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NED'S TRIAL.

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Mr. Adams went into the Mil-ville Academy just as the first class in Algebra was gathered around Mr. Leedom's desk to hear a new rule explained. He often came in to sit awhile on the platform listening to the recitations and watching the young faces; but this afternoon he had a special errand which he hastened to disclose at the end of Mr. Leedom's explanation.

"Do you see this, boys and girls?" Holding up a ten dollar gold piece. "I am going to give it to the one in this class who gets the highest marks for Algebra from now until the day you close for the Christmas holidays. That's just a month, isn't it, Mr. Leedom?"

Such a clapping of hands followed this brief speech that Mr. Leedom's announcement that school was dismissed, was unheeded for once. Then with whoop and shout the boys tumbled over each other in their haste to be off, while the Algebra class clustered around Mr. Adams and Mr. Leedom to ask questions about the prize. Their curiosity satisfied, they finally moved in a body to the door, to find that, forgetful of time, they had lingered until the short winter days was almost gone—the early evening closing about them.

"Oh," said pretty Julia Anders, "how dark it is! And every one who goes my way is gone! I declare, I am afraid to start out alone."

"I'll go with you," and "I," and "I," said many voices, while a young lad stepped forward, saying, "I go your way, Julia, I'll go home with you."

"You Ned! Now, Julia," said a tall, well-dressed fellow, "you don't like patchwork, do you? It's out of style."

A burst of laughter followed this cruel allusion to the first boy's patched coat.

"What do you mean, Philip?" Ned said, flushing, and clenching his fists.

"Mean! Why I mean you are a disgrace to the school, with your old clothes! I don't know what Mr. Leedom means though when he lets such a rag bag come to the Academy."

Ned sprang at Philip with all his strength, and for a few moments the two closed in a struggle, while the girls hid their faces and the boys gathered in a ring around the combatants. It was only for a few minutes, however. Ned was no match for the robust Philip, and was soon flung to one side, against the wall.

"There," said Philip, "let that be a lesson to you, charity pupil, to keep your hands off. Next time it won't be such an easy one, but I'm not coward enough to beat a fellow smaller than myself."

"Not a coward!" shrieked Ned, trembling with passion, "you would not dare say such things to a fellow who could whip you!"

But Philip had already turned and followed by his admiring, thoughtless schoolmates, and was out of hearing.

Ned began to collect his scattered books, with such bitter feeling in his sore heart, that he quite forgot the ills and aches of his body.

"for your hand is bleeding. There! that's fixed—now let me bind up the hand," and with soothing words of sympathy she calmed his agitation and coaxed him to talk quietly as they walked homeward through the deepening twilight.

"I have heard you say Ned, that you had to go to Mr. Leedom's, why do you?"

"Because Mr. Leedom was my father's friend and promised to prepare me to obtain a scholarship in College, where I am to go at all hazards. Now that father is dead, mother pinches and saves to follow out his wishes, and it would break her heart to have me give up his plans for me. So here am I, who ought to be earning my living, bound to school, and for a long time, and since mother won't bear of my going to work, I come here among these young swells, looking like a pauper. Yes Marion, it's true, I am a sort of a patchwork arrangement."

"I know," said sympathetic Marion, "your clothes are patched, but then no one could be more beautifully neat and clean than you are."

"Oh, yes, mother always does all she can. She has no idea of the treatment I receive, else I do believe, she would let me leave school, but I never mean to tell her. It would just kill her to give up father's plans. But I'll pay Philip back! I'll be even with him yet!"

"Ned don't feel that way. You know we should forgive our enemies and do good to them that despitefully use us."

"That's all nonsense! It is now-a-days at least. What would you think of me if I did not hate Philip? When he insults me, am I to tell him to go on, I like it, and then try to do him favors? Nonsense!"

"No, Ned not that, I used to puzzle over that verse too, but finally it seemed to me that it means we are to do good if we can—if we have a chance—and not think about 'paying back,' or 'getting even.'"

"That's well enough for you, Marion, you're a girl, but suppose a boy undertook to turn his other cheek every time he was struck on one, why, in a little while he would be beaten into a jelly and have no cheek at all!"

Marion laughed. "Perhaps so, but still I think you can feel forgiving, and then if you have the chance you can do the good—even boys can do that. So don't take any notice of Philip. But here I am at home. Good night."

Ned held the gate open for her to pass, and then stood looking after her little figure, with a heart full of gratitude. How much easier her sympathy had made his pain—she did not mind his old clothes, and her clear little head was not one whit turned by Philip's pretensions. But what nonsense it was to ask him to forgive Philip! Never, never! He had borne enough—this was the end of it. He would never forgive, nor forget this day's insults.

The next day, he was successful in avoiding Philip, as he had determined to do.

Every one wanted the Algebra prize; but had vowed that it should be his, and, feeling somewhat afraid of his rivals, spent every spare moment in pouring over rules and problems.

Time flew rapidly, and one by one the members of the class dropped from the ranks of the competitors, until just a week before the day appointed only three were left—Philip, Ned, and John Roberts. In breathless interest the whole school watched the trio, keeping count of the marks, and betting first on one and then on another. Even Mr. Leedom caught the enthusiasm, and looked half sorry, half relieved, when on the last day but one, Jno. Roberts in multiplying said 6x4=20 and carrying this error all through his work, made a hopeless tangle of his example.

"Now Philip and Ned," he said, "the contest is between you two. Your marks are exactly equal, and so as a last test I will give you each five examples to do at home. You must not ask any help of course. To-morrow will decide."

The problems were written out and the papers handed to the boys just as they started, and Ned observed that Philip put his paper into a small blue portfolio, in which it was his habit to carry his pencils, exercises and various articles he considered too precious to trust to his books or pockets.

As soon as Ned reached home he sat immediately down to his Algebra. Four examples were plodded through worked to the end and proved; but the fifth refused to bring any logical result. Time after time Ned cleaned off his slate and began anew, but all in vain. Something was wrong; either he had forgotten part of the rule or else Mr. Leedom had not stated the problem correctly. In his despair he suddenly flung his books aside, and hiding his face on his arms, burst into tears.

"Why Ned?" said his mother, glancing up from her work, "what in the world is the matter? I see, you are completely tired out."

"No, no, mother, but something is wrong about this example—I can not do it and I have tried for two hours. Now Philip Garret is sure of the prize; oh! how I hate him!"

"Hush, hush, my son," said Mrs. Pearce, frightened by the boy's tone and face.

"I do mother. He has everything. He is rich and smart—not one of the fellows but will do his bidding, ay! and the girls too—except little Marion Davis. But that's not why I hate him."

"No I should hope not, but why is it?"

"Oh mother, I never meant to tell you. Oh! I can't express it, but—I feel he is such a coward, and I am not strong enough to thrash him. Now he will get the prize; he who has everything—to whom \$10 is nothing, and I intended to get you a new cloak with it!"

"Come Ned," said Mrs. Pearce firmly but kindly, "I am going to send you out for a run. You have worked too hard and not played enough lately, go out now. See! Here is Miss Jackson's dress just finished, you carry it home there's a good fellow, and then take a walk. When you come back and get your supper, you will be able to conquer many things which now seem over-powering." She thrust his cap on his head, the bundle into his arms and pushed him to the door. He went reluctantly enough, with his mind still occupied with "exponents" and "powers," striving in vain to recall some idea by which the stubborn problem might be solved. But he was only a boy, and by the time he had delivered the bundle he was yielding to the unconscious influence of air and exercise.

Trotting along, his ear was caught by the sound of boyish voices at the pond, and his first impulse was to cross the field and join his schoolmates, but the next moment he heard Philip's voice and laugh, clear and high above all others, so he turned hastily into a by-path, which as it happened, led past the school house. Glancing down, idly, he saw before him—just where he had almost put his foot on it—a small blue portfolio. It seemed strangely familiar, as he stooped to pick it up and it flashed across him that it was Philip's, that he had last seen it in Philip's hands, when he put the Algebra questions into it. His breath came quick and fast, as he guessed that Philip had lost it on his way home, and that in it was the paper on which hung all his chances for the prize. Half mechanically he opened it, yes, there was the name, "Philip Garret," written, printed, scribbled, in every style, and exposed to view was Mr. Leedom's neatly written paper of Algebraic problems. Ned closed the portfolio with a wild feeling of exultation. "Here is your chance," something seemed to say. Philip has lost his paper, he cannot do his examples and the prize is yours."

"But," said Reason, "Mr. Leedom will give him another trial."

"No, he will not, he hates carelessness, and besides the time is so short. The prize is yours! The prize is yours!"

"But ought I not to take the paper to Philip," said Conscience.

"What nonsense! You do Philip a favor—Philip who has never ceased to torment you since the first day he came to Mr. Leedom's! When did he ever fail to be unkind to you? What favor does he show you?"

In the midst of his confusion there came before the eyes of his mind, the face of little Marion Davis, as she pleaded with him to forgive Philip, and he heard her sweet voice explaining her idea of "doing good to them that despitefully use you." Oh, what should he do, what should he do!

He grew dizzy with the train of decision. All that was noble in his nature rose to do battle with the evil passions of revenge and hate. He layed but a few moments, for then, gathering himself together, he broke out, "Well I hate him more the less, but I can not keep his papers—I should despise myself." Throwing his head up proudly, he turned back. Slowly he made his way to the pond where the boys were skating. They were all gathered on the bank watching the efforts of two young men, who were trying to out do each other in fancy feats on the ice. Ned walked to Philip, and hesitatingly stood waiting to find words to speak to him. Unfortunately his head interfered with Philip's view of the skaters.

"Halo Rag-bag can't you stand out of my way?" he shouted. "What business have you here anyhow?"

Ned flushed and then turned deadly pale. "I came Philip to bring you this, which I found in Connor's Lane." He held out the blue portfolio and moved away before Philip recovered from the shock which came with the first knowledge that it and its precious contents had been so nearly lost.

"Ned, Ned," he called, running after him, "I am very much obliged to you, you don't know what a favor you have done me. My Algebra was in that book."

"I knew it," said Ned grimly, he could not bear Philip's thanks, he wanted to rush off by himself and have a good cry. He shook off Philip's touch, and in answer to his renewed thanks, muttered "all right all right," but Philip persisted a little too long. Ned lost his self-control and turned fiercely about, to say, "I don't want your thanks, I do not do it to please you. I did it because I know the prize will be yours—and, Rag-bag though I am, I am too much of a gentleman to cheat you out of it!"

Breaking away, he ran home, to astonish his mother with his pale tear-stained face. There was no help for it now. He told the story of his long submission to Philip's taunts, of his temptation and resistance. His mother listened with the sympathy and full understanding which only a mother can give, blaming herself secretly for her blindness as to the state of affairs, and cut to the heart at that part of his suffering which she felt so powerless to ease.

Ned felt immeasurably better as they talked over the tea table; the very act of speaking seemed to relieve his mind, and after supper he took up his Algebra once more. Alas! alas! his work brought no result, and he went to school next morning with an aching sense of disappointment, but in spite of it, quite happy in his secret feeling that his mastery over himself outweighed the shame of failure.

There were the usual exercises for the last day before the holidays. But after the reading and recitals were over, Mr. Leedom called the classes to order, and amidst a breathless silence began: "you all know that the prize Mr. Adams offered has been sharply contested. Day by day you saw boys of high merit fail, until but two competitors—Philip Garret and Ned Pearce were left. You know too, how even was that race between them, so much so that when they went home last night, I did not know how to decide between them. You remember, that as a last test I gave them each five examples to do at home. This morning when they brought back the work, I found Philip's answers were all correct, but I discovered that, in some way, I had made a mistake in writing out the last

one of Ned's questions, and my blunder made it impossible for him to solve the problem. It is manifestly unjust that Ned should suffer for my carelessness and so after consultation with Mr. Adams, I have decided to let him have another chance, and it is his then as successful Philip we will divide the prize between them."

Philip rose hastily. "If you please, Mr. Leedom—may I say a word? I want to tell you that the prize really belongs to Ned. I ought not to have it even if my answers were right. I lost my paper yesterday, and Ned found it for me—although he knew at the time that he could not do his work." Here Philip choked in his eagerness and excitement. While Ned, almost as much excited, said, "No Mr. Leedom! No Philip! the prize is all mine, until I have earned it—either the whole nor the half of it. If you will let me try again I shall be glad."

"That is right," said Mr. Leedom quietly, and began at once to debate a problem which Ned took down, and then retired into the next room to work out.

While he was gone Philip told the story of the portfolio, with boyish enthusiasm, and when Ned returned triumphant, with his answer proved, he found himself the center of a group of schoolmates, all eager to congratulate him, and congratulating him, Ned congratulated himself. Philip was among the first, and as they shook hands the impetuous boy stammered, "Oh, Ned I can not give myself for the way I have treated you. I hope you will give me a chance to show you how sorry I am."

Ned could only hold out his hand again as his answer.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

Voices That Spoil Fair Faces. Yesterday, while I was waiting my turn in the "trying on" room of Mrs. L., fashionable modiste, a woman came in, so beautiful that I stared at her almost raptly. She was a Spanish beauty, with brown eyes, and lovely chestnut hair, and just enough *combrapoint* to mould her figure into Juno goddessness. Then her mouth—with such a mouth there should go a voice of Eolian sweetness.

I waited to hear her speak. The first few words dissolved the spell. The harsh, high voice rasped my nerves like the grating of a saw. She had some grievance. To relate to madame about her former dress-maker, and for a normal hour, it seemed to me, that disagreeable voice went on and on in the same high key, until the Juno beauty ceased to seem perfect in my eyes, and I saw flaws in the complexion and a hard, surface look, like a polished Florida sea bean, in the brown eyes.

The voice murred all. Why did nature give so beautiful a creature such a discordant voice! Was it on the principle of compensation—of impartiality, rather—which seems to forbid her bestowing all her good gifts upon one mortal being? Rarely does she dower one individual with perfect beauty, and more rarely does she bind beauty, intellect and goodness in a wreath for one brow. It is said Mme. Reclamer was thus crowned.

Could "Annie Laurie" have been "with the world" to that poor lover who has immortalized her if her voice had been "low and sweet"? Her "snow-drops" would not have won such praise, perchance, but for the sweet voice that was to her beauty what fragrance is to the rose.

Dr. Holmes, in his picturesque extravaganza way describes the effect of a woman's voice upon him— independently of her face or qualities, for she was only a German chambermaid in a hotel, lamenting in broken English over a lost key. He declares that a fair woman possessed of such a voice would be too dangerous a thing to go at large.

Early women have been noted for social success when their only charm was a delicious, sympathetic voice. One sees its power even among uncultivated classes, where it is presumable that the music of a voice could hardly be appreciated.

I once heard a young backwoods man of the North Georgia mountains twitted by one of his male friends upon having married so plain a little girl.

"You allers went for good looks, so, Jim; how comes it you didn't

marry for 'em? Such a my cousin, but I'm bound to say she's beauty was a 'bein' handed round, it got out afore her turn come."

"Well, I reckon that's so," admitted the bridegroom, "but for Sue's got a way or talkin'—so sweet like, 'twould coax the molasses outa a ginger cake."

Why is not more attention paid to the cultivation of the voice—not for singing or reciting, but for common conversation? We have teachers of elocution and teachers of vocal music, and our barons are usually able to give us a banquet in the way of lucid, thrilling and highly spiced elocution.

But banquets are only occasional treats. What we want is that the every day vocal fare to which we are served should be of higher quality. We want more finely modulated voices at home and in our public places. Defects in voice, either natural or acquired by habit, are seldom corrected by mothers at home or by teachers in the school-room.—*The New York Fashionable*

Tomato Cultivation. The tomato plant is the prettiest vegetable plant we have when properly cared for. First make a ridge eight inches high and twelve wide. If the dirt is not strong enough to grow the plants, go to the fence corner and get some that is; place about one peck where the plant will stand. Set plants three feet apart—not less. Get stakes—say three inches in diameter—and drive in the ground, leaving three feet out. Drive one every eight feet the length of the row; they will be three feet apart the cross way. If you have elm bark handy cut it in strips two inches broad—if not, use slats or fence wire, making three rows on each side at one foot from the bottom, at middle and at top, then cross near the plant to keep it straight. Every five or six days pass along and fix the branches in proper shape, as you would have them grow. Do not allow grass or weeds to grow within three feet of plants. Water the plants in evenings if it does not rain enough to make them grow fast, and when the tomatoes begin to ripen you will have a row of them ten feet wide, four feet high and sixty feet long, from only thirty plants. Only think of it! The ground row, just covered with big red tomatoes from end to end and from bottom to top, all up out of the dirt, clean and sweet! Remember the things we do should be done well. This frame can be placed on one side of the garden and remain for years.

As I travel from house to house I see tomato plants here and there in gardens that do not do well, and the tomatoes rot as fast as they turn red; or planted in ridges three-angles apart, with stakes about as large as a lead pencil, two feet high and with three tomatoes per stalk. Friends, try the frame plan and you will be well pleased with it.—*Farmers' Call.*

The Women Praise It B. B. The suffering of women certainly awakes the sympathy of the true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Bismark Bood Balm). Sent to Boston Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proof.

"I L. Cassidy, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: 'Three bottles B. B. B. cured my wife of scabies.'"

"Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zula, 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. Lanester, 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.'"

"Mrs. S. Youlson, 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 there is nothing like B. B. B., as it quickly gave her relief.'"

Picked Up. The most valuable goods, it is said, are done up in the smallest packages; so sometimes the most helpful suggestions are in the fewest words. The following paragraphs have been picked up from various sources and are offered as a memento from an old-fashioned garden:

A man must ask leave of his stomach to be happy.

Fish may be sealed much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

In watering plants, put a tea-spoonful of ammonia into the water about once a week.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white cloth, and also from the hands.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic.

Windows should be opened at both top and bottom in order to procure proper ventilation.

Because the air is invisible, it is no reason why pure air is not as essential to good health as are wholesome food and drink.

No-called unhealthful occupations can be made less so by properly understanding and practicing the law of breathing.

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Place a bowl under the fabric where the stain is and pour boiling water through.

The flesh of fresh fish should be firm, the gills should be light red, and the scales silvery.

A wineglass of strong borax water in a pint of raw starch will make collars and cuffs stiff and glossy.

A raw cranberry cut in two and half of it bound over a corn, is recommended as a cure.

Hot water, as hot as can be borne, is very warmly recommended for relief from the poison of ivy.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot and then pour vinegar upon it, drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors and windows should be opened that it may escape.

How to Make a Cool Cellar. A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or at least as cool as that of a very little warmer. The warmer the air the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air the more the moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night, and late in the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful; it is as pure as the air of midday, and really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded during the day. If the air in the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk room may even be dried even in the hottest weather.

If a cellar has a damp smell and is not thoroughly ventilated a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet. If a large basketful of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept there will be no danger of its becoming tainted.—*Colman's Rural World.*