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Loving Words

Loving words cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life,
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.
When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow,
For the ones who walk beside you
If you love them, tell them so,
If you love them, tell them so,
What you count of little value,
Has an almost magic power;
And beneath their cheering sun-
shine
Hearts will blossom like a flower
So as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you:
If you love them tell them so.

HER HUSBAND'S NIECE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"George, when did you get this letter?" asked Mattie Henderson, as she glanced into her husband's face.
"On Wednesday," he said, with some hesitation.
"And this is Friday," rebukingly replied his wife. "You carried it about in your pocket for at least two days. It is from your niece, Fanny Atwood. She left New York yesterday and will be here on the 8 o'clock train this morning, and it is half-past 7 now. This is a nice state of affairs, isn't it?"
"It was careless in me, Mattie," the young farmer regretfully admitted.
"He was a handsome, good-natured fellow, sturdy in frame, and pleasing in speech. He had a whip in his hand, and his wagon, loaded with milk cans, was standing at the gate."
"She says she'll get off at Forest station, where you are to meet her," Mrs. Henderson said, her eyes once more on the letter.
"Oh, Esbaw," cried the husband with an impatience unusual with him. "I can't. I must have my milk at Beaver station on time. Why didn't she come over the road most convenient to me?"
"I suppose she'll have to walk here," replied the young wife. "And as she says that she intends to stay three weeks, no doubt she has brought her trunk with her—a trunk of no mean dimensions, I'll venture to predict. I am a good deal more put out about it than you are. There's the butter to churn, the clothes to iron, the current jelly to make, and goodness only knows what else. She'll be too dainty to lay a hand to anything, and will spend her time reading, sleeping and lolling in the hammock. She might have waited to be asked."
"I know it will prove an affliction," the husband consolingly said. "But I guess there's nothing to do but to bear it. Things may not turn out so bad as you fancy they will."
He got into the wagon and drove off. Mrs. Henderson walked into the spring house to churn the butter. She was seldom peevish and rarely complained, but the visit rarely seemed inopportune. She was not very strong, and as she worked early and late and took no recreation, it was beginning to tell on her nerves.
The farm was not entirely paid for, and they were not able to keep a girl. She was a sensible little woman, and felt that it was her duty to second her thrifty husband's efforts. Leisure, if not competency, would come by and by.
In descending the steps of the spring house she fell and sprained her ankle, the pain being so great that she almost fainted.
"That means a week of enforced idleness," she despairingly thought. "Time so precious, and that fashionably-reared niece of George's more of a hindrance than a help. Oh, dear!"
After much painful effort she succeeded in reaching the sitting room, and threw herself upon the

uncomfortable lounge. She fell into a doze, and when she opened her eyes were stood Fanny Atwood, looking down into her face.
She had on a plain, sensible-looking traveling dress. Her figure was compact, her complexion healthy, her air cheerful, her demeanor self-possessed. Her cheeks were dimpled, her mouth indicated resolution, her soft brown eyes offered confidence and invited it. She had walked two miles through the hot sun, over a dusty road, but one would hardly have thought so, she looked so neat, clean and placid.
"You are my Aunt Mattie, I suppose?" she said, in a low, sweet voice, a smile lurking among her dimples.
"Yes," Mrs. Henderson said with an effort. "Your uncle forgot to give me your letter until this morning. He could not meet you because he had to deliver the milk over at the other railroad at the hour you named. I am sorry you had to walk."
"I wasn't vexed about it," replied the visitor. "Nor am I in a hurry about my trunk."
"I sprained my ankle," Mrs. Henderson said, "I am afraid I will not be about for three or four days."
"That is too bad," commiseratingly rejoined Miss Atwood. "It seems I was just to come. I can do ever so many things for you."
"Yes," grimly assented Mrs. Henderson.
"I'll first look after that ankle," the visitor said, briskly, cheerfully. She removed her dainty-looking cuffs, and then took off her aunt's shoe and stocking.
"It is considerably swollen," she said.
"I am not surprised," replied Mrs. Henderson. "You'll find a bottle of liniment in the cupboard, yonder."
"I wouldn't put liniment on it just yet," advised Fanny. "Have you any sugar of lead?"
"Very likely. Look in that medicine box in the cupboard. There's a little of everything there, almost."
Fanny found the sugar of lead, and then some linen suitable for a bandage. She put the sugar of lead in a basin, added cold water, soaked the bandage in it and then wrapped it around the swollen ankle. She went about it like a professional nurse.
"That feels very cooling," Mrs. Henderson gratefully said.
"There is nothing reduces a swelling like sugar of lead water," replied Fanny. "I'll wet the bandage every now and then with it. Just you remain quiet, dearie, and don't bother yourself about anything. You have no girl?"
"No child," Mrs. Henderson said. "We cannot afford to keep one."
"I'll get uncle his dinner," announced Fanny.
"You'll get—George's dinner!" repeated Mrs. Henderson.
Fanny noticed the incredulity in her tone, laughed prettily, and said: "Why shouldn't I? If you will allow me to skimpish around I'll manage to find things. However, it isn't near dinner time yet. When I went to the kitchen for the basin I saw you had sprinkled the clothes. Shall I iron them?"
She saw the odd smile that came to her tired aunt's lips and correctly interpreted it.
"Maybe you think I can't iron?" she pleasantly said. "Just you wait and see."
"But the dress you have on, Miss Atwood? It—"
"Was selected for service," completed Fanny. "Of course I'll put on one of your aprons."
When Geo. Henderson returned from his errand, he heard some one singing cheerily in the kitchen. He stepped in saw his niece ironing away as dextrously as if she had spent the best part of her life at it. She made such a pretty picture that he stood still and looked at her.
"How do you do, uncle?" a twinkling of merriment in her own brown eyes; then she went and kissed him, standing on tip toe to do so.
"I'm glad you've come, Fanny," she said with heartiness. "I suppose Mattie explained why I did not

meet you at the station? But, why are you ironing? Where is Mattie?"
"She is lying down, uncle. She fell and sprained her ankle."
Mr. Henderson stepped into the sitting room, a look of concern on his face.
"Why, dear, how did this happen?" he kindly asked.
"Oh, how does anything happen?" she replied a little querulously. "Through my own awkwardness, no doubt. I almost fainted, the pain was so great."
"Does it pain you now dear?"
"I am glad to say that it doesn't."
"I'll bathe it with sugar of lead water," he said. "There isn't anything better."
"Fanny has already done that," replied the wife. "It was her own suggestion."
"Oh," ejaculated Mr. Henderson, with increasing appreciation of his niece.
"And she insists upon ironing. A pretty mess she'll make of it!"
"Well, maybe not," Mr. Henderson said in a quiet tone. "I watched her a little while. Mattie, you are a good ironer, but she is your equal."
"Oh, nonsense, George!" exclaimed his wife. "Reared in the city, as she has been—"
"Didn't necessarily make her a lazy, silly, novel-reading imbecile," interrupted her husband. "Perhaps we haven't been just to Fanny. I think she is a solid, energetic, capable sort of a girl, and it is lucky that she came."
"Well, I hope it may prove so," doubtfully rejoined the wife.
"George, there's the butter!"
"I'll churn that," he said. "We'll get along. Just you keep your mind at ease. You will get about much sooner if you do."
Fanny Atwood prepared dinner, now and then slipping into the sitting-room to wet the bandage, and to chat in her cheery way with her patient.
On the third day Mrs. Henderson was able to hobble into the kitchen where she found everything in most excellent order.
"Look at my current jelly," Fanny proudly said, as she held up one of the glass jars to the light. It was ruscous and bright as ruby tinted wine.
"It is very nice," Mrs. Henderson said. "How much sugar did you take?"
"Pound for pound," replied Fanny. "I wasn't extravagant, was I?"
"You were wise," her aunt said with a smile.
She opened the door leading into the cellar.
"Fanny, did you whitewash the stairway?" she asked in surprise.
"Yes, auntie. It needed it. I knew you meant to do it, for I saw you had slacked the lime. Isn't it nicely done?"
"Very nicely," Mrs. Henderson said. "But it wasn't right for you to do it. Surely your hands—"
"Look at them," Fanny said, laughing. "They are as white and soft as any lady's. I put gloves on—and then I have a sort of dainty way of working. I can do it well without pitching into it all over. I have a knack, as mother calls it. If it was right for you to whitewash the cellar-way, it was right for me to whitewash it. I came here to help you and to spare you; to ride the horses, to go to the mill with Uncle George, and to make myself useful and—welcome. If you are not going to let me work, or have any fun, why, I'll go right back to New York."
She spoke with voluble earnestness, her gestures rapid, her dimples rapid, her dimples dancing.
Mrs. Mattie Henderson sat down in a chair and cried.
"Why, aunt, what is the matter?" asked Fanny, her brown eyes widening. "I hope I didn't say anything to—"
"No, dear, you didn't," replied Mrs. Henderson in a broken voice. "I am crying because I am ashamed of myself—because I have been so unkind to you in my thoughts. I supposed that you would annoy me, and hinder me; that you would be helpless, selfish, fault-finding; that you—"
"But you think more kindly of me

now, do you not?" interrupted Fanny, her hands moving crossingly over her aunt's hair.
"Most certainly I do," replied Mrs. Henderson, explosively. "That is why I confess my injustice—why I want to make amends—why I—"
"Don't mind it, auntie," said the sweet, forgiving, sympathetic voice. "I don't censure you, and it's all right now. There may be—and, in fact, there are—justless, frivolous, helpless girls in New York City—and in other cities—but I am not one of them. If I was, I am afraid I would despise myself."
"I am glad you have come, Fanny, and I will be sorry when you go, Mrs. Henderson said, and she meant it. "My prejudices mislead me, and I have been taught a lesson. Hereafter I'll not be so hasty in estimating people, especially before I have met them."
Old Maids.
There is a class of women in every age of the world and in all communities called old maids, though many of them are yet young in life. They constitute a minority yet fill a large place in the social and domestic world. Why the epithet should be indiscriminately applied to all of the class is a mystery and injustice, but it has come to be understood in a good and not in an offensive sense. These old maids, it has been said, fill up the gaps of life, and in doing this they fill a void which no others can fill and make the world all the brighter and happier. They have a mission in life ordered by a wise Providence that mission lies between those of father, mother, son and daughter and touches all these at every angle, and thus fills up and rounds out the great mission of life.
Miss Alcott said that it was her destiny to fill up the gaps of life; that she was a wife to her father, a mother to an orphaned daughter of her sister, and still she was daughter and friend. To one who recognizes such a life as "her destiny" what a noble destiny it is! What a noble service though it be one of ceaseless activity and unremitting toil!
And how beautifully and gracefully such service comes to the home and sweetens and sanctifies all the ascerbicities of life. Is there a word to be spoken to the child in its little crosses and imagined wrongs who can do it like the old maid? Are the cares of the father to be lightened when the justies and attritions of the business day are over and he returns to the quiet of his home who can be tender to this than the old maid of the family by her words of cheer and her ministrations of kindness? Are the cares of the weary and tired mother to be lightened by willing hands are her spirits to be cheered by the bright sunshine of smiles and the satisfactions arising from neatness, order and comfort in the home, who is more willing and better fitted than the old maid? Are the young ladies to be encouraged in the duties of the household taught in the domestic arts and the intricacies of social science, their habits corrected and their tastes refined, who can do this like the gentle refined old maid? Are the sick to be visited and ministered to with gentle loving hands and words of cheer and encouragement who in all the world is so fitted for this as the old maid? The very position which she occupies and the work which Providence has assigned her have made her a necessity in the world, filling a space unoccupied by others and at the same time developing in her those gifts and graces which go very far in the make up of the only life worth living in this world.
There are some rules that find their only complements in their exceptions; there are some laws whose greatest excellencies are in their breach and there are some apparently minor orderings of Providence, which we are only too apt to forget or fail properly to understand that are absolutely necessary to the filling up and rounding out of the general plan. In no other life than that of an old maid can those latent talents

be evoked which show in its true glory the devoteness of the female character. There is a beauty and a glory in youth. There is a divinity in motherhood and each shines in its own peculiar light to the glory and praise of God; but there is a beauty and glory in old maidhood which for the true excellence of our humanity, for the value of noble self sacrifice, and for the illustration an glorification of the sex, outshines all. She is an exception to all general laws fixing a destiny not contemplated in the garden of Eden and also be the result of the fall but like many of its consequences, overruled for the good of society and the glory of God.
And in this how beautifully appear the wisdom and the love of God. Like much other of the good that has survived the fall it comes in a way last expected. It comes by accommodation. It comes contrary to our plans and wishes. It comes on the heel of disappointment. The most cherished plans of the girl must be abandoned as she grows into the old maid. Selfish claims are reluctantly given up, and new plans and new relations must be formed. In assuming her new relations she begins to realize her responsibilities and she at first shrinks from them. But the force of circumstances, and the ordering of her destiny develop in her those graces which shine in life as the brightest ornament of the female character.
We reverence the old maid. We look upon her as necessary to the highest well being of society. Her very existence fills a gap of life as well as the noble life she lives. We feel that life would not be as cheerful without her. We know the family, the Sunday-school, the Church and the world have been sanctified and blessed by the presence and benediction of old maids.—*Lutheran Visitor.*
The Farmer Who Robbed His Boy.
Last spring a farmer found in his flock a lamb which the mother would not own. He gave it to his son, a boy fifteen years old, who saved it and raised it. The boy called it his all summer, all the family called it his, and it was his. But this fall when the father sold the other lambs he let this one go with them, and taking the pay for it tucked it into his wallet and carried it off to pay taxes or put it to the bank.
Now this farmer did not intend to do anything wrong. Least of all did he intend to wrong his boy. Probably he did not give the matter much thought any way; and if he did he considered the boy's ownership of the lamb a sort of pleasing fiction or reasoned that the boy, having all his needs supplied out of the family purse, did not need the pay for the lamb, and it was better to put into the common fund. But, for all that, taking the lamb and selling it in that way, and pocketing the proceeds was stealing. No it was robbery, and, as between this boy and his father, one of the meanest robberies that could be perpetrated.
Not only this, but by robbing the boy of that two dollars the farmer did more to make the boy discontented and drive him away from home than he could do with ten times that amount. A boy is a little man, and if he has got any of the gather and grip to him which will make a successful man of him when he grows up, he begins at an early age to feel that desire to own something to add to the property subject to his ownership, which is at once the incentive to effective work and the motive which reconciles men to their condition.
No matter how well the boy's wants are supplied from a fund which is common to the whole family, he takes no particular interest in adding to that because he does not feel that it is his, and he tires of labor and thought, the proceeds of which he must share with several others; but give him a piece of property of his own, to manage as he pleases, to keep or sell or change and let him feel that his ownership

is secure and that his loss or gain depends upon his own endeavor and he will work cheerfully and contentedly.
Eyes Open.
Rachie went off to school, wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.
"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself.
She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert who sat inside her door mending shoes. She was just now trying to thread a needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.
"Why if that isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it had not been for Aunt Amy. Stop Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."
"Thank you my little lassie. My poor eyes are worn out, see. I can get along with the coarse work yet but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"
"Mamma would say the Lord would take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt she was too little to be saying such things.
"And you can say it too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me a bit of your help and your comfort too."
But Rachie got hold of the needle book, and was bending over it with busy fingers.
"See!" she presently said. "I've threaded six needles for you to go on with and when I come back I'll thread some more."
"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes little one!" said the old woman, as Rachie skipped away.
"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she neared the playground.
"Which side will you be on?"
But there was a little girl with a very downcast face sitting on the porch.
"What's the matter, Jennie?" said Rachie going to her.
"I can't make this add up," said Jennie in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few sneaky fingers on her sleeve.
"Let me see; I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see?"
"So I did." The example was finished and Jennie was soon at play with the others.
Rachie kept her eyes open all day and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing kindness which went far toward making the day happier. Try it girls and boys, and you will see for yourself.
"Will ye look here, Miss Rachie?"
Bridget was sitting in the back porch looking dolefully at a bit of paper which lay on the kitchen table she had carried out there.
"It's a letter I'm after writin' to to me mother, and its fearin' I am she'll never be able to read it, because I can't rade meself. Can you rade it all, Miss Rachie? It's all the afternoon I have been at it."
Rachie tried with all her might to read poor Bridget's queer squall, but she was obliged to give it up.
"I'll write one for you some day, Bridget," she said; "I am going over to Jennie's to play if ye spy' now."
The fresh air and the bird-song and the soft winds make it very pleasant to be out of doors after being in school all day, and her limbs fairly ached for a good run. But she turned at the gate for another look at Bridget's wee become face.
"I'll do it for you now, Bridget," she said going back.
It was not an easy task for writing was slow for her, but she formed each letter with painstaking little fingers, and when she had finished felt well repaid by Bridget's warm thanks and a satisfied frowning of duty well done.
"Our Master has taken His journey to a country that's far away,"
Aunt Amy heard the cheery notes floating up the stairs, telling of the approach of the little worker.
"I've been keeping my eyes open Aunt Amy, and there's plenty and plenty to do."—*Christian Secretary.*

How Postage Stamps are Made.
The design of the stamp is engraved on steel, and, in printing, plates are used on which 200 stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering these with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing 200 printed stamps have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water. After having been again dried, this glue on little racks fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets into, each sheet when cut, containing 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps, they are then passed to another squad of workers who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more and then packed and labeled and stowed away to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned.
Not less than 500,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps, to guard against pilfering by the employees; and it is said that during the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost in this way. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.
A Cure for Diphtheria.
The following remedy is going the rounds, and it is claimed to be a sure cure if carefully adhered to:
"Take equal parts (say two table-spoonsful) of turpentine and liquid tar; put into a tin pan or cup, and set fire to the mixture, taking care to have a large pan underneath as a safe guard against fire. A dense, smoky smoke arises, making the room dark and the patient seems to experience immediate relief, the choking and rattling stops; the patient falls into a slumber, and inhales the smoke with pleasure; the swollen membranes soon becomes detached, and the patient coughs up microbes. These, if caught in a glass, may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days the patient is well on the road to recovery."
Mercurial Poison.
Mercury is frequently injudiciously used by quack doctors in cases of malarial and blood poison. Its after-effect is worse than the original disease. B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) contains no mercury, but will eliminate mercurial poison from the system. Write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing proof of its curative virtue.
A. F. Brittain, Jackson, Tenn., writes: "I caught malarial in Louisiana, and when the fever at last broke, my system was saturated with poison, and I had sores in my mouth and knots on my tongue. I got two bottles B. B. B., which healed my tongue and mouth and made a new man of me."
Wm. Richmond, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My wife could hardly see. Doctors called it syphilitic iritis. Her eyes were in a dreadful condition. Her appetite failed. She had pains in her joints and bones, her kidneys were deranged also, and no one thought she could be cured. Dr. Gorman recommended B. B. B., which she used until her health was entirely restored."
K. P. B. Jones, Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I was troubled with copper-colored eruptions, loss of appetite, pain in back, aching joints, debility, emaciation, loss of hair, sore throat, and great nervousness. B. B. B. put my system in fine condition."
The jute bagging trust is on its knees to the Alliance. It is offering its goods at two cents per yard, but the farmers don't yield worth a cent