

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. II.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 1888.

NO. 29

Poetry.

NOVEMBER

Oh, how withered and dead
The face of the bare earth lies
Under the leafless trees,
And the frown of the drooping skies!
Oh how silent and sad!
She sits in her gloomy nest,
With never a song on her breast,
And never a flower on her breast,
And yet from the gloom and the silence
The far off spring shall arise!

Nay! in the hidden life
Of the pretty things sleeping below,
Waiting the moment of waking,
Ready to burgeon and grow,
Who shall say but the touch
Of this cool, dark quiet day,
Is full of as saving grace
As the strong, warm kisses of May?
And which is the dearest and kindest
No soul upon earth may know!

—Mrs. Elizabeth Blake.

A WHITE SIN.

GENIE M. SMITH.

From Woman's Work.

It seems nonsensical, in a world where real sin and evil run riot, to spend one's breath over a little matter that is not a sin, and could scarcely be called a folly, yet I think there is no one thing in the home lives of those about me, that so exasperates me as the practice that I have dubbed "a white sin," and of which I will make my little preach; I refer to the family habit of caring for others. Now you will be wondering what manner of mortal I am, that I should cry out against this virtue of unselfish love, so I will try to argue my case by giving instances.

John Jones has to make a little business trip to the next town five miles away, and asks his wife to accompany him. It is an evening in early spring and the wind is blowing up rather cold.

When ten or twenty rods from the house John notices that his wife "butches" her shoulders up as though she felt cold.

"You did not bring a shawl or something, Jennie?" he asks anxiously.

"No, oh-no, I'm not cold."

"But you will be."

"No—I guess not," with a shrug.

"Oh, you certainly will the wind is rising and it will be late before we get home."

"Well, I might have taken a wrap, but I felt warm."

"I had better get you something?"

"No, no, you must not go to all that trouble. Drive on, I think I'll be all right."

"No, you won't be all right and I won't drive on, I'll go and get you something."

"Oh, don't be to all the trouble of turning round."

"I won't turn. Just hold the lines, I'll run back."

And back he goes. At the house the children are all shouted up to come and search for mamma's shawl, and a general skurry ensues, during which every place in the house except the right one, is looked into, and at last John is obliged to take an old wool shawl, as he cannot wait any longer.

"This is all I could find," he puts as he reaches the wagon.

"Oh John!" then in her kindness, not wishing to hurt his feelings the wife adds, "well that will do well enough, it is growing so dark no one will be able to see what I have on. But my broche was right in the second drawer of my bureau," and John tucks in the lap robe and drives off.

Very kind, thoughtful, and loving, all round, you say. Yes, but would it not have been infinitely better if Mrs. John had taken her broche shown on her arm as she left her room? She did not forget her hat or gloves, then why forget a wrap? Why inconvenience her husband, and in consequence all of the family; delay their trip, consume valuable time in senseless argument, when there was no excuse for doing any of these things.

It was simply because they had gotten into a habit of "waiting on" each other.

A week later John sat on the

wooden settle on the porch after the days work was over. A high bor dropped in and they fell into a long pleasant chat. Mrs. John had received her paper and this was the first opportunity she had had to glance at it, (for you may be assured in this family where each one watches over and cares for the others, there is very little time for reading.)

But Mrs. John feels uneasy. The younger children have been put to bed, and the three older ones are practicing a Sabbath-school hymn on the organ in the parlor. Surely the weary mother ought to be carefree for a few moments, but she starts up, and finally pees out onto the porch.

"Oh, John, you are sitting there without your coat."

"I'm warm. Been pretty hot day, hasn't it?" This last to the neighbor.

"But the wind is blowing up cool and strong?"

No answer from John. He is listening to a remark of the neighbor.

"I'll get your dressing-gown?"

"Oh, never, mind."

"Yes, I'll get it if you'll put it on."

"No, don't trouble yourself; sit down, Jennie, you are tired."

"You'll put it on if I get it—?"

"No, no, you sit still. Might get it myself."

"But you'll wear it to please me? I am afraid you will take cold."

Neighbor highly edified by the entertaining conversation. Mrs. John disappears and at the end of five minutes returns, flushed and breathless, with the gown on her arm. She helps John into it.

"Thank you, dear," sniffs, sniffs. "I believe I was taking cold, sniffs, sniffs." "I'm sure I don't know what would become of me if I hadn't such a thoughtful little wife to look after me."

"Perhaps you'd learn to take care of yourself, simpleton," thinks the neighbor, but he only says, "It has blown up rather cool in the last half hour."

"I had such a time to find it," says Mrs. John. "Some one had hung it in my closet, instead of putting it in your wardrobe where it belongs."

"Well thank you. I ought to have got it myself."

And now it is time that the neighbor should start for home, and the subject under consideration cannot be taken up again on this visit.

When the fall days come on, some of the children will run a quarter of a mile to take an overcoat to their father who is driving off without one, or the mother has a long, dreary attack of rheumatism because her husband was not there to hand her her rubbers; or the children forget their school-books or dinner-basket, or—well any and all of the ills resulting from exposure and loss of time just because they have one and all formed a habit of being cared for.

But worse than colds in the neck, worse even than tardy marks is the result, because of which, I have named the habit of a sin—and that is the entire loss of individual self communion. The chance of using one's brains for good solid undisturbed thought for a time no matter how little that time might be. The inventor who could never be free to bend his thought to the matter in hand or the author whose mind must always be filled with cares could not be expected to do much. In fact no one could make either an author or inventor under such circumstances; then what are we to expect in the way of mental growth in the family, where each member must be forever on the alert to see the surroundings of every other member and keep a constant watch over them. Besides such watching must of necessity become consciousness now and then as no person can know exactly the need of another at all times.

I call this foolish habit a sin in as much as it wastes time, fosters carelessness, makes extra trouble, and entirely precludes the possi-

bility of prime necessity for mental growth a time for deep and undisturbed thought.

The New First Reader.

Detroit Free Press.

LESSON I.—"How is the President of the United States chosen?"

"By the ballots of the electors."

"How many votes does each elector have?"

"Only one, but there are several electors. He can bet on his candidate, get drunk on election day, and abuse his best friend because he votes the other way."

"How often is a President chosen?"

"Once in four years. Three years of this is devoted to wire-pulling, and the other one to knocking the business of the country into a cocked hat."

"Is it wrong to bet on election?"

"Not if your side wins. If your party gets left it is very—very wrong."

"What is meant by universal suffrage?"

"It means that a man who has little natural sense or judgment can sell his vote for a sack of flour, while a woman of wit who has received the highest education must stand back and let the gang run things as they please."

"What is the sacredness of the ballot-box?"

"Getting in the most votes for your party, and it doesn't matter how you get 'em, either."

LESSON II.—"Why do the men quarrel?"

"It is a citizen jawing with a farmer about a barrel of cider."

"Didn't he like the cider?"

"He says it was half water."

"And what does the farmer say?"

"He denies it in a vigorous manner."

"And does he tell the truth?"

"He does. He made the cider with his own hands and he put in only one-third water. When a man charges him with putting in half water he is going altogether too far, and the farmer does right to stand on his dignity and wear an injured look."

LESSON III.—"Does the man run?"

"Yes, he goes as fast as a horse."

"Is he flying from the police?"

"Oh, no. He is flying from his friends."

"Are they too good to him?"

"They are. He was a candidate for office and was elected by a handsome majority. All this mob voted for him."

"And have they gathered to congratulate him?"

"Sorter, and Sorter to remind him that he promised each an office, and that they want it right off quick."

"And can he escape them by running?"

"Only temporarily. They'll make him the most miserable man in America in the next month. He might better go and hang himself at once."

LESSON IV.—"Is the man disgusted with the weather?"

"Oh, no. The weather just suits him."

"But something troubles him."

"Yes, he is the proprietor of a creamery."

"And—What?"

"When he started out this morning he met a man who is going to establish a milkery. Five minutes later he was asked to name a location for a battery. A little later he encountered a man making ready to set up an eggery. He heard of a home but was invited into a coillery, and he hadn't got through dodging when the owner of a battery asked him if he thought it would be profitable to open a honery in connection. Just now he is hurrying to get away from a chap who proposes to open a trutery on the corner, having come west to try his hand, after failing in a vegetable in the east."

Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER, \$1.50 a year. The merchants of Lincoln should aid their home paper by advertising more liberally.

DEFEATED THIS TIME.

But the Fight Will Go On.

Let us frankly face and measure the disaster, says the Springfield Republican. The country has lost the best President it has had for many years. It has lost him when his work was but half done. The Democratic party has been beaten when for the first time since its early days it was distinctly identified with a great popular reform. The Republican party has come back into power, still dominated by its most unfit man, and victorious through its subserviency to a great moneyed interest. We shall not make light of such a national misfortune as this.

It is the movement for tariff reduction that has brought about the defeat of Cleveland. Had that question not been raised, the general merits of his administration would probably have given him a second term. When, following his lead, the democracy undertook to relieve the treasury and the overtaxed people by a well-considered lowering of import duties, they alarmed that vast league of protected interests which has joined hands to fight any reduction whatever. The cry was raised that the laborer's wages were to be cut down. It was an appeal that touched the poor man's pocket. The argument might have been sound or unsound—the tariff discussion was a good deal bewildering to the average voter; but one thing at least was plain—if the Republicans were right the operative's wages were in danger from the Democrats, while the Democrats did not even pretend that their opponent's success was going to immediately impoverish them. That view, and the vague fear of change which is strong while times are prosperous, swept a host of votes to the Republican side. And the money of the men who were making fortunes under a war tariff flowed into the doubtful districts like a freshet.

Revenue reform has been for the time defeated—as any great reform is almost sure to be at the outset. And yet what has been won! A great party has been renovated and almost revolutionized. The Democracy, which was hopelessly on the wrong side through the war period, and which for many years after that was a mere party of opposition—has been enlisted in a great movement to emancipate the common people from an unjust tribute to a class. Tariff reform means no less than that. The real issue is: Shall every household in the land pay dear for the necessities of life, to swell the profits of a wealthy class? The Democracy has said no, has staked its fortunes on that no, has met an honorable defeat—and stands in the highway to future victory if it will push bravely on. Look at the elements it has gathered—the embodiment of plain business intelligence in Cleveland, the brains and heart of the new South in such men as Mills and Carlisle, the awakening farmers of the great Northwest, the best young blood of the East, the old type of New England culture and courage in men like Higginson, Quincy, Russell, Brown, Andrew. Who is ashamed of defeat in such company? Who does not see that here are the forces to command the future?

If it may even be, as often heretofore, that the principles of the defeated party will triumph through their opponents. Greeley was beaten in '72, but his fight drove the Republicans to concede annex to the Confederate leaders, and Grant at last withdrew support from the carpet-baggers. Hayes was elected by a sectional canvass, but he began his administration by a complete recognition of the self government of the Southern States. When free trade in grain was impending in England, the Tories carried the Parliamentary election, but the Tory leader, Peel, found it necessary to abolish the grain duties. And if now the Republicans prove wise enough to repeal tariff reform from the Democrats, no tears need be shed over that larceny?

By one way or another the reform

is bound to come. Only education of the people is necessary to win the people's cause. And this campaign has been a great beginning of such education. It has begun life in intelligent discussion, and the people have listened eagerly. Revolutions which come through the head are slower than those which come through the heart. A complicated tax system rouses no such lofty passion of hostility as swept against the slave power. No such huge plow share has gone through party lines as when the Republican party came into being. The rank and file change slowly. But the mark of intelligence, if slower, is starker and more inevitable than the rash of passion. This has been a political Banker Bill. When it was announced in Parliament that His Majesty's forces had gained a victory over the American rebels. "Yes," answered Colonel Barre, "and a few more such victories will lose America to His Majesty." Gentlemen of the monopolies, you have beaten this time—but the people's time is coming fast!

A Sermon to One Man.

The smallest congregation that ever listened to a sermon, is among the many interesting sermons now published in the career of Dr. Lyman Beecher. The result of Dr. Beecher's sermon to a single listener deserves publication, if only as an encouragement to preachers who are depressed by the paucity of their hearers. In the early part of his career Dr. Lyman Beecher once engaged to preach for a minister, whose church was in a remote district, peopled by a sparse and scattered population. It was in mid-winter; the day was unusually stormy and cold, and the snow lay so deep in some places that he could scarcely proceed. On his arrival, although he saw no one, he took his seat in the pulpit. Presently one man came in and sat down, and at the appointed hour the preacher began. The service was closed with the benediction, when the solitary hearer departed and left the preacher alone. Twenty years after, Dr. Beecher was traveling in Ohio when a stranger accosted him by name. "Do you remember preaching," said he, "twenty years ago to one man?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "that I do; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man," was the reply. "And that sermon saved my soul and made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio!"—Church Work.

The evidence of the profuse expenditure of money at the polls on behalf of the Republican national candidates accumulates from all the closely contested States. The Hancock Democrat and the Frankford Crescent declare that \$25 to \$50 each was paid for votes in Indiana during the morning of Election day, and that the "blocks of five dollars" spoken of in Dudley's letter were swollen to blocks of ten wherever money could buy votes throughout the State. The Hartford Times announces that as high as \$50 was paid for single votes in the Seventh ward of that city; and so general was Republican corruption through-out Connecticut that it is wonderful that even the sagacious generalship of Senator Barium, backed by the steady virtues of the Democratic line, saved the party from disaster. Puck sums up the situation by saying that Cleveland could not have been, and was not, defeated by honest vote.

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach, of course. Why? Because if 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, 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, biliousness, 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.

NEW YORK LETTER TO THE COURIER.

New York, Nov. 20.

Kings County did the business. There seems no doubt about it. New York City did not, showing a tremendous increase on the majority of four years ago. It is the old story of crying over spilt milk, but there is after all some satisfaction in probing for treason. There is fierce talk here against Boss McLaughlin, who assured the Democratic Committee of a majority of at least 22,000, and turned out a miserable half of that number.

There are some Democrats also who are sore over the fact that Gov. Hill should have got in by a very substantial majority, while President Cleveland was so sadly left in the lurch. Whether this has any real significance, I do not pretend to say, for hot headed partisans smarting under defeat are apt to seize upon almost any object which presents a favorable surface for venting their disappointment. From talking with Democrats, though, I believe that if an election were held in New York City to-morrow with Gov. Hill as the Presidential candidate, the city would go Republican, or come very near to it.

As a matter of fact, there does not seem real evidence that the Governor countenanced any trading, and the feeling against him will doubtless wear off as the keen edge of the disappointment is blunted.

There are still other Democrats who soundly berate Chairman Brice for his conduct of the Campaign and loudly declares that he lost the fight. They say that he was outwitted every time by the more adroit Quay, and that it was the height of imprudence to trust the direction of a great Campaign to a man with next to no political training. This, too, perhaps, is the voice of disappointment. The veteran Barium was on hand from first to last, and Senator Gorman, than whom there is no more astute political manager in the country, spent much time in the service of his party at the National Committee rooms.

Still other Democrats are crying out lustily at Tammany Hall, pointing to the tremendous majority by which its ticket swept the city, as incontrovertible evidence of trading with the Republicans. These may have been trading to the extent of three or four thousand votes, but in the light of the figures, that seems the top limit. That Gov. Hill should have run ahead of the National ticket to the extent of a few thousand votes on account of his attitude on the liquor license question, which made him very popular with the German element, is oddly natural.

I am only giving you what I hear on every hand, and you may take whatever you like and reject the rest.

One thing the election proved—that New York City, the great manufacturing and commercial city of the Western world, is distinctively in favor of revenue reform. Cleveland's gains in the manufacturing cities of Troy, Albany and various other interior towns, make out the same case with respect to that. It is the same in the manufacturing States of New Jersey and Connecticut. A careful analysis of the vote shows that the Republican gains come almost entirely from the agricultural sections; that is, the class of our citizens whose products are without the slightest protection of any kind voted to sustain this tax on all things they buy, while the manufacturing voters, who are supposed to reap the advantages of the tax, indicated a preference for tariff reform.

Perhaps the happiest news in New York City over the news of Harrison's election, was Charles A. Dana of the Sun, who has been predicting that sort of thing all along. Some of the papers are poking fun at the old man by saying that he will be tended to the position of private secretary to President Harrison. In an exuberant editorial he congratulated the State of West Virginia on

breaking away from the Democratic fold, and again declares his belief that the Republican party is in to stay for perhaps a generation.

—FRANK E. VAUGHAN.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

NORTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

God is recognized in the Constitution of our State and should ever be honored as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe in the hearts of our people. To Him we are indebted for our country and her institutions for civil and religious liberty for our holy religion and its adaptation to man's wants and happiness together with the numberless mercies and blessings which have crowned our daily lives.

I therefore Alfred M. Scales, Governor of North Carolina in view of our dependence and God's goodness do hereby appoint

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1888,
as a day of thanksgiving and praise, and I earnestly request the people of the State devoutly to assemble themselves together to engage in His worship, to praise His holy name, and invoke for us the perpetuity of our institutions and the continuant of His blessings; and while in discharge of these sacred duties, let us also contribute of our substance to the poor and needy and the widow and orphan, and especially would I invoke the generosity and prayers of the people for the orphan asylum at Oxford, where so many orphans are in training for life.

Done at the city of Raleigh, this 12th day of November, 1888, and in the one hundred and thirtieth year of our American Independence.

By the Governor,
ALFRED M. SCALES,
C. H. ARMFIELD, Private Sec'y.

How it Ended.

Alice can you help me now?
"A minute, Nora."

A minute passed then another and another, still Alice read on, until roused by Nora's voice again saying, "If you please Alice won't you come now?"

"Oh, yes," replied Alice, shutting her book.

Did she mean to tell a falsehood? Why, no, certainly not; she only forgot to keep her word. But what think you is the difference?

Later in the afternoon Alice was busy with her arithmetic, when her mother came in with an errand. Seeing that Alice was occupied, she concluded to wait.

Shortly after, Alice picked up a magazine; and forgetting all about arithmetic, she read for an hour or more. She had just resumed her study when her mother returned.

"Haven't you finished your lesson yet?"

"No, Ma'm," replied Alice leaving her mother to infer that she had spent the whole time on the lesson. She thought nothing about it however till she heard her mother tell a caller that she feared her school work was taking her too much, for she had spent nearly the whole afternoon on one lesson.

Now Alice knew that this was untrue and she knew that she was responsible for mother thinking what she did; yet it seemed good to be thought so studious and to have lessons of so much importance.

The next day some one asked her if she was studying hard and recalling what her mother said and without a second thought she repeated it.

Her little sister happened to hear her and she also happened to be in the room the day before when Alice was studying and she said: "Why, sister I know you are mistaken."

What could she do? Alice's first thought was of herself and so the sin was forgotten.

She was too proud to acknowledge the mistake and so she reaffirmed her statement thus telling another falsehood.

Look back and see if you can tell how all this trouble started.—E.E.

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