

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. II.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1888.

NO. 27

## Poetry.

### HEALTH

BY E. L. ALLEN.  
From Health and Home.

Health, how great, how grand a blessing,  
Can a price be on thee placed?  
Can thy worth be found in guessing?  
If thy name with rubies graded?

Will the time e'er be when mortals  
Shall enjoy thy great atonement?  
Or wilt thou close thy portals  
To our fallen race too soon?

Shall disease, so dark and gloomy,  
E'er assume thy scepter grand,  
And destroy the houses rosy,  
Which on rocks now steadfast stand?

Or wilt thou schools o'erthrow thee  
With thy poisonous made with drugs?  
Can they ever know thee  
With such fatal, fatal shrugs?

Wilt thou lower to their dictates,  
Leave the body in their power,  
Let them use their cruel mandates  
Every day and every hour?

Shall thy realm be thus invaded,  
By a foe so strong and brave,  
Send thy home so weak and jaded  
To an early, gloomy grave?

Or wilt thou rise in strength of truth,  
Put such foes to hasty flight?  
Lose from men these bonds uncouth,  
Give them day instead of night?

"Yes, oh, yes!" I hear Health saying,  
"I will teach men how to live."  
They will learn to do more praying,  
Learn their duty to better give.

"They will learn from Nature's fountain  
Knowledge more than they now know;  
Yes, they'll learn to scale the mountain,  
Headless of the ice and snow."

"All the drugs and quacks I'll banish  
Far from those who know the truth;  
Never superior food shall furnish  
Those who lie beneath my booth."

"Schools and creeds shall fool no longer  
Men who strive to do my laws,  
Instead of work, they'll be far stronger,  
There's no effect without a cause."

"Yes, I am indeed a blessing,  
And my price is very small  
E'en within the bounds of guessing,  
Don't let Nature's Eden fall!"

### A LITTLE HEROINE, OR ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

Most girls of my age would have been terrified at spending the night alone in a cottage with a thousand dollars to take care of and no neighbor to summon in case of danger.

My father was an overseer at the mines two miles distant, and this money had been paid in that day to settle with the men.

I had noticed while we were counting it over that two miners were watching us from the window, but thought no more of the matter. Father did not like to go away and leave me alone with so much money, but I was rather glad to show him that I was not a coward and finally he kissed me reluctantly as if still in doubt and went away.

After he was gone I took the money up to my room and hid it in the tin box where I kept Tom Harling's letters—the sailor boy who was coming home soon to marry me.

When 9 o'clock came I slipped off to bed and was soon in the land of nod. About midnight I was roused by the sound of voices and a noise as if some one was working at the door.

"What do you want?" I called out boldly. "If you don't want me to rouse my father you will go away."

"Your father is miles away, my girl; so you'd better let us in."

To this I made no answer so they continued:

"We'd like a drop of beer, too, if you have it handy. Will you let us in or not?"

"This is my father's house," I answered. "In his absence I admit no strangers."

"Well show you!" they scornfully.

And once more chisel and hammer fell boldly to work. Oh how I blessed the trusty lock, and when at last they ceased their useless efforts and their footsteps died away, I fell on my knees in a transport of gratitude that I had escaped the danger. But it was, alas! short lived. From it I was roused by a crash which made the walls tremble. The men had drawn and arming themselves with a huge log as

a battering ram, assailed the door. I saw the bar shake and knew that it could not long withstand the pressure. With strength almost superhuman I dragged what furniture I could to its defence piling it up as a barricade, for fear of being lost in frenzied indignation at this outrage to a helpless girl. Then spending upstairs I took the money from the place where I had deposited it and placed it in my breast, determined to protect it with my life. As I turned to go down again my eye fell on my father's gun, and with almost a sob of thanksgiving I seized it in my grasp. As I did so another blow was struck followed by another and another. "I am armed!" I cried through the door. "If you force an entrance I will kill you."

A scornful laugh was the only reply as the blows fell fast the men retreating just far enough to move forward with newly acquired strength. Once more I glanced around the room. The fire was dying out; only a few embers were left in the ashes. You can fancy my white face with blazing resolute eyes and stout young heart facing the unseen enemy not knowing at what moment my solace would yield. Another blow! The timbers creak. Soon stout as they are they will give way. But a few momentous moments more must elapse before they are destroyed. Once more I shout through the door:

"Men, if you enter it is at the peril of your lives! Be warned to time!"

Again a scornful laugh is in reply.

You shall pay well for this work so no more of your threats," they say and I obey.

What is my best defence? Back of me is a window low to the ground. Have they a spy at the rear? This I must risk and trusting to the noise and darkness slip silently the bolt and raising the saeb, leap to the ground just as with crash my barricade falls to the floor the door gives way then leap into the now deserted room.

The open window betrays me. They rush forward. There is but one chance. I raise the gun and empty both barrels into space, then clutching the money pressing it tight to my breast I flee into the darkness. On and on I go until I pause to listen for the footsteps following but the beating of my own heart is all the sound I hear. Then I sink fainting for the first time in my life, upon the cold ground. When I open my eyes they peer into my father's pale anxious face who bends and kisses me.

"The money—is it safe?" is my first question.

"Yes, my brave girl—thanks to you—every dollar of it."

"And the men?"

"One has gone to meet his reward at a higher tribunal than ours and one has been bound in jail.

Then when I grew stronger they told me all—the how the ball had pierced the heart of one man and the other had fallen helpless shot in the leg. Surely Providence had directed my aim. Some one had found me cold and lifeless on the ground in the morning and bearing me to my home discovered the me one dead one living—and from the latter's lips heard the confession of the horror of the night.

Instead of opening my eyes from my long faint I had opened them from the long fever and delirium through which I had been; but as my father stepped back Tom Harling's face appeared beside it, and sobbing happily in his arms I forgot the fact that I had been almost a heroine, but only knew myself a girl, loved and loving. He says I never again shall prove my claims to heroism, and as our cottage is now almost completed, and I soon am to accept forever his protecting care, I gladly hope I never may.

Poison from beehorns, spider bites, etc., is instantly arrested by the application of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda well rubbed in on the place bitten or stung.—Woman's Work.

**Influence.**  
From Woman's Work.

Dear girls, do you, the young ladies of to-day, realize amid the hurry and bustle of the gay life you lead, the weight of responsibility that rests upon you? Do you stop to think that there is some one easily swayed by your influence, standing with wat'ry eyes for your example? Now girls give your earnest attention for one moment. Whether is that influence tenting? Are you not treading the path which you would blush to have your little brothers and sisters tread? Are your lives and examples as chaste as you would have theirs to be? How does the new slang expression which you took up because it was so fancy, sound upon infant lips? And yet it is all right to them because "sister said it." How do you like to hear some cross-fish words which you did not half mean at the time, and would never again, repeated by the same infant lips when some other girl's brother drop in to spend the evening? Then set a watch upon your lips and really be what you would seem.

Have you not a feeling akin to loneliness when your stalwart young brother begins to be restless and ill at ease, and is gradually drawn from your side? Where does he go? Whom does he choose for his companions? Ah! girls, too often do your brothers choose for associates those with whom we would not be seen in company; and all too late you begin to ask why it is. Perhaps home had been more attractive all would have been well. If, instead of calling an awkward boy, and telling him to get out of your sight, you would show a deference for his wishes and try only half as hard to make home pleasant to him as you do to chain that "other fellow" to your side, what a difference—what an entirely different boy he might be.

It is for the girls to say whether or not they have brothers to be proud of, and whether or not their brothers respect and are proud of them.

A good daughter or sister seldom fails to make a good wife. Neither does a dutiful son and affectionate brother fail to make a good husband.

And how about the young man who has forsaken home attachments—everything for a place at your side? There is no doubt about your influence over him. He will show what you shun; ridicule what you ridicule; respect that which you respect and enjoy what you enjoy.

Do you always make the most of your influence? Do you try, with gentle, winning hand, to strengthen morals, lighten principles and point them to nobler and loftier aspirations?

You should try earnestly and prayerfully to make every one with whom you come in contact in some way the better for having known you. A helping hand, a bright smile, a kind word are little things but for the want of them, many have fallen in the struggle of life.

Though you can do nothing great or grand, the little things of life demand our energies and so many of these lie at our hand. Come, girls lay aside so much use less frivolity. Life is too short to be spent before the mirror and in the ball-room. Bravely take on the armor of Christ and work for Him, knowing that in His own good time you shall have your reward.

A FRIEND.

**Who is Your Best Friend?**  
Your stomach of course. Why? Because 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, Bilelessness, 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.

**Self Discipline.**  
From Woman's Work.

There are some traits of manner that unmisakably indicate good or bad breeding. To the cultivated man or woman, tradition of good breeding imposes a restraint on all matters concerning one's self. No well bred person makes himself or his affairs a subject of common conversation, neither is he inquisitive with regard to others. He does not parade his petty grievances, disappointments, and morbid feelings. Lincoln, it is said, was a sympathizer with all who laid their troubles before him, but his innate delicacy and unselfishness made him very reticent on things concerning himself.

Carlyle said, "Good manners are an absence of all fustiness." He says: it is a kind consideration for others. We were never fully impressed with the latter meaning of the word, until employing a little girl from a poor, poverty-stricken family—a child who knew nothing of the comforts of home, except as she occasionally looked through a neighbor's doorway, but could not pass within. She was unselfish, buoyant, and ambitious; and without any training whatever, her manners were admirable—her politeness came from a kind consideration for others, with a native self respect.

When our neighbor makes us a call, before we vent our ill-natured pent-up feelings, for his consideration and sympathy, we would do well to recall the adage "Familiarity breeds contempt." This thoughtless reflection of our own unpleasantness, is an offense to our neighbor and also to good taste. We spot the background to what might have been a pleasant remembrance. We should study how to make a visitor feel refreshed and benefited by her call. If she is disposed to be meddlesome and familiar, lead the subject to a more helpful and cheerful channel, and she will be benefited by your consideration. Above all things, women who live in a small community need the discipline of books. Read mothers; read to your children, talk of what you read, and don't bother about your neighbors' affairs. When Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ comes to deal out her gossip, give play to your enthusiasm about something you have been reading. Make books the common subject of conversation at your homes, with your children as well as with the older members of your family and friends, and you will help to root out the greatest of all social evils—gossip. If each individual would scrutinize his own conduct and set as self-critic, it might be the means of correcting many grave and deterring faults. Not all of us have the opportunity of associating with the highly bred, but we can so educate our every day manners, that when we do meet them we will feel at home and not be looked upon as boorish companions.

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**Harmony with God.**  
The disquietude of our lives comes of our not being in harmony with God, yet the greater number of people attribute it to nearly everything else. But those who have wider experience trace it readily to its source. Now, as in the past, God by his messengers is saying to those who listen, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you." Sin is everywhere present in this world and we see its baleful effects on every hand, yet we refuse to acknowledge its actual power and influence. We cannot have peace until we put sin and worldliness far away from us. God is ready to restore us to favor if we will accept his methods, which are so plainly set forth that we cannot misunderstand them. "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." God has no other word for sinful men.—Central Christian Advocate.

Now is the time to take your county paper, the COURIER. \$1.50.

**THANKSGIVING.**  
**The President Issues His Proclamation.**  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1.—The President this afternoon issued the following proclamation:

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy, which have followed them since the day he made them a nation, and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness he has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and greatness.

He has not visited with swift punishment our short comings, but with gracious care he has warned us of our dependence upon his forbearance and has taught us that obedience to his holy law is the price of a continuance of his precious gift.

In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a nation, and to the end that, on an appointed day, the united prayers and praise of a grateful country may reach the throne of grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November instant as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to be kept and observed throughout the land. On this day, let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations; and in their accented robes of worship, with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all his mercies—for the abundant harvests, which have rewarded the toil of the husband during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and their marts of trade and traffic. Let us give thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders, and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness.

And, mindful of the afflictive dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge his mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be cheered by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the mercies which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that he has enjoined upon us charity; and on this Day of Thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and the needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and [SEAL] caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

GROVER CLEVELAND,  
By the President,  
T. F. BAYARD, Sec'y of State.

Are You Made Miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale by W. M. Reedy & Co.

For Lame Back, side or chest. Use Shiloh's Forus Plaster, Price 25 cents. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

Steeple Nights, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cough Remedy for you. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. The price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Company.

—THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING—

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade as Drug Stores as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

**A Sioux Bill of Fare**  
One of the peculiarities of the latest United States style of feeding the noble red man is the fact that he is given Government rations, and at the same time appropriations are made which are supposed to maintain him.

Sometimes a wild Indian who doesn't know much about groceries and how to prepare them for food, comes in and draws his regular soldier rations in this way. For instance, up in the Sitting Bull country a while ago an Indian came in from the warpath who had never seen any of the pale face style of food, and drew his rations.

He made a light meal of unground coffee the first day, and as he overate, the coffee swelled on him, he had difficulty in burrowing his pants around the pain that he had on hand.

He felt very unhappy for a day or two, but laid it to the fact that he hadn't exercised much, and the consequent indigestion and indigestion resulting therefrom.

As soon as he succeeded in getting his interior department quieted down a little, he tackled his rations of candles. These he decided to parboil, in order to avoid trouble from indigestion. The dish was not so much of a glittering success as he had anticipated, and as he remorsefully picked the candle wicking out of his teeth with a tent pin he made some remark that grated harshly on the athletic ears of those who stood near.

He then tried a meal of yeast-powder and then took a pint of extremely potent vinegar to wash it down.

At first there was a feeling of a glad surprise in his stomach, which rapidly gave place to unavailing remorse.

A can of yeast powder in an Indian's midst don't seem to be prepared for a pint of vinegar, and the result of such an unfortunate circumstance is not gratifying.

Every little while a look of pain would come over the features of the noble child of the forest, and then he would jump about seven feet and try to kick a cloud out of the sky. Then he would sit down and think over his past life.

It took about a week for him to get back to where he dared to get up another meal for himself. Then he tricussed a couple of pounds of laundry soap and ate that.

Soap is all right for external purposes or for treating a pair of soiled socks, but it does not assimilate with the gastric juice readily, and those who have tried laundry soap as a relish do not seem to think that it will ever arrive at any degree of prominence as an article of diet.

That is why this untutored child of nature swore. He had never received the benefits of early training in profanity, and his language, therefore was, disconnected and rambling; but when we consider that he was ignorant of our language, and that every little while he had to stop and hold on to his digester with both hands and dig great holes in the earth with his toes, the remarks didn't seem altogether out of place or irrelevant.

When a gallon or so of agitated baking powder and vinegar is sipping its little song in the innermost recesses of an Indian, and this has been followed by a treatment of laundry soap, the student of human nature can find a wide field for observation in that locality.

The earnest and occupied look, the troubled expression of the countenance, followed by the quick, nervous twitching of the muscles of the face, the deep-drawn sigh and the smothered cough—all betoken a gastric agitation going on within.

This is why an Indian prefers a link of bologna sausage and two-year-old dog to the high-priced groceries so common to our modern civilization.—Bill Nye.

**The Miracle of the Tariff**  
From Puck.

"I will give you," says the protectionist to the laborer, "a system that will raise your wages; to you, the manufacturer, a system that will increase your profits; to you, the consumer, a system that will lower prices." Was there ever such a wonder working miracle? The manufacturer is to be benefited by legislation which will force him to lower prices and to raise wages! The workingman is to receive this increase in wages from increased profits. But though protectionists tell you that cheapness is not desirable, nevertheless to the consumer prices are to be reduced!

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with invincible resolution who bears the bravest burden cheerfully and whose reliance on truth and virtue is the most unaltering.—Woman's Work.

**The Number of the Stars.**  
[Professor E. S. Holden, in the August Century.]

The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6000 stars visible to an ordinary good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon, as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this observation, it is not likely that more than 2000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by an ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars, are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey toward the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we still find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with power far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of the twentieth and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probably that the number of successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question, but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searched by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6,000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,000,000 stars. Of this number, not one hundred has ever been catalogued at all. . . . In all 315,926 stars, from the first to the 9½ magnitudes, are contained in the northern sky; or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with 3-inch object-glass.

**The Power of Words.**  
The effect an advertisement has upon the reader is very well illustrated by the following, as related in the Mechanical News:

A wealthy man who owns a country residence recently became dissatisfied with it, and determined to have another. So he instructed a real estate agent famous for his descriptive powers to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply to his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded that it was just what they wanted, and that they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the agent and told him that the place he had advertised was such a one as he desired and he would purchase it. The agent burst into a laugh, and told him that was a description of his own house where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, cogitated over the "grassy again," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawns," etc., and broke out, "Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George! I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."