

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. II.

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## Posing.

### CONTENTMENT.

BY NELLIE VALDOR KIMBER.

Once there lived a little maiden, who was very sweet and fair,  
Who had eyes like purple pansies, and long, sunny, flowing hair;  
And those said through all the country she was loved beyond compare.

Yet she had no wealth nor power—just a lovely smiling face,  
Just a kindly, gentle nature, and a maid-  
en's wondrous grace;  
But at times she longed for jewels, to wear  
silk and costly lace.

And it chanced she lay asleeping in the  
garden one June,  
And the sunlight kissed her tresses, and  
the breeze sang sweet,  
And the roses were half-jubilant all  
the summer afternoon.

And she dreamed of wondrous treasures,  
Of kingdoms by the sea,  
Of a prince who came to claim her, and  
whose praise seemed melody,  
Like the music of the waters flowing on  
delightfully.

And she longed for time to pass her like  
a sudden spirit flow,  
For her youth to vanish quickly, and to be  
a woman grown,  
That the prince might kneel before her,  
and might claim her for his own.

And in part her wish was answered, for  
there came to her one day  
One who offered wealth and station, and  
undisputed sway;  
The prince she loved to give him, yet she  
did not turn away.

But I've heard, a sad-eyed woman stands  
alone at home of day,  
And her heart is grieved and troubled, let  
me praise her as they say,  
For her happiness has left her, taken  
wings and flown away!

And I think, O friends, 'twere better, in  
this journey here of ours,  
Not to dream of power and riches, nor of  
stately homes and towers—  
But to live in sweet contentment, like the  
little birds and flowers.

Leaving, N. C.

## THROUGH JEALOUSY, OR A WOMAN'S DEVICE.

The first thing Arthur Denning asked his cousin on his return from Europe was "Where is Elsie?" Florence Troy was piqued that he should cut her welcome short by asking for his uncle's ward. She had never quite given up hope of winning Arthur's love herself and had done her best to turn his mind against Miss Newton. "Elsie has gone to visit her friend Lucy Mableton," she said in answer to his question; "but will be home to-morrow."

"You might as well say the year after next," he growled. "I wonder if the time has passed so slowly to her since we parted as it has with me."

"She showed admirable patience," said Florence, carelessly. "I used to wonder how she could keep so cheerful. I'm sure I could never have done so."

He smiled good naturedly. "The time might have hung heavier," continued Florence, whose look of innocence was fairly child-like now, "but for the kind attentions of your friend Orton Barche. He was here nearly every day, and his presence seemed to cheer Elsie up greatly. I'm sure you ought to feel ever so much obliged to him."

Arthur's smile became a laugh. "Come, come, Florence," he interrupted, "you always were a bit of a mischief maker, but you can't make me the least jealous."

"How can you talk so, Cousin Arthur?" pouted Florence. "I never meant such a thing. There was nothing in the conduct of Elsie and Mr. Barche that anyone could criticize. They only sang and played and walked and read poetry together, and—"

"In plain English, flattered to their hearts' content," said Arthur finishing the sentence and breaking into another laugh.

"Oh! Cousin Arthur!"

"I tell you it's no use," broke in Arthur sauntering off to look after his luggage which had just arrived. Florence went out the next morning and it was nearly noon when she and Arthur met.

"See," she said on coming down from taking off her things, "something I've just found that Elsie

forgot when she was leaving. How very silly! It will be when she misses it! She has worn it constantly of late. "Wh— it is the locket I gave her with my picture in it," said Arthur taking the trinket in his hand. "You say she has kept it constantly about her?" he asked with manifest delight.

"Night and day lately," Florence answered.

Arthur touched the spring mechanism and the case opened. An electric shock could not have started him more suddenly. Instead of his own likeness it was that of Orton Barche that met his eye. It was true that in his absence another had supplanted him in the locket which he had fondly believed all his own.

He stood for a moment pale and dumb. Then flinging aside the telltale bauble he hurried to his room and made hasty preparations for an immediate journey. These finished he penned a letter to Elsie, filled with upbraiding words and in terms of withering scorn giving her back her promise.

Instruction the servant to deliver his luggage to the messenger who would call for it and leaving the letter to be delivered to Elsie he hastened from the house brushing past Florence with a hurried farewell.

An hour later Arthur Denning was a passenger on the "Lightning Express," experiencing a sort of undefined relief in the thought that every minute was carrying him further and further from the scene of his betrayal. There was, more over something in the noise and rapid motion in harmony with the turmoil of his feelings.

A shock—a crash—cries of men and shrieks of women—that was all Arthur could remember when, days afterward, he returned to consciousness to find his head swathed in bandages and his arm cased in splints. Bending over him was a sweet, gentle face, full of tenderest sympathy. The parted lips breathed his name, and he looked up with a glad expression, which quickly faded away as if extinguished by some painful memory.

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie!" he murmured, "that you of all the world, should have proved false!"

"How come you to doubt me, Arthur?"

As he gazed into her loving, truthful eyes he asked himself the same question. How, indeed, could he?

"But the locket!"

"The one you gave me with your picture?" she asked. "Here it is. I have guarded it most carefully," and she held it opened before his eyes, revealing his own likeness!

The truth flashed upon him. He understood now why Florence had gone out that morning. She had taken the locket from Elsie's room and had the picture replaced with one of Orton Barche, taking care of course, after Arthur's departure and before Elsie's return, to have the original likeness restored.

"Forgive me, darling!" said Arthur, reaching out his hand, which Elsie took and pressed tenderly.

And then he told her all, and Elsie promised to give Florence a piece of her mind when they met, and we have no doubt she kept her word.

The Rev. George M. Thayer, of Bourbon, Indiana, says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure."—For sale by W. M. Reedy & Co.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. For sale by W. M. Reedy & Co.

## EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The daily papers furnish almost every morning, a list of obituaries more saddening than those which appear under the head of "Deaths." It is the list of detected defaulters, forgers, or swindlers of some description. Many of these are either young men or men in the prime of life. Often they belong to highly respectable families and are attendants upon churches; sometimes they are church members who serve Satan while wearing "sheep's clothing." The ruin of some of these evil doers is traced to club-life; for the moral influence of a large portion of the clubs is unquestionably bad. The licentiousness; the stolen monies have been squandered—like the Prodigal in the parable—"with harlots." But in a very large number of cases the temptation to fraud has been the snare of *extravagant living*.

A young man marries and both he and his wife have an ambition to live "in good style." They think that if they board in cheap quarters or rent a modest house in an unfashionable locality or dress plainly or refuse to give showy parties and live frugally they will not be able to get "into society." The result is that the husband is perpetually racking his brains to raise the means for a style of living that is on a par with their "set." He is tempted to speculations and tampering with stocks. In plain he is tempted to gamble. If he cannot succeed in these directions he is tempted to secret frauds either in banks or some other establishment with which he is connected. The wife—who often is another great error. The place of the wife is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downward. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, to be in contact with or near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

Deep planting is the one error, remarks the Massachusetts Ploughman—to plant a tree rather shallower than it formerly stood is really the right way while many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets composed entirely of cells the feeder of the tree always found near the surface getting air and moisture and roots of over one year old which serve only as supporters of the tree and conductors of its food.

Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in the earth. Placing flesh, or green manure in contact with the roots is another great error. The place of the manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downward. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, to be in contact with or near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

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not be wronging your own soul by conformity to the world, by self-indulgence, and by encouraging extravagance in others? May you not be robbing your Lord and Saviour by expending on selfish gratification what you owe to him and to objects of Christian charity? Is it very rare that a church member enters on a costly and ostentatious mode of living without a terrible sacrifice of spirituality and Christian influence. God forbid that I should be "an accuser of the brethren" falsely, or wantonly libel on who bear the name above every name! But unless I have mistaken the signs of the times, the Church of God is in a double peril; the pulpit is in danger of a down grade in evangelical doctrine, and the pew is in danger of a down-grade into self-indulgence and extravagant living. A revival of something like old-fashioned, honest, to get, sturdy, courageous puritanism would be a blessing to both pulpit and people.—*Christian at Work.*

## BECKY'S BURGLAR.

Becky Grove would never have been selected as the heroine of a love story, for she was old and homely and dressed in the dowdy style of a by-gone generation. But she was honest and upright, and the rich and stingy people for whom she kept appreciated her worth, though they barely rewarded her for her toil.

Old Mr. and Mrs. David often kept large sums of money in an old-fashioned safe in the house, and it was Becky's duty to lock the doors every evening and upon in the morning.

One night as she was returning from church a ragged and dejected tramp met her at the door and begged for something to eat.

"I'm only a servant here," she said after some thought, and the folks have gone to bed. I'll take the liberty though, of giving you some bread and meat if you'll wait here till I fetch it. It won't be much more than a cup of cold water, but I give it in his name." Then she went in, shutting as she thought the door, but the man had stuck the edge of his hat between the door and the jamb. After she had gone he took off his shoes and slipped noiselessly into the house. He finally paused at the top of the house by an open door.

The moonlight shone through the window. He saw an empty bed in the room—an obsolescent affair, with a "valance"—and hurrying in, hid himself beneath it. It was Rebecca's room and Rebecca's bed that he had chosen, and at that moment the woman herself going to the door, found it shut, looking out, saw nothing of the beggar, and returned to her room.

"I suppose he thought I said no," she whispered to herself. "It's a real pity." Then she nudged up stairs.

"That canting old woman," said the man under the bed to himself. "Well, she won't be hard to choke if she screeches," and from beneath the valance he watched her go to and fro, brush her hair, put on her night cap, and finally sit down and read a chapter of the Bible. Whereat, as a waste of his valuable time, the burglar used some very bad language.

At last, Bible exercises over; Rebecca knelt down to pray. She prayed first, as in duty bound, for her master and mistress, that they might be taken care of through the night. Then for the Church, then for the heathen, then for herself.

"I should die sudden," she breathed, "if fire should come, or wicked burglars, or sudden death—take care of my soul. Take me to Heaven, and forgive my sins. My poor old body can't last much longer, but my precious soul, that is eternal. What would it profit me if I had all the world and lost my soul?"

"She certainly believes what she says," thought the burglar under the bed.

After a few words, Rebecca arose. She was about to put out her lamp when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I forgot," and knelt down again.

"I want to speak to the good Lord about that poor critter," she said. "I mean the one that asked for food. I meant to give him some, but he didn't know. Lord please give him what he needs. Raise up some kind friend for him. Let him have a supper and a bed to-night, and not go wandering, starving about the streets," and Rebecca's tears fell: "and Lord, if he is a sinner, stretch forth Thy hand and help him to paths of righteousness, and open the gates of glory to his soul; and if he isn't a Christian, let him die one. I can't help him except by praying—Lord, listen to a poor old servant woman for that stranger's body and soul—that they may be saved."

The words fell on the ear of the burglar under the bed. They started him; they touched him; suddenly he found himself crying.

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"What's that?" cried Rebecca. "Don't be frightened," said the voice. "I am not going to harm you or anyone. I'm the man you've just prayed for"—and from under the bed crept the burglar.

Rebecca trembled, but she did not scream. The man knelt down before her.

"I don't know whether God heard your prayer, good woman," he said, "but I did. I feel as if I never should forget it. I came here to rob the house. I'll leave it without any wish to injure any one or anything, if you will let me go. I think your prayer has saved me. I will try to leave the life I lead and be an honest man. Will you bless me as my mother might?"

And Rebecca put out her hands and touched the young man's head gave him her blessing. Then she went down stairs with him, offering him food as they passed the kitchen. But he was in no need of it; he was not in distress.

As they parted he asked Rebecca's name, and she gave it to him.

The next morning the old master and mistress heard the story, and though it created much consternation and surprise, it was soon forgotten, save by Rebecca. She remembered it as a crowning mercy of Heaven. And happy indeed was she when, five years later, she received a letter telling her that the writer was the man for whom she had prayed, that he had become an honest citizen and a Christian, and that she had been the means.

The letter enclosed a banknote of a considerable amount, and though no clue was given as to the writer's real name, there could be no doubt that it only spoke the truth. Rebecca could absolutely realize that she had been the means of saving a soul.

DEFEAT—RETROSPECTION—PROPHECY.

Wilmington Star.

The loss of the Presidency is a very great calamity to the country and to the old Democratic party. It knows how to bear defeat, for it has often suffered such misfortunes, and it knows how to reform after battle, close up its ranks, and get ready for another contest of principle. The Democratic party has seen many darker days than the present. It has stood by its shattered forces and seen only darkness and gloom with no stars shining in the lowering heavens. In a few years it has gone to battle again with banners flying and seditious swing to the music of patriotism and the Union, and has won victory at the fiery edge and at the very cannon's mouth. Although defeated by racial and corruption and ignorance and treachery the Democracy are not cast down.

And what is Democracy? It is the rule of the people. That is the meaning of the word. That definition agrees with its history. The Democratic party has always and unflinchingly been on the side of the people.

And what is Republicanism? It is a synonym for all that is vicious and venal and unconstitutional and unwise in politics. It is the party of the Rich Man. It is the party of the Machine. It is the party of Boodle. It has always been the enemy of the people and the pliant tool of Wealth and Monopoly. The Money Devil owns it.

The struggle that has just terminated disastrously to the Democracy was a fight between Low Taxes and High Taxes. High Taxes won the day. It was a contest between Honest and Pure Government with strictly Constitutional limitation, and a strong and Corrupt Government acting beyond and above the Constitution. Time will show as to the correctness of this assertion. Do not get in a hurry to decide as to the correctness of our statement until you have seen what *Republicanism* will do as the next Presidential election approaches. If they do not violate law and decency and justice and the rights of free men, or attempt to do it, in the general elections of 1892, then you can write us down a false prophet.

Why do we say this? Why pro-

phesy evil? The Republican party has a most damning record. It violated law at will in the Grant days. It disorganized States, throttled Legislatures, passed coercive and revolutionary laws, and persecuted and hounded the Southern whites at every turn.

The Republican party is far more base and corrupt to-day than it was in Grant's day, for most of its respectability and men of character have gone out from it in disgust. Now as to why we prophesy evil.

Gen. Sherman is the most distinguished of Northern living soldiers. He is their purest model and idol. He wields a great influence. He has declared in his article in the *North American Review* what he favored. We have commenced with proper severity upon that infernal offspring. In our old political literature, all things considered, there has not been so devilish, so despicable a document sent out to the country. In it he tries to incite the masses to a war of butchery and burning, promising them the aid of the Republicans in the North. What a deep-dyed villain is that hoary old sinner! Instead of thinking of peace and good will and the serene and joyous life beyond, he is referring to the dogs of war and sending the "Savage" forth with his torch and turpentine and scarping knife.

Well, what has this to do with Harrison? Much every way. Gen. Sherman says the negro vote is suppressed in the South and this shall not be. He declares that if the negro vote is not counted there shall be another war. The next election will probably show this. Gen. Harrison is known to be one of the most bitter, implacable enemies the South has amongst Northern politicians. Hatred of the freed and life. It is ingrained. Harrison is a common-place politician. Blaine helped much to elect him. He will be on top. It is a triumph of Blaine. He will move the Indians automaton. It will be Blaine's Administration. Well, what then? Blaine must be President. He must have the vote of the several Southern States. How can they be got if by no other method, by the Gen. Sherman fire and murder plan. But Blaine will probably favor another arrangement. Congress being Republican—both House—the most repressive force laws will be adopted. The old Grant methods, strengthened and intensified, will be brought out. Ten thousand Federal soldiers will be distributed in the South and mainly in certain States. Supervisors without limitation will be distributed at every precinct, and whatever else that a cunning and devilish brain can suggest will be resorted to for the purpose of intimidating the whites and giving the negroes a free and full chance at ballot stuffing. Such may be anticipated with a Republican Congress to back up a President of the hard, cold, bitter, vindictive type of Harrison, with the most corrupt politician ever in this great, free country to manipulate and control him.

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Bosche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the "benefactor of any home."

—BUKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawrence, Physician and Pharmacist.

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

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