

# The Pickens Sentinel.

VOL. XIV.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885.

NO. 45.

**Metre for the Doctor.**  
Intermittent, consolidated liar,  
And secret mystery of wheel, and things,  
That takes our monthly bills for gas mount  
higher,  
And in every household trouble brings!  
Here would you now be loaded with the curse  
Of angry men who in revivient vie,  
Could these poor, human, weak, and halting  
Verbes  
Get over words as fast as you can lie.  
How meek and open-faced your dire delusion!  
How secret and fountain-like your sin!  
How quietly you work in safe seclusion,  
Daily and nightly dragging dollars in!  
Explain your vast and wondrous powers of suction;  
The secrets of your prison-house declare!  
How does it happen that the rats' routine  
Becomes a mockery, a fraud, a snare?  
What is there in your coronatist nature,  
Your mechanism wired and intricate,  
That makes you swallow up a Legislature  
And hold and bind the people of a state?  
Some time the rule of law will be complete,  
And by an honest Legislature then  
Right justice will be done to the master,  
And peace at last possess the souls of men.  
—New York World.

**A MORTAL "TACWIN."**  
How a Newspaper Reporter Became Acquainted With His Future Wife.  
If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;  
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,  
And all this day, an unaccustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the world with cheerful thoughts.  
—Shakespeare.

Edward Manchester and I were boys together. We fished in the same brooks, occupied the same desks at school, and climbed the old New England hills in company. The current of our youthful lives ran in the same channel, until, when standing at the portals of early manhood, our paths widely diverged.  
Following the guidance of his ambition he became a printer's apprentice, drifted into editorial work, and finally crossed the continent. It was then that I lost all trace of him. I entered college, in due time completed prescribed course of study, and after graduation became attached to the United States coast survey. So it happened that after fifteen years separation we met again at Los Angeles, Cal., whither I had been ordered on duty. Of course our boyhood's friendship was renewed. He was now the editor and publisher of a prospect journal and the same hale and hearty good fellow of my early association. To his hospitable home I was invited and it was the happiest, cheeriest fireside at which I was ever privileged to sit. His wife, who was at least ten years his junior, was a woman of rare mental qualifications, and her assistance to him in his profession, and likeness of spirit, had brought the pair into perfect harmony which it was most pleasing to observe.

Sitting in his library one evening, just at the beginning of the rainy season, when the cheerful wood-fire in the open grate is an actual necessity, our conversation turned upon the subject of dreams. I doubted whether they were in any degree prophetic, and maintained with ardent opinion that dreams were simply due to a disordered nervous system, citing many learned psychologists in support of my theory. "You may not believe me," said my friend, "but, nevertheless, I know that dreams are sometimes forecasts of things to occur. I say I know this to be true because the most important event of my life was brought to pass through the influence of a dream. It is perhaps true that coarse natures do not entertain angels unawares when sleep hovers over them and enchains their senses but there are fine organizations possessed of a sixth sense and that extraordinary attribute is only awakened when all the others are in repose."  
"That is a novel idea," I replied.  
"And I do not care to see you without definite."  
However,  
I have

she inquired.  
"In truth I do not know," was my response. "Duty seems to demand that I should cross the desert waste before me, but my way is not plain, neither do I believe I shall survive the trials and fatigues of the journey. Inclinable impels me toward the city, where all is repose, and where the most luscious fruits tempt my eyes and the perfume of rare exotics is grateful to my senses."  
"Touch them not. The fruit is the apple of Sodom, and as ashes upon the tongue. The odors which seem so delicious and entrancing are deadly poisons; whoever breathes them is condemned to forever wear a heart of stone. Follow me; and I will lead you to a haven of safety, for has not Allah intrusted you to my care? Doubt not my sincerity, for if you do so you will fall and faint by the way."  
"And who are you, good lady? How can you resist the deadly perils of the trackless desert? If I trust you, what assurance have I that you will not lead me forth to die and be forever lost in the ever-shifting sands?"  
"Ask your own heart, and be mindful of its dictates. I cannot deceive you if I would, for Allah has created me to keep watch and guard over you."  
"I was convinced that the maiden spoke truly. Turning to my veiled companion, after our last glance toward the city, I said:  
"Lead on. I will follow you without reserve. I put my trust in you, although the way appears difficult and the end is as closely veiled in obscurity and doubt as are your features hidden from my sight."  
"She turned and walked fleetly across the desert, and soon the blissful city was lost from view below the horizon, and all around us lay the silent, merciless sands.  
"Day after day and night after night we plodded on. Sometimes an awful sense of weariness oppressed me; my feet sunk to the ankles in the remorseless, yielding sands; the intense heat shriveled my skin and parched my lips. But my companion was never weary and paused not. If I turned jagged she prompted me to greater exertion with the words: "Even the desert has an end. Yonder lies your way. The troubles you now endure are but blessings in disguise. At the end there is eternal peace and a laurel wreath for your brow. Would you fall now, after you have suffered so much?"  
"At each sound of her voice my faith was renewed as if by magic and my strength came back to me.  
"It seemed to me that months had been consumed in our journey, when at last we attained the banks of a limpid stream. Beyond it was a stretch of palms and cedars, intermingled with luxurious plants and the most exquisite of flowers.  
"You have attained the reward of your sufferings," said my guide. "Here at last is rest and peace. All your journeyings are at an end and now comes your reward. Henceforth you will never know a want, but pass your remaining days on earth in doing good to your fellows. Our paths lie a little apart from this time, but I will watch over you. A sense of my presence will always be vouchsafed to you, and in Paradise we shall be reunited."  
"But," I implored, "why must you leave me? You have been my good angel, my guide, my savior in all the trials which have beset my path. Remain ever at my side, for I may yet fall without your aid."  
"I would that it might be so; but I fear it cannot. Be patient. In another state of existence we cannot be parted."  
"Then let me see your face once before we part. Your voice has sustained me—to look upon your features would be far greater bliss."  
"It

me an escaped locust.  
"You have a picture in your case book—whose is it?" I inquired nervously.  
"A picture! Why, there are two hundred! How should I know which one you mean?"  
"Very true; I did not think of that. But, pardon me, sir, one of those photographs reminds me most forcibly of an absent friend whom I greatly desire to find. Will you be kind enough to lend me your aid in the matter?"  
"Certainly, sir. Your manner when you first came in led me to doubt your sanity. However, I am now reassured, and shall be most happy to serve you."  
His kindness availed little. The photographer could not tell to whom the picture belonged. He concluded that it must be the order of a transient visitor to the city; the negative had been destroyed—and so I departed in a more disturbed condition of mind than before.  
"I had intended to pursue my profession in Southern California, as close attention to work had induced a pulmonary complaint, from which in this mild climate I hoped to obtain relief, but all my energies were directed towards finding the original of the haunting evasive photograph.  
"I secured an engagement upon the staff of an evening newspaper. Wherever I went—in church, theater, or upon the streets—my whole soul was absorbed in searching for what a majority of persons would call an illusion. In the fulfillment of my duties I was sent to furnish a report of the commencement exercises of a woman's college at Oakland, just across the bay. Some strange impulse moved me to send down my report and to accept an invitation to attend an evening reception at the college hall. This was not in consonance with my ordinary habits, for a peculiar and sometimes most unpleasant diffidence led me to avoid rather than seek public assemblages of the kind. The night was warm, and the ladies sought the pleasant balconies overlooking the bay to enjoy the refreshing breeze from the Pacific. As I sauntered up to one of the windows I observed a young woman, who in some mysterious way did not impress me as a stranger, gazing abstractedly into the starry depths overhead. Thinking that it was some one to whom I had been introduced during the evening, I aroused her from her reverie by a commonplace remark. As she turned her face towards mine our eyes met. I started back in astonishment. I had met the lady of my dream!  
"There is no affinity between the grasshopper and the locust. The grasshopper is, in the broadest sense, a vegetarian. He illustrates the fallacy of the vegetarian principle for every one who has studied entomology knows that the grasshopper is not so vigorous as the mosquito or the wood-tick.  
"The question of the locust is wonderful. Although having filled himself with hard oak timber, he is not irritable, like Carlyle used to be, but sings as merrily as though his maw were as empty as the stomach of a man who has partaken of refreshments at the luncheon counter of a church fair.  
"The locust can be traced back to the days of John the Baptist. John, it is said, ate locusts and wild honey.  
"At one time it was thought that if you planted a locust, a locust tree would spring up, but a recent paper, published in the *North American Review*, exploded this idea.  
"What the future of the locust will be, no man can tell. Prof. Donnelly, who confirms the rumor that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare, says that the locust, with his great idea of mathematics, will, during years to come, continue to multiply under the face of the earth. He claims to have discovered a cypher by which he can plainly demonstrate this theory. He is at present engaged in a book devoted to the sales of the work  
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received  
old

**THE LOCUST.**  
A Rambling but Truthful Comment on the Most Wonderful of all Insects.  
The thirteen-year locust has made his appearance in Arkansas. The locust always wears his shirt open in the back, and a recent article in the *Scientific Insecterist*, declares that the locust led to the discovery that shirts which open in the back are the most convenient. There are two species of locusts. One class is seventeen years old at the time of birth, the other class only shows a registration of thirteen years. There is very little difference between the two classes, that is, human investigation develops but little difference, but the locusts themselves maintain a social breach which years have failed to bridge over. A 17 locust and a 13 locust, although their clothes are cut in very much the same fashion, do not linger in each other's society.  
The locust does not eat corn, cabbages or cucumbers, but goes into the woods and splits rail timber. How he can split a piece of wood that would lay the courage of the professional rail-maker has not been explained. He may have an improved maul and wedge which he keeps carefully concealed from the meddlesome eye of the curious. While at work he sings a low, droning song, never attempting to change his tune, but with his unwinking eye on the business in hand, he does his best to prevent his neighbor from singing more discordantly than he himself is doing.  
One time, in Tennessee, locusts were so numerous that the farmers turned them under with a plow to fertilize the ground with them. The farmers congratulated themselves on the richness of their coming crops, but, when in the spring, they plowed the fertilized land, they were astonished to find, not a sign of increased richness, but sixteen round holes to the square inch. Since that time the land has produced nothing but holes. This has rendered the land practically worthless as no market for the product can be found.  
The greatest damage done by the locust results from the attention which he pays to young apple trees. He would rather split a young apple tree than lead the festivities at a german, and although this illustrates a pernicious nature, yet sensible people do not blame him.  
As an article of diet, the locust has found but little favor in America, but in central Australia, the Bushmen eat them with great relish. If locusts must be eaten, it is said that they do best in boarding-house soup, for then you get so few of them.  
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**THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.**  
When Patrick Henry put his old cast-iron spectacles back on top of his head and whooped for liberty he did not know that some day we would have more of it than we knew what to do with. He little dreamed that the time would come when we would have more liberty than we could pay for. When Mr. Henry sawed the air and shouted for liberty or death I do not believe that he knew that the time would come when Liberty would stand knee-deep in the mud of Bedloe's Island and yearn for a solid place to stand upon.  
It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up with full liberty at our expense, and the full of an American he is the more liberty he can have. If he desires to enjoy himself all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his baggage off the steamer. The more I study American institutions the more I regret that I was not born a foreigner, so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I would prefer to be a Mormon or an Arian, not a tax.  
I am often led to ask, in the language of the poet, "Is the Caucasian played out?" Most everybody can have a good deal of fun in this country except the American. He seems to be that he has very little time to mingle in the giddy whirl of the alien. That is the reason that the alien who rides across the United States on the "limited mail" and writes a book about us before breakfast wonders why we are always in a hurry. That is the reason we have to throw our meals into our selves with a dull thud and have no time to maintain a warm personal friendship with our families.  
We do not care much for wealth, but we must have freedom, and freedom costs money. We have advertised to furnish a bunch of freedom to every man, woman, or child who comes to our shores, and we are going to deliver the goods whether we have any left for ourselves or not. What would the great world beyond the seas say if we had it? It takes a man of leisure to enjoy liberty, and we have no leisure whatever. It is a good thing to keep in the house "for the use of guests only," but we don't need it ourselves.  
Therefore I am in favor of a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here to America and oppress us. We are used to it, and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.  
The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there in New York Harbor night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It will be first-rate. It may also be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there day after day bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss-grown Mormon moving toward the far West, a confirmed victim of the matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture in his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity, he may be led in after years to try it on himself.  
*But Nye, in Boston Globe.*

**Sharp California.**  
A short time since ladies were discussing the boom-maker, and th-

**THE NEWS OF THE STATE.**  
Some of the Latest Sayings and Doings in South Carolina.  
—The Edisto River is reported to be in good fishing condition.  
—Lancaster wants a steam fire engine, and Charleston offers her one, with a hose reel, for \$1,200.  
—Over 350 carloads of watermelons have been shipped from Williston, Barnwell county, so far this year.  
—Mrs. Evelyn Wilson, a pensioner of the war of 1812, died last Saturday near Reidville, Spartanburg county.  
—The Bank at Johnston, Edgefield county, is now an assured fact. Almost enough money has been subscribed already.  
—There are many fields of cotton near Greenville, from which the proprietors expect to gather over a bale to the acre.  
—Fannie Harris, a pretty seventeen-year-old white girl, has been lodged in Greenville jail on the charge of breach of trust.  
—Billy Roper, of the Trenton section, has twenty acres of corn from which he will certainly gather six hundred bushels.  
—Mrs. James Smith, of Aiken county, had her collar-bone and three ribs broken, on the 23rd ult., by being thrown out of a wagon.  
—The hands on the Savannah Valley Railroad are working energetically, and in two months' time the track will be laid to Mt. Carmel.  
—The upland corn is booming in Spartanburg, and the prospect is that not much corn will be shipped there from the West next year.  
—It is now proposed to build another railroad through Edgefield, from Marlboro, Columbia & Augusta Railroad, at or near Johnston, to McCormick.  
—Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Lancaster, lost his dwelling, kitchen and the contents of both buildings by fire, on the 17th ult. Loss about \$1,600; insurance \$800.  
—A detachment of the colored National Guard of Charleston expect to attend the funeral of Gen. Grant. The citizens will be asked for funds to meet the expense.  
—A correspondent of the *Koonsee Courier* says the Blue Ridge Railroad is an unseemly carcass standing in the way of live enterprises, and demands the repeal of the charter.  
—Mr. Thomas Reid, of Abbeville, was so badly hurt by being struck in the eye with a piece of rock, which he broke off while hoeing, that he went to Atlanta for surgical relief.  
—Mr. Will Sapps was struck by lightning, on the 26th ult., in Lancaster county, and Lum Vaughan, colored, on the 27th, in the same section. Both men were paralyzed for a time.  
—The citizens of Wallhalla are very angry because the result of their primary election for postmaster has been ignored and somebody has induced the Postmaster General to appoint another man.  
—Tom McCardell and Lee Clinton, colored, had a difficulty and shooting match in Lancaster, owing to indecent remarks made by one relative to the wife of the other. The case was compromised.  
—A mad dog in the neighborhood of Taylorsville, Greenville county, last week, attempted to bite a child, but only tore her dress. He bit several animals, however, before he was overhauled and shot dead.  
—Senator Wingard and Representatives Brooker and Guignard attended the farmers' meeting at Lexington Saturday and aided in the of the Lexington County

**GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.**  
Facts of Interest, Gathered from Various Quarters.  
—The postmaster at Marianna, Fla., has absconded, leaving a deficit in his accounts of \$1,000.  
—Excitement in England over the disclosures of the *Pall Mall Gazette* continues unabated.  
—Maud S. one day last week went a mile over the Glenville track near Cleveland, O., in 2.083.  
—There are now sixteen camps of penitentiary convicts in Georgia. The law says there shall only be two.  
—The counsel of Reil, the Canada Rebel, have practically given up the fight, and rest their entire defence on insanity.  
—The Springfield *Republican* thinks that Roscoe Conkling will be invited to deliver a national oration on the life of Grant.  
—The decree entered a short time ago in the Chicago University case, finding Stephen A. Douglas's heirs entitled to the property, has been set aside.  
—The Paris *Telegraph* has a sensational dispatch that war between Russia and England is certain directly after the elections in England.  
—The rate of immigrant fare from Baltimore to Chicago has been reduced from \$7.50 to \$7, because, it is alleged, the latter charge has for some time past been made by the Pennsylvania Road.  
—It is said that three hundred and fifty-eight criminals, who have escaped from Georgia in the course of the last thirteen years, are "wanted" in that State. The rewards offered for them aggregate \$100,000.  
—Special reports from all the South-western counties of Pennsylvania show that the growing crops are more advanced and in a better state than for years past. Corn, oats, grass and all fruits are reported especially fine.  
—The Norfolk *Landmark* recommends Postmaster General Vilas as the man to make the oration on the occasion of the memorial services over General Grant, to be held in the House of Representatives at Washington.  
—Willie Sprague, son of the ex-Governor of Rhode Island, has married his step-mother's sister. This makes him his father's brother-in-law and snarls up the family connection in a most singular manner. But if he and the old man are content, it is all right.  
—Mr. J. B. Fanning, who lives in Newton county, Miss., ten miles west of Enterprise, was wounded in the face at Mine Run, in November, 1863, the ball lodging just above the root of his mouth, taking twenty-two years to work downward the space of about an inch.  
—The fever epidemic at Plymouth, Pa., has at last abated. The hospital has been abandoned and the nurses have left. About 160 people have died from the fever in Plymouth since its first outbreak. The highest number sick at one time was 69. About \$10,000 has been spent in relief measures.  
—Mr. J. H. Clark, of Shirley, Covington county, Alabama, is the strongest man, physically, in the State. He can take a 250 pound anvil, and, by placing his thumb in the mason hole, throw it off like a marble, and to handle two stout men at a time is child's play. Mr. Clark weighs about 250 pounds.  
—In order to prevent

**What a Writer Thinks of Society.**  
"Society regulates collectively the morals of its members."  
"In society there is no friendship. These people are an aid to you so long as they face you; let them turn their backs on you, and you are alone."  
"The eyes were arched in surprise."  
"I think not, sir,—I have never traveled in the East."  
"Well, to cut my story short, a lasting friendship was formed then and there. You have met Mrs. Manchester. She has proved all that my dream foretold. It is true that she has no recollections of having been my companion in the desert sands of Africa, but I am none the less convinced that she is the 'tacwin' from whose lovely face I snatched the veil."  
—Edwin Russell Morse, in *Chicago Tribune*.

**Sharp California.**  
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