

PENROSE, N. C. NOTES.

Entertaining Letter From Rev. M. L. Jones--Speaks Highly of

"ZEKE" AND THE CONTEST.

The Church Contest In North Carolina Painted one Church and Helped all the Rest Wonderfully.

The following letter from Rev. M. L. Jones, a former resident of this county, but now of Penrose, N. C., is somewhat belated, but nevertheless good. It was "pigeon-holed" and overlooked until now, for which we humbly beg Bro Jones' pardon, and assure him that in the future we will try and be more careful with his dots. [Editor.]

Penrose, N. C.

Editor Sentinel-Journal: Please allow me space in your highly appreciated paper to say a few words to the many friends in my native home-land. As I wish to speak to them all, I think through your paper is a fine way. As I have been away from over there over four years many changes have naturally taken place, some, perhaps, have forgotten me, yet I am daily thinking of all of you and often pray for you as I think of the many kindnesses that were bestowed upon me by you. I think often of you in your church work, your Sabbath schools, your singing classes and the good meetings we have had together, also of the many houses I have helped you to build; thinking thus of the many pleasant and happy hours we have spent together has prompted me to speak this way, and let all who would care to hear, know that I am still in the "Land of the Sky," and am as well as men of my age generally are, and my wife is well. My daughter, Bertie, is married and she is well. The young preacher we are helping to go to school is well.

"Uncle Zeke" can tell you why people that live over here are generally well, hearty, fat and sassy, if he wants to. He can tell a lot of things if you will ask him. There was a lot of truth in what he said about old Pickens county. He is an all round gentleman and I most heartily commend him to you and the good people of your county. I am glad to see that you have inaugurated a painting contest. "Zeke" can run one to perfection. I hope it will be productive of as much good in Pickens as it was in Transylvania. Over here it did more than paint a church—it stirred others to work. Enon church house, while it failed to win out in the contest, has been repainted inside and outside and looks like a new house. If it had not been for the contest this church would have been without the new dress.

We got a nice "pounding" from the sisters and children as an appreciation for my work on the church. There is a noble people at Enon.

Rev. A. W. Beck preaches at Enon on the first Sundays.

Hoping this will find its way to your homes as a message of love, and pray that you, one and all, the Editor and Zeke included, may have a prosperous and happy year.

Your friend,
M. L. Jones.

The farmers page and correspondents columns are good features of the old Sentinel-Journal, and I hope all will take interest enough in these departments to keep them filled each week. It will do you much good.

Bought Chamberlain's Cough Remedy And Sent It to Friends.

Mr. F. W. J. Fletcher, a druggist in Victoria, Australia, says: A customer of mine, was so pleased with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which she had used for her children when suffering from colds and croup, that during a fortnight's time she had obtained at my shop, nine bottles, which she sent to her friends in different parts of the state, telling them how much good it had done and advising them to give it a trial. For sale by Pickens Drug Store. Earle's Drug Store.

TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS!

About the "terrible price wreck" that has just occurred at "THE BIG STORE." An entire train of departments caught in the smashup. From the debris the following partial list of Bargain Items is raked up, which will be of special interest to our patrons and the shopping public. Now is the time for quick action for they won't last.

Sweaters Caught in the Wreck.

All \$2.50 men's Sweaters to go at 1.50. All \$1.25 sweaters to go at 85c. All 75c and 85c to go at 48c. One small lot of ladies coat suits worth from \$10 to \$12 will go at \$4.50.

Clothing Caught in the Wreck

All 10.00 and \$12.00 Overcoats to go at - \$7.85 All 6.00 and \$7.50 Overcoats to go at - \$4.50
" 8.50 and \$9.00 " " " " 6.00 " \$5.00 " " " " " 3.85

One lot Overcoats to close at \$1.98, worth from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

BLANKETS---All blankets caught in the wreck and they must be sold regardless of price.

A wave of cut prices is sweeping all over the big store, and we could mention hundreds of bargains equally as good, but what's the use, the people know that our counters are laden each day with values that cannot be matched, and they all come to headquarters.

YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE BIG STORE

Always glad to serve you, yours truly,

Heath-Bruce-Morrow Company.

What Tubsie Said.

[BY ZEKKE.]

Down on the bank of the creek, nigh whar our folks live,
Stood a little old cabin, what leaked like a sieve:
And out on the porch sat old Tubsie Grey,
And he grumbled and growled the live-long day.
I said, "Foke the paper?" With a shake of the head,
"I never read the papers," was all Tubsie said.
A fellow come along, what thought Tubsie was rich,
And sold him a receipt to kill bugs, worms and sich.
He was a sleek talking rascal, and sly as a fox,
And told Tubsie the directions was in each little box.
It said, catch the bug, lay him flat on his back,
And with a small hammer just hit him a whack;
If your aim is air true, you will find the bug dead,
"I never read the papers," was all Tubsie said.
Two chaps come along and told Tubsie how
He could make butter in a minute, without aid from the cow;
How, without any labor, a fortune he could earn,
And they sold him a right for a new fauged churn.
So he mortgaged his farm and gave them his gold,
And soon found himself bankrupt, and he growing old;
It worried him so he took to his bed,
"I never read the papers," was all Tubsie said.
The parson come around and sot by his side,
And said, "Do you know that for sinners Christ died?"
Tubsie raised on his elbows, and heaved a long sigh,
And said "Parson, dew tell, now when did he die?"
"Did he live far about here, and whar was he bred,"
"I never read the papers," was what Tubsie said.
His spirit took flight, and appeared at the grite,
But Peter said, "Tubsie, you are a little too late,
"Your existence has been one of turmoil and strife,
"And you never kept up with the race during life;
"I am sorry, my friend, for you are decrepit and old,"
And, as usual, old Tubsie was left out in the cold.
Tubsie says, "Goodness, I wish 'fore I died
"T'at I had coughed up my dollar and for a paper subscribed."

Items Along R. F. D. No. 2.

After a long silence it is with great pleasure that I send the dear old Sentinel-Journal a few dots from this thriving community.
After a long and rough winter, we are permitted to see some pleasant weather, and how glad the farmers are to see it.
Health of this community is not very good. Several cases of measles are reported, but we hope they will not get scattered, for the farmers are already behind with their work.
Miss Rhoda Alexander, of Oconee, is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Annie Nations.
Calvin Garrett got his hand badly mashed while hauling lumber last week.
M. B. Garrett is quite sick with grip. We hope to see him out soon.
J. M. Garrett, of the Hughes section, is having lumber sawed out to erect an up-to-date dwelling house.
The farmers have got a move on them at last, and are hauling guano home in a hurry. I think they have forgotten all about the Union for they are afraid that some big man has got to make his living off of it. Well, I, for one, heartily endorse it. I have longed to see the time when the farmers could stop the speculators from gambling over their cotton. You talk about the dispensary and the bar-rooms and the card table, but this is the worst of all. Mind me, I don't hold up for these things, for if I had my way at them, the next whirl wind that comes along they would go up, or the next rain that fell they would flow to the depth of the sea. Farmer Boy.

The rural mail carriers will probably be found fighting the parcels post bill, owing to the additional labor it would entail. Think of hauling fresh eggs and butter, baskets of broilers and sundry produce from country to town. The Rural Mail Carriers' Association will doubtless break out in a new place if the bill is pressed in Congress. They are already demanding more pay for what they do and with burdens above mentioned added to their loads, there would be much more "poisonous activity" in politics.

Susan Adaline Ellis.

To undertake to speak the thoughts of friends and acquaintances as they realize their loss in the departure of a "Mother in Israel," whom they know and loved so well, is an effort fraught with solicitude, lest some may mistake the cause of our failure and attribute it to reasons altogether foreign to our environment. The reader of a newspaper meets all phases of life's "make-up" and when death draws the somber mantle and shuts out from earthly view the loved form, and stills the voice, and wakes the sweet smile that has calmed and cheered so many through years of gentle ministrations, it is the privilege of the newspaper to publicly speak the sorrows of a people whose sympathies are abundant and whose thoughts are kindled to holier occupations because of the life whose deeds are sought to be reflected in the limited sphere of a printed tribute.
Susan Adaline Ellis, nee McWhorter, was born January 16, 1827, and died February 22nd, 1905, being 75 years, one month and six days of age at the time of her death. The immediate cause of her death was paralysis. She was the daughter of John and Dorothy McWhorter, both of Scotch-Irish lineage who settled in Pickens District, near the site of the now thriving village of Liberty, and these sturdy settlers, in common with others of their loyal faith and true patriotism, contributed their part in the early development of this section, leaving their impress upon the country. The subject of this sketch was born on the place now owned by the Calumet Manufacturing Company, the house of her early childhood being near the site of this handsome manufacturing plant. By association and by teachings, her mind became imbued early with the spirit and the practice of Love taught by the Savior, and very early in life she united with the Methodist church, and to this denomination she remained faithful and true, exemplifying the living teaching of Christ and enjoying that faith which was

to her indeed "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."
While she was a loyal Methodist, she lived above the narrow limits of human creed—she was a Christian, and as such, worshipped God, serving Him, her church and her people. She was a noble, faithful wife, devoted mother, the very embodiment of patience, and a true exemplar of Christian charity. Unto her the promise is fulfilled: "Her children—yea, all the people—rise up and call her blessed." Though many years she suffered patiently the racking pain of one afflicted with rheumatism, and for a number of months prior to her death, was confined to her bed, yet she never wavered, but seemed to find more solid comfort as each day brought her more pain, but nearer to her just reward.
She leaves surviving to mourn her loss, her husband, three sons and one daughter. Eleven children were born in this union, of whom nine lived to maturity, these being Sarah Means, now deceased, Mary Gillespie, John L. Ellis now of Gainesville, Ga., Virginia Ellis, who died in 1880 about 26 years of age, Robt. J. Ellis now living in Greenville county, Laura, who died at Gainesville, Ga., in 1896, Lucy Newton, who died near Athens, Ga., in 1903, George A. Ellis, who lived with her until her death, Carrie, who died at Williamston while attending school at that place in 1890. Two died early, as infants. Her remains were laid to rest at Bethlehem Thursday evening February 23, Rev. J. P. Attoaway of the Methodist church, assisted by the Rev. D. W. Hiott of the Baptist church, conducting the funeral service in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends and relatives.
She, with her aged husband, had been living for nearly 57 years at the place of her death, the place where they started life together, a few miles to the west of Pickens.
She leaves surviving brothers and sisters as follows: Mrs. Harriet E. Alexander of Cummings, Ga., R. E. McWhorter of Carnesville, Ga., Mrs. M. A. Hollingsworth of Pickens, Mrs. J. J. Wake-

lin of Liberty, J. Alvin McWhorter of Easton, and Mrs. Laura J. Mashburn of Carnesville, Ga. Her brothers, W. Alfred McWhorter of Atlanta, and Andrew McWhorter predeceased her several years.
Examination for Appointment to Annapolis.
A competitive examination will be held at Anderson, in the court house, Saturday March 11th, 1905, beginning at 9:30 o'clock for the purpose of electing a principal and three alternates, to be named as candidates for appointment as midshipman, in the United States Naval Academy.
Applicants must be between 16 and 20 years of age; must be able to pass satisfactory physical examination; must be bona fide residents of the Third Congressional District.
The mental examination will embrace the following subjects, viz: reading, writing, spelling, punctuation and capitals, grammar, geography, history (U. S. and World), arithmetic, algebra and geometry.
A midshipman receives \$500 annually, commencing on the date of his admission.
Further information, if desired, may be had by applying to me at Washington, D. C., care of House of Representatives. Respectfully,
Wyatt Aiken.

A Milder Climate
In Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, the temperature ranges from ten to twelve months in the year, two and three crops grow in a season. Now is the time to look up a location where the land is cheap.
On February 7th and 21st and March 7th and 21st, the Cotton Belt Route will sell round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo and Memphis to points in the above named states at a rate of \$15 or one fare plus \$2, where it makes less than \$15.
One way colonist tickets February 21st March 21st at half fare plus \$2.
Write for map, time table and ask about rates to any point.
L. P. Smith, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Atlanta.

Dispensary Whiskey.

Gentlemen: I have never seen anything in print against the quality of whiskey sold by the State Dispensary. It seems the people of this State are very easily pleased along this line. I reckon it is beneath the notice of some citizens, though it is a very important matter after all.
For my part I cannot see why the State has taken the business entirely to itself, for we cannot get our money's worth, or, in plainer words, we cannot get a decent drink of whiskey, even when we do not regard the price. I, myself, have paid all kinds of prices for the stuff and have not been able to get a single bottle that tastes or smells like whiskey.
The people of this State certainly use it in many ways and will have it and are not pleased with dispensary liquor.
The State has thrown out her lines against any one dealing in it any way except through the dispensary, yet she will bottle and put out for sale to citizens the stinkiest, the worst-tasted, (and in effect, the most devilish) stuff that has ever been put before a human being by any character.
Now, what I want to bring to the people's minds is that everybody has been so disgusted at such a beverage that they have begun to order all they use from other states and will finally quit getting from the State dispensaries.
Now will you please look at this loss to the state. Has any one an idea how much is spent for this stuff in a year?
We have the water and the grain to make it as pure as any State and have got the power in our own hands. Then why not act honest, and not be lower down than the worst negro in the mountain cave?
There are plenty of people in this State who would like to make whiskey for \$1.50 per gallon that is good and pure. I cannot get it from the State at over \$1.00 per gallon that is either pure or good tasted.
I hope the people will think and get matters in better shape.
Big William.

For Coughs—Murray's Horehound, Mullein and Tar. 25c for large bottle.