

An Atlanta fish-dealer claims to sell four tons of fish per week.

The sumo business in Virginia has risen from 100 tons in 1886, to 10,000 in 1881.

There has been a strike in Durham, N. C., on the part of bag-makers. They want more wages. The women are now being paid \$3 per month.

One firm in Vicksburg has sold nearly 8,000 gallons of gnat oil since the flood went down and left the country swarming with these pests.

Hartwell (Ga.) Sun: C. L. Bowen, of Hartwell, has a rooster that was twenty-one years old last April. He brought it with him from South Carolina.

Atlanta Constitution: The slave property of Georgia amounted to \$34,000,000 more than the aggregate value of all her present taxable property.

One thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine cases of spirits of turpentine and 8,982 barrels of resin have been shipped from Live Oak, Fla., since last August.

Mr. Otero Chandler, of Athens, drives a horse that was in Dahlgren's raid to Richmond, and the animal has been shot three times. The horse does good service now.

W. R. Arno, of Orlando, Fla., employed a negro boy to eat 1,000 oranges and save the seed. The boy ate ninety-three oranges the first day and then gave the job up in disgust.

Dr. L. M. Moore, of Orange county, Fla., recently extracted one of his own teeth, filled the cavity and had it reset in his jaw, and the tooth is now doing capital duty on Florida beef.

In the orchard of Mr. George Huguey, West Point, Ga., is a tree that bears from two to three peaches from a single bud. By maturity the peaches have grown into each other.

Gen. Sanford has growing on his place in Orange county, Fla., the camphor and cinnamon tree, bergamot oranges and lemons, India crab grass, the Australian olive wood, golden apples and the Brazilian palm.

Hartwell (Ga.) Sun: A woman in this county had named her baby Charles, and called him Charlie until Guiteau killed the President, when she changed his name just because the assassin rejoiced in that cognomen.

A deposit of \$250 was made in one of the savings banks of Mobile nearly twenty-two years ago, and has been drawing interest and compounding interest at five per cent. for all that time. The deposit, which had amounted to \$378, was withdrawn a few days since.

At the residence of Mr. Jesse McCollum, two miles from Canton, Ga., there is a growing rose-bush that was planted since the war, in a flourishing condition, eleven inches and a half in circumference, measured six inches above the ground.

An Atlanta jeweler tells a reporter of the Constitution that he has had more broken marriage rings in watches to repair during the last three months than in three years previously, because competition has reduced the price, and consequently the quality of the material used in their manufacture.

The committee appointed in Nashville by the county court in 1879 to investigate official stenography in the county has filed a report in which they say that a sum exceeding \$100,000 was lost the county during the administration of W. A. Knight, Trustee, and urge vigorous prosecution of the delinquent parties.

In Surrey county, Va., last Friday a double murder was committed by the administration of poison. Mrs. Gray and Mr. Jones drank some coffee for breakfast in which arsenic had been placed, and died in a few hours afterward.

A negro boy in Crawford county, Ga., being bound to Mr. Yancey Jordan for a year, got tired of work and concluded to poison the whole family. He poured a box of rat poison in the coffee-pot, and they were all made sick, but none of them died.

The French steamship Opal struck on a shoal reef near Key West the past week, but was relieved by Capt. She Dave's boat, who received \$5,000 for the job. The money was in kegs, and before She Dave's boat reached land a squall struck it and the money kegs rolled overboard.

There is a running stream in Stone-wall county, eighty miles northwest of Abilene, that is impregnated with salt to such an extent that a man's body will float on it without the least exertion on his part, and it requires the ordinary strength of a man to sink his hand or foot to the bottom.

Atlanta Constitution: There is an old lady in Macon who has a mania for pumping water. She goes to the Floyd House pump one hundred times every day, by actual count, and takes away a bucket of water. Though closely watched, no one knows what she does with so much water, as she could not very well drink all of it, and she isn't under contract to supply a canal. Hence the mystery.

Did Not Understand Journalism. I recollect sitting at table in London beside the editor of a leading journal. He said: "I am in distress; I have lost one of my regular writers." I did not know about journalism at the time, so I remarked: "I suppose you will have to get another." He replied: "Get another! I will have to get three, and I will be surprised if at the end of a year one of these three writers does as well as the writer I have lost."—Goldwin Smith.

The Pickens Sentinel.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MORALITY, EDUCATION AND TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE COUNTRY.

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882.

VOL. XI. NO. 32.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

New gold discoveries have been made in Montana.

BRECHER denies the report that he is soon to retire from the pulpit.

Dr. D. W. Bliss is to go to Europe for a rest. The rest will be general.

The "boy preacher" Harrison has made 1,800 converts in Cincinnati.

JUDGE BLANCHFORD is perhaps the wealthiest man who ever sat upon the Supreme Bench.

There are 285 persons or firms in Washington prosecuting claims before the Pension Bureau.

BECAUSE of the veto of the Chinese bill, they burn President Arthur in effigy in San Francisco.

The French Government will have eight expeditions taking observations of the transit of Venus, December 6.

AN ATTEMPT to pass a bill in the Ohio General Assembly to prohibit the sale of fire arms to minors was defeated.

LONGFELLOW once gave this sensible advice to a student who desired a rule to guide him in writing: "Be yourself; work out your own individuality."

It is a consolation to know that the Chinese have discovered that there is such a country as British Columbia. They are going there by ship loads.

HENRY M. STANLEY writes from "far up the Congo River" that his expedition is prospering and will probably be brought to a successful close this year.

Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT, of New York, has given a house and grounds complete on the south shore of Long Island to be used as a place of summer resort for the poor children of that city.

The Memphis Avalanche says that the only thing Congress can do to improve the Mississippi River will be to build a mountain range on either side of it to keep it within its boundaries.

The Star Route swindlers who at first wanted a speedy trial, and then after ward didn't seem to be in a hurry about it, are to be tried speedily whether their anxiety tends that way or not.

SHOULD Mr. Scoville commit suicide no surprise need be felt. Only twenty persons turned out to hear him lecture the other night. A school boy could have drawn a larger audience.

The report has begun to circulate again through the newspapers that Mr. Tilden is in feeble health. This report will reappear with increased frequency as the summer of 1884 draws nearer.

The fight in Ohio, as it is being drawn, seems to be between the churches and the saloons, and "other people," of which there are doubtless many, do not appear to have much to say in the matter.

DAVID SWING, of Iowa, aged eighty-three years, had to pay \$3,000 damages for kissing his hired girl. Strange one of his age and experience could not do so light a turn without damaging the girl.

There is only one sad fact connected with the death of the murderer, Jesse James. Sentimentalists did not get a chance to present him with a bouquet in his last moments, although he had killed fifty men in his time.

WELL, well! And so dishonesty has crept into the Ohio Legislature, and that, too, in the shape of bribery! The very last place on earth one would have looked for it. It is no wonder honest men refuse to run for office.

SARAH BERNHARDT was married the other day, and now a cablegram says she is attending bull fights at Madrid. Spitting blood—married—attending bull fights! Well, well! If that isn't going it by strides then we don't know what is.

A CORRESPONDENT describes the wife of Sergeant Mason as being twenty-seven years old, tall and spare built, with graceful figure. But she has fine, light-brown hair, pleasant eyes, an aquiline nose, rosy lips, oval chin and a slender neck.

MR. SCOVILLE's application to Congress for pay for services rendered in the defense of the President's murderer was not exactly unexpected. It requires no more nerve than was required of Dr. Bliss when he set his figures for services at \$50,000.

HISTORIAN BANCROFT, who professes to be a judge, says he "never ate finer dinners in any European court than President Arthur provides for his friends," which leads us to remark that Arthur has a wonderful craving for good things.

MARSHAL HENRY says Mrs. Garfield is in wretched health, the recent attacks upon her husband almost crushing her. A fortnight ago she wrote him that her troubles were more than she could bear, and that if it were not for her children she would be glad to die.

JUDGING from the testimony it does

not seem that lobbyists hesitate to offer money to members of the Ohio Legislature for their votes. What the country needs is a law that will look upon the lobbyist as a common criminal and hold his vocation to be on a par with that of vagrancy.

BARNES, the Kentucky evangelist, accepted a purse of \$800 for his highly successful revival work in the village of Paris. This fact is being used against him, on the ground that he possesses utter disinterestedness. He replies that the money will be devoted to the education of his daughter.

A PRIOR is set upon the heads of wild horses in three of the Australian colonies. They hang upon the outskirts of civilization, and are a ceaseless cause of annoyance and loss to outlying squatters. They are vicious, physically weak, and worthless as work horses. Stalking them with the rifle, or running them down, is a favorite sport.

IF THERE is a summer hotel in this country that doesn't mistake cockroaches for raisins in preparing food for the table, it should make it a point to advertise the fact. Hotels in which cockroaches do not get mixed up in things in which they have no business to meddle, are getting to be about as scarce as rich editors.

MANUFACTURERS of oleomargarine are in Washington resisting the proposition to tax them. If a tax is to be placed on this vile stuff it should be heavy enough to have the effect to increase its market price to a figure by which the innocent purchaser can distinguish it from the genuine article of butter. Frauds are altogether too numerous.

BARNUM has landed an elephant in this country he calls Jumbo, and most of the metropolitan dailies seem to have taken a fit over the matter. Why this particular elephant should excite so much or more attention than some gigantic swindle or a presidential election is hard to understand, unless it is because he can be assailed without the danger of a libel suit or a first-class fight.

CAPT. HOWARD, who owes the Government something like \$160,000, accompanied by a bailiff, went to his residence to see his daughter, who had just returned from Vassar College. It seems that the Vassar girl turned the bailiff's head, for at a moment when his mind was not centered on his charge, the bird took flight and was gone. Really an attractive girl is worth something in an emergency.

The recent statement that the time would arrive in a few days for the usual announcement that the peach crop has been killed, has finally reached us, but the joke end has been cut off, leaving us alone with the sad fact. And it is not only true that the peach crop has been all but completely killed, but with it go all early apples, pears, cherries and other fruit upon which we had relied for an abundant yield. In Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, there will be little if any early fruit.

The promenade over the East River Bridge, New York, promises to be the most attractive of any in the world. The walk for foot passengers is in the center of the bridge, and nine feet above the roadway for carriages and railroad cars, and the view, taking in the bay, the river, a glimpse of the sound, and the area of the two densely populated cities, will be such as thousands will delight to linger over. The distance between the towers is 1,695 feet 5 inches, and including the approaches, about a mile.

A STRANGE circumstance is connected with the shooting of Sergeant Mason at Guiteau. When the bullet struck the wall of the murderer's cell it flattened itself out into a thin piece of lead in the outer lines of which the superstitious saw a startlingly distinct profile of the murderer. It excited profound curiosity at the time, and a shrewd dealer obtained of Warden Crocker permission to make a cast from the original piece of lead. By a very little scraping here and there the likeness of the self-appointed "agent of the Diet" was made perfect, and since then hundreds have been sold, accompanied by the Warden's printed certificate of correctness as *fac similes*. The uncanny souvenirs, which have found their way into countless pockets, have been bored with holes and hung upon watch chains and ladies' bracelets, show the receding forehead, long lean nose and sharp chin as perfectly as if the assassin had sat for the picture.

Absence of Mind.

A citizen who was hurried and angry entered a grocery store on Antoine street and called out to the owner:

"Why in the — do you keep a dog around here to eat folks up?"

"Did my dog eat you up?" was the innocent query in reply.

"Not quite, but he tore my coat half off my back, and you've got to pay for it."

"How much?"

"Well, it will cost as much as \$2 to get it repaired. You'll either pay it or I'll have the dog shot."

"Oh, I'll pay dot," said the grocer, and he did; but the man was hardly out of sight before he jumped a foot high and called out:

"Dunder und blitzen, but I vvas dot greatest shakass in America! Why I sells dot dog to my fader-in-law more as six weeks ago!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bill Arp is Mad Because the Old Sow Opens Gates.

From the Constitution.

The more a man does the more he can do, especially if there is a gentle pressure behind him which says, don't stop, keep moving, here is another little job for you to do. A farming man may map out his work for to-morrow ever so carefully, but it is mighty hard to work up to it, for the first thing he knows the plow points are too dull or a single tree breaks in the new ground, or a nabors hog, that have got no pasture but the big road, have broke through the water gap, and it takes an hour to run 'em out again, for a hog wont go out at the same hole he came in. These hogs that pester me so come three quarters of a mile every day to peruse my premises, and they have lived on me all winter, and I've dog'd 'em pretty bad, but they come back again next day and lie round a watching, and water-gaps and gates are no protection, for they are educated hogs. Cobe told me to catch one and mash his tail on a rock, but it did no good. I can fix a gate that that old sow can't root open, but I'm not going to do it, for she has no right to put her nose under it and shake it and root it and lift it until she gets it open; and I'm not going to stake down my water-gap on the lower side either, for the creek rises rapidly, and some times in the night, and brings the rif-raff down, and the gate must be free to rise with it. The fact is, nobody has any right to keep such hogs unless they keep 'em home, and I've borne with it until patience is exhausted, and will have to stand by my arms. Why, last Sunday we all shut up the house and went up to spend the day with our married offspring, and when we came back in the shank of the afternoon the old sow and all her shoats were under the house and had broke up two hen's nests, and when I made war on 'em in my wrath she actually showed fight, and kumblumoxed at me like the premises were her's.

THE FENCE LAW AND THE HOGS.

The fence law as it is gives these hogs a pasture in a lane nearly a mile long and open at both ends, and they have got to forage on somebody or meat will be scarce next fall. There is a power of work to do now and it looks like my share of it is bigger than usual for one of the boys has gone to railroad and another is puny. I tell he is not down in bed sick but he is not able-bodied enough to do hard work and keep it, but just feeble enough to go a-fishing, and set on the bank and get the biggest bites and catch the smallest fish in the creek. Mrs. Arp is mighty particular about her children when they eyes look hollow and they complain of pains and she is a mighty good doctor, but she knows I'm no time to go sick, and so I'll William this and William that, and the other day she called me a quarter of a mile off, and when I came a puffin' and blowin' she said the winder curtain had fell down and wanted me to fix it. Some more new dirt was wanted for the flower pots and boxes, and I had to bring her samples from seven fence corners before I got the right kind, and the last of the year I got that don't smell good nor look like ground, had to be divided and set out in the yard, and the scuppendine vine had to have an arbor built and two more coops for the little chickens that were hatching out had to be fixed up, and the new-born ducks had to have their tails cut off and the peas were to stick in the little chaps are always saying papa this and papa that, and yesterday I had to take a basket and a digging hoe and go way down in the meadow, and on the creek, and dig up lilies, and violets, and all sorts of wild flowers for them to plant in their little flower garden, and they had to have hen's eggs, and pigeon eggs blowed out to paint and dye and fix up for Easter, and I had to make 'em a draft board, and dye spoils in two for draft men, and dye half a hen to do, and it is a good thing for a family to have a willing horse to work in any sort of harness, and though I say it myself I'm that sort of a horse, and I think it suits me, for it is a variegated labor of not less money in it than all-day work at one thing, and it changes the work at one set and lets a man don't get tired at all unless he wants to. I thought I was going to dodge the potato slip business this year, but I had to go at it, and I feel to-night like I was a hundred years old in the back; but Mrs. Arp got me a good supper, for she knew I'd come in, and besides she brought her some sweetshrub and white honeysuckles from the woods, and these were her favorites in the days of auld lang syne, and yesterday I cleaned out the old rubbish in the flower-pot for her, for she said she knew there was a snake in there somewhere and I didn't fix the snake but found two eggs in a nest and she wasn't right, sure they wasn't snake eggs until the old hen come cackling out of there this morning.

MRS. ARP'S WORK.

But my work won't compare with her's by no means, for there's an everlasting sight of sewing and patching and darning going on all the time and she never gets done and every week's washing is to look over and sort out the missing buttons to sew on and the rents to close up and the churning is to do, and sometimes the dasher goes flippity flop for two hours before the butter will come, and now she is teaching the little chaps to write little letters, and when they get into mischief and have to come to headquarters, they come a little the nearest of getting a whipping of any children in the world, and I don't know quite get it, and I haven't any book account, but my opinion is that not less than 1,700 whippings have been promised 'em, and are now due and unpaid. I overheard a voice say the other day, "now, Carl I will whip you for that," and I echoed in gentle accents, "about what time?" but Carl got it on a credit as usual.

Nabor Dobbins had had eleven sheep killed last Sunday by the dogs. I bring mine up to the fold every night, but still I'm on the expectation all the time, and still I wonder if there is no remedy

and never will be for these sort of disasters—these little troubles that exasperate a man and make him grow old before his time. Life is full of 'em and I reckon they are sent upon us to make us get tired of life and the better fit and prepare us for heaven. I hope so.

BILL ARP.

Eating Before Sleeping.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest, until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provisions for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on, the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will wake it; and if it is lushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a lullaby to sleep upon an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not laboring sleep, but the sleep of exhaustion.

To sleep well blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume in the head, and the blood that throbs with such vehemence, and is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

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