

The Pickens Sentinel.

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

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO.

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SONNET.

BY ALFRED BARK LAUGHTER.
T would have been better had we never met,
For then no tantalizing memory
Of summer hours that I enjoyed with thee
Could haunt my winter days with vain regret.
May I not hope thou wilt almost forget
One person whom thou cannot quite forgive?
But in my thought thy name may ever live,
Like eve's bright star when sun of love has set.
Unto the worshippers who through the jave
Of marble through the grand cathedral aisles,
Music's sweet voice to all alike do tell
A charm for curing woe. Thus, by open grave
My folly digged for love, thy pardoning smiles,
Warm love's cold lips I kissed for death's farewell!

JONES' MISTAKE.

"Heigho!" yawned Mr. Ellicott, the real-estate agent, as he looked out of the window at two old women, a market cart, and the postman. "Times are dull—fearfully dull! Never have known 'em so stagnant since I was in the business. A list of houses to rent and for sale that would suit anybody, at prices that are absolutely scandalous, as far as cheapness is concerned, and no demand for 'em—literally none!"

And Mr. Ellicott lighted his cigar, arranged the "To Lets" a little more attractively in the window, and shook his head mournfully at the big ledger on the high desk.

But just at that instant in which he drew a sigh, indicative of the extremest despondency, a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a felt hat, an umbrella under his arm, and square-toed boots, walked into the neatly-carpeted office. The agent slipped nimbly off his chair, laid down his cigar, and assumed the business smile.

"What can I do for you?" he said, rubbing his hands, and scenting a brown-stone sale, or a red-brick exchange, at the very least.

"My name is Jones," said the stout stranger.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Jones," simpered the real-estate agent, rubbing away harder than ever.

"And I want to rent a respectable house in a pleasant neighborhood," added the gentleman. "I am sick of boarding, and I intend to take a house and go to housekeeping."

"Certainly, by all means," said the agent, beginning briskly to flutter over the leaves of his book. "We have, I am happy to say, a number of most eligible residences here, which can hardly fail to meet your requisitions."

"Give me a list," said the old gentleman.

"Certainly," said Mr. Ellicott, dipping his pen into the wooden standish. "I mean business," said Mr. Jones.

"I am glad to hear it," said the agent. And scarcely five minutes more had elapsed before the middle-aged gentleman with the alpaca umbrella and the square-toed boots was where a fat-lattered "To Let" hung conspicuously beside the door.

Miss Pamela Peppermint was just taking her hair out of crimp in the front third-story apartment as the bell sounded its hollow tocsin through the house.

"Joanna," said Miss Pamela, over the stairs, "look out of the area window and see who it is."

"It is a gentleman, ma'am," Joanna answered, in a shrill whisper, "in a superfluous broadcloth coat and a new umbrella."

"Come to answer the advertisement," said Miss Pamela, radiantly. "Show him into the parlor, Joanna, and tell him I'll be down directly."

She settled her crimps once again, pinned a petite ribbon bow in her back hair, gave her forehead a farewell dab with a powder puff, and read over for the last time the paragraph in the morning's paper as follows:

WANTED: A young lady of education and refinement as housekeeper to a gentleman. Triflers need apply to no one.

Miss Peppermint, "how surely this is a crisis in my life! I hope he is a gentleman of some position and decent ability."

She trippingly apart.

nose and a hole in your stocking—Ahem! Please to walk in, sir," to the middle-aged gentleman who appeared on the threshold, with his spectacles tipped over the bridge of his nose, and his umbrella carried, javelin-fashion, under his arm. "I have the pleasure of addressing—"

"My name is Jones," said the gentleman, brusquely. "You are the lady who—"

"Who advertised? Yes," said Miss Peppermint, with a smiling inclination of her head.

"Then I wonder at you!" enunciated Mr. Jones.

"Sir!" said Miss Peppermint. "As old as the hills," said Mr. Jones. "All out of repair. Fifty years old at the very least."

"Sir!" ejaculated the lady, more astounded than ever.

"Truth is truth," said the gentleman. "Not even decently painted."

"Painted?" gasped Miss Peppermint, instinctively remembering the pearl powder.

"Rheumatically, and full of fever and ague!" energetically added Mr. Jones. "A tumble-down old ruin!"

"Sir, you insult me!" cried the spinner, bristling up.

"Then, madam, you shouldn't obtrude your damaged wares before the public."

"I was never so abused before in my life!" faltered Miss Peppermint, wringing her hands.

"It's high time somebody spoke the truth," said Mr. Jones.

"Leave the house, sir!" said Miss Peppermint.

"And welcome," said Mr. Jones, putting his hat belligerently on the side of his head, and shouldering his umbrella like a bayonet.

"But first let me give you a little advice. The next time you have a house to let—"

"But I haven't any house to let," indignantly interposed Miss Pamela.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jones.

"And never had," added the lady, breathlessly.

"Isn't this house to let?"

"Yes, but it isn't mine, and I've nothing to do with it."

"You said you advertised."

"So I did," said Miss Pamela, with difficulty keeping back her hysterical tears. "But I wanted a position as housekeeper, and—"

The middle-aged bachelor stood aghast, the full horror of his situation gradually breaking upon him.

OLD MR. SPOOPENDYKE.

This time he misses his Prayer Book. "Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke cheerfully, "be lively. It's 10:20 o'clock, and we mustn't be late at church. Most steady?"

"Yes, dear," beamed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'm ready. Got everything?"

"I think so. Hymn book, umbrella, and—where's the prayer book? I haven't got the prayer book."

"Where did you leave it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, turning over the volumes on the table hurriedly.

"If I knew where I left it, I'd strut right to that spot and get it," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I left it with you. Where did you put it? Can't you remember what you do with things?"

"I haven't seen it since last Sunday," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, faintly. "I know," she continued; "perhaps it is at church."

"Perhaps it is," mimicked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Perhaps it got up early, took a bath and went ahead of us. Did you ever see a prayer book prowl off to church all alone? Ever see a prayer book h'ist up its skirts and strike out for the sanctuary without an escort? S'pose a prayer book knows the difference between a church and a ham sandwich? Where did you put it?"

"I mean you may have left it in the pew rack. You know you did once," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"I didn't anything of the sort. I brought it home and gave it to you. Where do you keep it? What did you do with it? S'pose I'm going to swash around through that service without knowing whether they are doing the Apostle's creed or an act of Congress? Spring around and find it, can't you? What are you looking there for? Don't you know the difference between a prayer book and the 'Wandering Jew'? Find it, can't you?"

"Never mind it, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I know all the responses, and I'll help you along."

"Oh, yes, you know 'em all. What you don't know about religion wouldn't wad a gun. All you want is a bell and a board fence to be a theological seminary. Think you can find that prayer between now and the equinoctial?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Got any idea whether you sold the measly thing for china vases or stirred it into the wheat cakes? Have I been chewing divine grace all the morning? Where's that prayer book? Going to get that prayer book before the Revelations come to pass?"

And Mr. Spoopendyke plunged around the room, tumbling books about and breathing heavily.

"I don't see the use of making such a fuss over a thing you don't really need," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke through her indignant tears.

"Oh, you don't," raved Mr. Spoopendyke. "You don't see any use in putting things where they belong, either, do you? How d'ye s'pose I'm going to keep up with religion without a prayer book? How d'ye s'pose I'm going to know when it's my turn to show what Christianity has done for me unless you can find that dod gasted book between now and the resurrection?" and Mr. Spoopendyke spun around on his heel like a top and knocked over a Parisian jar.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking at him earnestly. Then she went behind him and fished out the prayer book.

"Got it, didn't you?" he growled.

"Had it all the time, I s'pose. Where was it, anyway?"

"In your coat-tail pocket, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke jabbed the powder puff in her eyes and stalked down stairs, leaving her liege to follow.

A VERY INTERESTING PUZZLE.

In a storm at sea there was a Christian Captain on board a vessel with fifteen seamen, who chanced to meet with a Turkish vessel with the same number of seamen in her, who were in danger of being lost. The Turkish Captain most earnestly entreated the Christian Captain to take him and his men on board his vessel in order to save them from the danger to which they were exposed. The Christian Captain consented and took him and his men on board his vessel, but the storm still increasing, until their destruction seemed inevitable, it was then agreed by both Captains to place all the men on deck and cast off every ninth man, until half the men were thrown overboard, in order to save the other half. The Christian Captain performed this with such simplicity, accuracy and ingenuity that, by casting off every ninth man, he drowned all the Turks and saved his own men. The question is, how were the thirty men placed in line?

TOO PARTICULAR.

A girl may not ask a man to become her husband; but there are many ways in which she may with propriety communicate to almost any bright young man her ideas concerning him. They are not set down in the guide-books. They are not part of our written literature. They come not by rule and regulation. They are above and beyond all these, and responsible to no law. Impossible though it be to define them in words, the language of love speaks them more plainly than cornet voice. Most girls start out in life with the intention of marrying somebody, though many of them are what is called too particular. The girl who wants to marry, but is not easily suited, looks around to see what offers, and finds that this man's beard is too red, that one's eyes too blue, and the other one's ears too long. She will look a little farther. She examines all that are in the market, and concludes to look farther yet. And when, after having almost unconsciously become a flirt, and having broken the hearts of half the young men in the neighborhood, she keeps on "looking a little farther," she finds herself going down the hill on the shady side of the way, still with an indefinable longing to marry somebody, and wondering who will come along to propose to her. It would be rash to advise the young lady to accept the first marrying man who offers. It is equally rash to advise her to wait, and wait, and keep on waiting, and at last marry nobody. But, if she desires to be "settled in life," it is well not to be too particular, or too shy to give encouragement to the right man when he comes along.

DURATION OF ETERNITY.

Various illustrations have been suggested to convey to the mind some idea of illimitable duration. It has been said, suppose that one drop of ocean should be dried up every thousand years, how long would it be ere the last drop would disappear and the ocean's bed be left dry and rusty? Far onward as that would be in the coming ages, eternity would but have commenced. It has been said, suppose this vast globe upon which we tread were composed of particles of the finest sand, and that one particle should disappear at the termination of each million of years, oh, how inconceivably immense must be the period which must elapse before the last particle would be gone! And yet, eternity would be in its morning twilight. It has been said, suppose some little insect, so small as to be imperceptible to the naked eye, were to carry this world by its tiny mouthfuls to the most distant star in the heavens. Hundreds of millions of years would be required for the single journey. The insect commences on the leaf of a tree and takes its little load, so small that even the microscope cannot discover that it is gone, and sets out on its almost-endless journey. After millions and millions of years have rolled away it arrives back for its second load. Oh, what interminable ages would elapse before the whole tree would be removed! When would the forest be gone? And the globe? Even then, eternity would not have commenced.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION exists among European engineers in regard to the practicability of establishing a sea, as is now proposed, in the great Sahara, the chief problem being, it would seem, how to keep it up. It is argued that, supposing the sea to be created by means of a canal, it would lose an enormous quantity of water by evaporation every day, without the introduction of an equal volume of fresh water. The water evaporated being replaced by a supply coming through the canal, the whole body will soon reach the maximum of saturation; and thus, the evaporation still continuing, a deposit of salt will be formed, which in time must fill up the whole space of the interior sea—the salinity of the water being such that no animal life would be possible in it, and the ultimate result being simply the accumulation of an immense deposit of salt. On the other hand, the projectors of the enterprise claim that the presence of this water and its evaporation must produce copious rains, which will in a large measure return into the sea, and thus not only accomplish the object referred to, but also convert a sterile waste into a fertile country.

THE California magnates are credited with an amount of wealth which would comfortably support a small country. Mr. Charles Crocker is stated to be worth \$34,495,458; Mr. Leland Stanford, \$34,643,308, and Mrs. Mary F. S. Hopkins, \$25,280,972.

SHARP BARGAINS.

It is exceedingly aggravating to fall a victim to craft. The proprietors of a comic magazine once paid a "humorist" \$10,000 for the exclusive right to the product of his pen for twelve months, but, omitting to make any stipulation as to the minimum quantity they were to receive, they had to be content with a solitary contribution. Just such another contemptible trick was that played by Peter Pindar in making up as a man nigh unto death, thereby obtaining £300 instead of £200 a year for the copyright of his works; an annuity the hypocrite enjoyed for many a year after his verse found readers. Tired of fruitlessly demanding the settlement of an account, Horace Greeley sent it on to a Western attorney for collection, advising him he might keep half the amount for his trouble. Some time elapsed without receiving any communication, but at last came this gratifying note:

"DEAR SIR: I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim; the balance is hopeless."

Having nothing else to pocket, Horace was fain to pocket the joke, and resolved to be more cautious in his business dealings with strangers.

BARK BURSTING.

This occurs on thrifty young apple trees near the ground. It used to be thought that freezing of the abundant liquid sap occasioned this. But then it occurs as frequently before the first autumn frost as after it. The sun has been supposed to cause it, because it is oftener seen on the southerly side of the stem than on the north. But sometimes, like the tides, it occurs on both sides at once. The *College Quarterly* prints a theory of explanation given by some German observers, who have made this phenomenon a special subject of study. They say that the protoplasm in the cells of the newly-formed wood and bark is extremely hygroscopic, imbibing water and swelling like a sponge. The aggregate force of expansion of thousands of cells is sufficient, certainly, to account for the disruption. The editor adds the remark that some sorts of trees, more liable to burst in this way, seem to have an open bark which imbibes water from without readily. Some aerial influence is implicated, for we always find the injury at or just above the surface. Sudden change of temperature probably determines the actual crisis of the burst.

THE North pole, as seen by a Baltimore clairvoyant: "The pole is situated on an island, having a gradual rise from the water's edge to about the middle of it. On some parts of it appear only bare rocks; on other parts it has an abundant vegetation. About half of it, the east side, is covered with fruit trees. In some parts they grow in dense thickets; in some they grow not so close together, and have grass thickly interspersed among them. The fruit consists of oranges, lemons, bananas, coconuts and other tropical fruits. This part of the pole is inhabited by beetles, white and black ants, grasshoppers, and many other kinds of insects, all unusually large; also by many different species of the monkey tribe. On the west side of the island the vegetation is not so dense. It has many tropical fruits, but the trees are small. Among the natural products are the gooseberry, blackberry, grape, currant, raspberry, and mandrake. But it differs from the east side in having monkeys, and in having vast numbers of birds of every size and plumage. Among them are the ostrich, swan, goose, duck, quail, robin and humming bird. On both sides are many small streams."

THE Chicago *Tribune* presents the latest estimates of the grain production in this country and Europe, together with the statistics of our recent production and exports of breadstuffs. It appears at the present time that our wheat crop will amount to between 475,000,000 and 494,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop will also be very large, exceeding that of 1879. But the European harvests promise to be much better than last year, and the foreign demand for the next year isn't expected to be more than two-thirds as large as for the past twelve months, in which period the United States exported about 180,000,000 bushels of wheat and 100,000,000 bushels of corn.

THERE is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up.—*Addison*.

At court, to make advances is as dangerous as not to make them.—*La Bruyere*.

PLEASANTRIES.

"CAN tough fowl be made tender?" asks a housewife. Certainly; in many boarding-houses the boarders find the landlady tenders tough fowl.

"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

WHEN a Chicago girl comes home by rail, she opens a window and slants her ear toward it. All she has to do when she arrives is to empty her ear into the coal-bin and the family are supplied with a couple of scuttles of fuel for the winter.

A DARKY who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him; so, when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactly; but 'peared as if do shore kinder h'isted and 'trowed me'."

RAPID recital of the following sentence is said to be a certain cure for lisp: "Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs pobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs' job. 'This is,' says Nobbs, 'the worst of Hobbs' jobs,' and Snobbs sobs."

A PHYSICIAN was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people of their own complaints, and said that a young lady once asked him what his next lecture would be upon, and, being told "the circulation of the blood," replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

(By a Miserable Wretch.)
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind;
Roll on!
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of ink y air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

—W. S. Gilbert.

HE was a demure, countrified-looking man, and was remarkably awkward and shy. He had been to the restaurant once before, and the smart waiter by the name of William had palmed off a bad quarter on him. He came a second time, and, on handing over a \$5 bill, he remarked in a timid way, "Last time you gave me a bad quarter; please be more careful this time." "No danger," said the pert waiter, "that was the only one of the kind I had. 'Sorry I can't accommodate you with another,' as he shelled out the change. All the afternoon William was chuckling to himself, but the last time he smiled right heartily was later in the evening, just before he settled with the boss, when that individual chucked him a bad \$5 bill, with the humorous remark, 'I'll make you a present of that \$5, William, and take it out of your salary at the end of the week.'—*Hawk-Eye*.

A DOG STORY WORTH THE TELLING.

H. S. Lapham has owned a canary bird and a small cur dog about three years. The two pets have, in fact, known each other intimately all their lives, and they have been on uncommonly cordial terms, considering the radical difference in their respective natures. On Wednesday last the bird escaped from its cage, and very soon after the dog disappeared. When Mr. Lapham opened his front door yesterday morning there stood the dog with the truant canary in its mouth. Remarkable as it is the bird was alive, and it now occupies its old quarters, not particularly "chipper," it is true, but still in passably good health.

THE meat-canning business is growing to vast proportions in this country, especially in Chicago, which now has in operation more canning factories than the whole of the rest of the country. Prices at the factory are 20 cents a pound for cooked beef and 25 cents a pound for cooked and pressed tongues, the canned goods, of course, consisting entirely of good, nourishing food. This kind of food should be used in many more households than it is at present. In country places where the butcher's cart is seldom seen, what greater convenience can there be than that which enables the housewife at a moment's notice to place on the table the best of beef, tongue, ham, bacon, chicken or turkey.