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NOT ONLY A GOVERNESS.

[Continued.]

"Aha! I thought you had left us on purpose to retire. I told mamma I would just run up and see if you were sick much."

"Only a little indisposed." She might truthfully have added, "I was disposed to talk to you." "Will you have a seat?"

"Yes, thank you. Did you hear as easy my intended is expected. On Monday! He is ever so handsome. I have his picture here in my pocket—like to see it? Oh, when he comes you will see him at table of course. He is so splendid! You never saw so noble a fellow?"

"Indeed!" remarked Kate, greatly amused by this time.

"And so intelligent! By the way he has some very distinguished relatives, too, a cousin among the rest of whom I have actually grown jealous. She is an elegant musician—composes well and writes songs. I don't know what her name is, she calls her Kitty and promises I shall know and love her some day—But, you really are sick, Miss Lacy, you are quite pale. Let me ring for mamma!"

"Please be seated and go on with your communications; I feel a great interest, and to herself she added, "then the little mix actually acknowledged herself jealous of me, the governess?"

"Oh, I could talk about Henry all night, but I must not stay. Will you have anything for your indisposition, Miss Lacy?"

"No, thank you, I shall retire immediately." And as soon as the door was shut and locked, she did retire, but sleep did not visit her senses till the small hours, for her mind was too agitated to admit repose. Finally she reached a decision as to her part in the scenes, then "nature's sweet restorer" embraced her till the morning sun peeping through the closed blinds, reminded her that the days duties must be kept.

Monday arrived—that Monday which was to gladden Miss La Roche's heart by bringing her long absent lover. He had spent many months in Europe, and this was to be his first visit on his return.

For the first time during her two months stay among her pupils, Miss Lacy was somewhat inattentive to her accustomed duties. She could have scolded herself severely when recalled to her usual composure, and did give herself a little shaking when she regained the privacy of her own room.

Etta was all smiles! She ran here and there, putting a graceful flourish to this or that, "practicing over Henry's favorite pieces of music, for you know mamma, he is accustomed to good music—Kitty is such a genius. Do you know I am really quite impatient to know our cousin Kitty?" I shall never dare to play before her—never. Mamma, do you realize what an acquisition I am bringing into the family?"

"No, dear, unless you mean Henry Graves, for you are not bringing the special Miss Kitty into the family, you know little blunderer."

"To be sure not, but you know what he owes to me belongs to you all, and what's yours is mine."

"Always excepting our pretty governess," chimed in Frances, the irrepressible. "By the way you had better have her come and play over that opera with you. You are murdering the plaintive strain."

"I suppose no one can play but your governess, but she is to be kept in her sphere to-night, and you are to be put to bed from the supper table like the naughty child you are."

Frances only kissed her pretty sister, whom she loved dearly and quitted the room.

Miss Lacy saw with trepidation that the time for her to prepare to make her appearance as a new personage had arrived. From a trunk, as yet unopened since her arrival, she began to unpack the articles of toilet. Taking out a costly hair ornament of silver—leaves sparkling with gems, which her cousin had sent her from Paris, she was

about to lay it on the dressing case when a gentle knock, Miss La Roche glided in. "She had only begun her toilet, but she looked radiantly beautiful with her hair streaming over her shoulders.

"I can't persuade my hair to remain in position—in fact I am too impatient to persist—would you mind doing it for me? You had yours done in the evening of it is sociable?"

"Not at all, Miss La Roche. Just seat yourself here where you can see the effect."

"Oh, what a live of an ornament! Let me see it, please. Was anything ever so gorgeous! Where did you get it? No, no, please forgive me, that was a rude question."

"I don't mind answering it, however; my cousin sent it to me from Paris. I think it very beautiful. There, does your hair suit you? Does it feel comfortable?"

"Quite. Thank you. Here's your ornament."

Taking it from Miss La Roche, she fastened it in the dark locks so easily that Etta turning to the glass exclaimed:

"You're a thing! But is it not becoming? If I only had something of the kind for tonight!"

"Wear it just as I have placed it, Miss La Roche. Now if there is nothing else that I can do for you remind you it is almost train time."

"Miss Lacy, you are very generous. I thank you and accept your favor. I know I am sometimes very ungovernable to you. Can you forgive me?"

She was going, while Kate stood looking at the beautiful figure, the lovely face, but feeling how astonished that the adorable Henry should have had her heart. "After all, there is much good in her," she mused.

Kate La Roche leisurely toilet and when she had completed it she looked at the mirror and could not have detected a flaw. The folds of pearl gray silk fell richly to the floor; here and there through the opening in drapery a velvet skirt was visible, a tightly fitting basque, with reverses and trimmings of the rich velvet revealed in a square neck of creamy silk lace ornamented with the most exquisite jewels. At the throat she wore a large diamond and diamond on her finger a diamond of exquisite design, and these were her only jewels. Eying her self before the glass, she could not but recognize her own delicate beauty—not so perfectly beautiful as the young lady who had lately quit her presence, but far above the average was Kate La Roche. The hand which she raised to pin in place a stray fold of lace was beautifully formed, the fingers tapered, and plump and limber. Yes she felt sure that she should do justice to her father's laughter this evening.

"But poor Etta," she thought, "I regret taking away a morsel of sweetness from her feast. But it must be. Will Mr. Henry Graves be very much surprised? Will he feel angry with me?"

The tea bell rang—twice—twice—still she was so lost in thought as not to have moved from her poised position in front of the toilet glass. A knock, and the chambermaid's voice: "Miss Lacy, tea is served and Col. La Roche says they are waiting for you."

As hushed of her delay, she picked up the lace handkerchief from the dressing case and hastened through the hall and down the long flight of stairs. Not till she had reached the base and heard the merry voices within the room, did she stop to consider her position. "Now, Kate La Roche," she said to herself, "be your natural self, for you are the banker's daughter to-night, if you have been only a governess for two months' past." With a smile at the thought she opened the door and tripped lightly into the room as Henry Graves was saying:

"Yes, my next visit must be to Kitty, when I will tell her about you, Etta. I should have done so before, but—"

He raised his eyes as Mr. La Roche arose from his chair, a courtesy he always showed his governess when she entered the room.

"Miss Lacy said the master of

the house, "we have awaited your coming before commencing the meal."

But Mr. Graves had risen too. He stood for a moment transfixed. Kitty! Kitty! They have played a trick on me! and rushing to her he put his arms around her neck and gave her number of unresisted kisses.

She had not reached the table, and all now eyed her as she stood with Henry Graves' arm around her shoulders and a happy smile on her face.

"I feel as if I am embracing a ghost! Speak dearest child, that I may know no dream from which I am to awaken presently! Kitty it was just like you to send me my favorite hear to meet me! How shall I thank you all enough?"

"Speaking of thanks, Henry, chimed in Mr. La Roche, "we will thank you to explain circumstances to us."

"Don't you all see?" said Frances "You must be blind as bats. Miss Lacy and Mr. Graves' noted Cousin Kitty are one and the same person! I told you she was to be princess in disguise!"

Henry was blowing on Etta was too much for her. Remembering her rude speeches to her sister's governess, her almost insulting manner, she rushed from the room, and did not stop short of her own where she threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

"And I have treated her so! Oh, why did I? She was always a lady! Why did I don't Henry won't want me when he knows. Will she tell? Oh, oh, oh!"

Below in the dining room the inviting meal was unostentatious. All was confusion. Every one wanted to talk except Kate, who was the only one required to talk.

"Why does Etta leave us? I did not think she would resent my affection for my more than sister here," she said playfully seating Kate as Etta quitted the room.

"Speak, Kitty, they confuse my mind by saying something about a governess. Come explain."

"That's quickly done, coz. I am governess to Frances and the boys."

"You? You? What does it mean?"

"Not that you are to think the loss of me for it, I feel sure."

"Assuredly not, if you can give a plausible reason? Where's uncle?"

"How did he consent to any such arrangement?"

"Very reluctantly; but you remember I was always a spoilt child?"

"Always gained your point with that dotting father—yes, go on."

"You know that his business has called him to Liverpool for a time this winter."

"Where I certainly thought you were at this minute!"

"You see now that Henry Graves is mistaken."

"Yes; do proceed Kitty."

"Well, secondly as the preachers you know I was opposed to idleness and that I am an enthusiast?"

"Yes, and no. But what I know is of little consequence. Go on, do."

"You impatient boy! Well out town is erecting an orphan's home, and I wished to contribute."

"Out of your income? Miss Lacy, could you not have done so without deserting your home?"

"Undoubtedly. But here's the romance of the situation—ah, you didn't know I was romantic! I was tired of society and of beaux—only for the season you had understood!—and I thought it would be so charming to make some money for myself, instead of handing it out of what is by rights my father's so I formed this plan of letting my good father giving our portion and persuading him to let me make mine: it seemed so delightful too, to think of running from everybody. Only one person besides father knew of my plan, whereabouts—kiss his no conjectures as to who that favored one is! Now are you satisfied? If so do let us satisfy our appetites for I can't feed on curiosity, though it apparently satiates your desire."

"One thing I would like to ask, Miss Lacy," said Mr. La Roche, "has your plan proved so delightful as you conjectured?"

"Oh, husband, that's too trying a

question, when the success of it depended much on ourselves."

"Don't answer then, my dear young friend."

"I can answer truthfully—yes! There have been dark hours, but in every situation there are such. You and your good wife, with these dear children, have given me much pleasure. May I stay, now that you know I am an impostor, or will you send me off post haste?"

Frances had put her arm around Kate's neck, and now kissed and caressed her as she responded:

"Never leave us any more; I am a better girl when you are here. You won't go, will you? Promise me you won't."

Supper was dispatched; and still Etta did not appear. Henry looked grave. Mrs. La Roche went for her, but returned saying she could not persuade her to come down.

"May I go to her for a while, Mrs. La Roche?" asked Kate.

"If you will be so kind," she replied.

Kate entered Etta's room for the first time unbidden. She raised her hand from the cushion to her lips; she could not but feel surprised to find them fall over her shoulders; long did she explain earnestly and truthfully to the proud girl her position. She told her of her father's wealth, of her own independent income, of her engagement to a young man of fair means, and of how, on account of her enthusiasm and her growing dislike to society, she had coaxed her indulgent father into letting her assume a false position.

She had not known of Henry's engagement to Etta; he went abroad early in the preceding year; he had written her of his engagement to the "belle of Saratoga" last season, had promised to send her a picture; the picture had never come and as Henry had often more declared himself in love, she supposed he was by this time recovered. Kate told Etta that she should never have stooped to do anything mean or underhanded, but she had not dreamed of any harm possibly occurring from her throwing off her character of heiress for a few months.

"I'm sure you never thought of harm—oh, there is only harm in me. I have been so hateful—so self-willed!—and again she burst into passionate weeping.

"Weep no more, Etta—You will not call you Etta, since we are soon to be cousins, won't you? Weep no more. Let me bathe your face; I will ring for warm water. Your absence distresses Henry; he does not understand it."

"Have none of you told him I have I shall, even if he gives me up. He loves you so, Kitty, he is so proud of you. I have several of your musical compositions which he sent me—did you not know? Oh, how he will hate me!"

"Yes, I heard you play my compositions. No, he will never hate you."

"But you will, and he loves you, and will sympathize in your dislike. I will not blame you."

"There, there, don't talk so; have I ever appeared to hate you? Well, so much the less cause I have for it now that you are loved by my cousin—my adopted brother. Did you know he was reared in our home?"

"He has told me. Tell me you forgive me. Oh, if I only had loved you as good, sweet little Frances has. She idolizes you, Kate. There, kiss me and call me Etta."

They went to the parlor, arm in arm. Frances met them and gave each a kiss to seal the new tie, she whispered:

Many months longer did Kate remain in charge of Mr. La Roche's young people. Not only did she instruct the children and Frances, but Etta put herself under her tuition, and well and faithfully did she practice the compositions of her loved young teacher. The tie that Frances had so securely sealed daily strengthened, and when finally Mr. La Roche returned and came to claim his daughter, there were loud lamentations. He declared the plot had succeeded finely, and that the governessing had improved his loved child.

Many happy days did Etta and

Kate spend together when each was mistress in her own establishment, and often did they laugh over the days when Kate was in Etta's eyes "only a governess," when sharp-witted Frances would indignantly declare she is not "only a governess she is an angel." Frances loves the beautiful heiress no less than she did her pretty, patient governess, and Etta declares she should never have been in anywise a match for her noble husband had she not been instructed by an heiress-governess.

BELLE NORWOOD.

The New Butter Extractor.

An ingenious fellow in Sweden has invented a machine for making butter from milk nearly fresh from the cow and it now looks as though a great revolution in butter making is about to occur, brought about by this wonderful machine. The whole process of extracting butter from milk by its use is a mystery to us and we can only stand back in amazement and await further developments. The success of the process, however, is proven beyond doubt, and the following description, taken from Hoards' Dairyman, will throw some light upon the method of making butter by means of the Extractor:

"One month ago, the machine was set up at 90 Wall street, New York, and has since been astonishing every manipulator of milk, cream and butter who has inspected it. It takes sweet milk at a temperature of 62 degrees, runs it through the machine at the rate of 1,500 pounds per hour—the skimmed milk—there is no buttermilk about it—coming out a point on the periphery of the bowl, and the granulated butter from the center. The machine is much like the Danish Wever's separator, as to the main bowl; and it has inside of the said bowl another device called the "disturber" into which the cream enters as it seeks the center, and as we understand it from the cut and the explanation, a secondary separation is effected in the disturber that eliminates all the serum of the milk from the fat, save a little more than 1 per cent. of the casein matter. As the most perfect churning of the purest cream obtainable, by any of the old processes, leaves one per cent. and the great bulk of the butter has 2 to 3 per cent. and some of the poorest from 6 to 7 per cent. it will be seen it turns out butter essentially the same as to freedom from the matter that makes butter go rancid, a we get from best churning. It is also true that to get butter, through churning, as free from caseous matter as good butter makers get it, the cream has to be acidified, and put in condition to have said decay ing matter washed out as much as possible.

From this fact, however, we not assumed that cream must be acidified, in order that the butter may have long keeping qualities. When a point of fact, as we accomplished was to get rid of the caseous matter, and in doing so, did no good to the butter fat, and may be damaged a little, by forcing it to be in contact with matter just in first stages of decomposition? We raise the question—we are hard yuck about it ourselves. But however it may be the butter Extractor takes out the said matter, almost entirely, and that without decomposing it a particle, and gives fat nearly pure. Not having the said caseous matter in it, that is found in greater percent in most butter, the claim is made that the butter being nearly pure fat, will, when salted and packed, keep longer than average butter, and for immediate use is unsurpassed in sweetness, freshness and high flavor.

Whether any of these claims will have to be modified, the incipient revolution is hardly well enough established for us to yet determine. That sweet and pure butter can be spun right out of milk, at the rate of one pound per minute, from milk, of which it takes twenty-five lbs to make a pound of butter, is the simple truth.—*American Farmer.*

"In comparing the literary works of Dickens and Thackeray, an after dinner orator in London said: "It is the wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on the other hand, it is in the brilliant state of satire, together with a keen sense of humor, that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray. It is just this; Thackeray is a humorist, and Dickens is a satirist. But after all, it is hard to sustain any comparison between Dickens and Thackeray."

Buy Wild Orange Syrup for Dyspepsia, hemiplegia, Blood Poison, &c. at W. M. Reedy & Co's, aug. 11, 2m

A Machine to Wash Dishes.

Mrs. W. A. Cockran, of this city, has placed her name on the roll with the great inventors of the world, the result of her genius being a practical dishwashing machine. She began experimenting ten years ago. Her husband, the late W. A. Cockran, was then circuit clerk of Shelby county, and died leaving her financially unable for a number of years to complete her undertaking. By the aid of friends, however, she finally succeeded, and has a machine designed to do the work now done by the thousands of girls and women the land over. The machine is wonderful and intricate. It is made in different sizes for families and hotel purposes. It is also made for both hand and steam power, and is capable of washing, scalding, rinsing and drying from five to twenty dozen dishes of all shapes and sizes in two minutes, the number, of course, depending on the size of the machine. Mrs. Cockran has recently disposed of her invention to an Illinois manufacturing firm for a large sum, and will receive a royalty on all machines sold.—*Chicago Herald* Shelbyville (Ill.) Special.

A Young Man of Push.

The longer we live the stronger grows the conviction that, despite push-poopers, there is a great deal in "the art of putting things." I have just heard of an incident that illustrates this significant truth in a striking manner:

Twelve years ago a young man came to New York in search of employment and fortune. He carried his own trunk to a lodging house, because he could not afford the hire of a hired carrier. His honest face and frank speech won for him his landlady's consent to a week's living on tick. So far good. Now then for the bold plunge. He went down to the office of the *Herald* , *Times* and *Tribune* , and invested his last shilling in an advertisement in the following words:

"I want something to do, and must have it within twenty-four hours. Address 'Push,' this office."

In a little while he had received about 300 answers to his unique demand for employment. One gentleman wrote: "Call at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, and I may give you a chance to show how vigorous you can push."

The tone of this reply pleased the young adventurer, and at the appointed hour he presented himself at the writer's office. The result was a trial engagement, which was continued until this time. Young "Push" is now the confidential man of the house. His salary is ample, and he lives in the handsomest style in one of the prettiest little homes in New York, where, pretty homes, in the poetic sense of the word, are few as all know, lamentably scarce. "Push" is his dominant characteristic, and his employer has had ten thousand reasons to congratulate himself on the impulse that led him to reply to that little "ad."—*Detroit Free Press.*

B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm.)

If you try this remedy you will say as many others have said, that it is the best blood purifier and tonic. Write Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for Book of convincing testimony.

J. E. Davis, Atlanta, Ga. (West End) writes: "I consider that B. B. B. has permanently cured me of rheumatism and sciatica."

R. R. Sautter, Athens, Ga., says: "It cured me of an ulcer that had resisted all other treatment."

E. G. Tinsley, Columbus, Ala., writes: "My mother and sister had ulcerated so a throat and scrofula was a cured them."

Jacob F. Spangler, Newman, Ga., writes: "It is an entirely cured me of rheumatism in my shoulders, I need six bottles."

Chas. Reinhardt, No. 2025 Foggain Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I suffered with bleeding piles two years, and am glad to say that six bottles of B. B. B. cured me."

J. J. Hardy, Toccoa, Ga., writes: "It is a quick cure for catarrh. Three bottles cured me. I had been troubled several years."

A Spink, Atlanta, Ga., says: "One bottle of B. B. B. completely cured my child of eczema."

W. A. Pepper, Etowah, Ala., writes: "It cured my mother of ulcerated sore throat."