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Patience With The Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas by simply dying?
Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.
Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repented robbers may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—'tis when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.
'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour.
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
—Christian Advocate.

LOVE OR MONEY?

EVA MORRIS.

From Woman's Work.

"Quarrelled with Dick!" exclaimed pretty little Mrs. Ferris.
"Had another row with Dick!" echoed her husband in the same breath, rather quizzically, but with no less amazement. "Ah, well, boy and girl engagements seldom come to anything."
Then they both looked at Daisy. Daisy was Mrs. Ferris' unmarried sister, and she now stood before them, still dusty with travel, having just accounted for her unexpected visit by saying she had quarrelled with Dick; this very same Dick being her lover, to whom she had been engaged. Richard Langdale was universally pronounced a rising man, and, having just finished his medical education, had settled in the small town of Woodbury, resolved to make name and fame, with nothing but his hard-earned diploma, unlimited ambition, and an earnest desire to benefit his fellow men. He had loved Daisy, with a strong, unwavering affection, ever since that first Sunday he saw her, in the choir of the little village church; and Daisy—well, she was really a lovely girl in the main; perhaps, if she had seen a little more of the world, would have known her mind better, but her days had been so hedged in by home ties, and the quaint village life, that she had not yet learned the all-important lesson—a knowledge of her own heart.
"Quarrelled with Dick!" repeated Mrs. Ferris, holding up her hands. "Oh, Daisy! how could you! and I thought him so nice!"
"Don't look so horrified!" she cried. "The fault's all mine. You were kind enough to ask me to spend the winter with you; but I declined, because, you see, I thought I was in love with Dick. But now that I find I'm not, I've come."
"Not in love with Dick!" exclaimed her sister. "Oh! Daisy, how can you say so?"
"But I do say it; or rather, I find I can't marry a doctor and live a humdrum life, in some little stuffy country village, all my days. So Dick must go. I have come here on the last day of December, as you see, so as to finish off the old year, and be done with the old life. To-morrow I shall begin a new year and a new life, and according to tradition, do as I ought by being off with the old love before I am on with a new." You see I intend to catch a millionaire and be happy ever after."
"Be happy forever after?" said her brother-in-law, dubiously. "Well, I am just unfashionable enough to consider an engagement a serious thing, not to be entered into lightly; and when once formed to be sacred and binding. Some girls find it an easy thing to engage themselves, and then break the chain when it becomes irksome."
"Why not?" replied the gay girl,

turning sharply on him. "Doesn't everybody now-a-days say that money's the chief good? It certainly seems to be the chief end and aim of everybody to accumulate all they can. You've got so much of it yourself you don't understand about others. You can afford to be romantic; but I can't. And as for living all my days in a poky little cottage—"
"Ah, my dear!" interposed her sister, with a deprecating shake of her head, "you are young and foolish. You will yet learn that the love of an honest heart outweighs all the gold in existence. Dick Langdale is a man to be proud of, and he loves you devotedly. Life in a cottage with him would be a paradise to the woman who loved and trusted him. He is an earnest, faithful man, and will rise to distinction in his profession. Sooner or later you will regret the step you have taken. The love of a man like Dick is a priceless gift. You may meet and marry a rich man as you say, but if you do you will find that gentleman of leisure and society devotes all his time to his profession, and is sadly lacking in that earnestness and sincerity which inspires confidence and love, and without which there can be no happiness in married life."
"There, now, don't look so wise, you dear old owl. It doesn't become you, and besides, I intend to have my own way. I always did have it, you know."
Nothing more, therefore, was said about Dick. The winter that followed was one of the gayest for years. Not an evening passed that Daisy was not at some entertainment or other. The days were filled up with receptions, calls, sleighrides, etc., etc. For Mrs. Ferris' beautiful sister was quite a belle. A dozen fortunes were laid at her feet, but one and all were rejected. This suitor was too old, that one not sufficiently cultivated, a third was plainly selfish, and a fourth too high tempered.
But there was one who could not be easily induced to take his "No" as final. Harry Ashton, a cold, proud, blase man of the world, who had withstood the charms of belles of countless seasons, laid heart and fortune at the feet of this little country lassie, and his letter was now on the table before her. Yes, there it lay, and in her mind, swinging in the balance, was the "Yes" or "No." Which should it be? Her thoughts ran something like this: I like him—this Harry Ashton. I don't believe I shall ever see any one else I can like as well. He has a good character, is wealthy, and loves me. If I say yes, there will be no more pinching about money matters at home. I wonder why I hesitate? I wish I was a child again, to be told what to do. If I go to mother, she will say, "Do what your heart tells you, my dear," when my heart won't tell me anything about it. And then she recalled those happy days in the dear old home in Woodbury, when Dick was all the world to her, and to-night, for the first time, she looked back on her conduct with remorseful contrition. She had flirted with Ashton. He would have reason to accuse her of coquetry and caprice; she was very sorry; sorriest of all for his pain. He was a man any woman might be proud to love. She might, if her heart were not cold and dead. And yet, if she wished, she could not, dared not accept this man's honest love, when her whole heart was in the keeping of another.
Alas! Daisy found, as many a one had found before, that it was, after all, but "Dead sea ashes." She turned from it finally, with loathing.
"I suppose I have exhausted life," she said one day as she sat in her dressing room and curiously regarded herself in the mirror. "I am looking frightfully old and worn—not a bit like the gay bright girl that came here last December. The truth is, all men are fops, or fools, hunting for rich wives; and we—well we are no better. All we women are schemers, trying to secure rich husbands. I'm disgusted with them," she continued, "with myself most of all. I'd rather go

back and marry the doctor, and make pills in the bay window of the little green cottage, than marry the best man in St. Paul."
"But the doctor isn't there, now," said her sister to her one day, when she had said something like this in her presence.
"What? has he sold his practice in Woodbury?" And she gave a gasp, while the color fled from her cheeks.
"Yes, I heard he had."
"Left Woodbury? What, for good?"
"So I suppose. Obtained some position in the city. The jewel required finer setting."
"And it did," she said frankly.
"Dick was too good for us and our little village. I might have seen it. Why hasn't anybody written? Why hasn't anybody written? Mother knew that I—at least, she might have thought it would have interested me."
"Mother knew you had thrown Dick over, and took it for granted, I suppose, that you didn't care to hear."
"Daisy's reply was a shrug of the shoulders.
"I shall never see him again, I suppose," she said that night to her sister.
"He will find you out yet, dear," said Maggie.
"Never. You're no idea how horribly I treated him. Now, I suppose, he will go hunting after a wealthy woman, trying to imitate the very delectable example I have set him. Well, I don't care."
"But she did care. Her tears, in the night watches, attested it. She cared, in her own effusive language, tremendously. The next day was Sunday. Daisy could hardly be induced to go to church, which was at a goodly distance.
She stepped from the carriage, and, could she believe it! there stood Dick Langdale, and when she caught his eye, he came to meet them, came quietly, steadily, smiling; this man whom Daisy had deserted for society and fashion.
"Oh! Dick, can you ever forgive me," she whispered, as they lingered a little behind the others.
"I really don't think I ought, but upon certain conditions, I don't know but I might be persuaded to. You see, I think you would be quite likely to run away again, at the first opportunity, so I propose that we go in to the parson, and ask him to make us one."
"Oh! Dick," was all she could say.
But it was a very happy little bride that received the congratulations of brother and sister half an hour later.
"Did you know Dick would be there?" she asked of Ferris, as they drove home.
"Of course," was the cool reply.
"You might, at least, have prepared me."
"Why? to keep you from going? and defer, if not prevent, this happy ending? Confess now, Daisy, you had grown tired of fashion and society."
She held out her hand. "I was tired of it, and I forgive you," she said. "Love is better than money, after all. And," she added, slipping her hand through her husband's arm, "there's not a man in the whole world so good as my dear old Dick."
How to Make Farming Pay.
"Does farming pay?" I emphatically say it does. I was born and reared in a city, learned a useful trade and always commanded the highest wages; can now leave the farm and get steady employment at \$3 per day, but that does not pay near so well as the farm. To make farming pay it requires as close attention in every detail of the business as is necessary in any branch of merchandise, and it must be strictly borne in mind that all food supplies for the family and stock, as far as possible, should be raised at home, and, too, it must be considered that it is not what is consumed at home, but the surplus that is sold, and don't be ashamed to sell anything, from an egg up, and don't think the amount too small to take care of, and you will soon see that farming pays and will a snug amount of cash in hand.—A. J. Jones.

What Will You Do About It?

We are happy to know that there is the most promising prospect for an abundant fruit crop all over our State. If properly saved and cared for what would it be worth to our people in money? Millions of dollars. In winter and early spring, when vegetables are scarce, no more healthful, palatable, or economical food can be had. And yet how few of our farmers appreciate its importance and value. Jars and other appliances for preserving it may be had so cheaply and the process is so simple that there is no longer any valid excuse for being without a plentiful supply of fruit throughout the year. As a rule, the farmers of the South live on a less variety and the most expensive food of any people on the earth. Butter, eggs, chicken, milk, fruit, vegetables, with proper management may be had the year round, but a large majority of them cling to corn bread. Dry your peaches, pears, apples and berries, or put them in jars and preserve them and thus save money, promote health and add to the comforts of life. Buy your good wife one or two dozen jars and thus encourage her in the development of a healthful economy in your home. Let the Alliance men club together and buy the jars by the case and give them out to their wives and then take time to aid her in gathering the fruit. Many men lose money by failing to look after such matters. The present glorious fruit crop should not be allowed to go to waste. You need it and it is the very cheapest food on your farm.—Progressive Farmer.

Now, Get Together.

Hon. Sam Randall sounded the keynote of democratic victory when he said that the thing for all good democrats to do was to get together.
As soon as the party unites on the old time basis of enthusiasm, just so soon will success be assured; as long as there is division in its ranks, just so long will the strife and jealousy thereby engendered act as a millstone to its neck, holding it down and elevating the opposition to undeserved authority.
We are sorry to see reputable Democratic organs engaged in stirring up strife when they should be doing their utmost to put the party in fighting trim for the great contest against the party in power. The St. Louis Republic, for instance, has taken upon itself the mission to daub Governor Hill, of New York, with mud, and it never loses an opportunity to attack him. Other organs are following suit, and the consequence is that much valuable energy that ought to be devoted to routing the enemy is being expended in disorganizing our own forces. The active and untiring efforts of Governor Hill and his friends in New York is a condition precedent to democratic success in that state. Then why abuse and attempt to fix on him the infamy of democratic reproach when his efforts in behalf of the democracy have been such as to merit at least the good will of his party? This is the sort of back biting and littleness that the democratic press should cry down for in it there is not an element of peace or party harmony.
Get together! Get together!
These words are full of meaning to the democracy! Will the party not profit by them? There may be differences on the tariff, the silver question, the civil service and the internal revenue, but back of it all is the fundamental principle of democracy, on which platform all democrats can unite.
Now, get together!
IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Meris Newark, Arkansas, says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and not on my third bottle and able to overtake work on my farm. It is the best medicine ever made."
Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dr. J. M. Law's Drugstore.

Remnants.

The "S. T. 1860 X" was a meaningless design intended to excite curiosity. Mr. Barnes used to start a discussion every now and then in the papers as to what the symbol meant. Some said it meant "Started trade in 1860 with \$10." Another claimed that the S. T. X meant St. Croix run, of which the bitters were largely made in order to cater to the temperance element of the population. Anyhow, Mr. Barnes, of New York, knew the value of newspaper advertising and died a millionaire many times over— that is, he didn't die many times over, but he left several millions wrung out of alcoholic bitterness.
An exchange says "that every line in a newspaper costs something. If it is for the benefit of an individual it should be paid for. If a grocer were asked to donate groceries to one abundantly able to pay for them, he would refuse. The proprietor of the newspaper must pay for the free advertising if the man who is benefited does not. And, yet, it is one of the tardiest things to be learned by many people that a newspaper has space in its columns to rent, and must be paid for. To give this space away would be as fatal as for a landlord to furnish house rent free."
The advertising bills of some of the largest advertisers would be enough to take the breath away from anyone but a millionaire. It is claimed only those with money can advertise, but there have been instances where that was not the case. The soap man above referred to put his first page advertisement in the Philadelphia Times when he hadn't a cent to his name. He trusted that the returns which that advertisement would bring in would enable him to pay his bill. And it did more than paid it, and it also paid for house rent and for all the material which he had got on credit for the making of his soap.
Orange Judd, when he was first starting the American Agriculturist, had a hard time of it to make both ends meet. He thought that perhaps a little judicious advertising would help along the new monthly. He accordingly wrote a few line advertisements with the name "American Agriculturist" pre-dominant. He sent this to the New York Herald. He wrote on the copy, or thought he did, "space, one inch." What was his horror when he picked up next morning's New York Herald, to look for his little advertisement, to see a whole page covered over with the name "American Agriculturist." Judd tore his hair and thought the was ruined; but the fact was, that one-page advertisement was the making of his paper, and when the bill for the advertisement was sent in he was amply able to pay for it.

An Inventory of His Stock.

The Concord Standard claims to have induced a small boy the other day to exhibit the following from his pockets:
"Paper of tacks, fish-hook and line, four buttons, nine nails, one powder bottle, one box caps, two cartridges, a jews harp, one inventory, one sling, a copy of 'Bad Boy's Diary,' a note from a little girl, Barlow knife, a leather strap, slate and lead pencils, toy pistol, cloves, four cigarettes, ten matches, a key ring, shot, catalogue of toys, tooth pick, cigar holder, parched corn, one garter, one copy of 'How to Marry,' and one of his sister's letters from her 'best boy.' There were a few other things not necessary to mention."
ELECTRIC BITTERS.
This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Law's Drugstore.

Love and Spasms.

What shall a young woman do if an "old man" says an old Scotch song. Mrs. Hannon, of Hoboken, decided that the thing to do with her old man was to frighten him to death.
James Hannon was not very young, and he was not at all handsome. His wife was young, pretty and fair haired. We will not lift the veil from their domestic happiness. Suffice to say it was like the domestic happiness of numerous married people.
Not long since Mr. H. went scurrying into the Hoboken police station at the witching hour of 2 o'clock in the morning. His face betokened woe and trouble in the camp. He begged that a doctor be sent at once to his wife, who was dying in great agony. She had taken the road out of the world by the aid of that baneful domestic remedy, "Rough on Rats."
A city physician grabbed a fine stomach pump, which he kept handy for people who commit suicide, and hastened to the scene. He found pretty Mrs. Hannon in spasms. Spasms are ever the refuge of unhappy womankind, married or single. The sex are partial to them. Some of them can glide into the most horrible spasms at a moment's notice.
So with pretty Mrs. Hannon. She contorted and cavorted till her husband came near going into convulsions too. It was a terrible situation, but the doctor bravely kept his head. He was used to spasms. He had been brought up with them, so to speak. He felt pretty Mrs. Hannon's pulse. It was beating as calmly and regularly as if Mrs. Hannon wasn't dying of convulsions. It seemed indeed as if that cantankerous pulse had no respect even for the jaws of death itself, but meant to go on beating just the same after the woman was dead.
Mrs. Hannon watched the doctor out of a narrow slit in the convulsed half of one eye.
"This is a serious case," said the doctor, solemnly. "The pump is no good here. I shall have to cut a hole in her stomach."
With a shriek the unconscious and convulsed woman sprang bolt upright. Her eye glared. There was not a trace of a spasm in it now.
"Oh! doctor, don't do that," she cried. "It wasn't poison at all. I only took tooth powder and water, and I only did it to frighten Jimmie. He was jealous and neglecting me." (Boohoo.)
Then the happy husband and wife flew into each other's arms and made it all up. All's well that ends well. But what the doctor thought as he trudged sleepily home has not been recorded.

Grains of Gold.

Cowardice is the greatest giver of alms.
Spare moments are the gold dust of time.—Cole.
He who is devoted to everybody is devoted to nobody.
If you note all the details you have not seen the whole.
Deliberation, too far prolonged, defeats its own ends.—Nelson.
Sands make the mountains—moments make the years.—Young.
Habit renders wrong-doing of any kind a sort of second nature.
Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose enables.
To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.
For many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.
Those things which engage us merely by their novelty cannot attract us any length of time.
He that boasteth himself to know everything is most ignorant; and he that presumeth to know nothing is most wise.—Plato, B. C. 427.
Old age is the night of life as night is the old age of day. Still, night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.
Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER, \$1.50 a year.

The Usual Exception.

Customer: You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?
Clerk: Yes'm, we always make a 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?
Customer: Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat, and here's your fifty cents.—Nebraska State Journal.
A Good Suggestion.
"Mamma," said Alfred, I prayed three prayers, and the Lord has answered two of them. Do you think he'll answer the other?
"I think he will, my dear. What were the prayers?"
"One was that he would make you well, and you're not sick any more. Another was that he would make papa more kind."
"Yes, dear. Now, what's the third?"
"I prayed that God would keep us children from quarreling, but he hasn't answered that yet, for Daisy and I quarreled dreadful to-day."
"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."
A Toad as a Weather Prophet.
A curious weather prophet is being shown in a Broadway store window. It is a tree-toad confined in a glass tube. There is a little ladder for it to climb up and down on, and so susceptible is the little prisoner to changes that it ascends to the top of the tube when the air grows moist in advance of rain, and descends when clear weather is near at hand. It also becomes noisy before a storm. To those who have never seen a tree toad, it may be interesting to know that it resembles the ordinary garden toad in form, but is more flattened. The color varies from pale ash to dark brown, with blotches of greenish-brown, and the stomach yellow. The eyes are large and brilliant. It abounds about old trees, old fences, and old stone walls.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boil.

Some people think that boils are a special affliction of Providence, but we do not imagine that Providence has anything to do about it. They are the result of an obstruction of a small blood-vessel. Maybe the sufferer has been eating too much fat, greasy food—fried food, butter, rich cakes and pies—and in consequence there has come to be too much fatty matter in the blood. Fat is carried through the veins in small globules, and if too plentiful they get into the small blood-vessels and block up the capillaries. In this way clots are formed, and blood stagnates, and for some distance around the circulation is interfered with, and the tissues die because they are not supplied with new, fresh blood. Nature wants to get rid of these dead tissues, and so she goes to work to separate the dead from the living. She fills in around the clot with pus or matter, and by and by it breaks open at the top and the core is pushed out from the center. In this core is the clot which began the disturbance, though it may not be as large as the point of a pin.
Boils are due to a clogging of the system, and are generally produced by a gross diet. Abscesses in the liver and other abscesses originate in the same manner. As to the cure, we do not want to cure a boil, for the body is trying to throw off some effete matter and what we should do is to render assistance in the effort. The foul matter is all contained in the core and the great quantity of offensive matter around it was blood corpuscles in the start. Nature makes a fester around a sliver or the same reason that she does around this tiny blood clot, the matter accumulates around the sliver until by and by it is forced out. A felon is simply a deep-seated boil. A bruise will sometimes produce a boil underneath the thick tissues and tendons; suppuration takes place and then we have a felon. The only proper thing to do is to encourage these processes by poultices. In that way we can sometimes abort a boil, and stimulate absorption so that the effete matter will be carried off without great suffering.—Good Health.