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

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO.

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Gathering India Rubber.

Having passed fully three years on the southwest coast of Africa, as trader for an English firm, I will endeavor to describe the manner in which India rubber is procured in that country, as India rubber formed the staple produce of the district where I was located.

The natives are in a very rude, uncivilized condition. They have no currency, and do all business by bartering the native products for manufactured goods. Their wealth consists chiefly in the number of slaves they possess, who fish, hunt, and keep their plantations in good order.

When rubber has to be collected, from four to ten slaves get their flint muskets in order, each carrying, in addition, a long sword-shaped knife called a machete, a number of calabashes or jars to collect the juice of the rubber vine, and a little food that has been cured in smoke, as they can find plenty of sustenance in the bush without carrying it about with them from place to place.

The vines are in some cases near to the towns, but generally the natives have to go several days' journey into the bush before they can sit down and commence business. The vine itself is of a rough, knotty nature, about as thick as a man's arm, and grows to a length of fully 200 feet. Its leaves are glossy, like those of the South American rubber tree, and a large fruit, much liked by the natives, is gathered from it. I have tasted it, and found it very palatable, being slightly acid. This vine (what its scientific name is I don't pretend to know) yields several grades of rubber, each of different commercial value, the best quality being taken from the highest part, and the poorest from the bottom.

With their knives or machetes, the natives slash the vine in several places, and put broad leaves directly underneath; the wounds for the juice to drop on, and which, being of a strong, adhesive nature, none of it gets lost. When the top part of the vine is bled, calabashes, or jars, are placed with their openings to the wounds, so that none of it may drop on the branches of the tree, and so get lost; but it is not often they trouble themselves climbing, unless the vines happen to be scarce in the vicinity. The entire day they devote to cutting the day previous, and so on. Each evening, after collecting, they put all the juice they have into several iron pots, or earthen vessels of native manufacture, and boil it; at the same time they can greatly improve the lowest quality by adding a little salt, and the more they boil the juice the better it becomes. When sufficiently boiled the water is poured off and the juice is allowed to cool, when it is fashioned according to the grade—ball, flake, mixed, or tongue—and it is ready for the market. In this way about twenty or thirty pounds a day is generally collected. It is then taken to the factory, and there exchanged for guns, cloth, rum, etc. When it is received at the factory it is carefully marked, classed, weighed, and put into casks for shipment. It contains so much water that 20 per cent. is deducted from the weight of each cask, as that is about the amount of shrinkage on the voyage. This is, however, a loss to the native, as it is deducted from him when

Put a Stop to It.

A Frenchman whose wife was about to present him with the fond appellation of "father," retired to await the happy moment, and with some friends to drink long life and a noble to the first born. The punch bowl scattered its inviting fumes most prodigally around the company, and anxiety was manifested by all, when in ran Betty Lightfoot, exclaiming:

"Joy, joy, sir! I give you joy."
"Vat is he, Betty, vat is he?"
"A fine boy, sir."
"Health to the young Marquis!" exclaimed one, and bumpers went around.

"Betty, you must drink von life to the jung Marquis."

Betty raised the glass to her lips, when in rushed the nurse:

"Joy, joy, sir, I give you joy!"
"Vat—vat—is the matter?"
"A fine girl, sir!"

"Betty," said the Frenchman, looking stern, "vat for you say no true?"

"Oh," said the nurse, "a boy first and a girl afterward."

"Vat, two—von boy—von fille?"

"Two, sir," added the dame, and helping herself to a glass, was swinging it off, when in popped another:

"Sacred!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "vat, more joy?"

"Another fine boy, sir!"

"Vat the diable—von girl—von boy—von garcon tree times! Mon Dieu!" bewailed the poor Frenchman. "By gar, it will never do. I must go and put a stop to it!"

A Desperate Threat.

A wag, having held a nice fat office for many years undisturbed, suddenly found himself called to account for some trifling discrepancies, and dismissed. In a terrific rage he left the scene of his disgrace, and, shaking his fist at the witnesses against him, exclaimed:

"This is not the end of it! The consequences be upon your own heads if this results in murder!"

He was at once arrested for threatening the life of a witness, but was released amidst shouts of laughter, when he explained, saying:

"Gentlemen, I am a regularly graduated physician. In the twenty years I have held office my profession has been sadly neglected. In consequence of present necessity I am forced to resume that profession to support myself."

It is safe to say that he did not win patients from among his audience by his frank confession, if he did get the laugh on his enemies.

THE DEAD MOON.

The moon is in a state of deceptitude, a dead world.—P. actor's Lecture.

The moon is dead—defunct—played out—So says a very learned doctor;

She looteeth well, beyond a doubt;

Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing—

For one of such deceptit age;

And on her radiant beauteous glancing,

She charms the eyes of youth and age.

And so the man upon her's perished!

He lived in doleful isolation;

Poor wretch! No wife his bosom cherished,

No children equalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the gypsies,

Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams,

She aids the steps of staggering tiples,

And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,

And stooped to kiss him in a grope,

Upon him very slyly creeping;

He was her first and early love.

But that's a very ancient story,

And was a youthful indiscretion,

Which she was in her prime glory,

Ever scandal schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon! I date upon her;

I watch her nightly in the sky;

But oh! upon my word of honor,

I'd rather she were dead than I.

MY MASTER AND I.

BY BARBARA YECHTON.

"WANTED—A Cashier. Must write a good hand, and be intelligent. Apply between ten and twelve at — Broadway."

Such was the advertisement that met my eyes as I looked anxiously over the columns of "Female Help Wanted" in the Herald. I read it over twice, then cut it out, and put the slip in my pocket book, determined to call at No. — that morning.

There were two of us, Netta and myself; she was the child of my step-mother, upon whose death she had come to live with me. Neither of us having any relatives able to help us, and very little money, times were very hard. So for the past weeks, and, indeed, ever since I came to the city, I had studied the papers daily, and done a great deal of traveling in answer to advertisements, but without any good result. However, I was not easily discouraged, and, after dispatching Netta to school, sallied forth.

No — proved to be a large retail and stationery house. "M. A. Chisholm" was the sign. There were a number of clerks about; to one I told my errand, and was conducted to the upper end of the long store, where, standing and sitting, were some six or seven females, who all looked severely at me; but, nothing daunted, I sat down and awaited my turn.

A little distance from us was an inclosed office, wherein, no doubt, was the party who was to decide the momentous question; and as each one went in and came out with flushed or disappointed faces my heart sank lower and lower, and throbbled so when my turn came that I could scarcely speak.

As the office was dark the gas was lighted; at a low, wide desk almost covered with papers and writing materials sat a gentleman. He must have heard me come in, but he did not stop writing, nor even lift his eyes; so, a low chair being near me, I quietly sat down, examining first the countenance of M. A. Chisholm (for he it was), and then the comfortably furnished office.

The gentleman was not at all good-looking; he was very dark, sallow, in fact, with very black hair and heavy mustache; the nose was too large for beauty, the mouth and chin square and determined, the forehead prominent, with creases between the heavy brows as if from constant frowning; shoulders broad and head well set on them. The *tout ensemble* that of a man who would not take thwarting kindly.

The surroundings were a pleasant red carpet, several office chairs, two desks, (one occupied), waste-paper baskets, files, &c. My survey completed, my gaze went back to Mr. Chisholm, when I was considerably disconcerted at meeting two keen brown eyes fixed coldly and calmly on me.

"Well," he said, presently, with extreme politeness (sarcasm, I called it), "I trust you admire my office?"

"Yes, sir, I do," I answered, feeling uncomfortably warm.

"Humph!" after another cool glance.

"So you would like to be my cashier? Know anything about arithmetic?"

"Yes, sir, something—not much, though," trying in vain to steady my voice.

"Write a good hand?"

"Yes, sir," wondering if my cheeks and ears could possibly burn more. "I write a distinct but not a pretty hand."

"Made up of negatives, eh?" he queried, sharply. "Are you bright and intelligent?"

"I leave that for you to judge, sir," I exclaimed, quickly, almost determined to get up and go away.

"Oh, you do! Well, if you get the position you will have to sit at that desk, take charge of the cash, and write such letters as I shall dictate to you, besides assuming a part of the correspondence yourself. Now write your name there."

With trembling fingers I wrote my name; never, it seemed to me, had I done so badly; the "M" looked weak and uncertain, while the "K" was decidedly broken-backed. My heart sank;

was that a good hand? I felt sure the next words would be my dismissal.

He looked at the miserable scrawl, then at me, with a scarcely concealed smile.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "perhaps you may suit; at any rate you may come and try. Now about salary, naming a sum which to my country ideas seemed very generous. "Enough, eh?" with a keen glance from under his heavy eyebrows. "Can you come to-morrow? Then that will do. Good-

morning. Oh! our hours are from half-past eight to six."

How I got into the street I don't remember. I was so happy to think I had at last obtained employment, and such a good salary; yet I trembled a little at the thought of my future master. He would be difficult to please, and sharp almost to rudeness, sometimes; but rather than too much politeness; that I had been warned against. I had actually gotten the situation without any "references," for there in my pocket still remained the kind letter of recommendation from our dear old clergyman at home.

The first day was a weary one to me, and the crowning misery came with the adding up of my cash; add, subtract, divide, do what I would, it would not come right; and the knowledge that Mr. Chisholm was furtively watching me did not mend matters. At last he came to the rescue, and in a few rapid strokes showed me where the mistake lay. My other duties I found to be easy; to assume a small share of the correspondence, to write letters at my master's dictation, or to copy them for him after they were written, was light work.

He was just, if sharp and strict, and gradually became very kind to me; but he was a man of moods, puzzling me a great deal at first, until I concluded not to notice the changes in his manner, but simply to try to do my duty. I could see he was not happy, though I heard he was much courted in society, and lived alone in a big, handsome house up town. Sometimes, when we were not busy, he would talk so pleasantly to me! He had traveled a great deal, and possessed good descriptive powers, and rare humor. These occasions were treats to me. Then, perhaps the very next day, he would come down, dark and stern, hardly saying a word, or, if he did, something bitter or disagreeable.

He was a queer man, this master of mine, rough, polished, considerate, sharp—each phase as strongly marked as the other. A masterful man, too much accustomed to having his own way. Still I could not help thinking of him, and talking of him a little to Netta, when we were cosy and happy in our little room.

One day I tied a black ribbon several times over my hair to keep some refractory locks in place, and in the midst of dictating a letter to me, my master said abruptly:

"That ribbon in your hair makes me think of a song my mother used to sing—something about 'Janet with golden hair and silken snood.' Do you know the words?"

I colored up and said I did.

"I like the name—Janet—Janet," he continued musing; "I shall call you so in future. I know it's not your name, but I like it—and it suits you."

Then he continued dictating without waiting for my assent.

So, after that when we were alone, and he was in a genial mood, I was "Janet," and I did not dislike the name.

Christmas Eve came. It had been long and very tiresome. Mr. Chisholm had been out nearly all day. It wanted now but a quarter to six. I had put on my cloak and hat, and was slowly drawing on my gloves, when a quick step sounded outside the office. The next moment he entered, with the brightest, happiest expression I had ever seen him wear.

"Still here, Janet?" he cried, gayly. "I hardly thought to find you. Have you no purchases to make?"

"Yes, sir, one," I replied, wishing with all my heart that I had gone ten minutes earlier. "I am going now."

I was at the door of the office when he called.

"Janet, come here."

"I have a purchase to make, sir," without removing my hand from the handle of the door. "I shall be late for dinner."

"But I want to tell you something; I came back here on purpose to tell you," he replied.

I walked slowly back and stood within a few feet of him.

"I am waiting, sir."

He laughed.

"Congratulations to me, Janet. I am going to be married."

"To be married?" I repeated, vaguely, with a horrible sinking at my heart, and conscious that my face was growing pale, with my master's keen eyes looking straight at me.

"Yes. You see I have a big house up town, handsome and comfortable, but very lonely, Janet; I've no one to bid me good-by in the morning, no one to welcome me home at night; no happy, wee wife, no merry, childish voices to cheer my heart; I am lonely, and I love a good woman—so—I am going to be married. But you have not congratulated me yet."

"I do wish you joy, sir," I managed to say with tolerable composure.

"Thank you," he responded almost gleefully. "Ah! my love is a rare one, good, pure, and lovely. Wait till you see her. I shall show her to you some day, my little clerk, and I hope you will be friends."

This was too much.

"Good-evening, sir," I exclaimed. "I must go now."

"Good-night." He walked to the office door with me, then held out his hand. "You have known me more than four months, and we have never yet shaken hands. How is that, Janet?"

"I did not know that clerks generally shook hands with their employers, sir. Good-night and Merry Christmas." And folding both hands demurely in my muff, I marched by, pretending not to see his outstretched hand.

But not one purchase to make.

most gray maul for Netta, and was soon on my way home at as rapid a pace as the slippery, snow-covered sidewalk would allow.

This pain at my heart was almost intolerable; it had been there nearly all day. I began to realize what it meant; I was an idiot, an arrant fool! A man had been simply polite, and a little kind to me, and forthwith I had been silly enough to fall in love with him. It had actually come to this; I was in love with my master, who had never spoken one word of love to me in his life, and who was going to marry another woman. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and vowed I would die rather than he should know—my foot slipped, I switched forward, then back in a vain attempt to recover my equilibrium, and settled suddenly into a heap of soft snow, while my package flew in an opposite direction. Twice I made an awkward attempt to rise, when a pair of strong arms raised me, a familiar voice saying:

"Not a comfortable time of the year for sitting out of doors."

Then, while I brushed the snow from my dress, my master picked up my parcel, and before I could object had tucked my hand under his arm, and was walking toward my boarding-house. (I wondered afterward how he knew the address.)

"Mayn't I call and see you some evening when I am lonely? I'll be very good, and I do want to come," with a wistfulness in his tone that made my heart bound.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you" had been a favorite quotation of my step-mother's; the "devil" in this case was my own heart, that was clamoring so loudly for forbidden fruit. To resist him, I answered sharply, angrily:

"No, sir, you may not come! You must find some other way of relieving your loneliness."

My master looked astonished, frowned, and then laughed.

"You need not look so cross about it, Janet. You don't look pretty when you scowl. Merry Christmas to you!" and he was gone.

Some bitter tears were shed that night, with a protest against the bitterness of life.

My one Christmas gift was a bunch of delicious hot-house flowers which had been left for me by an unknown hand, and which brightened our room and gladdened our hearts as long as they lasted.

I rather dreaded meeting Mr. Chisholm the next day; how would he act? Would he be cool and caustic, or overlook me altogether? I felt the blood rush to my face as I heard his step. He carelessly returned my salutation, and immediately became interested in his letters. Evidently he was angry.

Later in the afternoon, Mr. Jarvis ushered two ladies into the office. One was young and very lovely. Mr. Chisholm greeted them with *empressment*.

"The youngest one is Miss Raymond," whispered the head clerk, flitting among my papers, "the lady Mr. Chisholm is to marry."

"Indeed!" I answered, bending over my work. "Is it settled?"

"Oh, yes!" was the low reply. "I hear they are to be married in March."

She was a brilliant-looking woman, but I thought, had I been in her place, I would never have shown Mr. Chisholm my preference so lavishly before strangers, or been content with such mocking homage as he rendered. His crosscast manner pleased me more; this was too light and free to suit me, but Miss Raymond appeared well satisfied, flashing bright glances, and tossing her queenly head in a manner that might have bewildered a stronger man than my master.

Some grand ball was to take place within a week, and she wanted him to meet her there. At first he appeared unwilling, then he allowed himself to be coaxed into consent. I saw her slip her hand into his in her thanks, then, amid gay speeches and merry laughter, he escorted them to their carriage.

"Well, Janet," said Mr. Chisholm, a little later, with a sudden change of manner, "what do you think of Miss Raymond?"

"I think she is very lovely, sir," I answered, quietly, "and must congratulate you on your future happiness."

He arched his heavy eyebrows comically.

"Won't she make my home happy?" he cried. "Won't she be a patient Griselda? She'll never give a thought to other men's admiration after the knot is tied—no, not she! And she'll look well at the head of my table; these large women make a much better appearance than small ones do."

"Please do not speak so; I wish you wouldn't. Indeed it is not honorable," I broke in.

He walked over to my desk, looked at me with a queer expression.

"Oh, pray continue! By all means show me my duty to my future wife, *see* Miss Helen Raymond! Janet, you certainly missed your vocation; you should have gone in for the pulpit or the platform; those demure eyes would surely have gained you many a convert. Now, by way of a reward for your defence of the absent, let me tell you that her parting advice was to get rid of you as soon as possible—a man would be so much more useful." Suddenly laying his hand over mine, pen and all, "What do you know about how much in earnest I could be? There—don't be prudish—I shan't hurt you! Then, abruptly walking away, "Bah! you women make grand mistakes sometimes, in spite of your vaunted intuition. I could swear I love my future wife with my whole heart—and must positively be paid by the 15th of the month."

I lifted my head in amazement at the sudden change in his voice. Mr. Jarvis stood in the doorway.

For all Mr. Chisholm's assertions I would not have changed places with Miss Raymond; better be his clerk and be treated respectfully, than be his wife and be sneered at.

After this he was away from the office a great deal, and when in it was full of plans for the future. I was a good deal puzzled by his manner; sometimes he assured me of his love for his future wife, and expressed great hopes for his happiness, then again, would sneer at her frivolousness, being gloomy and sarcastic; still he was uniformly kind to me, and I felt sorry to see him so tossed about by inward hopes and fears.

One night as I was getting ready to go home he said abruptly:

"My wedding day is drawing near; will you come to the church to see me married, Janet?"

"No, sir," I answered, "I think not; you know holidays are rare, and if I have one on that day no doubt I shall find plenty to do at home, and you will be married just as happily without my presence."

"No, I won't!" he cried vehemently. "Promise you'll come, promise, Janet, or I declare I'll keep you here till you do."

His face was flushed; the hand that barred my way actually trembled. I was astonished, but not afraid.

"If you really wish me to come, of course I will do so," I said, smiling at his earnestness.

"Thank you, I do. Good night, Janet: you are a good little girl; the bride shall send you an extra large slice of wedding cake." And this extraordinary man bowed me out with a smile.

The next day was Sunday. Netta and I were enjoying sweet, pure Farrar, when our small servant made the unprecedented announcement:

"A gentleman for you, miss, waiting in the hall."

Much surprised, I went down. At the foot of the stairs stood my master, hat in hand, looking sallow, gloomy and cross.

"Will you do something for me?" he began, abruptly, without even offering his hand. "Put on your things and come to the Park with me. Don't be prudish; let Miss Raymond go to the deacons' (only it was a stronger word) 'for to-day, and come help me get rid of the gloomy thoughts that have been pestering me all day. Come, Janet, I want you. If you refuse, I'll just sit down here on this step and stay the rest of the afternoon, and I think," grimly, "entertaining me out of doors will be the easiest."

He was fully capable of keeping his word; he looked ill and unhappy. I suddenly resolved I would go with him; I was not, could not be, afraid of him, my love was too thorough for that, and I might win him to a better mood; but I also resolved, with a swift consciousness of my own weakness, that it should be the first and last time. After all, it would be better for me when Mr. Chisholm was married.

By the time we reached the Park he was more amiable. Sitting on the platform of the tower, we two alone, he told me the story of his life. His father died suddenly while Miles was at college, preparing to graduate; he had been recalled to a darkened home, to find, when affairs were settled up, that the business was in a very bad condition. College was given up, and he devoted all his energies to paying off his father's debts, and keeping his delicate mother and sister in as luxurious style as before the failure. It had taken the best part of his life, and, just as fortune really came within his grasp, death claimed his dear ones, and he was left alone. His experience of life and people had not inspired a very great trust in his fellow beings.

I pried him with all my heart; tears were in my eyes when he held out both hands with wistful eyes and said, earnestly:

"Once more life begins to look bright. I am being educated in goodness and purity; you are doing it, my little Janet, with your sturdy honesty and simple, pure womanliness. Oh, child, you can never know the world of good you have done me, the new light and life that has come to me with your dear presence! With you I am good, my evil temper is exorcised. I want you—I want you for my own wife! Don't send me away! It will be a sorry day for your master, my darling, if you refuse to marry him."

"But Miss Raymond," I gasped, shrinking from him. "You are engaged to her."

"I am not—I never was," he broke in, eagerly. "Miss Raymond is nothing to me. Did you think I could marry such a woman, Janet, with you before my eyes? I have never made love to her; she knows I would never marry her. I have no faith in women outside of you, and you would not blame me, my darling, if you knew all my life. Like Diogenes I doubted if there were an honest man or woman in the world until I met you. I have been a bad man, too, and my heart fails me that such a pure little dove will never nestle in my bosom; but, please God, if you will come to me, I will strive to be worthy of your precious love. Richard Steele says 'a good wife is a liberal education.' Be my education. This is my birthday, be my birthday gift, Janet. Are you still thinking of Miss Raymond? I swear she is not and never has been anything to me; don't make me suffer for the lies report has circulated. I said what I did to try you. Oh, my love, answer me! I am not used to begging."

What need to keep him waiting? I loved him with my whole heart, and it was a very happy little woman who put two hands in his, and a very beaming face that was hidden on his shoulder.

The mystery was explained. I, not Miss Raymond, was to be Mr. Chisholm's wife.

These events happened nearly five years ago, and in all the time that has passed since then I have never once regretted the birthday present I made my master. Netta's at school. On my husband's knee sits a small Miles Chisholm, who is the delight of both our hearts.

Miles senior is still eccentric, but there is perfect sympathy between us; our love has strengthened with each year. And I am truly thankful to the Great Giver who has "cast my lines in such pleasant places."

Putnam and Longfellow.

"When we were at Putnam," the man on the woodbox said, "do you know we forgot to go and see the den where Putnam killed the wolf?"

"Well," the fat passenger said, "I have been there, and I don't take much stock in that wolf business. I tried to crawl into the den. I could lie down on my face and put my head in, but as for going clear inside, why, Putnam could not have squeezed in. It is—"

"But," said the tall, thin passenger, "you must remember that Putnam was only a man—" he paused and repeated, timidly, "he was only a man—"

"Yes," snarled the fat passenger, "he was a man, but he wasn't a snake."

The tall, thin passenger replied that he only meant to suggest that a man could go where a cow couldn't.

The fat passenger said, "Yes, he knew that, but any man who would crawl through a crack in the sidewalk after a lost nickel wasn't exactly the kind of a man to tackle a wolf in the dark."

The tall, thin passenger began to say something about a wolf being perfectly safe in the Mammoth cave, if some men were trying to get in after it, but the train reached Boston just then, and that dangerous discussion was abruptly closed.

Next day, when we were running out of Boston, we passed through Allston, and lo! the biggest sign in all the town looked upon us from above the windows of a grocery store: "Henry W. Longfellow, fine groceries."

"I always did wonder," remarked the sad passenger, "if Longfellow made all his money out of poetry?"

"I wonder," said the cross passenger, "if he stanzas high as he does as a poet?"

"If you could have crowded a few more asses in there," said the passenger with the goatee, "you might have started a Government corral."

"Four asses is a mighty