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A SWEET HOME.

Like the magical city of old,
 'Twas built in a single night;
 For the builder was busy and bold,
 And worked with all her might.
 She worked as fast as she ever could,
 But she used not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
 From the base to the topmost dome;
 She used not wood, nor stone, nor brick;
 But the floor was warm and the walls were thick;
 O what a queer little home!
 She entered her own estate
 With no regard for the laws;
 She made herself a gate;
 Her teeth were the knives and saws.
 Right in my way her dwelling stood;
 It was not built upon clay or mud,
 Nor on rock, nor sand, nor loam;
 But she made it within a crystal wall—
 A quaint and curious home.
 In the light of the morning sun
 The work of the night I see;
 For now the building is done,
 But the builder, where is she?
 I found her not, but I know her name—
 'Tis Mistress Mouse, that meddling dame
 Who pouteth by night to roost.
 Into my pantry she gazed a hole,
 And built her house in my sugar bowl?
 Ah, what a sweet, sweet home!

LAGGARD LOVERS, or AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Anna Browne was forty and an heiress, and it seemed very strange that she had never married. Those who knew her as a girl remembered that she had once been in love with Tom Gaines, but her father had sent him about his business, and he had not been heard of since.
 One day she heard a noise in the lower part of the house, and hastening downstairs, found a half-crazy man who lived in the North end had been run over, and they had to bring him in there.
 She was a little angry at first, until she heard the poor fellow was badly injured, when she set about doing all she could to help him.
 She found the patient was a man dressed in shabby, coarse clothes, with a rough gray beard half covering his pallid face.
 His head was badly cut and bleeding profusely. By the side of the bed stood her father's old physician. "Ah!" said the doctor, looking up, "can I ask you, Miss Anna, to wipe the blood away! The poor fellow has had his rib crushed on one side."
 And then Anna ceased to follow the words that described the injury. She had washed away the blood and made a discovery that drove every vestige of color from her face, and seemed for a moment to choke her. The doctor was not surprised at the pallor of the face she presently turned to him, for it was a sickening sight and task for unaccustomed eyes and hands.
 "Is he much hurt?" she whispered.
 "Yes, probably fatally. Dangerously at the best, and moving him is a great risk."
 "Even to move him to a bedroom upstairs?"
 "Oh, no. That could be done, but the jolting of a cart from here to the hospital would be bad."
 "If I get a room ready upstairs can he be carried up?"
 "Yes—and the sooner the better."
 Barnesville had food for gossip then. Miss Browne, who took no interest in charity or good works beyond contributions of money, had taken a beggar into her house, a man who lived in the shabbiest house in the town's poorest locality, and was supposed to be half-starved. More the servants told the wondering listeners. The man was in the best spare room; the man had a nurse from the hospital to attend him; the man had every delicacy that could be prepared for him; Miss Anna herself was in the room all day, waiting upon the invalid while the nurse rested after night watching; Miss Anna herself took the doctor's orders and saw that they were faithfully carried out.
 And some of the servants, half-whispering, told a still more marvellous tale—that Miss Anna never spoke a cross word, never lost her temper. In the fair face there had crept slowly back the womanly sweetness it had lost; into the

musical voice there came more the softly modulated tones of tenderness it had dropped when Mr. Browne died.
 But neither servants nor gossip heard what passed one day when the doctor had said the invalid needed "only" care now; he can do without me." The nurse had dressed him in a softly quilted dressing gown, with embroidered slippers on his feet. He was shaved, and the long gray hair cut to a becoming length, and his hands, idly folded, were white and thin, not the hands of a workman. The nurse had gone home for an hour or two, and the invalid was alone, until the door opened softly, and a woman came in—a woman who seemed to have dropped ten years from her age in the last two months. She crossed the room quickly, and her lips touched the invalid's pale cheek, softly, tenderly.
 "You look so well to-day, Tom," she said, a tender joy in every word.
 "Yes, I shall soon be well," he answered, regretfully, "and must leave you."
 "You shall never leave me," was the quick reply. "I have found you and you are mine."
 "But, Anna, consider; I have failed in everything. I have tried and tried, traveling from city to city, poorer each year, not daring even to write to you. I have nothing, not even two pairs of shoes. How can I live on your bounty?"
 "That we will find out," she answered, cheerily; "but I shall never let you go, Tom."
 And she kept her word. Barnesville made a romance and accepted it as truth, that the man who was supposed to be half-witted was a great genius, and had boards of money stowed away. There were several variations of the story, and some of the older people did remember that "Anna had a beau years ago named Tom Gaines, who went away to make his fortune."
 But Mr. and Mrs. Gaines let gossip run as it would. Little they heeded it in the new, full life upon which they entered. For, in their happiness, Anna's heart expanded to embrace all humanity. Because one deed of charity being thrust upon her had brought such rich reward, she filled her life with charity, rousing her husband from visionary dreams to active benevolence.
 He had long before abandoned all hope of seeing his inventions perfected and tested, and when money was at his command he found that long brooding over his plans had destroyed their unity. He could no longer perfect even the models.
 And so he gave them up and joined Anna in devoting the wealth they could scarcely spend on themselves to good works, to gentle charity.
Homesick.
 The sensation of homesickness has been variously described, but never more graphically than by a little girl, who, miles away from home and mamma, sat, heavy eyed and silent, at a hotel table.
 "Aren't you hungry, dear?" asked her aunt, with whom she was traveling.
 "No'm."
 "Does your head ache?"
 "No'm."
 "What is the matter?"
 The child's lips quivered, and she said, in a tone to grieve the heart: "I'm so seasick for home!"
Youth's Companion.
The Chicago School.
 "What is the matter, Nelly?"
 "Nothing, ma, except—"
 "Except what, Nelly?"
 "Except that we've got a new teacher, and she's just as uppish and insulting."
 "Who is she?"
 "Priscilla Ryan, from Boston."
 "What did she do?"
 "Oh, she took us out of our A B C's, and begun some funny business right off, such as 'How many feet make a yard? Three.' And she made us say it, too. I knew it was a slur about Chicago feet. The idea of our yard being only big

enough to hold three feet!"—[San Francisco Wasp.]
The Speed of Ships.
 Progress in naval construction has again been signally illustrated by the remarkable trip of the steamship City of Paris across the ocean. She eclipsed the best previous record by two hours and forty-eight minutes, making the distance between Queenstown and Sandy Hook within the limits of six days. A few years ago it was deemed a marvel for a steamship to cross the ocean in seven days, and the slipping off so soon of one-seventh of the time shows the strides which naval science has made of late.
 It is a question for experts how near the speed limit has been attained; and with the present resources of power which can be made available, the skilled naval architect can tell what is both possible and practicable. Possibly the City of Paris, the City of New York, one or two of the former record breakers which have not experienced conditions favorable to the attainment of the highest speed throughout a voyage, and the great steamships which are now building with an especial view to both speed and safety, may one or all, under favorable circumstances, equal or surpass the record which now stands at the head, and this is expected of some of them. After a certain point any decided increase in speed is not attainable except at a cost which would deter the effort were it not for the great desire of several steamship companies to enjoy the distinction of having the fastest vessel. This rivalry will lead to the construction of vessel after vessel, almost regardless of cost, until naval constructors will be forced to admit that nothing more can be done. That admission will not be made until there is no point in the machinery or design of a vessel—having regard to the uses to which it was to be put—in which improvement can be made. Then who knows but just at this point, when it will be thought that the limit of the attainable has been reached, the science of steam navigation may not be revolutionized by some wonderful discovery which will set a mark, from which thereafter progress will be measured?—[Detroit Free Press.]
Notes.
 Never mix wood ashes with manure of any kind, but apply it to the land separate and alone.
 If your fruit crates are getting old and looking dirty and rusty, paint them with some bright colored paint at once.
 Be careful in setting strawberry plants not to plant the roots in a bunch, but spread them out fan shaped and all will grow.
 Don't pile manure up around the bodies of your old fruit trees, but scatter it over the surface as far out as limbs extend.
 Poor, light sandy soil will produce the earliest fruit and old strawberry beds will ripen the same kind earlier than young beds.
 If you have a first class seedling of a peach, pear or apple, sow pits or seeds from it, and as a rule you will get fruit the same or similar.
 Whitewash the fruit trees, getting it well in the crotches with lime. Whitewash the limbs as far up as it can be done, as well as the bodies.
 Plough among the raspberries at once, throwing furrows up to them, and then run through with the cultivators up to nearly time of ripening fruit.
 It is said that rags saturated with kerosene and fastened in a split stick that has been driven into the squash, melon and cucumber hills, will keep bugs off.
 As soon as catpillar nests begin to show, take a long stick and with a spool of gas tar pass among the trees, dipping the end of stick in the tar and twist it around a few times in each nest. Follow this up two or three times and the worms will be destroyed and trees saved.

Wonderful Use of Paper.
 There does not appear to be any limit to the use to which paper will be devoted in the future. Houses are constructed of this material, and car wheels, boxes, tubs, plates, boats, cars, and other goods are made of it. Last among the discoveries is its preparation in the form of and purpose of being used for window glass. The process of preparation is said to be as follows:
 "A window pane is made of whirpaper, manufactured from cotton or linen, and modified by chemical action. Afterward the paper is immersed in a preparation of camphor and alcohol, which makes it like parchment. From this point it can be molded into remarkably tough sheets, entirely transparent, and can be shaded with almost the whole of the aniline colors, the result being a transparent sheet, showing far more vivid hues than the best glass."
 Nothing is said about the cost, but if a sheet as transparent as glass can be made at the same cost from paper it will possess a quality which glass does not, toughness. In Worcester, Mass., a portable house to be used by the Harvard college astronomical party in their South American expedition has been on exhibition. The building is constructed of heavy paper and canvas sheets, being stretched upon a frame of pine scantling three-quarters of an inch wide and half an inch thick. It is built in small sections, so that it can be easily and cheaply transported.
 The building is eighteen by twenty-two feet, with eight-foot posts, and covered with a third of an inch, thus elevating the centre of the roof about fourteen feet above the floor. The top is surmounted by a handsome galvanized iron cupola, in the centre of which is a large pipe which can be used as a stove funnel in cold weather. The building is divided into three rooms, and lighted by six large windows. It is to be taken down and transported to Peru as soon as the necessary arrangements can be perfected with the Peruvian government to pass through the custom house, in bond.
 This is the largest paper house ever constructed in the United States, and probably in the world. It is regarded as a revelation by all who have viewed it.

Woman's Progress.
 In Washington's time women had scarcely any rights or opportunities out of the domestic circle. A married woman was a legal nonentity. The husband was the legal guardian of the wife, or rather he possessed all the rights of both. In law the twin were one, and that one was the husband.
 To-day a wife is in many respects a distinct, independent being in law. She may acquire, hold, convey and will property. She may engage in business, carry on trade, make contracts. She may sue and be sued, enforce her rights and defend them.
 Both married and unmarried women have acquired political rights. In certain Territories a suffrage equal to that enjoyed by men has been conferred on them. In some States they may vote for certain officers and hold certain offices. Everywhere there is growing tendency to enlarge the political rights of married women.
 Still more striking has been the opening of a vast and varied sphere for the occupation of women. In literature they have come to the front in large numbers. In trade and industries countless thousands are employed. They are found in office and store, in shop and factory. A large proportion of the sex have ceased to be dependents. They have become wage earners and self-supporters. They are respected and honored for battling with the necessities of life and earning their own livelihood.
 And this vast army of employed women and girls are destined to increase with every coming year.—[N. Y. World.]

Shyness.
 A shy disposition is a misfortune to its possessor. It causes him to shrink from meeting others, and when he can not help meeting them, it makes him stiff in manner and awkward in speech.
 Archbishop Whately was very shy in his early life. His friends counselled him to imitate the example of polite men. He tried, but the effort made him think so much of himself that he became more shy than ever. After a time he said to himself, "I am, and perhaps I must continue to be, as awkward as a bear. Well, I will try and not think much about it, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured."
 Acting on this resolve, he says, "I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also those faults of manner which shyness produces, and acquired an easy and natural manner."
 In saying this, the Archbishop told the secret by which all shy people may conquer their shyness, at least in part. It is, forget yourself. Self-forgetfulness is the cure for shyness.—[Our Youth.]
Plenty Left Over.
 In a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. The occasion was his first appearance, and he took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude." He said: "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes." An old Irishman said: "That's no miracle; begorra I could do that myself," which the priest overheard.
 The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time. He said: "And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second or two and then leaned well over the pulpit and said: "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"
 Mr. Murphy replied: "And sure, your reverence, I could."
 "And how could you do it, Mr. Murphy?" said the priest.
 "And sure, your reverence, I could do with what was left over from last Sunday."

He Hedged Just in Time.
 In a family residing at the south end is a bright little one who is the life of the house. Whenever any one in the household does a thing which does not please him he retorts: "I don't love you," he had said to his fond grandmother and his father said: "If you ever speak to your grandmother again that way I shall be obliged to punish you." A few nights later the watchful grandmother removed from the boy's plate something which she did not think he could eat. He blurted out: "I don't love you, grandma." His father glanced at him from across the table as much as to say: "I'll settle with you after supper, young man," and the little fellow added, "as much as I love Jesus." Then he explained himself in saying: "Of course, I don't love any of you as much as I do Jesus." It is needless to say that he was not punished.
In an Arkansas Hotel.
 "I desire to retire," said a Boston guest to the proprietor of a hotel in Arkansas.
 "You wish?" asked the dazed man.
 "I desire to retire."
 "You what?"
 "I desire to retire."
 "Well—I'll be darned if I believe we've got it in the house mister."
 "Got what?" said the amazed guest: "I didn't ask for anything."
 "It is strange you cannot understand plain English. I simply said I desire to retire. That is, I wish to go to my room."
 "Oh—aw—oh! That's hit! You want to turn in, eh? Why'n't you say so? We don't know nothing, 'bout des'ring to retire here in Arkansas. We just put off to bed."
 And when he came down stairs he said to his wife: "If that's the way they talk in Boston, it ain't no wonder there's so many fools there."

A Pleasant Story About The Kaiser.

Stories of the German Emperor are always abundant, often uncomplimentary and not infrequently apocryphal. Here is one which seems to have rather better credentials than usual. One day, it runs, he invited a young lieutenant, who is an excellent zither player, to dinner. The imperial family dined at 2 o'clock, and after dinner the officer gave a little concert on the zither to their majesties. Toward 4 o'clock he asked permission to retire. "Why so soon?" graciously asked the emperor. "Sire," replied the lieutenant, "I return to my garret to-morrow, and I have promised my sister to come and say good-bye this afternoon at her pensioner." "You are a good brother," but before you go you must take coffee with us." Twenty minutes later the lieutenant went with his sovereign into the drawing room, when who should he see but his sister sitting next to the empress and surrounded by three or four little princes. Like a good German housewife the empress herself poured out the coffee for her visitors. The conversation, varied by music, was prolonged till the evening, when the emperor said to the two young people that he would like to keep them to supper; offering his arm to the girl, the emperor led the way into the dining room, while the empress followed with the brother. It was a very simple meal which was placed before them, consisting of a dish of vegetables and a piece of roast meat. But it appeared that it was rather more elaborate than usual, for the amiable empress said laughingly, "You must not think that we have always such luxurious suppers. It is only when we have visitors that we are so grand."—[Berlin Letter.]

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Bosch's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it: "the benefactor of any home."

Nothing Too Good.

Editor, to gentleman just arrived.—"We don't want any poetry."
 "Gentleman—No?"
 "Nor prose."
 "No?"
 "Nor blank verse."
 "How would a 82 bill suit you for a year's subscription in advance?"
 "Way, my dear sir, why didn't you say so at first?"
 (To office boy)—"James, give this gentleman a couple of chairs and the floor to spit on."

The Women Praise B. B. B.

The suffering of women, certainly awakens the sympathy of the true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Bosch's Blood Balm). Sent to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proofs.
 H. L. Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles B. B. B. cured my wife of scrofula."
 Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zalaba, Fla., "I have never used anything to equal B. B. B."
 Mrs. C. H. Gay, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "Not a day for 15 years was I free from headache. B. B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like another person."
 James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ga., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."
 Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism, caused by kidney trouble and indigestion. I was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me to once, although several other medicines had failed."
 Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkston, Ark., writes: "My wife suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says the cure is nothing like B. B. B., as it quickly gave her relief."