

# The Lincoln Courier.

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## THEIR TEN.

BY HELEN JAY.

"Say, girls, have you heard the news?"

"No, Bessie, do tell us."

"Well, Miss Bowen thinks of getting up a ten in our class; you know their are nine of us, and she, as leader would make the tenth; then we are going to have meetings and work some good object, and oh, I don't know—but it will be just lovely!"

This girl's statement of the case seemed to impress all of Bessie's auditor favorably. A chorus of adjectives and exclamations greeted the climax of her oration.

"What is a ten?" "Where do we meet?" asked three excited voices.

"Oh, I know!" chimed in Annie Brown, who always did have a fragmentary knowledge on all subjects. "It is the society Mrs. Bottoms is president of. Don't you remember at one of her parlor talks she told us about Mr. Hale's book Ten Times One, and explained how that furnished the idea from which the organization known as King's Daughters originated?"

"Is that going to be our name?" "Yes, and we have Psalm 45 for our particular portion of Scripture."

"Isn't there something about wearing a cross?" asked May Summers, thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes; we are each to have a tiny silver maltese cross, with 'I. H. N.' on one side, and '1889' on the other; the letters stand for 'In His Name,' and the date is when the society was founded. If you are a member of a church, you wear a bit of purple ribbon tied to your cross."

"Why, can you belong to it if you are not a christian?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bottoms says, hoping that by doing the work, you may learn the will and become devoted to the King."

The girls were growing more quiet. A thoughtful expression was on the sweet young faces.

At last Bessie broke the silence. "Girls, I think if we do this, we ought to be in earnest, and not joke or make a frolic of the meetings."

"Of course not," said gentle Mary Summers softly; you know we are responsible to the King."

After that, little was said; but in the eloquent silence the young hearts were examining themselves and the cords of consecration were more tightly woven than ever before.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Bowen's parlor was filled with dainty gowns and dainty wearers. The club was being formed. May was chosen treasurer, Bessie secretary, with Miss Bowen as president. It was wonderful how much closer the relation between teacher and pupils appeared; they were working together and met as friends. Class spirit, that important factor in Sunday school work was fulfilling its mission, provoking "to love and good works."

After an animated discussion, it was agreed that the ten should meet twice a month and at each meeting every member should give twenty cents. The meetings were to be held at the homes of the girls in alphabetical rotation. After these matters were arranged Miss Bowen asked, "What shall be our particular work, girls?"

"Sewing, I suppose," replied conservative Jessie Gray.

"No," exclaimed an indignant voice. "Every one is always sewing for somebody, and I want something new besides," vigorously, "I hate to sew."

"Be laugh that followed was self conscious, and not altogether free from embarrassment. The atmosphere of the meeting was so charged with higher thoughts and motives that the least hint of selfishness jarred.

Miss Bowen quietly asked, "How many of you girls know anything about the home on Marcy street?"

"Do you mean the place where they take little children and keep them till they are large enough to

work, or find some one to adopt them."

"Yes," The mother of one was a manager, some had been there at an entertainment, but all acknowledged that they knew nothing of the work being done at their door.

"Miss Bowen continued: 'The idea has occurred to me that it would be a very practical way of carrying out the spirit of our societies to adopt a little boy or girl; for the King has said, 'He that receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me.' We can place the little one in the Home, and pay its board, which will be four dollars a month, or just the sum we raise. Then as to clothing, most of you have little brothers and sisters, and the garments they have of your own will answer for our little c'age."

The girls were delighted. Impulsive Bessie exclaimed:

"Now I am happy; it is so much more interesting to work 'o some one than for something."

"Than for ourselves," Miss Bowen continued, "I think it will be a good idea to adopt the 'anti-slip' rule."

"What is that, Miss Bowen?"

"Talking about things more and people less, and especial guarding against the repetition of kind speeches or the uttering of criticism and injurious remarks."

"Oh! I should die if I couldn't talk," cried Sue Harper.

"And some people are so mean," chimed in Bessie, "you can't help saying what you think of them."

"Does it ever do any good?"

"No,"—doubtfully.

"Has it ever done any harm?"

The girls looked conscious. Every one of them had some unpleasant memory for which the curly member was responsible.

"Well, any way, let us try it. Every time we say anything against another we are to put a penny in what we call the conscience fund. At each meeting the treasurer will pass around a sealed box for that purpose; and if we keep a strict account of our sayings by laying to pay for them, we shall soon pray with the old darkey, 'that our lips may be hung on gospel hinges.'"

Then, and Miss Bowen's face was very serious, "there is another matter, dear girls; about which I am extremely anxious. Last week, as I was walking home after prayer meeting, there was a party of young people behind me. They were laughing and talking so loudly I could not fail to hear what they said. The conversation was like this: 'Say, girls did you ever hear anything like old Mr. Easton's prayer? I know it by heart, and if he should ever forget a word I could prompt him.' Then another voice chimed in: 'I always nearly die when Mr. Smith gets up; he looks so funny. I just shook to-night till I almost fell off the seat.' They were talking, as I knew, in the presence of two young men who have lately joined the church. Do you suppose those young men felt encouraged to take part in our prayer meetings by those remarks?"

Nine crimson faces were looking at Miss Bowen.

"O girls; you have such influence in these things. Here is a work for our Ten to do. Let us resolve by precept and example to put an end to flippant speech on religious themes."

The plan was tried, and from that class in Sunday-school went forth an influence for good as sweet as it was irresistible.

In the Home the girls found a little street Arab, dirty and sullen. He was bad, and gloried in his shame. The Christ-like spirit had so permeated those young hearts, who were seeking "to go about doing good," that almost without a word the pretty, attractive children were passed by, and this rough, unpromising boy chosen for adoption. It was hard work, but at last the harvest came. One day, when Bessie and May were calling at the Home, and had asked, as was their custom, for Henry Smith, and given the message to "tell him that 'The King's Daughters' wanted to see him," that young man appeared,

holding one hand behind him in mysterious fashion.

"What is it, Henry?" they asked.

"A stiferker."

"A what?"

"A stiferker for bein' a good boy."

"Oh! a certificate."

"Yes; and say, it won't no use a tryin' when nobody cared for a feller; but when he's got folks he might as well behave."

He did; and if you should visit that Home today, you would see among the boys one upon whose checked apron hangs a glittering cross and a bit of purple ribbon. If you should ask who he was, two hundred and fifty childish voices would respond; "That's Henry Smith, and he's the King's son; don't you see the cross?"

The Superintendent said not long ago: "I never realized till lately the meaning of the words, 'The power of the cross of Christ.' Every child that comes to this home notices the cross that Henry wears, and asks what it means; and as he tells the story, in his simple, boyish way, I can see by the children's faces that a deep impression is being made."

As for "The King's Daughters," they are learning more perfectly, from day to day, "That when they stoop to raise from want and sin, The brighter shines their royalty therein."

## Twelfth Weekly Crop Bulletin For the Week Ending Friday, July 19th, '89.

CENTRAL OFFICE, RALEIGH, N. C.

The reports of correspondents of the Weekly Crop Bulletin, published by the North Carolina Experiment Station and State weather Service, co-operating with the United States Signal Service, show a deficiency of rainfall, about an average temperature and an average amount of sunshine for the week ending Friday, July 19th. The deficiency of rainfall has been rather beneficial to growing crops, enabling farmers to work the crops and clean them of grass. Although the past week has been generally favorable yet the cotton and corn crops are not up to the average condition. Tobacco is said to be below the average and in some sections it is thought that at least twenty-five per cent. of the crop is injured. The wheat crop, which was supposed to have been very much injured in the shock during the very wet spell previously reported, is yielding better than expected. The potato crop is reported as very good. A little more rain in some sections would probably be very beneficial.

WESTERN DISTRICT.—There was a deficiency of rain fall, about an average temperature and sunshine in this district. The week has been rather favorable to all crops. A little more rain needed. All crops show a decided improvement. Wheat threshing is well under way, and in some sections preparations are being made for another crop. Remarks of Special Correspondents.

WESTERN DISTRICT.—Charlotte, Mecklenburg county—"Everything doing very well and crops in advance of the season. A little rain needed now, but nothing suffering." Catawba, Catawba county—"The damage to corn on low lands by the recent wet weather has been considerable. The upland corn is very promising." Davidson College, Mecklenburg county—"The weather has been very favorable for all crops and encouraging to farmers. Only a few gentle showers." Bat Cave, Henderson county—"Everything favorable. Finest prospect for good yield in all crops." Salisbury, Polk county—"Everything in a prosperous condition." Hickory, Catawba county—"The farmers have worked all their crops nicely, and everything is flourishing. Wheat threshing is going on rapidly and preparations are being made for another crop." Salisbury, Rowan county—"Fine rain last night (19th). The weather has been splendid for the growing crops. Wheat threshing is in full blast and the crop is said to be good. Oats are light." Dallas, Gasconade county—"A fine week to clean cotton and corn and thresh oats and wheat. No complaint among

farmers, the weather having been just such as was needed. Prospects for big crop of corn and cotton very good." Mt. Pleasant, Cabarrus county—"Crops that have been well worked are growing finely. Rain is needed in some localities."

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## Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Ho your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well-earned dollar or two.

Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstripped their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love to do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your own hands and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

## Mistakes in Marriage.

The greatest mistake men make is in marrying immature women, girls in their teens, who have all the crudeness and tartness of sour fruit. A tradition of innocence and gentleness hangs about a young girl, but in reality she is the most cruel of human creatures. Her judgments are harsh, her prejudices stiff, her sympathies narrow, and she is full of self-assertion. In a few years the same girl may have mellowed and ripened. Then there are those wives who, knowing their husband's salary to be two thousand dollars a year, insist upon living as if it was twenty thousand. If the women who live beyond their husbands' income would live within it, the divorce courts might dismiss one-half their officials. But they will not. Each prefers a new spring costume, or some other equally trivial thing, to a happy home.

"Babbling women there are who, like Antigone, are perpetually calling heaven to witness 'what deeds they suffer and at what men's hands,' who are apt finally to go in to the divorce courts with their complaints. They have no conjugal reticence; they throw wide their bluebeard chamber and invite all their acquaintances to come in and see it. The social sympathy they get is but civil tolerance, quickly passing into impatience and disgust; for whether a woman be right or wrong, the world has not time to stop and inquire. It only feels that her example is debasing and her influence noxious."—Amelia E. Barr.

The following conversation is reported to have lately taken place between a minister and a widow, both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed: "My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Well sir, I'm thinkin' o' getting married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent, surely? How many husbands have you had?"

"Well, sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than bitterness, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there's no woman been so tormented with a set o' deevin' men!"

## Andrew Jackson's Dinner.

When General Andrew Jackson visited Concord, N. H., after his presidential term had expired he was entertained at Cass' Hotel, at that time the leading hotel of the State. The proprietor wishing to do honor to his distinguished guest, provided a banquet and arranged to serve it with considerable style. With the first course the general surprised the waiter by ordering crackers and milk, and refused all other dishes, much to the disgust of the proprietor. Cass' Hotel was the great resort of stage drivers, and it was at this hotel Vice-President Morton boarded when a young man and engaged as a clerk in the dry goods business. One of the leading merchants of Concord, now in active business, was a boarder at the hotel at that time and occupied a seat at the same table.—Boston Traveler.

## Dreaming.

In dreams we have no true perception of the lapse of time. The relations of space, as well as time, are annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, deserted his regiment, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report; and found that a noise in the next room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. Another gentleman dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return he fell into the sea, and awaking in his fright, he found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

## A Frontier Incident.

The settlers in Wyoming Territory do not wait for Judge or jury when a crime has been committed.

Jim Averill and his alleged wife, who lived in Sweetwater, illustrate that statement. It was noticed that their herd of cattle was increasing with remarkable rapidity. This excited as much suspicion among the other herd owners as it does in New York when an official with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars is able to save ninety thousand in five years.

The stockmen reached the conclusion that their little community could get along without the presence of Averill and his pal. They went further, and openly declared that if this precious couple were not fit to live among honest folk they weren't fit to live at all.

The next morning two bodies were seen dangling from the limb of a tree. Jim Averill and the woman had suffered the punishment entailed by their crimes.

It was a ghastly deed—one at which Judge Lynch would grin in ghoulish glee, but the like of it is found on every page of frontier life.—New York Herald.

## Farm Life in China.

A farmer may be hired by the year for from \$8 to \$14, with food clothing, head shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from eight to ten cents, with a noon-day meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice wages are from ten to twenty cents a day, with five meals, or thirty cents a day without food. Few land owners hire hands except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their sons can till lease it to their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till it, paying from \$7 to \$14.00 worth of rice annually for its use. Food averages little more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family: One who buys, cooks and eats his meals alone spends from \$1.50 to \$2 a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two lbs. of rice, costing 31 cts., with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, cheap vegetables and fruits, costing 11 cts., is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient is, "live upon sixpence a day and earn it." It is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.—Popular Science Monthly.

## A CANDID CONFESSION, or Not to be Trusted.

I always thought that my wife was a very careless woman, and I was not slow about telling her so. But she was very good natured, and did not seem to mind what I said one bit.

The day when she went to Rath-erford to receive the little legacy her uncle left her, and had it paid over in crisp new bank notes, which she put in her pocket book, I said to her as she went out:

"Now, Anna Maria, dear, you are apt to get your pocket picked in the street, so you may as well put the \$3,000 in my charge. It is too big a sum to run any risks with."

"I don't think any one could get it out of my bag," she said, "but of course if you insist, why, you can take charge of it."

"Well, I do insist," I said, in a decided manner.

So Anna Maria stopped and undid the bag and took out the pocket book, which I put in the bottom of the inside pocket of my overcoat, and we walked on together arm in arm and talked about the things we'd do with that money, until we got hungry and I proposed having lunch at Stoddard's before we took the cars for home. Anna Maria liked the idea, and we proceeded to carry it out.

That was a very good lunch and well spread. Anna Maria took off her cloak and I my overcoat, and we did justice to it. I paid, of course, out of my own purse for it, and put on my overcoat with a comfortable sigh. I helped Anna Maria on with hers, and we left the restaurant; but just outside Anna Maria cried, "Oh!" and dropped my arm and ran back.

She came out again in a moment smiling.

"What was the matter?" I asked.

"Did you leave anything?"

She held up her handkerchief which she had in her hand and answered:

"I've found it."

And I laughed.

"You see what a careless little soul you are," I said. "Not to be trusted at all."

She nodded.

"And you are so careful, Solomon," she said.

"Of course—of course," I said. "A man has so many things to think of he's obliged to be more business like. I don't blame you, little woman. Don't think that."

And she giggled, she was so pleased.

That brought us to the station, where we took the cars, and I think I dozed a little on the way up.

Our own house seemed warm and cheerful after the long journey. A bit of supper awaited us and all looked bright. Children in bed and servant anxious to go. So we sent her away and sat down. I just threw back my overcoat.

"Before we do anything else I'll put the money in the safe," I said—"your money. Now don't take airs because you are wealthy."

With this jest I dived into my right-hand pocket. I never shall forget the dreadful cold chill that ran through me as I found it empty.

"Psha!" I said to myself. "What folly! It's the left pocket, of course."

I dipped into that. There was nothing there either.

Trembling and in a cool perspiration, I began to rummage every pocket in my coat. I tore it off; I shook it; I felt it; I felt my other pockets; I seized the lamp and rushed about the room, searching the floor; then, with a groan, sank into a chair.

My wife ran towards me.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

"Do tell me, Solomon!"

"I can't!" I moaned. "You never will forgive me. It is not possible. You'd be more than human. Anna Maria, I've been robbed. The money is gone!"

"What nonsense!" cried my wife.

"I tell you it can't be. You put it so safely in your pocket."

"The thief must have cut the cloth," said I.

I seized the coat again. But no;

there was not out, no rent anywhere—not a sign of one.

"I don't think it could have been stolen, my dear," said my wife, calmly, very calmly, considering her fit fortune was gone. "But, perhaps, when you hung your overcoat upside down over the chair in the restaurant it dropped out."

"Good gracious!" I roared. "Is it possible? Yes, it may be. I must go back to New York at once. I must offer a reward. I—"

"What would you give?" asked my wife, saucily.

"Anna Maria!" I cried. "See here, you—you—"

I had no more words.

"Yes, you dear old goose," cried Anna Maria. "I did. After we left the restaurant I remembered that your coat hung upside down over a chair. I remembered how you lost that cigar-case last winter, and I felt prompted to run back at once. I did. My love, there lay the pocket-book under the chair. As yet no one had seen it. Here it is."

I was too thankful to scold her. At the same time I rather felt that I had not been well used. I was glad of the relief, but I felt that I should never call my wife a "careless little woman" again. I never have.

## His Body Strangely Found.

YORK, Pa., July 19.—August Melchior was drowned on Monday afternoon in the Codorus Creek while swimming. His body could not be found for sometime, when one of the searchers suggested that his shirt be thrown into the water claiming that it would float to where the body was. The suggestion was acted on, and the garment thrown into the water where it was thought that he had disappeared. It instantly shot out, then stopped, circled about a short time, and in another moment disappeared under the water. A young man present on the creek's bank then dove to where the shirt was seen to sink and found the body of the man where the shirt had disappeared.

The singularity of the incident consists in the fact that the shirt was found clinging to the dead man. Two gentlemen who were on the opposite side of the creek at the time this occurred, corroborate the truthfulness of the incident. This gave credence to the ancient idea that the clothing of a drowned man when thrown into the water, will float to the body.

## The Secret of Good Work.

Some years ago I was brought in contact with a colored man. He was nothing but a cobbler. He said himself he was not a decent shoemaker, and I can testify to that from some experience in his work. But if not elegantly done it was thoroughly done; and that was the point. He told me that when he became too old and crippled to work in the field and house he took to cobbling. I said to him:

"My friend, after this cobbling on earth is done how about that other world? Have you any hope for the better world?"

"Ab, master," said he, "I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler; but feel, when I sit here and work at my stool, that the good Master is looking at me, and when I make a stitch it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel tap it is not paper, but good leather."

It is not the work we do upon earth that makes the whole of life, but it is the way in which we do that work; it is the motive; "Thou God seest me."

## Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach, of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance, and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with heartburn, dizziness of the head, coming up after eating, biliousness, indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.