

THE PICKENS SENTINEL

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Number 34

RUB OUT PAIN

with good oil liniment. That's the surest way to stop them. The best rubbing liniment is

MUSTANG LINIMENT

Good for the Ailments of Horses, Mules, Cattle, Etc.
Good for your own Aches, Pains, Rheumatism, Sprains, Cuts, Burns, Etc.
25c. 50c. \$1. At all Dealers.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Lost—An automobile tire chain between Hagood's Mill and Liberty, Sunday. Bring to Sentinel office and get reward.

LOANS on farm lands. Easy terms and long time if desired. Address: R. T. Jaynes, W. H. Hall, S. C.

I will pay 25c a pound for two pounds of fresh butter every week sent me by parcel post. W. G. Stewart, 710 Maple St., Columbia, S. C. 331

CLOSING OUT AT COST and below. Everything to go before Jan. 1. Come early and get choice. Men's and boys' suits, ladies' coat suits, hats, caps and shoes, rubber roofing—everything. On tobacco 7c per lb. 16c per shell 3 1/2c. This is the time it will pay YOU to see T. D. Harris.

SPECIAL OFFER—To patients coming from Pickens county to our Greenville office for eye work: As we are members of the Chamber of Commerce, we refund railroad fares. A. A. Odom, consulting Optometrist-Ophthalmologist, The Globe Optical Co., Masonic Temple, Greenville, S. C.

The Deal Laundry
121 West McBee Avenue,
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For MALA Mass Laundry
A FINE GENERAL SERVICE
All Kinds

POP—filled with a specialty. We make that old suit look like new. We are prepared to do the work and do not tear up garments. Patronize our agents and have your laundry delivered at your door.

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At Porter's Barber Shop, Pickens
HOWARD SWEET, Agent,
At Free's Barber Shop, Easley.

Porter's Barber Shop
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The place to get your barber work done if you want it right
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Massaging, Sizing, etc., done by barbers who know their business, and at reasonable prices.
Razor Honing a specialty. Give us a trial. Everything Extremely Sanitary.

Wheat, Shorts and Rice Meal

Try a few white cottonseed meal is so high. You will find that it is all right and cheaper. Ask Clemson and see that you get high grade feed. We will have another car in a few days

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Greenville Office Phone 210
Pickens Office Phone 39

ROBT. MARTIN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW

CORNER BROAD AND MAIN STREETS
GREENVILLE, S. C.

PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS

Phones: Office 401, Residence 1462. 1915

Pete Hamilton Convicted, Confessed, And Will Be Executed Feb. 4

Pete Hamilton, the young Easley mulatto charged with attempted criminal assault upon the person of a white woman, was convicted at the special term of court held in Pickens Monday and sentenced to be electrocuted the fourth day of next February.

While Hamilton was being taken to Greenville by officers he confessed his guilt of the crime.

The jury was out about three hours before it agreed, and it is understood that on the first few ballots there were eight for "guilty" and four who wanted to recommend mercy. Solicitor Proctor Bonham represented the state and many thought his argument before the jury was one of the best ever heard in the Pickens court house. J. Frank Epps of Greenville appeared for the defendant.

Throat of the trial the court-house was packed with interested spectators and probably the largest crowd which has attended court in Pickens in many, many years was here. The trial of Hamilton began about twelve o'clock and it was near four when the arguments were finished and the case went to the jury, court not adjourning for dinner. When the jury reached a verdict the judge and counsel were called to the courthouse and the verdict of guilty was read. Tears fell from the prisoner's eyes constantly during the trial, and when Judge Mauldin asked him if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him the prisoner broke completely down and begged for mercy. Solicitor Bonham says this is the second case he recalls where a negro prisoner broke down.

Order in the exceedingly large crowd was well nigh perfect. Hamilton was carried from Pickens to Greenville in an automobile and then carried to the penitentiary by rail.

A history of the case was published in The Sentinel several weeks ago. In his confession Hamilton stated that he crawled thru the window and that his purpose was not theft, but he had thought about making the attempt until his mind was crazed, and said that he lost both his shoes, one of which was never found, and he did not know because of it.

The jury which sat on the case was composed of the following men:

C. M. Grayley, foreman.
F. B. Field,
M. Taylor Jones,
E. B. Hunnicutt,
S. S. Masters,
H. W. Garrison,
Norman N. Boggs,
J. A. H. Townes,
F. E. Moon,
W. L. Pressley,
Frank G. Smith,
John T. Skelton.

Several other cases were tried Monday before the Hamilton case was taken up. Judge T. J. Mauldin had been appointed by the governor as judge for the special term. His charges were short, clear and concise and subject of much favorable comment.

Fletcher Davenport, colored, plead guilty to a charge of assault and battery of a high and aggravated nature and received a sentence of six months.

In the case of Jesse McCoy and L. T. Jenkins, colored, charged with breaking into the depot at Norris and stealing about six dollars worth of whiskey, Jenkins plead guilty and was sentenced to serve nine months. McCoy is at large.

Will Jones, colored, charged with having robbed Coke Palmer, a white boy, at Madden's bridge near Central, plead guilty and was given two years.

Just about the greatest Christmas gift we heard of coming to Pickens was left at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy McFall Friday. It was a fine girl.

A Mail Carrier's Letter

Editor Pickens Sentinel: I have been intending to attempt to write a letter to The Sentinel for some time, but just when I would get my thinker to work it would be time to start on the road again, for I am one of Uncle Sam's rural route boys. We carriers get so accustomed to doing the same thing day in and day out, traveling the same road and seeing the same scenes until it become a part of ourselves, and we cannot do or think of anything else.

Our veteran carrier here, Uncle Billy Mullinax, has been in the service about sixteen years. He can see nothing but mail boxes; he cannot drive by any white object on the roadside, even on his way to church on Sunday, without driving up to it to see if there is mail in it. It is said there was a large goat standing upon the bank of the road one day, his head buried in the deep grass on which he was grazing. He did not notice Uncle Billy, who drove quietly up behind him and was fumbling in his satchel for his keys, when a boy ran out and said:

"Uncle Billy, what are you going to do with my goat?"

"Oh, nothing," said Uncle Billy, coming to himself, as he threw down his keys and started off. "I was just so used to unlocking a box when the flag was up!"

Now, I am not quite as bad as Uncle Billy, simply because I have not been in the service as long. However, I do catch myself sitting up in my sleep at night writing money order applications to Roars and Saw-buck and R. M. Rose.

We can do one thing so much until we will get it confused with everything else we try to do or say—like the old negro preacher whose congregation had presented him with an automobile. The old preacher tried all the week to learn to operate and to drive the machine, and became much confused with the mechanical terms and directions he found in the instruction book, and on the following Sunday a good colored sister had come from a nearby town to make a missionary address, but before beginning asked the parson to pray for her that she might deliver a great message. So the old negro got down on his knees, lifted his eyes up to the skies, and began in tones most reverent:

"Oh, Lord, fill her radiator lippin full ob de cl'ar, coi' water ob life, pour in de ole ob salvation till it stands above de gage, den crank her, Lord, wid de right han' ob fellowship, cl'ar up de voice ob her lectrofed gospel horn, kick off de clutch ob de debil and th'ow her on high."

However, this monotony of rural mail carrying may be broken, for we have time and opportunity for studying human nature in its varied forms, whims and fancies. We see the same people day after day, year after year. We see them shivering in the chilling breezes of winter; we see them sweltering under the rays of a summer sun; we see them in prosperity; we see them in failure; we see their smiling faces when all is well with them; we see the anxious look on a mother's face as she comes out to send a special delivery message to a distant relative, telling them that her child is dangerously ill; on the next trip we see the doctor's car standing in the yard. We wonder what our next trip will disclose. Sometimes it is the happy smile of a mother or father as they tell us that the crisis is passed and their child will get well. Sometimes it is the sight of the black-curtained hearse as it stands ready to convey the little body to its last resting place. We see the saddened countenance of a mother when we inform her that there is no mail today, as she says: "I wonder why my boy doesn't write?"

He left home two months ago and I know not where he is."

We see the telltale blushes of a maiden as we hand her a letter addressed in a masculine hand. The next day we gather from the box, the dainty and fragrant missive whose motive and mission we easily can guess. 'Tis the same old sweet story. I never could think or speak lightly of the love affairs of our boys and girls. They are the sweetest, happiest hours of this life—the time when the loom of hearts is working overtime weaving that precious fabric which we call love—sweet, happy, blissful mating time. Every letter, every smile, every loving word, every lingering good-night kiss is a solid stone laid in the foundation of love, upon which we build that most sacred and holy earthly structure, "The home," and every home built upon any other foundation, be it a tile or crowned with wealth; be it a palace or be it a hovel, will crumble and fall almost before the roses wither in the bride's bouquet.

But I did not start out to preach a sermon or to give a lecture on love-making. I really intended to write something about Christmas, and I have mentioned everything else instead, except the last hen that layed, and I would have mentioned that, but she didn't lay. So I guess our Christmas egg-nog will be eggless, and when dear old South Carolina is dry it will go nogless, too. And may God speed the day when South Carolina's sons, husbands and fathers cannot go to the express office a few days before Christmas to get something with which to celebrate the happy, holy Yuletide.

ARTHUR H. ARNOLD,
Central, S. C.

Oolenoy News Notes

Oolenoy, Dec. 26.—On Thursday, the 23rd inst., the hospitable country home of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jones presented quite a festive appearance. The house was beautifully decorated with holly, ferns and mistletoe. Bright fires cast their glow and warmth about the rooms. A host of friends and relatives were there. The occasion was the marriage of their daughter, Bessie Virginia, a young lady of unusual intelligence and pleasing personality, to Mr. Norman Freeman, son of Mr. J. M. Freeman, of the Loopers section. Rev. J. E. Foster, pastor of the groom, officiated, Mr. L. Vernon Jones, a brother of the bride, and Miss Ella Freeman, a sister of the groom, were the attendants. A sumptuous dinner was served. A handsome array of presents attested the popularity of the couple. It is with much regret, to their numerous friends here that they make their home elsewhere. But the best wishes of this community follow them.

The entertainment at the graded school on Thursday evening passed off very pleasantly to a large gathering. The sum of \$34 was realized from the sale of the boxes. Among the visitors were: Messrs. Baker and Edens, of Pickens, Day, Dacus and Torcheny, of Easley, Jones and Loper, of Dacusville, Keeler, of Travelers Rest, Hendrix and Anthony, of the Griffin section.

Among those spending the day here with relatives are: Messrs. Prue Hendrix, of Central High School of Greenville, L. Vernon Jones, of Draughon's Business College of Greenville, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Keith and children of Greenville, Miss Josie Chastain, of Pickens, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Keith, of Pickens.

DeCamp Was Right

Gaffney Ledger.
Gary Hott is doomed to disappointment if he kills the fatted rooster expecting Booker to come over and spend Christmas. To our certain knowledge Booker is most unreliable when it comes to keeping promises of that kind.

Marriages

Married, on Sunday, December 26, at the residence of the officiating officer, Mr. George Kennemore, of Central to Miss Pina Lovell, of Liberty, J. Alonzo Brown, N. P., at the throttle. George is an only son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kennemore of Central and is an all around good fellow. We extend congratulations.

Married! When? December 21. Where? At the bride's home near Six Mile. Who? Miss Iola Merck to Mr. Charles Smith. Who married them? Rev. Chas. Atkinson.

Married! When? December 22. Where? At Rev. B. C. Atkinson's near Six Mile. Who? Miss Viola Entrekin to Oreal E. Taylor. Who married them? Rev. Charles Atkinson.

Married at the home of Mr. J. T. Reddens, the father of the bride, Mr. John Burgess to Miss Rachel Reddens, all of near Pumpkintown. They have the best wishes of their many friends for a happy voyage through life. A. L. Edens, N. P., officiating.

Married at the home of Mr. W. H. Williams on the 26th inst., Mr. D. Clark to Miss Cumie Masters, F. S. Childress officiating.

Tribute to Mrs. Loper

Mr. Editor: I wish to ask for space in your paper to speak a few words in regard to a great soul that this county has lost, namely, Mrs. E. F. Loper. This good woman passed away about 6 p. m. on the 23d of this month. Her age was 59. I had the grand privilege of meeting this sainted wife and mother a few days ago, and it makes me glad to think that I met her before she went hence.

I did not have the sad lot trying to find if she was a Christian, for I could hear this of her from everyone I met. She has proven to be a true friend to all that would let her. So did her Saviour, too. She has been a true, great and good mother, and to say the truth, her children will and do rise and call her blessed, and the last of all, but not the least, she has been a good and loving wife.

I will ask the reader to read in Prov. 31, 10-31. I believe this she was.

The funeral was held at their home, and it was a rough day for a while, but the people were glad to come through the cold rain to be present to see the face of this good woman once more and a large number came. Three talks were given, one by a man who knew the family well, and he spoke very highly for the same. Many flowers were brought as a token of love.

I, her pastor, and in behalf of our church, extend our sympathy to the entire family of the deceased.

Farewell, great soul; we do now miss thee, but glad the angels do now meet thee. Farewell—we have lost thee—but heaven has gained thee.

S. B. WHITE.

Mrs. S. E. Williams

Mrs. S. E. Williams, of Norris, Pickens county, has been on an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. E. G. Singleton. Mrs. Williams has been a remarkable woman. She is in her 80th year. In the year 1854 she lost her right arm, getting it torn off in an old fashioned molasses mill. Her husband, Thomas P. Williams, died in November, 1871. Even at her advanced age she still is remarkably stout and enjoys good health. She has nineteen living grand children and eighteen great-grandchildren. Mr. C. C. Porter, who will be 87 years old Christmas Eve, is a cousin of Mrs. Williams. May both be spared for many years yet. —Tugalo Tribune, Westminster.

Opening of New Year Brings Bargain Sales

IT'S time to clean house! Not for the housewife, to be sure, but for the business man. And he will "clean house" if he is a business man. Watch for his announcements in The Sentinel early in the new year. The modern man or woman need not be informed of the advantage of buying their needs of the man who advertises. They need only to have their attention called to his advertisements. "Clearance Sales" always are money-savers for the public, and our live merchants will be offering them soon. They cannot afford nor do they wish to carry their surplus stock over until next winter. It is as fresh and good now as ever, but such could not be said of it next winter. Watch for these sales in early issues of The Sentinel.

PICKENS:

Folger, Thornley & Co.
Hobbs-Henderson Co.
Craig Bros. Co.
Heath-Bruce-Morrow Co.
J. W. Hendricks, R. I.
Pickens Drug Co.
Keowee Pharmacy.
Pickens Bank.
Keowee Bank.
G. A. Ellis.
Pickens Hardware & Grocery Co.
Land Sales.

EASLEY:

Edwin L. Bolt & Co.
GREENVILLE:
A. K. Park.
Pride, Patton & Tilman.
Globe Optical Co.
Luzianne Coffee.

At Rest

Columbus Eber Parsons, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Parsons, died at Pickens Christmas morning at 12:05 o'clock 1915. Mr. Parsons had turned into the 24 year of his age. He left surviving, his wife and little son two years old, his father, mother, two brothers and three sisters, and a great number of relations. He was a member of Mountain View Baptist church. The young man was strongly devoted to his father and mother. He was sick four days and died of stomach trouble. He was very social and kind, and made friends rapidly. Rev. Mr. Howard of Greenville preached the funeral sermon and conducted the burial service at Prater's Creek church on Sunday where the body was laid to rest in the presence of a large congregation assembled to demonstrate the respect they had for the deceased, and to sympathize with the bereaved ones.

Oh! "Dew" Say

Newberry Observer.
The Columbia State gives The Ledger credit for a squib concerning the "Dewberry" Observer which does not belong to us. We wouldn't think of referring to Colonel Wallace's excellent paper in any such flippant terms. Our impression is that that young scamp Booker is the guilty culprit.—Gaffney Ledger.
No, it wasn't Booker, but it was that snipitious young Hiott of the Pickens Sentinel. Hiott meant it as a very high compliment, thinking naturally that any word having "dew" in it must express the acme of perfection—like "mountain dew", for instance.

We Intended to Run a Special

Spartanburg Journal.
Will Col. Hiott, of The Pickens Sentinel please send us a schedule of the Pickens "Doodle" so we can arrange our trip along with Brother Wallace?

Messrs. Robert Jones and E. Foster Keith of the Oolenoy section were in Pickens Thursday. Mr. Keith says that Otis, his eldest son, was married recently to Miss Floto of St. Paul, Minn., where he is now a traveling salesman.

J. E. M. Steele and son Ernest, of the Keowee side, were in Pickens one day last week.