

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. III.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1889.

NO. 20

## MR. ROSENBERG & CO.

"Are you going in that dress?"

She, arrayed in a well worn black silk, answered cheerily. "Won't I do? It's the very best I have."

"Why, yes; but you surely are not going to wear light gloves? Everybody wears dark ones now."

Little Mrs. Rosenberg quietly fastened one of the offending gloves while her husband mercilessly continued:

"You don't look just right either. Seems to me a few beads or something of that sort would have added to the effect."

Mrs. Rosenberg gave an inaudible sigh. Just two days before she had priced some neat jet trimmings which she fancied at only seventy-five cents a yard.

But Mr. Rosenberg had not even money enough for this small purchase so she had carelessly asked, "Could you let me have a couple of dollars, Richard?" And Dick had answered, "What have you done with that two dollars I gave you a few days ago? I suppose you have spent it all; women have no idea of the uses of money."

Dick had the habit of forgetting, and so expecting others to forget remarks like these. But his wife often thought the matter over. Before her marriage she had foamed at the least idea of Mr. Rosenberg's opinions on the money question, and most bitterly had she repented it.

Possessed of a liberal education, including the languages, she was able to turn various accomplishments to account and thus command several hundred a year.

Some two thousand dollars had been saved and were now lying in a bank, annually drawing interest. But of this Richard Rosenberg knew nothing. He only knew that his wife was in easy circumstances at the time he married her.

The next afternoon, having a half hour of unusual leisure, he thought he would just run up to Tom Garret's office for a few moments.

Tom was sitting with a ponderous book of the law open before him, and in which he was trying to get interested. He pushed aside the volume however as his friend entered.

"How are you, Dick," he said rising and placing a chair for his visitor. "This is an exceptional." Tom carefully inserted a mark between the leaves of his law book, replaced it on the shelf, then settled himself for a cozy chat.

They had not gone far in their talk when the door quietly opened and in walked Mrs. Garret.

After greeting both gentlemen she walked to the desk, and in a gentle dignified manner announced, "I shall need another five dollars, Tom, if you can spare it. I meant to bring enough with me to do my shopping, but I didn't." And to Dick's amazement she held out her hand in confident expectation.

"A five? No, I really haven't it. I have a two and a ten. Here you would better take the ten, you may need it before you are through."

Tom coolly transferred the bill to his wife's hand, at the same time saying, "I suppose you haven't time to stop, Amy?"

"No, indeed," she laughed. "But I would like to show you something if you are not too busy."

Mr. Rosenberg sitting apart from the window to which the two had withdrawn, could see that the "something" proved to be handsome samples of passementerie. "I want one of these for my new satin," he heard Mrs. Garret say. "Which shall it be, Tom?"

Tom gave his undivided attention to the trimming, and possessing a good deal of taste, was able to help his wife out of her dilemma. "Thank you," she said as she reached the door. "I will get some of the \$12 kind." Then she walked away.

"I'll be hanged, Tom Garret! If that stuff costs twelve dollars." You don't get any more salary than I do, and I can't begin to dress my

wife as you do yours. Why I should think I was a fool to give my wife so much to spend on beads. Ho do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it, and I don't dress my wife as you term it. She gets what she likes with her own share of the money. I never interfere, except when I'm asked as was the case this afternoon."

"But she wore a stunning gown last night," persisted Dick, who felt bound to sift this "woman and dress business," as he called it, to the bottom. "I want to know how you manage it. My wife is a handsome woman, but I was actually ashamed of her last evening. I really want her to have what other women have, but I just can't keep giving her money for gewgaws, and that is what under it would amount to."

Tom gave a prolonged whistle, half his breath.

"I tell you I don't manage my wife all. It's all I can do to attend to my side of the house and my business. I earn a couple of hundred every month, carry on my side of the expenses, furnish the house, buy provisions, and clothe myself, out of one hundred and fifty dollars, and the other fifty comes in as Mrs. Garret's share. Of course if either of us need a little more we arrange that matter between us. But one thing, Dick, I never ask her what she did with her money, any more than I expect to account to her for the spending of mine. She has just as good a right to that fifty dollars, to use as she pleases, as I have to three times as much."

"Why, man alive, my wife is a splendid financier. She was brought up to handle money, while I had to learn. You see my father was a rich man and handed me any sum I wanted at any time. Then there came a day when he lost his property, and when I began reading law, I had not a cent to call my own. It was pretty hard, I tell you to keep down my extravagant tastes. I had to begin at the foot of the ladder and work up. But Amy helped. But how my business is on a firm footing and there is no more need for her to use her money. I rebelled against it at the time. What she has of her own is safely invested in the understanding that she shall have what she desires for her own expenses."

Dick Rosenberg listened attentively, interrupting with a word now and then.

When he came to go he said, "I'll try your plan, Tom, with my wife. I always somehow felt as if a woman was not made for business. In fact I've most always been with Belle when she made purchases and paid for them myself."

"My word for it, Dick, you will have more money at the end of a year if Mrs. Rosenberg buys her own things."

That evening there were no callers and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg stationed themselves in the library with books and work. The lady of the house worked fitfully, watched the flames in the glowing fire, hesitated, and opened her mouth to speak once or twice, at last gained courage and gave utterance:

"Mrs. Franklin came in this afternoon and asked me to go shopping with her tomorrow morning. She has seen some goods she would like to consult me about, and as I needed a dress, she suggested that I get it at the same time. I didn't know whether it would be convenient for me to have any money or not. If it is not, perhaps I can have enough for car fares, and then I can help her with her things."

Belle trembled as her husband began. First he laid down his paper and pushed it aside.

"The very idea of your having to come to me for car fares! No I do not mean it isn't right," as he saw the moisture gather in Mrs. Rosenberg's eye. "I have been meaning (he did not say how long) to have a little talk with you upon the money question. Belle, I always thought that it was the man's place to manage all the money. I will tell you how it was at home. My father was a poor boy. He was sent out at ten years of age to shift for

himself. He did all kinds of hard cold work, and received hard, cut treatment. He tried several trades and at last decided to go into a factory, learn all there was about the business, and get up by degrees to a good business. He did so."

In my early life he had quite a good salary—several thousand dollars a year. But there was one thing I always observed, and that was that though he gave liberally and spent lavishly himself he never trusted my mother with much money. He trusted her, but those were not days when women were expected to control things. They always asked their husbands what to do and what to buy. Anyhow it was in my father's family, and his brother's and many other families I knew about."

"Why my mother had no pocket book of her own. She always went to my father for every cent."

"When I married, I supposed that I ought to keep my money in my own hands, but I have made up my mind that I have been all wrong. Tomorrow is your birthday, Belle. I am going to celebrate by beginning to live as I mean to go on."

To Mrs. Rosenberg's surprise he was holding out to her a new pocket book of the most approved style. Mrs. Rosenberg took it, and the faint color in her cheeks deepened as examining it she discovered a fifty dollar bill neatly folded and lying within.

"It's only what I propose to hand you at the beginning of each month hereafter," said her husband looking up with pleased interest.

Just fancy, reader how she felt. She who had been accustomed to come and ask for the sum of ten cents!

Mrs. Franklin and Mrs. Rosenberg did their shopping together. And it must be owned that Mrs. Franklin was surprised at the number of dainty trifles that her friend purchased. When at last she spent \$4 for half a dozen handkerchiefs, she exclaimed, "Edna, do you think I'm extravagant? I had a large birth day present, so you see I can afford a few things."

But a few days Mrs. Franklin observed to her husband, "What a long birthday present Bell Rosenberg had. She seems to have plenty of money in these days all that she needs."

As for Mr. Rosenberg, he never regretted that he decided to make his wife partner in home affairs. He no longer had occasion to be ashamed of her appearance in public nor needed he to lament any undue extravagance in her.

"Dick, you are not robbing yourself or the interest of your house or anything, are you?" she ventured to say one day, adding, "I do wish every wife could have her allowance."

And Mr. Rosenberg, smilingly growled, "I believe every sensible man sees to it that his wife has one—*Atlanta Constitution.*"

**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 testimonials.

J. P. 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: "B B B cured me of an ulcer that had resisted all other treatment."

E. G. Tinsley, Columbiana, Ala., writes: "My mother and sister had ulcerated sore throat and scrofula. B B B cured them."

Jacob F. Sponcler, Newman, Ga., writes: "B B B entirely cured me of rheumatism in my shoulders. I used six bottles."

Chas. Reinhardt, No. 2026 Fountain Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I suffered with bleeding piles two years, and am glad to say that one bottle of B B B cured me."

J. J. Hardy, Toxoca, Ga., writes: "B B B 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, Fredonia, Ala., writes: "B B B cured my mother of ulcerated sore throat."

## CUFFS, COLLARS, AND SLEEVES.

[GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.]

How many a young wife has viewed with "weariness and vexation of spirit" her husband's linen, limp, damp, and streaked with bluing, feeling she had either to put up with it—rather allow him to do it—or force him to drop his hard earned dollars in the almost indispensable steam laundry in order to show a bold white front to the wearisome toil of the day. I, among the rest, have suffered at the hands of ignorant, unscrupulous laundresses with their pockets full of salsola, etc., who, when mildly rebuked for their execrable washing, tell you with an injured air, they do their best and if you don't like it, better get some one else.

Many a girl on the eve of her wedding knows as little about "doing up" a shirt as she does about making bread, which is precious little, for she has never had to do it, was never made to do it, and how can she show any willing woman in her employ how to do it, if she knows not how herself? After weeks, year's months, of bad washing, she finally concludes it would be economy to send the cuffs, collars, and shirts, anyhow, to the laundry, or take them to the nearest Mongolian to be spat upon, thinking she will save on something else.

All goes well for awhile, but our young friend soon discovers the shirts wear out much sooner than usual, the cuffs are not mated, and very often her husband goes down to his office in a bad humor, the result of finding all his collars marked 17 inches when he wears a 15½. But the comfort of having them look white and stiff shuts her eyes to the price and loss, which amounts to considerable to a young couple, perhaps with a growing family and limited means.

For those in sympathy with me and who are now going through the mill, let me solve the problem, or, in other words, give them the benefit of the advice of an expert laundress, recently employed by my mother, who by accident engaged her, not knowing at the time her true worth, nor her amiable willingness to show and tell how she put iron in the bosoms and luster on the linen. The woman in question was a bright mulatto, who worked as she talked with an ease and grace that bespoke her ability to practice what she preached.

This is her way, and as I am only alluding to cuffs, collars, and shirts, the supposition is that they are snowy white when you go to starch them. The starch for these articles is made much thicker than ordinary, so that when it is cold you can slice it with a knife. For those who have never made it, I append the following recipe, enough for four shirts, a dozen collars, and as many pairs of cuffs: Put to boil in a clean sauce pan with copper bottom one and one-half quarts of clear water; have ready a cupful of best gloss starch dissolved in cold water, and when the water on the stove is galloping, for it must "dance as well as sing," pour in the melted starch, stirring well, and boil carefully until it is translucent. It must be quite thick, and if one cupful (as cups vary) is not enough, dissolve more and add, being careful not to let it burn. Fifteen to twenty minutes boiling I find sufficient, and it is ready to strain in three-cornered cheese cloth bag, which you will find better than thicker goods, as the starch runs through it readily. Now add a tea-spoonful of kerosene and a few drops of bluing. Some use a bit of butter or sperm, but I find kerosene to answer the purpose and is always at hand.

The starch made and the clothes ready, you may now proceed to business. Don't be in a hurry, for what time you consume in the starching will be made up in the ironing. As soon as the starch is sufficiently cool to bear your hand, take a shirt that has just come from the rinse water, gather up the bosom, immerse in the starch, rub well, long, and vigorously till the

starch has entered every fold of the bosom, lining and all; don't wring or squeeze, but draw it through your fingers well, slipping off all superfluous starch; treat hand and wristbands the same, hang up until bone dry. Proceed to do the same to the collars and cuffs, not forgetting that success in the ironing depends wholly upon how well you rub in the starch. In stripping them of the starch, endeavor to smooth out all wrinkles while wet, and when dry they will rattle like paper.

If the ironing does not take place until the next day, put your linen away carefully out of the dust, but do not sprinkle. A half hour before you are ready to iron it, wring out of cold water very dry a clean white cotton rag twice the size of a towel, lay the collars and cuffs on it, with the fold of the rag between each article, roll up smoothly and tight. On the shirt bosoms lay a similar rag, only smaller, enough to cover the starched parts, roll as before and put away for thirty minutes. Heat on the fire three polishing irons, which are oblong in shape with rounded corners. The ones I have are called the "Detroit," and have a corrugated surface, which adds much in obtaining that luster so envied in well laundered linen. In using them at first they seem very awkward, being easily turned over, but a little attention and practice will enable you to use them with dexterity and effect.

When the time is up, take one article at a time, lay on a clean white ironing board. See that your hands are immaculate and your irons clean; rub the latter on brown paper and a bit of beeswax, then on a clean rag. If your polisher is at the right heat, it would only take a few firm rubs up and down on each side to make you feel proud of your collars and cuffs. The shirt bosoms are drawn out smoothly on a bosom board, after ironing the sleeves and tail, also the neck and wristbands. Now grasp the neck with your left hand and side, as it were, your iron up the middle, sending all wrinkles to the sides instead of the top or bottom. Press firmly, curve around the neck band, so that it will stand, put a pin in it to preserve its shape, fold, and your work is done. Don't be discouraged by your first failure. The results are worth the trial, and you will soon find yourself competent to teach your next new laundress, bearing in mind that the ironing is the least part of the work, and that success depends upon white clothes and thorough starching.

My husband, father, and brothers no longer help to support John Chinaman or his great contemporary, the steam laundry, but reveal in linen as stiff as ivory and white as snow, which is as great a pleasure to them as it is comfort to me.

MRS. H. V. P. TAYLOR.

## The Quiet Girl.

Young people are apt to fancy that quiet girls are necessarily stupid ones; they see no evidence of brilliancy, and form a wrong estimate of the character of that demure maiden whose only ambition in life seems to be to sit and listen while others talk. For nobody seems to think it a duty to draw her out; nobody believes there is anything to draw out. It, however, she is not satisfied with her condition, nobody hears anything about it, and consequently everybody believes, if they give her a thought, that she is perfectly resigned to the common place, and that she could not appreciate anything better. By and by, when the quiet girl writes a successful novel, or otherwise makes her mark in the world, we wonder how she gained her knowledge. "She never knew a hundred people in her life," we say. Yet, all the same, she has known these few people to some purpose; she has leisure to reflect on all she has seen. She has not been so occupied in amusing herself, in advertising her good points, in making the most of others and use all the material in her world. In the meanwhile it is the quiet girl who marries earliest,

who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing machine, listens to the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.

## Her Centennial Celebration.

We copy the following from the Press and Carolinian of Sept. 5, '89.

Before the Revolutionary war there lived in the northeastern part of that section of country now known as Catawba County, one mile south of St. John's Church, a man by the name of George Sigmon, who was a teamster in the Revolutionary war, and soon after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, married Rachel Shuffler. Soon after this marriage in a rude log dwelling where this happy couple lived and died. A child was born, September 12th 1783. Then a boy was born the 12th of March 1786. Then on the first day of September 1789, while the sun was rising in the East, another daughter was born within the walls of this old log house. And as they claimed to be Christian parents and church going people, they did like Mary of old, took this little infant daughter to the temple and had her dedicated to God in holy baptism and called her name Catherine, who now is Catharine Whitener, that aged and venerable centennarian that has just passed her one hundredth year a few days ago. She was married to Daniel B. Whitener in June 1815 in her 26th year, and her one hundredth year closed on the 31st day of August 1889, which day was set apart by her friends and neighbors to celebrate her 100th year in a grand and excellent picnic dinner. So the friends and neighbors met at the grove of her son's house and prepared tables 144 feet long and seats on the day previous for the picnic occasion which proved too short to contain all the provisions brought in by the many friends, from different portions of the country.

The day was beautiful, and early in the morning you could hear wagons, buggies and other vehicle rattling and coming in from every section and the neighing horses, and many making their way on foot to the place of the centennial picnic, which soon swelled up to a large assembly, till 12 o'clock when the crowd was estimated at from 800 to 1890 of all ages, from babes in the arms to hoary heads of 80 years.

And the centennial celebration picnic was represented by Newton, Hickory, Maiden, Conover, Lincoln and Lincoln County from Charlotte, Mecklenburg, Statesville, Irredell county, Rowan also was represented, so was Caldwell and Burke counties, and Rutherford College, and the State of Arkansas was represented in the centennial picnic.

Miss Alice Yount appeared early in the morning with her melodious play, and her choir to make music on the occasion before Rev. Prof. R. A. Yoder the pastor of this centennarian arrived. The choir sang some choice and favorite pieces to collect and compose the crowd. Soon he appeared whilst Rev. Bernheim and Prof. Schaid, the man who delivered the centennial address, had already appeared, and Rev. Steele the Methodist minister. At the hour of 11 o'clock the choir sang a favorite piece and at the close G. M. Yoder, of Jacob's Fork township, arose and made a few introductory remarks as to what was to follow and read the record of her age that had been taken from the old family Bible of her father's, by her husband, who was the executor of her father's will over 56 years ago, which read thus: Catharine Whitener was born the first day of September, 1789, and then gave the program of the day. Rev. Bernheim opened the services by prayer and singing. Rev. Professor R. A. Yoder preached his centennial sermon which was about 35 minutes, then prayer by Prof. Schaid, and music. Then G. M. Yoder arose and said that he had the honor and pleasure of introducing to you this day a man who had been selected to make the centennial address and they

should give him good attention while he was addressing them and that his name was Prof. Schaid, of Concordia College, a native of the State of Maryland and he would address them 30 minutes in the English language and 10 in German. Then the choir sang a noted piece called "One Hundred Years." Then the baskets were brought and the table was set, and when everything was ready the centennarian was led by her pastor, Rev. R. A. Yoder, and her children followed and then the ministers marched along the tables so then the old lady could see the rich food that was placed on this table of 144 feet long, to the head of the table and then take her seat. Then all were invited to partake of the rich bounties so prepared. Then Rev. Bernheim asked a blessing and they all did eat.

After dinner was over an artist took a negative of the assemblage from which many copies will soon be abroad in the land. It may be noted that the aged lady in whose honor the demonstration was made has lived through every Presidential term in our government. She was born just four months after the American government was established, and Washington was inaugurated in the city of New York, April 30th, 1789 and she is still living in the administration of President Harrison. She has seen these United States grow from 13 to 40 States and 5 Territories. She has seen the war of 1812, the purchase of Florida and Louisiana and the great territory of Alaska and other great changes and wars that her descendants have only heard of in history, and I could relate but I will stop for the present. G. M. Y.

## History of Footwear.

We would suppose that the common use of shoes and all kinds of foot coverings was of a much later date than the carrying of scent bottles? No one, I am sure; and yet the people of certain European countries, long after they had learned to clothe their bodies in an elaborate and costly fashion, were in the habit of "going barefooted." This was the custom even so late as the sixteenth century, and in the "courteous warriors equipped in full armor rode about without any covering on their feet or legs below the knees. This would seem still more strange than it does did one not recollect that even in this enlightened day the Scots, who would scorn any suggestion of barbarism, still cling to their national dress, which leaves knees wholly uncovered, despite the cold climate. The earliest records bear witness, however, that Moses and Aaron were commanded to take the shoes from off their feet before entering the temple, and in Egypt at that time the rich and great wore sandals encrusted with precious stones, of which the soles were made of gold. On the bottom was engraved the names of such people as had been conquered by the owners, if they happened to be of the conquering sex. Sandals with points elongated and turned up were the exclusive property of royalty.

Some of the early Asiatic nations covered their feet with the skins of animals in a fashion closely resembling that of today. Piny describes the house sandals of the Greek and Roman women as woven of threads of precious metal, thickly strung with pearls. But these worn out of doors were invariably made of undressed leather, slit in places, through which a thong of leather passed and fastened the sandal to the foot. These were introduced into England, where, as early as the ninth century, well shaped, tight-fitting black leather shoes were made. Since then, of course, the fashion and style of boots and shoes has changed, as is true of every other article of apparel, but the general use of black leather has prevailed over every other thing.—Chicago Herald.

Mr. Harrison does not point with pride to the failures of the forty-nine woolens, and scores of other establishments that have occurred since he was inaugurated. His administration is in the same boat.—Wilmington Star.