

# The Lincoln Courier.

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## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I have been requested," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "to present to this club dis- evenin' de query, 'Is de white man improvin'?" Pickle Smith will lead off de discusshun."

Brother Smith replied that he had been taken unawares. He had never given the matter a thought. He had seen more or less white folks around him each nay, but had given them no particular attention. He had a sore throat, a bad headache, chilblains on both feet, and there were strong indications that a first class boil was about to hit him in the leg. He would therefore ask to be excused from expressing any thing like a decided opinion on the white man question.

Col. Anonymous Smith next followed. It was a question which had bothered him not a little. Thirty years ago the white man got drunk. He gets drunk today. Thirty years ago the white man sold his vote. He saw several of them bought in at the last election. In the years gone by the white man swore, gambled, stole, robbed, lied, cheated and committed murder. He was doing these same things today, there had been any moral improvement the colonel couldn't see it. He had always felt a sympathy for white folks, and had always hoped they would do well, and it had grieved him that no better progress had been made.

Elder Toors said he was glad the question had come up. The white folks were always concerned for fear the colored race was retrograding but the boot belonged on the other foot. Within twenty years the white man had invented the telephone, but alas! the states had to pass laws to keep him from sending curse- words over the wires. The white man had erected wonderful bridges, improved the telegraph brought out new orders of architecture improved in painting and sculpture and elevated the standard of schools and society but there was another side to the picture. The white man had discovered other ways to beat the laws passed for the protection of life and property. Lying, swearing, stealing and embezzling were counted as sins. Visitors had picked pockets and stolen overcoats. Men who paid the highest pew rent in church were doing the heaviest stealing. Dressing had become an art but running in debt and beating creditors had become a greater one. The elder had nothing against the white man on account of his color. The Lord had made him white and he was not to blame for it. But when the white man stood on a corner and claimed to own the earth it was well to investigate his claim.

Waydown Bebee said he had always felt kindly towards the white man and had always been willing to extend a helping hand. He could remember back for a quarter of a century. If there were any decided improvements he could not name them. If the white man was better educated so were all other men. If inventions were more numerous, other races had helped to make them so. Take the white man as a man and he had doubtless retrograded. He was looking his reverence for the bible and the laws. He was living fast and loose, full of gossip, suspicious, and having no care how he made his money so long as he made it. If the white man had got nearer to the moon, by means of the large telescopes in the world he had also discovered new liquids to get drunk on and new ways to beat the law. If the soul had become more poetic law-suits for debt had also become more numerous. If the average mind was living nearer to Milton and Shakespeare just as many bodies were being committed to state prison.

Sir Isaac Walpole said the query had often been presented to him, and he would take advantage of this occasion to say that he thought he could see some slight improvement in the last twenty five years. Who were Mormons? The white folks. Who were bigamists? The white folks. Who were embezzling

from banks, stealing from post offices and filching school moneys? The white folks. All the seditions was uttered by white men. All the demagogues were white men. All the trusts and monopolies on the one hand, and all the strikes and violence on the other included only white men. It was his conviction that white folks were a bad lot, but not quite as bad as they used to be.

Samuel Shin arose to remark that he had seen a good deal of the white folks, and had been brought into collision with them more or less every day for years. He could not say, as a beginning that he liked the color. It wasn't fast. It ran all the way from the color of an old roan horse turned out to die, to fresh snow and he could never be made to believe that straight hair was of any good except in the case of a wolf. White folks had cheated him, lied to him, stolen his wood and poultry, had he had come to distrust the race. He didn't doubt that there was some slight improvement, but even savager are compelled to improve. He believed the time was near at hand when black would be the popular color all around, and when the men with the woolly head would step to the front.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner as he arose, "de queshun has no doubt, bin decided in de negative, but we shouldn't bar down too heavy on de white folks. Dey has had a heap of tribulashun, especially in dis kentry. I for one hev great an' abidin' faith in de fuher of de white man. He is gradually learnin' to speak de troof, an, to keep his hands off of odder folkses' chickens. Time will make him fear or respect de law brush up his manners ab' compel him to realize dat buildin' big skule houses doan' make manners nor bring bizness. Let us gin him a fa'r chance to show de stuff he are made of. De answer to de query will darfo' be: 'He ar' improvin' mighty slow, but expects a change of fodder will make him hustle.' We will now dispel de meetin' an' adjudicate homewards."—Free Press

## The Departed Glories of Healthful Womanhood.

BY MRS. CY MORLAN.

From Woman's Work.

After spending a long period of time in the land of reflection, the genius of truth which guided me thither, aroused and bade me follow as he led the way toward a vast cemetery, which, when we had entered I found to be the burial place of the unseen. Monuments, builded from death producing causes, marked each grave. One towering above the others, and surrounded by a crowd of unusually depressed mourners, attracted my attention and drawing near I learned from the strange inscription that Blooming Womanhood (an attribute I had much admired was gone. In the monumental pile of warning causes which marked her resting place, I beheld such a variety of things with which my ignorant mind could associate no injury, that with saddened heart I turned to my guide, asking interpretation thereof.

"A sad story" said he 'lies hidden in this epigram which I see you fail to comprehend. To the creature of loveliness which lies buried here was given the heritage of health as foundation to all intellectual and Spiritual excellence. With compass and chart to guide her in- to paths of wisdom and righteousness, she started on the journey of life. Therein she could learn the hidden laws of her being, her relation to external things and through obedience not only could she maintain her rare degree of loveliness, but be enabled to grow in Godlike beauty and perfection. In the early phase of her existence she spent much of her time in the open air and sunshine thus insuring good digestion; and pure blood gave rosy tint to the pure complexion brilliancy to the eyes and elasticity to every movement. When the intuitive prompting to greater perfection developed in her soul

the element called evil, which were serpent like subtlety is ever ready for the restless spirit came at the solicitation of her hungry fer knowledge and pointed out easier and quicker methods than those which came through obedience to divine law. With grief we saw her yield to the charms of this false teacher and the first step from a righteous course was an effort to improve her beautiful form in imitation of the models given her. With fetterlike thoughts she cramped and drew her dimentionals about the most vital part of her organic structure; thus the nice adjustment of that delicate machinery was disturbed; no longer could pure food be properly digested and assimilated, with the great propelling muscular power crippled. The natural breathing power gone insufficient oxygen entered the lungs for purification of blood and sluggishly this fount of vigor coursed its way, poorly nourishing the hungry tissues. Soon plumpness of form was diminished, elasticity of limb was gone, the roses had fled from cheeks, shrivelled and sallow was her complexion and the dull eyes told plainly of diminishing vigor. Again she listened to the suggestions of her evil teacher. Cosmetics were now given her, and in this artificial coverings of defects she was satisfied. The deformity of shrunken, starved muscles was further increased by the adoption of heat-producing, artificial plumpness. Stimulating beverages she must use with stimulating food to rouse the latent forces to unnatural effort and untimely end. But she knew it not. Forgetful of the laws we gave her, she knew not that the fresh strength she felt was the death struggle, and confidence in her destroyer increased. No longer proud of her lithe some step, she sought to hide her laden movements in trailing robes; and thus further lettered, she no longer roamed o'er field and meadow, Queen of Nature. No! In stead of that, we now beheld her a groveling subject of the king of darkness. Books were now given her, with rules for action from which she learned to assume that which she felt not—and which left the inner life none the purer or better. By some peculiar law of her being, we were powerless to lend our influence without her earnest desire and in the last extremity, when all else failed, she did turn with beseeching entreaty toward us her natural protectors. All possible sustaining influence was thrown about her, but her sensibilities seemed stupefied and difficult to impress. Our only comforts came in the last moments when her natural forces rallied and with a slight semblance of her old vigor, she clasped our hands with full evidence of recognition, while she spoke in tones of entreaty, begging us to tell all of the snare into which she had fallen. "Go," said she "tell my sisters that I have drank the cup of ignorance to its dregs and found therein no drop of joy—naught but the poison which brings my death. Tell them I now see wherein I was wrong, that I worked upon the outer instead of the inner nature the source of life. Instead of acquiring truth sincerity elegance and refinement. I assumed their manite-stations alas! to find that as mere trappings they contributed nothing toward soul growth. Bid them learn the real grace of womanhood in the true culture of all their faculties; then and not till then, will the hidden life be known by the spontaneous manifestations. Urge them to cast aside every deceptive article of apparel: to study the science of human life until familiar with the cause and cure for every departure from symetry in either soul or body. If they would build safely they must learn to stand without stimulating support carefully utilizing the remnant of life force which like the principle from which they derive support, must be carefully managed to insure good return. When my advice is heeded then will come my resurrection." These were her last words," said my guide. "We laid her here she had fallen with the

enormous burdens which had borne her down by death marking the spot, whilst now we wait the glad day of resurrected womanhood. Wilt thou, oh, woman turn and work with us for that end? Turning with tearful eyes to thank my deliverer and to proclaim myself enlisted in his service, I found that he had disappeared and only the objects of the outer world greeted my vision yet all things were infused with new meaning and my soul was plumed for higher range of action.

**A Significant Story.**

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor, one evening, and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an ally, not far from the bankers dwelling. The front room was a cobblers shop, behind it on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay a poor shoemaker; with a gapping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman when he returned.

"It is not my husbands fault. He is a hard working man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. Today he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family, but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the accounts of milk, bread, etc., because they were petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing shoes \$10. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the bankers unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while at the very time the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered and will never want a friend so long as the banker lives nor will a small unpaid bill ever be found on the banker's table.

No man as a right to be generous until his debts are paid; and the most efficient money is not alone in almsgiving but to pay liberally and promptly the people whom we employ—Er.

An old lady, but a portly one, heavily veiled, came into a St. Louis street car and set a huge well filled basket down. It chanced to intrude on the toes of a superbly dressed young woman opposite. She inimedately was indignant. She abused the people who carried them. Then she allowed the opinion to escape that the people who carried baskets had no business to ride on street cars. A nd then she decried against poor people being allowed to ride in every street car. Some cars should be reserved, she said for genteel folks. The girl mortified everybody. The lady said not a word until both motioned the driver and the car stopped. "Hold on! Take that!" said the elder lady. Her tormentor looked a moment in astonishment. "Take that pail and carry it home," repeated the elder. "Why didn't you tell me who you were mother?" asked the crestfallen girl, as she picked up the pail and went out, while the occupants of the car giggled.

Do you know that the droppings of a hen in a year will more than buy her feed? Therefore, you can see what you lose by allowing your poultry to roost in trees, or on the fence, not to speak of the injury to the fowls. Do not allow this waste to go on. It will pay you to take a little extra care in this matter.

## How Edgar Poe Died.

ONE OF THE MEN WHO DRUGGED HIM TELLS THE STORY.

No American Poet has attracted more attention, living and dead, than Edgar A. Poe. Nine lives of him have been written, yet about no celebrated writer of modern times has it been so difficult to get the real facts of his life and death, writes Eugene L. Didier in the New York Star. According to some of his biographers, he mingled among men like a bewildered angel, while others describe him as a trying fiend, or an Ishmalite, with his hand against everyone and everyone's against him. The time and place of his birth were for many years uncertain: even now some biographers differ as to that matter. The place of his burial was at one time undecided, but that was definitely settled in 1875, when his remains were discovered in Westminster church yard, Baltimore, and a monument of 7ft. 6in. height erected over his grave. The cause of his death and the circumstances attending it have not yet been definitely determined, and everything that throws any light upon the subject will prove interesting to his many admirers.

A former Baltimorean, now living in San Francisco, gives what he claims to be a true account of the poet's last days and death. This is the story: "I was intimately acquainted with Edgar Allen Poe for years. Much that has been said and written in regard to his death is false. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the Widow Meagher's place. This was an oyster stand and liquor bar on the city front, corresponding in some respect with the coffee houses of San Francisco. It was frequented much by printers and ranked as a respectable place, where parties could enjoy a social conversation or a game of cards. Poe was a good favorite with the old woman. The favorite seat of the poet was just behind the stand, and he was about as quiet and sociable as an oyster himself. He went by the name of Bald and when parties came into the shop it was 'Bald, come up and take a nip,' or 'Bald, come up and take a hand in the game.' Whenever Widow Meagher met with any incident or idea that tickled her fancy she would ask the Bald to versify it. For all ways complied, writing many a witty couplet; and at times poems of some length. These verses, quite as meritorious as some by which his name was immortalized, were thus frittered into obscurity. It was in this little shop that Poe's attention was called to an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper for a prize for the best story, and it was there that he wrote his famous 'Gold Bug' which carried off the \$100 prize.

"Poe had been shifting for many years between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He had been away from Baltimore for three or four months, when he turned up one evening at the Widow Meagher's. I was there when he came in. He privately told me that he had been to Richmond and was on his way north to get ready for his wedding. It was drink all around and repeat until the crowd was pretty full. It was night before the election, and four of us, including Poe started up. We had not half a dozen squares, when we were nabbed by a gang of men who were on the lookout for voters to 'coop.' It was the practice in those days to seize people, whether drunk or sober, lock them up until the polls were opened, and then march them around to every precinct, where they were made so vote the ticket of the party that controlled the 'coop.' Our coop was in the rear of the engine house on Calvert street. It was part of the game to stupefy the prisoners with drugged liquor. Well, the next day we were voted at thirty-nine different places, and over and over it being worth as much as a man's life to rebel. Poe was so badly 'rugged' that after he was carried on two or three different rounds, and the gaug said it was no use to vote a dead man any longer. So they moved him into a cab and

## The Ration of Food.

From Health and Home.

Having determined what sort of food is best adapted to our several constitutions and conditions, the next question to be answered is this: "How much of it should we eat at a meal?" This is a very important matter, because of the generalization indulged in by physicians and others who give advice upon the subject. Two meals a day are sufficient, says one; three meals are better, says another, four meals are best of all, says a third. Each one applies his particular theory to everybody without any discrimination, forgetting that while some constitutions are adapted to two meals a day, others require three meals, and some others perhaps four.

In like manner we generalize as to the quantity necessary for each meal, and to each ingredient of it. In a medical publication we have recently seen a solemn warning against the habit of eating too much and in another of equal authority a portentous caution against the practice of eating too little; as if the same general advice is applicable to everybody. This advice is usually fortified by some stupid maxim from some celebrated man; that intolated old sage, Aberrnathy, being the favorite reference. In the article warning us against eating too much the writer tortures us with the truth of the great surgeon, Aberrnathy, which truth is this: "One fourth of what we eat keeps us, the other three fourths we keep at the peril of our lives."

There is more mischief in some proverbs of eminent men than in the babbling of fools. A moment's thought will show us that the truth of the great surgeon, Aberrnathy, is not a truth at all, but a false hold, able to work injury because it passes current under the sanction of an eminent man. Were we to act upon Aberrnathy's maxim, we give up three-fourths of our daily bread, we should thereby weaken all our faculties, deprive ourselves of health, and shorten our lives. Yet many persons believing in the great surgeon will adopt his principle, and inflict upon themselves great suffering before they see it fully.

In another medical journal we have lately read a treatise equally profound and stupid, which deplores the popular habit of eating too little. It also is fortified by maxims drawn from the wear and tear of the body, the fuel necessary to keep up the fires of health and life, the continual waste of tissues, which must be supplied with new material, and similar wisdom the conclusion being that a greater quantity of food than we are in the habit of taking is necessary to supply our daily waste and degeneration.

In these matters the individual person must be considered and therefore all general maxims are dangerous which prescribe the kind and quantity of food necessary for healthy existence. The ration of daily food which best agrees with any particular man is the correct ration for him, although it might be too much or too little for his twin brother. It might be well to advise every man to examine the habitual bill of fare and see whether he has not permitted appetite to add more dishes to it than is necessary, and also it might be well for us all to make a rigid self-examination and find out whether the gratification of the palate is not tempting us to eat too much. And while we are about it we may as well give ourselves a rigid cross examination, lest an ambition to avoid sensuality and its consequences, may tempt us to eat too little.

Grass means cattle; cattle means manure; manure means rich lands; rich lands means good crops, and good crops means prosperity. This is the history of the world. Seed part of your farm down to grass, and see if the assertion is not true.

Buy Wild Orange Syrup for Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Blood Poison, &c., at W. M. Reedy & Co's. Aug. 11, 2m

## Centennial Reunion of the Alumni and Matriculates of the University of North Carolina.

One hundred years ago the charter of the University was granted by the General Assembly of North Carolina. The long, useful and honorable career of the University makes it a loyal duty and a proud privilege for her sons to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of her birth. For this Celebration the Trustees and Faculty of the institution have set apart Wednesday of Commencement week, June 5th, 1889.

The program for the day will include a reunion of the living alumni and matriculates in Memorial Hall, at 10:00 A. M. The members of each class will sit together. An address of permanent historical value will be delivered by an eminent alumnus, at the conclusion of which the roll of alumni will be called by classes and a few moments may be occupied by speakers representing each class present. Where it is desired for special reasons a longer time will be allotted. The class of 1879, for example, the first to enter the University on its revival in 1875, has requested and been granted special time to celebrate the decennial of its graduation.

It is proposed also that the members of each class dine together on this day and that the class dinners be occasions for friendly reunion and reminiscence. At night another address by an eminent alumnus will be delivered, and the special class exercises will be continued, unless completed in the morning.

On Thursday night, after the Commencement exercises, there will be a social reunion of all the alumni in the Library and a reunion of the young people in the Gymnasium in costumes of the last century.

A catalogue of all the students of the University since the beginning and a complete history of the University will be published for the celebration. It is important to know, as soon as possible, who will attend the reunion, which classes desire special time on the program and which will provide for class dinners. In arranging for class dinners the undersigned committee will gladly assist the special class committees, if their help be desired. The social reunion of all the alumni in the Library will be arranged by the local committee. Special time on the program may be secured by correspondence between the class committees and the undersigned.

JOHN MANNING,  
F. P. VENABLE,  
GEO. T. WINSTON,  
Committee of the Faculty.  
University of N. C., Chapel Hill,  
February 15, 1889.

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