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PICKENS, S. C., JULY 8, 1909.

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State News Paraphrased.

All the Late News from Every Section of South Carolina.

A feature of the fair in Columbia this fall will be a dog show.

The Civic club of Abbeville has undertaken to build a hospital in that town.

Sixty-three cases have been docketed for trial at the Greenville term of court.

The people of Barnwell county have started a movement in the interest of good roads.

Thomas B. Curtis, a well known lawyer of Charleston, is dead at his home.

A 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hughes of Yorkville, was bitten by a garter snake.

The Funeral Directors' and Embalmers association of South Carolina is in session in Charleston.

Ben and Freeman Looney, who are wanted in Hartsville, Ga., on the charge of swindling, have been arrested in Gaffney.

The Pee Dee Trust company, has been organized at Florence with a capital stock of \$50,000. The company will write insurance and loan money.

The young lady school teacher who was assaulted in Georgetown has identified the negro under arrest as her assailant. She begged her father to kill the negro.

In the court of common pleas in Columbia a jury awarded Miss Clara Best damages in the sum of \$3,000 for personal injuries. She sued the Columbia Traction company for \$5,000.

Rev. J. R. Moore of Westminster has been called to the pastorate of the First church, Ninety-Six. He will enter upon his labors with this church about the first of September. He will continue to serve the church at Pendleton for the present. Mr. Moore has been pastor at Westminster for several years.

Bill Broadnax, the negro who killed his daughter, in Edgefield county about a month ago and fled, and for whose capture the governor offered a reward of a hundred dollars, was captured by Sheriff Ouzts, of Edgefield, in Burke county, Georgia, on Sunday, and is now in jail there, to await trial. Some of the citizens in the community in which the homicide occurred, say it was a cold-blooded murder. Others say it was accidental.

Prof. O. J. Peterson has accepted the presidency of Keatchie Female College, the only Baptist school for girls in Louisiana. Prof. Peterson was for several years principal of the North high school and made many friends while a resident in this state who will wish him happiness and success in his new position. The past two or three years he has been principal of the school at Maysville, Ga.

The James D. Nance Camp of Newberry is the largest camp of Confederate veterans in the state. At the reunion in Chester last week the camp cast 12 votes representing a membership of 240, while the next largest camp cast only 8 votes representing a membership of only 160.

The Directors of the Pacolet Manufacturing company have at a meeting held in the office of President V. M. Montgomery, Monday morning, passed a resolution calling a meeting of the stockholders of the company to be held July 17 for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of the company from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 by voting \$1,000,000 of preferred stock. The purpose in increasing the capital stock is to pay for the construction of Mill No. 5, already constructed and the power plant, which was erected some months ago.

The brick building of E. J. Sawyer at Bennettsville, was destroyed by fire

Simon P. Wingard, a prominent citizen of Lexington is dead at his home at the age of 80 years.

A commission has been issued to the Farmers' Bank of Travelers' Rest, Greenville county, which will have a capital of \$15,000.

A. M. Jenkins, who is wanted in Gaffney on the charge of seduction, has been arrested in Charlotte.

A gang of robbers are at work in Greenville. Several houses have recently been broken into and robbed.

Will Hardy, colored, who is wanted in Oconee county, Ga., has been arrested in Aiken. He was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to serve ten years.

The residence of J. A. Terrell in Greenville was destroyed by fire. Two members of the family barely escaped with their lives.

Gold mining in York county is being revived. Engineers and chemists say there is much gold in the western portion of York county.

The merchants of Florence decided to close their places at 2 o'clock every Wednesday instead of 6 o'clock every day during the week.

Prof. W. S. Hough, who has been principal of the Cross Hill high school for the two sessions past, has declined to accept the position for another year.

W. H. T. Hughes, charged with the murder of Wilson B. Bauser at Hampton in April, will be tried either in Aiken or Barnwell, Judge Ernest Gary having granted a change of venue.

Frank A. Miller and Robert Macfarlan, well known lawyers of Darlington, engaged in a fight in the office of a magistrate during the trial of a case. One of the jurors fled from the court room.

Mr. J. B. Stephenson, former superintendent of the York county home, dropped dead in Yorkville. He was in the lumber yard of J. J. Keller & Co. when stricken. He was about 60 years old and was a victim of heart disease. He leaves a family.

The new labor inspectors are about through with the work in the up-country. The reports being highly satisfactory. Week after next one will be sent to the low country and the other to the mills between Columbia and Augusta.

The people of Laurens were joined this week to learn that Rev. W. E. Thayer was suffering an attack of scarlet fever. Such an illness is rare among adults and usually severe. The physician in charge states that Mr. Thayer, while gradually getting rid of the fever, is still suffering from the effects, which are more to be feared than the fever itself.

The Biblical Recorder makes this announcement, which will be pleasing news to the many friends of Dr. Vines in this state as well as in North Carolina: "The first Baptist church of Asheville has recalled to its pastorate Dr. W. M. Vines, now of the Hanson Place Baptist church, Brooklyn N. Y. His many friends in North Carolina and through the south will be glad to hear of his acceptance. He is to supply prominent pulpits in Great Britain during July and August, but will enter upon his duties in Asheville the first of September."

The Keystone Lumber company has been organized in Marlboro county with a capital of \$75,000.

Walter C. Eichelberger has been elected a member of the Laurens police force to succeed J. T. Langston, resigned.

At a meeting of the Spartanburg County Medical Society a committee was appointed for the purpose of organizing an anti-tuberculosis league.

Frank Holmes, James Singleton and Amos Homes, all colored, tried in Charleston on the charge of killing a constable on Edisto island, were found not guilty.

The body of A. L. Royster, who was drowned in the Columbia canal Monday, was found Tuesday night floating in the water about a mile and a half below the scene of the accident.

The stockholders of the First National Bank of Aiken have organized with the following temporary officers: President, Dr. T. G. Croft; vice president, B. Sherwood Dunn; Cashier, R. L. Gunter. The bank will probably open in the early fall. Temporary quarters will be secured and a new building will be erected later.

R. W. Davenport, 23 years of age, and a well known young man who went to Greenville to work for a credit concern some six months ago, has been arrested on the charge of forging the name of negroes to notes that he deposited with the company. He is alleged to have taken sums aggregating the notes from the cash drawer. He was locked up for a time at the county jail but later was admitted to bail.

Superintendent of Education Swearingen is sending out supplies to the county superintendents for the scholastic year beginning July 1. Some changes have been made in the teachers register, calling for more detailed information. In order to make next year's report complete, it will be necessary for every teacher to have one of the new registers.

James Galloway, a young man from Cherokee Springs, Spartanburg county, who ran away and married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Shepard was arrested and put in jail on a charge of abduction, the bride being only fifteen years old. The case did not come up for trial, as a compromise was effected, the parents consenting to the match, provided the girl did not leave her father's home.

A remarkable case is reported from the colored hospital in Spartanburg. A woman was taken to the hospital in a state of violent insanity, to be operated on for appendicitis and tumor. She was so crazed that she had to be tied to the bed. As soon as the appendix and tumor were removed, however, her reason returned to her and now she seems perfectly rational.

The board of trustees of the Oklahoma Baptist College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. W. D. Moore, at the recent commencement of that institution. Mr. Moore is a native of this state, a graduate of Furman, and for several years has been the Sunday School secretary for the Baptists of Oklahoma. He is a useful man in that state.

Secretary of State McCown is sending out to all election commissioners and others who are legally interested copies of the law governing the vote on the dispensary on the second Tuesday in August. The law requires that the dispensaries be closed two weeks prior to this election and also, following the general election law, requires that the books be closed 30 days before the vote is taken which means that next Monday will be the last day for registration.

President John O. Willson and Prof. Sam Prince are now traveling in the interest of Lander College. Prof. N. M. Salley, superintendent of the Greenwood public schools, has been secured to travel for the college also by President Willson and will enter upon his duties at once in the lower part of the state. The new dormitory for the college is practically a certainty.

The Southside church, Spartanburg, is one of the liveliest and most vigorous churches in the state. It is rapidly increasing in membership and is already, altho only a year old, a great moral and spiritual force in Spartanburg. Within the past two weeks, during which a meeting of four weeks was held, 46 have been received by baptism, 28 by letter, and 12 under watch-care. Rev. R. E. Neighbour is the pastor.

The third death of the past four days in Aiken occurred Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Julia B. Kennedy, wife of Mr. J. H. Kennedy, died at her home near the passenger depot. Mrs. Kennedy was stricken with heart failure and was found dying in her room. She had evidently been combing her hair when heart failure attacked her with fatal result. There was only a small child in the house at the time, and when Mrs. Kennedy was found she was in a dying condition.

It was advertised by Supervisor Humbert of Laurens that the contract for the Maddox bridge would be let on Tuesday. But because of a message from the supervisor of Abbeville county to the effect that he was not prepared to make the award, the letting is postponed to a future date which will be advertised later. Supervisor Humbert was prepared to let this contract, having had it properly advertised; but, the laws require joint action on the part of the supervisors, hence the necessity for postponing.

Robert L. McMillan, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Spartanburg county, died on Friday June 25th at his home near McMillians. Mr. McMillan has been one of the largest farmers of the country for the last fifty years and in addition, owned extensive interests in mills of various kinds. Four children survive Mr. McMillan, Mrs. John H. Shores of Spartanburg, Mrs. P. P. Blalock of Edgefield, Mr. W. K. McMillan of Chicota, Tex., and Mr. E. B. McMillan of Inman.

Mayor Hart of Yorkville has not yet been able to get any assistance from the state in defraying the expenses incurred by the town council of Yorkville in connection with the smallpox epidemic last winter. The governor states that he has no initiative in expending the funds appropriated for the use of the state board of health, and nothing to say until after the board has taken the initiative. The governor advised Mayor Hart to take the matter before the state board of health, but as to whether Mr. Hart will do this, he has not fully decided. He feels, however, that the town is very properly entitled to assistance from the state board's appropriation.

The Aiken Journal and Review has on exhibition two freak guinea eggs, presented to it by Mr. Jamier Widener of the Treadway section. One of the eggs has on it a good likeness of a duck, in a sitting posture, while the other has the patriotic emblem of an American eagle emblazoned on it. The likenesses are almost perfect, and the eggs are quite a curiosity to all those who have seen them. The eggs were laid by the same guinea, they are normal in every respect, except the pictures, which are in white, while the rest of the egg surface is in the natural brown.

The
D. H. Jones
Log Drive.
By FRANK H. SWEET
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DURING a big log drive there is no time for anything but just keeping the logs in motion, especially if the current be swift and the river narrow, for then there is always danger of a jam. The river men must be quick of eye, alert and with little fear for life or limb. The drive must be kept compact and moving at whatever cost and the more so if the spring flood be on the wane or of less volume than usual. A jamming or hopeless jamming of the logs would mean great loss and perhaps ruin to the lumberman.

So when a log here and there is drawn away from the fellows, caught by an eddy or counter current, and drifts into a cove or inlet or against a bank it is left behind for later recovery unless the river gang is strong enough to detail some one to hurry forward the logward.

The D. H. Jones Lumber company had an unusually big drive that spring for various reasons, chief among which was lack of snow and consequent water the spring before. This had left many of that winter's logs high and dry on the bank, all of which had been floated by the present big flood. Moreover, the "D. H. Jones drive," as it was called, was unusually short handed for the reason that somebody had broken out in camp, and the gang was not only obliged to do without the services of the sick ones, but also of the men who had volunteered to look after them. So now it was the huge raftlike mass, covering a half mile of the river length, went sweeping down on the flood it required every man of them to control the broad, tempestuous surface. Sometimes for rods together, when the river ran smooth between straight banks, there would be scarcely a quiver among the logs. Then a bit of rapids or a narrowing sweep around a curve would seem to quicken every individual log into life, and they would rebel and turn and jump end on end, each apparently determined to make the journey in its own way without regard to its fellows. Then the river men would have to risk life on the quickness of their eyes and feet as they sprang from log to log, twisting and swaying with the tossings of their mad footholds and thrusting their poles here and there with strong, desperate precision to steady the course of a log or avert a threatened jam.

D. H. Jones had been at the logging camp most of the winter, watching and stimulating the men at the work, and when snow fell on snow, covering the land deeper and yet deeper, although it would retard the chipping



WENT SWIMMING DOWN ON THE FLOOD.

somewhat, his strained face had expressed more and more his increasing satisfaction, and then when a sudden thaw, followed by a warm rain, had come in the spring, just as the last log was shifted to the river bank, his satisfaction was complete. "It was an open secret that this was to be the last winter of a lifetime of logging, and that when the logs were sold he and his only daughter, Florence, would go to Europe for a long rest."

But D. H. Jones was an old man, and when the winter snow began to melt into the stream by a thousand rivulets his strength gave out, and he had to leave the direct oversight to his foreman. He only went down the river twenty miles or so, however, and there took rooms at a cottage on the bank, from which he could watch the drive go by. The next morning his daughter, Florence, joined him.

Much of the old man's time was now spent in a rowboat, and usually Florence accompanied him, sometimes rowing herself, but more often leaving her father to manage the oars, for his mind seemed most at rest when his hands were actively employed. The trips were always in one direction—up the river—and the second day were repeated a dozen times. They

were careful to keep near the shore, however, and to avoid the swifter currents. The old man was an experienced boatman. But neither experience nor strength nor skill could be counted on as a safeguard against a spring flood. The third morning they were out almost with the light, and now as the river above them began to clear, the old man's face lost its expression of impatient anxiety. Far up the stream, where it narrowed into churning rapids, the water seemed suddenly lost in a solid wall of logs, upon which were running and leaping figures which even at that distance the owner's eager eyes could trace into familiar shapes. An hour, and the foras were plainly visible. Another, and the drive was opposite, with the owner and his daughter upon the bank, trying to distinguish what the foreman near the other shore was shouting to them.

To the girl it was only a succession of hoarse sounds. But her father listened eagerly and from time to time nodded his head approvingly, shaking it only once in dissent. At that time he threw his own hollowed palms to his mouth in some hoarse answer or explanation. Florence listened deservingly.

"Was that just a recognition yell, like the logs make, father," she questioned, "or was it some sort of signal?"

Her father smiled down at her indulgently.

"Mac was telling me about the drive," he answered, "and how they managed so far to keep the bulk of the logs in a compact mass. Of course there are a good many loggers and castaways on account of the unusual size of the drive and the lack of men to control it, but they are much fewer than one might expect under the circumstances. I told Mac not to bother about them until after he passed the long rapids, forty miles below, then to send a man back to discharge all the ground and snagged logs and start them about after the main body. Beyond the long rapids the river will be clearer, and Mac can easily spare a man. If only the water will keep up long enough I think we can get them all down to market, and then," with an odd note of wondrous anticipation in his voice, "we will start off on our long vacation. I haven't taken a rest from work in over thirty years, Florence."

"But will those few stray logs make any difference, father?" the girl asked, her voice growing tender. "They are such a tiny, tiny part of the whole lot?"

"I know, and very likely I could spare them without feeling it, but last spring the logs failed to run, and I have two years' expenses to meet, plus renewed for the men's wages, payments for timber lands and many other items of cost. The amount will be very large, and though that great mass of logs will far more than meet it, I do not want to take any chances. The number of stray logs will likely run into hundreds and their value into thousands. It will be several days before a man can be sent back, of course, but if the water stays up ten days longer he can float them all in."

"Will it?"

"I—hope so," doubtfully. "At any rate, it is all that can be done. The logs cannot pass the long rapids under three or four days, and it will take another for the men to reach here; then it will take time to loosen and start the logs over such a distance."

"How many men, then, at once," she inquired, "and not waste so much time waiting?"

Her father laughed.

"You don't know the country at this season, Florence," he said. "I am not the only man taking advantage of this high water. I couldn't hire a man, or boy even, at any price. They are all engaged."

"Then I'll start the logs loose myself," she said. "I can do it."

"In the quieter water, yes, but not in the rapids and swift currents. But I'll tell you what we can do, Florence. In the morning we will row up the river as far as we can, keeping away from the dangerous places. We can start some eddies perhaps, and every one will count. A few weeks ago I could have done the job myself, but I would not dare to attempt it now."

So the next morning they were again out with the light and rowing slowly up the river, this time keeping watchful eyes on the bank, especially where the water eddied in under overhanging logs or the banks fell away into softer coves and shallows. The far side was too distant, with too swift intervening currents for them to venture across.

Several logs were found and released, and then, just as they were passing a bend, a mile or so up, D. H. Jones suddenly paused on his oars with an exclamation of wonder. Logs were coming down the river, dozens of them—hundreds, it seemed, as his gaze swept incredulously from side to side—and several of the foremost were already floating around and past their feet. Then a low warning from Florence caused him to look toward mid-stream, and there, not more than three or four rods away and being borne swiftly by the current, was a young man, standing upright in a boat and making toward them. For an instant D. H. Jones stared, then his face darkened.

"It is the son of a cook I discharged two winters ago for stealing," he said. "Barker, the foreman I had before Mac, caught him."

suddenly, "what are you doing with my logs?"

"Floating 'em," the boy answered grimly. "Can't you see?"

"What for?"

"Another fool question. To follow your drive, of course. I haven't been able to get any work, thanks to the way you turned off my father, so I'm looking after the logs. I've started down 208 so far. I can't stand seeing good logs wasted, even if they do belong to somebody I don't like."

"Are you telling the truth," sharply, "and not?"

"Stealing them, do you mean?" indignantly. "No, sir, my people don't steal. It was your own foreman took the things my father was turned off for. Barker is working over by Coon



FOR AN INSTANT D. H. JONES STARED.

lake now and is wearing the very overcoat and pair of boots. You can go and see for yourself."

D. H. Jones looked at his daughter with troubled face.

"I'm half afraid young Brown is telling the truth," he said slowly, "and that Barker was a rascal all the way through, though I didn't know till afterward. I'm afraid."

"Afraid!" echoed his daughter. "Why, you mean glad, father?"

"Yes, yes, of course. I ought to have said that." He looked across toward the young man. The space was widening between them.

"Oh, look here, Ike," he called, "you keep on with the logs just as you are doing, and if things turn out as you say I'll give you \$20 for the job and will get you steady employment with the man who buys me out. And, oh, yes! Tell your father I'll make it all right with him too. I'll send a man over to Coon lake this very day."

He did, and it was just as Ike said, and then—which proved a very good thing for Ike—D. H. Jones did all he had promised and a little more.

First Pretzels Made in America.
According to information furnished by an old historian, the Rauch family of Lancaster county, Pa., is given the credit of having baked the first pretzels in this country in the year 1810. It is said that the first pretzel bakery established on the banks of the Schuylkill (in Reading) was owned by Lichtenhauer, who was born in Litzitz March 17, 1817.

It is said that one John William Rauch, by trade a weaver and a maker of chip hats and brooms, was asked by the Moravian congregation to take up baking as the town of Litzitz was in need of such help. He consented to do so in connection with his trade. One day an old German happened to call upon John Rauch and in return for material assistance offered to teach him the secret of making what he called "bretzels." They baked in a small way at first for local trade.

Ambrose Rauch, the son of John, was peddling brooms through the country at the time and prevailed upon his father to allow him to offer pretzels to the trade. They took immediately, and the fame of this particular make soon spread throughout Lancaster county, where today it is the custom to serve the salty tidbit with ice cream, with little Dutch lunches, with a tasty cold snack in connection with hot chocolate, frequently with a cup of hot chocolate, often with soup or bouillon, and in that section it may take the place of nuts in chocolate fudge.—Bakers' Weekly.

An Actor's Poetic Ideal.

"They have been telling me," said John McCullough, the tragedian, "that Walt Whitman is a poet, and they have been reading some of the spangled stuff that he has written. It is a profanation to talk of such a writer as a poet." Then, blazing with emotion, he launched into a panegyric of poetry and a description of the poetic province—the ministry of beauty, the interpretations of nature, the alluring re-creation of high ideals, the exaltation of the human soul. "A catalogue is not a poem," he said. "There is no such thing as poetry in mere animal life. The name of poet is the grandest name that can be applied to any human being. Shakespeare was a poet. Shelley was a poet." He rose as he spoke, and he repeated, with amazing fluency and delicious modulation, many passages of Shelley's "Eppisychidion." Art could do no more. "That is poetry," he said, and all that he thus said is true.—From "Other Days," by William Winter.