bearing the word "Greenville" on inside under cork disk will be redeemed at 5c each.

Ask the Merchant

There's a great reason why you should drink PEPSI-Cola. It is healthful. EVERYTHING which it brings you is 100 per cent. PURE benefit and enjoyment. Flavor is delicious—rare. Effect is wholesome, satisfying—quick to refresh. It QUENCHES thirst with its tart, fruit flavor.

"There's a Difference"

5 Cents

Medical College of the State of South Carolina
 CHARLESTON, S. C.
 Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy
 Owned and Controlled by the State
 86th Session Opens October 1, 1914, Closes June 3, 1915

Fine New Building ready for occupancy October 1, 1914. Advantageously located opposite Roger Hospital, one of the largest Hospitals in the South, containing 218 beds. Practical work for Senior Students in Medicine and Pharmacy a Special Feature. Large and well equipped Laboratories in both Schools. Department of Physiology and Embryology in affiliation with the Charleston Museum. Nine full time teachers in Laboratory branches. Six graduated appointments each year in Medicine. For catalog address OSCAR W. SCHLEIFER, Registrar, Charleston, S. C.

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 A successful remedy for Rheumatism, Blood Poison and all Blood Diseases. At all Druggists \$1.00.
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No. 27...

When you want some printing of the better kind...

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ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS WEDDING INVITATIONS STATIONERY

PICKENS SENTINEL PICKENS, S. C.

AGENTS FOR **HARCOURT & CO. Louisville, Ky.**
 MANUFACTURING ENGRAVERS
 Prices Quite as Reasonable as Consistent with Quality.

THE PICKENS SENTINEL
 The Home Paper
 Pickens, South Carolina

MR. MERCHANT:

Now is the time to begin your fall advertising campaign and if you wish to reach the best class of people in Pickens county, The Pickens Sentinel is the medium to use.

The Pickens Sentinel has a guaranteed paid-in-advance circulation of more than 2,000 papers weekly, the bulk of which go to buying families in Pickens county, which means that the advertiser who has something worth while to say to the people of this region can do it with the minimum of effort and expense through the columns of the Sentinel.

By using other mediums a part of the buyers in this territory can be reached; by using no other medium than The Sentinel can practically all of these buyers be reached.

When The Sentinel sells advertising space it sells circulation—and it delivers the goods.

Pickens county has a larger per cent of white population and less per cent of law-breaking citizens than any county in South Carolina, according to records. This is the class of people among whom the Sentinel circulates.

The Sentinel will use every possible and legitimate means to make advertisements in this paper profitable to both advertisers and readers.

Our advertising rates are reasonable, and if advertisers desire it we will be glad to assist them in preparing copy for their ads.

The right kind of advertising builds business.

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

When you want ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS WEDDING INVITATIONS STATIONERY

PICKENS SENTINEL PICKENS, S. C.

AGENTS FOR **HARCOURT & CO. Louisville, Ky.**
 MANUFACTURING ENGRAVERS
 Prices Quite as Reasonable as Consistent with Quality.