

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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NO. 6.

As You Go Through Life.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them It is wiser and kind to be somewhat blind.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It's better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.
The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course,
And think to alter its motion,
Don't waste a curse on the universe;
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt in the storm with your puny form,
But lend and let it go o'er you.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better;
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle,
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As water shapes into a vessel.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Twelve Mile River Association.

The Ministers' Conference and Union Meeting of the Twelve Mile River Baptist Association will meet with the Cheochee Baptist church, Oconee county, S. C., on the fifth Saturday and Sunday, the same being the 30th and 31st of May.

Programme as follows:

Introductory sermon, by Rev. B. F. Murphree, Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock.

11 o'clock a. m.—Queries.

1st. "How shall we overcome the world?" Opened by Rev. D. Littleton and Jesse Lay, Jr.

2. "What is the first thing to do in becoming a Christian?" Opened by Revs. J. B. Colley and J. L. Hudson.

3. "What does love and selfishness do in church work?" Opened by Taylor H. Stewart and Revs. B. F. Murphree and L. M. Lyda.

Sunday morning, 10 o'clock—Song service, conducted by Prof. J. L. Murphree.

11 o'clock—Sermon by Rev. W. M. Walker. The remainder of the day will be spent in song.

Service conducted by Prof. J. L. Murphree and others.

Dinner will be served on the grounds both days.

All the churches are earnestly requested to send full delegations, and let us make it the best Union we ever had.

T. H. STEWART,
FRANK HEATON,
BURT ALEXANDER,
Committee.

(Easley Progress copy.)

Taking things as they come and selling them at a profit gets success.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

- From the East End.

MR. EDITOR:—One of the Savior's beatitudes is, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God."

What is it that I would not do to be called a Son of God? which is one of the greatest legacies it is possible to conceive of. And if I could say or write a word to bring about peace in a community or between individuals, with all my heart I would do so. To have a forgiving spirit is to possess something of great value.

God's word tells us plainly unless we forgive we shall not be forgiven; then, having that forgiving spirit we are on the safe side; and it is evident if we have not that spirit we are none of His.

James says: "Behold! what a great matter, how much wood is kindled by how small a fire."
—(R. V.)

How important it is for every one to stop and consider, and how often a hasty temper brings us into trouble. An old mendicant was passing through a town, the bad boys threw rocks at him and pulled his old ragged coat-tail; he passed by an old shop and took out a bottle of honey and smeared some of it on a plank, and went on, not caring what mischief might follow.

The ants came to eat the honey, the lizzard came to eat the ants, a neighbor's cat caught the lizzard, another's dog came and worried the cat, the owner of the cat came to beat the dog, the owner of the dog came to beat the man, friends of each party came out and took sides, and consequently a town war was precipitated. The country around took sides with friends and the militia had to be called out to quell the riot. And all for the lack of stopping to consider.

Dr. Cranfill, in his "Sunday Morning Thoughts" says: * * "Among the many good things said at a recent state convention none were more impressive than a statement of a pastor. In other years he was an editor. His statement was that when he was an editor he set apart a pigeonhole in his desk, which he labeled his 'Cooling-Box.' If he wrote an editorial or a letter that was sharp and caustic, he laid it in this 'Cooling Box' for a week, and when calm he read these products of his moments of haste and temper. The result was that the contents of the 'Cooling-Box' melted into ashes."

There is a field for prayerful thought suggested by this recital. Oh, how important it is that we should all have a "cooling-box" for all our hasty words before we speak them. If we had, many caustic, cutting words would never be spoken, and the need of a "cooling-box" in our homes.

Of all places in the world home should be a place of peace, of kindness, of love and of gentle words; alas, there are

many homes that have not love in them. No sweet-spoken words for the dear children. Nothing but snaps, and slaps have usurped the place of caresses and of love.

Growing up at our hearthstones are human souls that will spend eternity with God or with the lost in hell. Their little bodies grow apace, and they soon are too much grown to rest upon our hearts as in days gone by. And as their bodies grow their lives are being made for weal or woe. And we are making them.

Parents, drive your children from your knees with rough, unkind words that never should have been spoken, and some day or other you may find your child a thief or robber or drunken sot. Some persons speak more kindly to the horse they drive than they do to their children. There are many parents who never learn that the conquering power of this world is love—they never know how much their dear children hunger for kind, loving words.

Also, in some homes there is a man and a woman who once took vows at a marriage altar, but they no longer love. There have been hot and cruel words, and heartaches, until now their hearts have grown hard and unloving.

None of us have more than one earthly life to live, however much we may yearn to have another chance at life.

This is our last and only life on earth. Our only chance lies in our future; and it is for that future that I make my plea. Then if we cannot speak kind words, let our lips be sealed. And let our forgiveness for evil done to us abound as we day by day hope for God's forgiving love to us.

I have no enemy on earth that I do not now forgive. However cruel have been wrongs done to me I leave them all here at the Cross and pray for those who made the wounds.

And if we linger here and forgive and love, there will be sunshine in our hearts in life's darkest storms, and angels will camp around our beds when love's last kisses close our eyes in death.
EAST END.

Dalton, R F D 1.

We want the people to wake up in Pickens county and help our good old S.-J. and its able editor, who had the backbone to publish the truth, and which has caused a so-called newspaper, the Pickens News, to be foisted upon the public.

We people in this section don't need it; we don't want a paper in our homes that has been put up to down some one else. We don't believe in such littleness, and will stick to the S.-J. as long as there is a pea in the dish.

I am so glad that the people in this part of the county are of the opinion that if a man had so little wit as to subscribe for the new paper they would be afraid of such a man, and don't

want anything to do with him. I heard a man say yesterday that before he would take the Pickens News he would take another S.-J., and some say if they should get a sample copy they would mail it back.

I believe if we had a few more men like Mr. Thompson in our county that would tell the truth whether it suits a man or not, we would all be better off.

Farmers, we all have used the good old SENTINEL-JOURNAL for our Union, and never has it refused to give us space. And now is the time to reward the editor.

Let us hear from all the farmers, and let Mr. Thompson know we appreciate the use of the columns of his paper.

Best wishes to the S.-J. and its many good readers.
J.

Mile Creek.

Mile Creek now enjoys a flourishing Sunday school.

Farming is now the order of the day,

Robert Pickens and family recently visited F. S. Curtis.

Miss Sadie Craig, of the Stewart section, was the guest of Misses Nora and Ada Chapman last Sunday,

W. W. Seaborn and wife visited R. B. Lumpkin and family last Sunday.

Mrs. Olin Mauldin, of the Stewart section, who has been very ill, is improving at this writing.

Jas. C. Robertson and sister, Miss Nannie, of Salem, were the guests of R. B. Lumpkin and family last Sunday.

Come on, all you writers, with the subject "Daisy" has put before you.
PAPA'S GIRL.

Pearidge.

Hello, Mr. Editor, here we come again. We haven't much news, but we will speak just what we think.

Well, we farmers are getting along all O. K. We are about through planting. Cotton is coming up very well; corn is about ready to work; health good in this part of the country.

James M. Garrett and son, Calvin, of Clemson, made a business trip to Greenville recently. J. M. went to Norris and got on the train; it was his first time on a train, and he said he didn't like it much, for it went too fast.

Well, Mr. Editor, an agent came through here the other day getting subscribers to the new paper which they call the Pickens News. It will soon be called the "Pickens Pitiful Object," for if any one subscribes it will be for pity.

I heard a dozen good citizens say last Saturday that if they were to receive a sample copy they would send it back. I wouldn't, for I'd burn it just as soon as I could get to the fire. I'm like J. D. M., "the old one is good enough for me."

Well, Mr. Editor, I think the merchants are getting very sore over the boycott. I was in town the other day, and they wouldn't talk about it. I have

heard that bought wit was the best of any—if you didn't pay too dear for it. I think Dr. Bolt and the merchants have paid too much for what they got. I have known Dr. B. a long time; he has practiced in my family for eight years; I like him as a man and also as a doctor—but I think he went too far when he tried to throw the SENTINEL-JOURNAL out of town. I am afraid he has swapped legs with a crane and has cheated himself out of a job.

Say, Mr. Editor, how about the candidates? It is getting about time for them to begin to hop out; and if they advertise in one paper and don't in the other, there'll be confusion. There is one candidate, I suppose, that signed the boycott—but I don't guess he'll want to come to the S.-J. to have his name put in. All who don't will come up lacking when the votes are counted—that is, if they are expecting the farmer vote.

The farmers have been behind a long time, but they are falling into line, and it won't be long before they'll be there, too, and see what there is for them to do.
RED ROSE.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Cynthia Alexander, wife of E. R. Alexander, died at her home April 5th. Her remains were laid to rest the day following her death at Shady Grove Baptist church, of which she was a member.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. B. P. Moore. She leaves a husband and four children and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her death.

A precious one from us is gone;
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly her soul shall rest.

Mother, thou art gone to rest,
Thou in the lonely tomb;
But Jesus summon'd thee away,
Thy Savior called thee home.

Mother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain and suffering
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

Mother, thou art gone to rest,
And this shall be our prayer—
That when we reach our journey's end
Thy glory we may share.

FRIEND.

Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.—Pope.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company.

Let your discourse with business be short.

Use no reproachful language at any one.

Be not angry at table whatever happens.

It's never necessary for a woman to appear girlish unless she's past 30 and not yet married.

When one girl wants to puzzle a lot of them she acts natural, and they can't make it out to save their wits.