

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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

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DECLINED AND ACCEPTED.

The editor had lighted his cigar just as the level light glimmered through his by no means immaculate "sanctum."

Karl Rubens was a tall, bright looking man of thirty years, one of those individuals whose very face and features indicate that they are born to conquer destiny.

He had been very successful through life, but it was because he had demanded success with a courageous persistency that would not be denied.

Brown haired, with careless wavy locks, drooping low upon his forehead, and dark brown eyes, verging upon black, he was not handsome, yet the eye rested with pleasure upon his face, and in his light coat, somewhat worn at the elbows, and shiny at the seams, he looked every inch the chivalrous and frank-hearted man.

The door opened softly, and a young lady rustled in.

A young lady whom he had met a score of times in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of "society," whose beauty he had worshiped afar off, and whom he unconsciously associated in his mind with diamonds, pearly silks and tulle draperies, looped up with hot house flowers.

He started up, coloring, thrusting his cigar behind a pile of "encyclopedias."

"Miss Ainslie."

"Am I interrupting you, Mr. Rubens?" she asked softly.

"Interrupting me? Not the least in the world; in fact, I feel very much honored by—please take a chair."

And Karl tipped a heap of papers off the nearest chair, and drew it eagerly forward.

Blanche Ainslie was very handsome with azure eyes, and bright chestnut brown hair, while her complexion, although rather pale, was clear as ivory, and her features were as delicate as if she had been a Greek girl in the days of the Praxiteles.

When Karl unconsciously noted these things in his mind, he was marvelling inwardly what lucky chance had procured him this visit.

Did she mean to invite him to one of the soirees of her uncle, the rich old broker, or was some surprise party on the tapis, too exclusive for the ordinary medium of cards or scented paper?

For Mr. Rubens rather flattered himself upon the entree he was beginning to gain within the enchanted portals of society.

Almost at the same moment Blanche looked up.

"You are wondering what brings me here?" she said, half smiling.

"Whatever it was, I can but thank the opportunity," Karl answered, with prompt gallantry, although he

could feel the telltale blood rising to his cheek.

"And I may as well tell you the whole truth at once," said Blanche, her voice faltering slightly, and two red spots glowing out upon her temples. "My uncle failed last week—and we are going to be very poor."

"Failed!" echoed Karl. "Surely that cannot be possible—at least—that is, I had not heard of it."

"But it is true nevertheless," Miss Ainslie said, "and all the world will know of it but too soon. And, Mr. Rubens," she added in a slow and more hesitating voice, "I can do something for my own support—either teach, play companion to an invalid lady, or earn my living in some way not unbefitting a gentleman's daughter; and I have decided to try and write for the magazines."

"Indeed!" said Karl, not knowing what else to say.

"Will you give me a chance in the columns of your paper?" she asked, with a very evident effort. "I believe I could write as good stories as some of those you publish and pay for."

Mr. Rubens was sorely puzzled what to say.

How could he tell this pretty creature sitting there before him in the halo of her youth and beauty and high social position, that she could no more hope to succeed as an authoress than a man could expect to build a house or construct a steam engine without an hours practice or experience?

Had she been a shabby, spectacled old lady, or a middle aged female, with cotton gloves and high cheek bones, it would have been easy enough.

As it was, her blue eyes shining wistfully into his seemed to paralyze the very nerves of his tongue.

"I have got a little story here," went on Blanche, producing a neatly folded packet, "which I have worked very hard upon, and—if you would kindly look at it, and give me your unprejudiced opinion—"

"Certainly," said Karl, recovering his self possession, and bowing as he took the packet.

"There are some verses too," said Blanche, reddening, "and a little essay or two. Shall I come to-morrow to get your opinion?"

"By no means," said Mr. Rubens, politely. "I will not trouble you to come down to this unfashionable locality. If you will allow me to call and see you—"

"I shall be so much obliged," said Miss Ainslie, eagerly, and Karl knew what she meant.

Blanche Ainslie went away, leaving an intangible little scent of ottar of roses behind her, and the sun dipped down behind the chimney tops, and the sanctum became dark and gloomy all at once.

"How pretty she is," Ruben thought; "but, pshaw! the idea of her writing. Poor child, how little idea she has of the life that lies before her. However, I will take the manuscripts to Di, and see what she says about 'em."

Miss Diana Rubens was a strong-minded young lady, of a certain age, who read Carlyle, translated Hebrew kept house for her brother, and did as much of the work as did the editor himself.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Diana, as her brother, over his evening's cup of tea, tossed the manuscripts toward her, and related his story. "Little Blanche Ainslie could no more write than my canary bird! But every woman thinks she's born an authoress, and nothing but personal experience will grind the idea out of them."

Then Miss Diana read the neatly written pages one by one.

"Scented with rose," said she scornfully. "Stuff and nonsense!"

"Well?" said Karl, looking up from his own writing, as Miss Diana laid

the packet down with a loud "hem!" which signified the completion of her task.

"Fiddlesticks!" was the brief yet significant reply.

Karl rubbed his nose, with the end of his pen, evidently a little disappointed.

"You think they won't do?" said he.

"Of course they won't," said Miss Di. "Dishwater and adjectives! What are the girls thinking of? An impossible love story, with the hero on stilts, and the heroine mere milk and water. Pshaw!"

"Poor child!" said Karl compassionately, but he never once thought of an appeal from his sister's decision. "And she was sure of success."

"They always are," said Miss Di. Rubens was a little provoked at his strong minded sister, but he remembered, as a palliating circumstance, that Miss Diana had never seen Blanche Ainslie.

The editor did not sleep very soundly that night.

He could not help thinking of the beautiful girl so suddenly reduced from luxury and wealth to poverty, and when at last he fell asleep, it was to dream of blue eyes, and chestnut hair braided with shifting lights of gold.

Karl had always admired the broker's pretty niece from a respectful distance.

Now it seemed as if she were fairer and more attractive than ever.

In fact, although he was not fully aware of it himself, he was hovering dangerously near the magic ground of love.

He called at Miss Ainslie's next evening with the condemned manuscripts in his pocket, and I do believe had he not stood in righteous fear of his strong minded sister, he would have told Miss Ainslie that her productions were "accepted," and secretly burned them in the sanctum fire.

As it was, it was too late for any such sly system of dealing.

Blanche was at home sitting among the splendor that was to be hers so brief a time now, and her bright upward look, as he entered, went to his very heart.

"I feel like Crookback Richard," he thought, "going to murder the innocent little princess in the Tower."

And when he told her, as gently as he could, that the stories and poetry would not pass muster, she burst into tears.

Mr. Rubens could not endure those bright, sparkling drops.

"Blanche," he faltered, "don't cry. Dear Blanche, it is not worth it."

And before they parted that evening, Blanche Ainslie had half promised to consider the possibility of accepting the editor's love, since the editor could not accept her contributions.

"The idea of supporting yourself is very ridiculous," said Karl. "It's a great deal better to let me support you."

And so Blanche Ainslie became an editor's wife, and the happiest of little matrons, and Karl keeps the lit packet that was "respectfully declined," to this day.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—In the board of alderman this afternoon a resolution was adopted declaring that greater benefit could be gained for the city by the discharge of Wm. M. Tweed from imprisonment than by his longer detention, and recommending the Attorney General and corporation counsel to release him from imprisonment, after securing to the city such property as he now possesses, and after taking means to secure his testimony as might be deemed necessary in any suits that might be brought by the city.

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Please Charge This.

These three words are of immense importance to every head of the family or any one whose duty it is to provide ways and means for food, clothing and other expenses, incident to existence. These three words are like three links in a chain, which we forge for ourselves, and every time they are repeated this chain becomes stronger and stronger, still its burden cannot longer be borne. These three words add fifty per cent. to the cost of any article we purchase, for the seller wants, and very luckily needs cash, and as he can turn his money over several times before we can liquidate his claim he charges in addition to the cash price, a profit for each time he might have used his money had we paid cash on the spot. These three words, easy and pleasantly spoken, and as pleasantly responded to, make a man the abject slave of the creditor. "He toils from early morn till dewy eve," but the accumulating interest so hampers his energies and depletes his earnings that freedom becomes a boon greatly to be desired, but scarcely expected. From January to December he labors, breaking a link of the servile chain occasionally, but two frequently adding two, and if both ends can be made to meet when the accounts are balanced, the fact is made an occasion for rejoicing. These three words should be blotted from every farmer's vocabulary. He can no afford, of all men, to pay enormous interest, nor can he allow debts to accumulate when future and uncertain gains can only be relied upon. This reliance too often proves a broken reed, and sooner or later brings humiliation and bankruptcy. These three words need never be spoken if a thorough self-denial be practiced for a year or two. Pay as you go, involves no accumulating burdens, but lightens instead the daily routine of labor. It is wonderful to note how much a family can dispense with if a rigid system of economy prevails, and determination to live within its means exist. These three words may be used as a temporary means of bridging a hard place, but their use is always extremely hazardous, and should never be used when "pay as you go" or "cash on the spot" can by any means be substituted.—Son of the soil.

JUDGE COOKE DISUNITES AND UN-UNITES.—About three weeks ago it fell to Judge Cooke's lot to perform the unpleasant duty of disuniting a married couple. The parties (who were thus dissolved from the bonds of matrimony, were ex-Trial Justice Nat Morant, of St. Andrew's, and his wife.) The terms of the order of divorce were that either party were at liberty to marry. It appeared that Nat was not long in gaining the favor of a second colored damsel, and her consent to marriage. Judge Cooke had the privilege of knowing this, too, for while on his hunting expedition in St. Andrew's Parish on Saturday, he accidentally came to Nat's domicile. Nat came out and met him, and beseeched him to favor him once more, in marrying him to Mildy Brown, his second wife. The Judge, after a little persuasive argument from Nat, consented, and with the Clerk of the Court as a witness, entered Morant's house, had the twain arranged before him, and with the solemnity of a clergyman, a gun leaning at his side and bible in hand, performed the marriage ceremony, and did for Nat what he had previously undone. The Judge and the Clerk afterwards made the two black dears happy, and continued their hunt for wild deer.

The winter is now severer in Turkey than that during which the Germans campaigned in France in 1870-71.

Honor Your Business.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling.—Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault, constantly with their particular business deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this way men fret and laboriously destroy all their comforts in the work; or they change their business, and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another till the grave or the poor house gives them a fast grasp. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart in to everything that he does. There is no profession, no business or pursuit, that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyances by changing his business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-trying necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure on the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with pleasant associations, for Heaven has given us imagination, not alone to make us poets but to enable men to beautify homely things. Heart-venish will cover up innumerable evils and defects.

Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop honest pride.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—There is in the Hebrew burial service one prayer which is not read by the officiating minister, but by the son of the deceased, or in case there be no son, by some orphan in whom the deceased was interested. At the service for the late Baroness Mayor de Rothschild, in London, this part of the service was taken by a deaf orphan boy, a pupil in an institution for the teaching of the deaf to speak. The Baroness was largely instrumental in founding two such schools.—He recited the prayer, which proclaims "the exaltation of God in that world in which He is to restore the dead to everlasting life," with a very distinct utterance. As he repeated the prayer with the mournful cadence into which it is said the deaf who are taught to speak naturally fall, this part of a service always impressive was most deeply felt in its fervent solemnity.

One of the signs of the times is the eagerness with which American boot and shoe makers are scouring all regions of the earth to build up a foreign trade in their goods. They are succeeding fairly. American styles are popular, and there is a prospect of America shooting the Japanese Empire and all South America.

The other morning a young man thought he felt a bug on his neck, and brushed away at it for five minutes before he discovered it was a chunk of chewing gum on his collar, deposited there by his girl the night previous, just before business hours.

About Fig Trees.

Colonel Thomas W. Holloway, the Secretary of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society, has received the following letter of inquiry from the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1877.

Sir: The fruit of the fig tree being an article of considerable commerce and consumption, and the soil of the Southern and Middle States well adapted to its production, this department is desirous of obtaining such information as may be in the possession of those who have cultivated the fruit in this country, even in a small way, in order, if possible, to promote this interest, and make it an industry of advantage and profit.

Answers are, therefore, respectfully requested to the following:

1. What is the best variety of the fruit grown in your State?
2. By what method are they propagated?
3. In what manner is the ground prepared for planting?
4. What management does the plant require?
5. At what age does the tree bear fruit?
6. What is the average yield of a tree in full bearing?
7. What experiments have been made in drying figs?
8. By what diseases or insects is it attacked?
9. What preventives or remedies have you for their ravages?
10. Can you give any other facts relating to the cultivation, propagation and management of the fig?

Very respectfully,

Wm. G. LeDuc, Commissioner.

Honest John Patterson.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—A special to the Evening Post from Washington to-night says there is no longer a doubt but that intimations have been made to Senator Pattersons that if he wishes to avoid a trial in South Carolina, he must resign his seat in the Senate. Patterson's son circulates the story that his father's health is so poor that he will not be able to take his seat in the Senate for several weeks. This is not true, however, as his physicians assert positively that, with proper care, he will soon be able to attend to his duties. The Senator is desirous of leaving the city for a few weeks, and his physicians do not offer any objection. Many Republicans believe that Patterson's intention is to resign on a plea of ill health and allow his seat to be filled by a Democrat.

GREAT FRESHET IN THE PEE DEE.—The Darlington Southerner of the 4th says: The freshet, commencing in the Pee Dee River last Friday, is said to be equal to what is called the "Sherman freshet" of 1865. The read beyond the bridge at Society Hill on Friday, was under water two and three feet for a distance of three miles. Since then no communication—up to yesterday—could be had with Bennettsville. The bridge across Thompson's Creek has been washed away, and a large planter just below Cheraw has lost forty head of cattle and between fifty and sixty large fat hogs. The destruction of fences must be enormous. It is doubtful if a fence is left on the river lands from Rockingham to the Pee Dee Bridge on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, a distance of sixty five miles.

In Park county, Indiana, last week, a child was born with its arms and hands turned backwards. Its parents were in despair till they reflected that the youngster would make a good detective, or District Attorney, or Custom house Inspector.