

Treasure From Saint's Shrine, Stolen Last November, Recovered by Clever Police Work.

The historic Thirteenth century treasure of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which was stolen from the saint's shrine at Marburg last November, has been recovered, according to the Berlin correspondent of the London Times, after having been buried in the back garden of a London suburban house.

The recovery is due to the vigilance of the Frankfurt police. Six men took part in the robbery last November, and five of them were arrested soon after. There was, however, no sign of the stolen treasure and the men obstinately denied all knowledge of it.

Eventually, the police got up to the track of the sixth man, Emil Kellman. It was found that in the meantime he had been to London; he was watched, however, and on his return he was arrested. During his detention the inquiries of the detective led the police to believe that Kellman had hidden the jewels in England. It was assumed that if he were set free, he would probably get them. He was therefore let out on bail; at the same time he was kept under strict but secret surveillance by the police. On June 15 Kellman went to London to fetch the jewels and on his return a few days ago he was re-arrested at Cleves on the German Dutch frontier, where he was taken red-handed with the missing jewels and pearls, 174 in number, hidden in his clothes.

SURELY HAD HUSBY TRAINED

Little Man Knew His Helpmeet's Whistle and, So to Speak, Governed Himself Accordingly.

The time was Saturday, 5:30 p. m., the place, a local movie house, the girl, a large, robust middle-aged woman.

Rushing up to one of the ushers in the foyer she excitedly cried: "Say, boy, I left my husband in here while I went shopping. Our car leaves in five minutes and he ain't out here. Don't want to buy a ticket; how can I get him?"

"We aren't allowed to page any one," replied the usher, "but if you describe him perhaps I can find him."

The woman apparently did not hear a word he said.

"Do you care if I whistle for him?" she asked.

Thinking she was only joking he said: "Go to it."

Immediately a shrill and weird whistle startled the quiet audience.

A meek little man sitting well toward the front jumped as though shot, bolted up the aisle, appeared in the foyer and meekly ran in the wake of the robust woman who was rapidly making tracks for the interurban station.—Indianapolis News.

Are We Living Off a Coal Bin?

Floyd W. Parsons writes in the World's Work:

From the time we rise until the day is done, we maintain an intimate association, either with coal itself or one of its by-products. The leavening agent in our bread and the gas we bake it with are from coal; so are the agents that tan our shoes and that vulcanize the rubber of our automobile tires. We are indebted to coal for the various forms of ammonia that go into fertilizing, refrigerating, electric batteries and household uses; for aspirin, salicylic acid and many other cures for common colds; for elements used in manufacturing, insulating, coatings, phonograph records and pipestems; for benzol, the best available fuel for automobile and internal-combustion engines; for food preservatives, mothballs and disinfectants. While coal furnishes us picric acid and trinitrotoluol, it also carries locked in itself all of winter-green and the most delicate flavoring extracts and perfumes.

"Umstopogaas."

Sir Rider Haggard has revealed to the world that that valiant warrior and strategist "Umstopogaas" is not a mere creature of imagination. He was a Swazi chieftain of high and noble lineage, who had been a warrior before he took service under the British flag. Years after Sir Rider had enshrined the chief in fiction, the fact was mentioned to him, and Umstopogaas expressed his delight that Lundanda (Sir Rider Haggard) had written a book to show that once there was a Zulu people with mighty kings. But who was "She" and where did "She" come from? Years ago it was suggested that Sir Rider got his inspiration from Moore's "Epicurean"; he denied the allegation, but he never told her real origin. It is better so—"She" was spun of the web of mystery.

Man Wants but Little; But Woman—

Alice went with her brother, Ben, to see her first boxing exhibition. Through the entire set of preliminaries she sat with a blasé air of a regular boxing fan. Then when the main battle began she yelled with the best of them. In the seventh round of the battle there was a knockout. The crowd went wild. Alice cheered and cheered. After a time she and Ben pushed their way through the crowd to the street.

"Well, how did you like it?" Ben asked.

"It was wonderful!" Alice enthused. "But I never saw anyone act so stingy. They might at least have given one encore."

War Politicians Don't Give to Charity, as They Should, Old Aristocracy Charges.

The English "new rich" have to bear almost as much criticism as the prime minister, and from almost as mixed a source. Their natural enemies are the poor, and the new poor, and the latter element seems to feel strongest on the subject. The aristocracy have taken lately to publishing their sentiments about the people who have usurped their place. One of the charges they make is that the new rich don't know how to give, and that as a result hospitals and charitable institutions are being forced to close up. It may not be, say the aristocracy dubiously, that the new rich are willfully selfish. But they are not used to money, and so are not used to giving it away. Another allegation, made by a peppery daughter of an impoverished duke, was that the new rich had never done anything to make the world beautiful and that as a class they had produced no great art or literature.

Socially the new rich have to bear the brunt of all the changes. An actress said the other day that she never saw before the war the people who now fill the stalls in the theaters. The people with good manners who used to sit in stalls before the war have disappeared and their successors lack breeding. One day somebody ate oranges in the stalls and the feeling of civility in aristocratic circles was strong for weeks.

Extremes in styles are also blamed on the women of the profiteer class, who are declared by their enemies to have learned the art of dressing in their original homes in the East end of London.—Mary Henke in Los Angeles Express.

IF SHE COULD HAVE KNOWN!

Detroit Girl Probably Will Always Feel That Fate Has Been Most Unkind to Her.

Some women rush into marriage, but others give thought to what the economic experts say a man should be earning and have in the bank before taking into himself a wife.

Few will question that the latter course is the sensible one, observes the Providence Journal. But it has its exceptions, like everything else. One of the most romantic of them, perhaps, is contained in a recent news dispatch from Detroit, telling how an engine-room worker in one of the city hotels at 30 cents an hour was spurned by the girl of his dreams because she was sure that he would never be able to support her.

In less than a week after the spurning the man received a message from a Toledo attorney saying that he was one of three heirs to a \$15,000,000 estate in California. Fleton, which revels in the happy ending, would have had the lucky one repeat his offer of marriage and meet with quick and maybe tearful acceptance, and then would have given us a pretty word picture of the smiling couple whirling westward on a train de luxe.

But truth is cold and exact. The engine-room worker simply said good-bye to the girl who had rejected him and went to lay claim to his inheritance—alone.

Was this decision correct? And will the young woman, if her hand is sought again by some humble but steady workman, consider his earning capacity above his desire to make her his helpmate?

Any one in search of a first aid to conversation may use these questions without asking for the copyright.

Rush to Stake Gold Claims.

It is reported that gold hunters are swarming over the country drained by the Wapshe river, New Brunswick, and panning the sands of the stream in search of the yellow metal. The prospectors are looking for the Gilbertson lode. The story is told how Gilbertson made a canoe trip up the river some sixty years ago, and while making camp for the night came across a large body of gold-bearing ore. Not knowing what it was, he took home a large piece to use as a door weight. Some time later a geologist, visiting Gilbertson, identified the ore, and a mad rush to stake claims along the Wapshe river ensued. Gilbertson refused to tell where he found the ore. Later he became insane, and died without revealing the secret. This season a systematic search is being made.

Students in Occidental Schools.

It is estimated that nearly nine thousand Chinese are studying abroad, of whom five thousand are in Japan, two thousand in France, fourteen hundred in the United States, four hundred in England, and the others distributed throughout Europe. Of the twenty-five hundred Japanese students abroad, only three hundred are in England. There are three hundred Filipino students in the United States and thirty in Japan. One thousand Indian students are in England.

Queen Alexandra Is Poor.

The poorest member of the British royal family today is Queen Alexandra. Her majesty's allowance from the state is \$350,000 a year, but that falls far below what it costs her to maintain Marlborough house and Sandringham. It is said that Queen Alexandra today is only just able, although living in comparative retirement, to make both ends meet and that she could not do but for her private resources, which are by no means large.

In Guam the Usual Routine of a Naval Ship is Observed With Scrupulousness.

The routine of a naval establishment gives an unusual amount of life to the plaza of Agaña, Guam. Every morning at 8 o'clock the full band assembles before the palace and the halyards of the two flag staffs are manned by marines. Promptly at the first stroke of "eight bells," the band plays the "Star Spangled Banner," and the national flag and the Union Jack are hauled up, while everyone in sight and hearing stands at attention. All the children of the primary grades have previously assembled in formation on the parade ground itself and after "colors" they go through calisthenic exercises while the band plays suitable music.

On Sunday mornings the men of Agaña are exercised in military drill, which is compulsory for all the able-bodied men within certain age limits. While they have a standard or uniform dress, this is worn only on special occasions. Yet dress parade is a truly dignified affair, for the youths maintain that erect and self-reliant carriage which is so characteristic of native races.

Occasionally a most interesting drill is witnessed of the "carabao cavalry," as it is called, although the mounts are not water buffalo but domestic cattle. All through the day the bells tell the time as on shipboard and bugles sound the calls that direct the military life of the station. Again at 7 o'clock in the evening the musicians assemble at the bandstand and play classical and other selections for an hour, while the officers and their families stroll about in the cool of the evening.

RELIEF FOR HEAT SUFFERERS

English Savant Who Probably Knows Offers Some Advice on the Problem of Keeping Cool.

The obvious expedient of avoiding exposure to the sun, "stimulating" foods and drinks, and the use of dark and heat-retaining garments is not always sufficient to keep the human body cool. In spite of these precautions, many persons suffer from heat languor ("thermal debility"), to the detriment of their health and efficiency.

It is nearly one hundred years since the Silesian peasant Preisnitz reintroduced the curative use of cold. One of his procedures was to immerse the back of his head in a shallow vessel of cold water.

We know now that external cold is a powerful stimulant to the nerve centers at the base of the brain, which govern the heart and breathing and regulation of body heat. In hot summers heat is insidiously piled up in the tissues, and sometimes thermal debility passes on to thermal fever or "heat stroke."

Anybody may prove for himself the refreshing coolness produced by bathing the nape of the neck and the spine and the inner side of the arms with ice-cold water. As regards the prevention and cure of heat-stroke, the experience of the troops in hot climates has shown the same efficacy of cold when applied on a more extensive scale.—From a Letter in the London Times.

Saved by His Cuffs.

"There's superstition personified," said the tailor, as he nodded in the direction of an elderly man who was being fitted for a suit. "He's so superstitious that he wears cuffs on the trousers of his dress suit."

"What has his wearing cuffs on the trousers of his dress suit got to do with superstition?" the tailor was asked.

"That man claims that cuffs on his trousers have saved him hundreds of dollars during his life and he refuses to go without them now, even in evening clothes," the tailor retorted. "Once he said he dropped a diamond ring somewhere and thought he had lost it until he got home that night and discovered it in the cuff of his trousers. Another time he lost a scarf-pin, which he also later found in the same place. After several other similar instances the old man came to believe that cuffs were good luck and now, despite my pleadings, he insists on wearing them."

Phones to Suit Patrons.

"Speaking of service!" exclaimed the traveling man as he stood in front of one of the telephone booths in the Pennsylvania station, the New York Sun reports, "and consideration of the public. You'd never get that anywhere except in New York."

"Well," grinned a guard who was standing by, "we strive to please, so when we found that some folks were too short to reach the telephones if they were high, and others had to almost bend double to talk over them if they were low, we decided we'd have 'em arranged accordingly. So we have some for tall guys and some for the little dolls, and a few that both can use as they've got stools before them to sit on if you're lucky enough to get one."

Venerable Ministers.

Dr. Oliver S. Baker of New York is the authority for the statement that there are 30 ministers more than ninety years of age in active service in the Methodist-Episcopal church. The oldest is the Rev. Seth Reed of Barboursville, who is ninety-eight, while another is nearly ninety-seven, and three are ninety-six.

Mrs. Mamie Alice Keenan died Tuesday morning at her home in Liberty after a lingering illness of several years.

Mrs. Keenan, as Mamie Alice Parsons, was born in Anderson county October 11, 1878, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Parsons. When but a small child her parents moved to Pickens county, where she has since lived. While very young her mother died, leaving the responsibilities of caring for a baby sister, Bessie Mae, and several brothers on her shoulders. This duty was exceptionally well done for one so young.

Some years ago she was married to Mr. H. T. Keenan of Greenville. To this union there was one child, who died in infancy.

The deceased was a faithful member of the Baptist church since girlhood. Her neighborly influence will be sorely missed. She is survived by her husband and her step-mother, Mrs. Sarah Bramlett Parsons, of Greenville, who was at the bedside when the end came; also by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Jessie Mae Lawrence, of Asheville; Mrs. Ruth Knighton, of Birmingham; C. R. Parsons, of Flowery Branch, Ga.; E. F. Parsons, of Zephyr Hill, Fla.; Marshall Parsons, of Birmingham, and Ralph Parsons, of Greenville, besides a host of friends and relatives.

JAMES S. HINTON DEAD.

James S. Hinton died Tuesday night at 7 o'clock at his home near Easley, after a short illness. He was 73 years old and a Confederate veteran. He had lived in the Mount Carmel section practically all his life and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

He is survived by his wife, three daughters, Mrs. J. E. Smith of Greenville, Mrs. T. J. McAdams of Greenville and Mrs. E. W. McAdams of Pickens county, and six sons, J. A. Hinton of Chattanooga, Tenn., F. M., V. F., P. E. E. D., and E. T. Hinton, all of Pickens county.

Funeral services were conducted at Mt. Carmel church Wednesday by Rev. D. W. Hiatt.

MRS. DENIZA SHERIFF DEAD.

Mrs. Deniza Sheriff, wife of the late F. P. Sheriff, died at the home of her son, Rev. W. J. Sheriff, near Liberty last Monday afternoon, after an illness lasting about two years. Her body was laid to rest at Smith's Grove church Tuesday after funeral services conducted by Rev. Mr. Davis. Mrs. Sheriff was in her 89th year and leaves four sons and one daughter as follows: B. F. of Greenwood, W. F. of Oak City, Utah, Rev. W. J. of Liberty and N. J. of Easley, and Mrs. Janie Mullinax of Norris, be-

After a host of friends and relatives to mourn her death. The bereaved family have the sympathy of many friends.

KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

Jule Bowen, a well known Pickens negro, was fatally injured when an automobile in which he and three other negroes were riding, left the road just before it reached the bridge over the railroad at Beverly Saturday afternoon and plunged into the railroad cut. Bowen was taken to a Greenville hospital, but never spoke after he was hurt, and died Sunday. His body was buried at Secona Monday after funeral services conducted by Rev. Manning, John Blassingame, who was driving the car, was also seriously injured and is still in the hospital. One of the other negroes was slightly injured while the other was unhurt. The car was damaged beyond repair.

The Pickens Drug Co. has an ad of especial interest to ladies.

LOST—August 27, between S. E. Edens' store and W. F. Hendricks' residence, a man's brown coat. Finder please return to Sentinel office or A. C. Sutherland and get reward.

B. F. Martin, Sam B. Craig, E. M. Blythe, O. S. Keith, Greenville, S. C. Pickens, S. C.

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School days! Read the Keowee Pharmacy advertisement.

For Best Results Use CAROVET LIVE STOCK REMEDIES Sold by Druggists and Dealers

Englishman Offers Opinion That Stars and Stripes Are Copy of East India Company's Flag.

A new theory about the origin of the American flag is told by the writer of the By the Way column in the London Daily Express. It is sent by a correspondent evidently versed in such matters, who expresses the opinion that the attribution of "Old Glory" to the arms of the Washington family is exploded.

"It is much more probable," he writes, "that the flag of the old East India company formed the pattern. This flag seems to have been used as the official flag of the 13 original states from January, 1770, to June 1777, when a blue canton charged with 13 stars was substituted for the canton bearing the English 'Union.' The flag then became, in substance, that of today, though stars have been added as other states adhered to the federation." The correspondent quotes authorities.

"Truth must prevail, whatever it is," says the columnist. "I like the story told by Newman in his address to the Brothers of Oratory. The was once an old priest, he tells, who for years began a certain part of the service with the words: 'Quo ore mumpsimus.' One day a new-born person heard him and afterward told him that the third word should be 'sumpsimus.' The old priest admitted that it might be so, 'but,' added, 'I will not change my mumpsimus for your new sumpsimus. I like the old mumpsimus story as dating 'Old Glory' with Sategnanor."

EVIDENTLY HER LUCKY DAY

Girl at First Thought Pickpocket Was Busy, but It Turned Out Just the Other Way.

The business girl, straphanging the subway at the rush hour, felt gentle tug on the pocket of her rail coat. Far from being disturbed, she grinned sardonically, knowing that just exactly one dime rested in that shabby little purse resting in that particular pocket. She was so hemmed in by fellow travelers that it was difficult to discover if her suspect were facts until she emerged with the struggling mass at her station. The she dipped her hand lightly into the pocket only to find the ancient purse intact and in its accustomed spot.

But that wasn't the only thing in the pocket. Extracting a hard-earned stance gingerly, she stared in a daze at a roll of bills protected by an elastic band. Exhilarated and excited over this reverse state of affairs, she counted her ill-gotten gains and held, she was the richer by 30 perfectly good dollars. Whether a fellow passenger had dropped them by mistake into her pocket instead of her own or a thief placed them there for fear of detection affords a wide field of speculation. Anyhow the business girl has turned the money into a college campaign fund and hopes will not be refused as tainted money.—New York Sun.



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FIRST thing you do next—go get some makin's papers and some Prince Albert tobacco and puff away on a home made cigarette that will hit on all your smoke cylinders!

No use sitting-by and saying maybe you'll cash this hunch tomorrow. Do it while the going's good, for man-o-man, you can't figure out what you're passing by! Such flavor, such coolness, such more-ish-ness—well, the only way to get the words emphatic enough is to go to it and know yourself!

And, besides Prince Albert's delightful flavor, there's its freedom from bite and parch which is cut out by our exclusive patented process! Certainly—you smoke P. A. from sun up till you slip between the sheets without a comeback.

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