

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. III. LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1889. NO. 7

**The Ten Travelers.**  
AN OLD PUZZLE IN RHYMES.  
Ten weary, foot-sore travelers,  
All in a woful plight,  
Sought shelter at a wayside inn,  
One dark and stormy night.  
"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,  
"Have I to offer you."  
To each of eight a single bed,  
But the ninth must serve for two.  
A din rose. The troubled host  
Could only scratch his head,  
For of those three men no two  
Would occupy one bed.  
The puzzled host was soon at ease—  
He was a clever man—  
And to please his guests devised  
This most ingenious plan—  
A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I  
In room marked A two men were placed,  
The third was lodged in B,  
The fourth to C was then assigned,  
The fifth retired to D,  
In E the sixth he tucked away,  
In F the seventh man,  
The eighth and ninth in G and H,  
And then to A he ran,  
Wherein the host, as I have said,  
Had laid two travelers by;  
Then taking one—the tenth and last—  
He lodged him safe in I.  
Nine single rooms—a room for each—  
Were made to serve for ten;  
And this it is that puzzles me  
And many wiser men.

### MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.  
In returning from a trip down town the other week I left my shopping bag in the car, and when I mentioned the fact to Mr. Bowser and asked him to call at the street railway office and get it, he replied: "No, ma'am, I won't! Anybody careless enough to leave an article of value in a street railway car deserves to lose it. Besides, you did not take the number of the car, and they would only laugh at me at the office."  
"Do you take the number of every street car you ride in?" I asked.  
"Certainly. Every sensible person does. Day before yesterday I came up in No. 70. I went back in No. 44. I came up to supper in No. 66. Yesterday I made my trips in Nos. 55, 61 and 38. To-day in Nos. 83, 77 and 15. The street railways contract to carry passengers—not to act as guardians for children and imbeciles."  
"Mr. Bowser, other people have lost articles on the street cars."  
"Yes—other women. You never heard of a man losing anything."  
I let the matter drop there, knowing that time would sooner or later bring my revenge. It came sooner than I expected. Mr. Bowser took his dress coat down to a tailor to get a couple of new buttons sewed on, and as he returned without it, I observed:  
"You are always finding fault with the pro-castigation of my dressmaker. Your tailor doesn't seem to be in any particular hurry."  
"How?"  
"Why, you were to bring that coat back with you."  
"That coat! Thunder!"  
Mr. Bowser turned pale and sprang out of his chair.  
"Didn't lose it going down, did you?"  
"I—I believe I—"  
"You left it on the street car when you came up?"  
"Yes."  
"Mr. Bowser, anybody careless enough to leave an article of value in a street car deserves to lose it. However, you took the number of the car, I presume?"  
"N—no!"  
"You didn't! That shows what sort of a person you are. Yesterday when I went down after baby's shoes I took car No. 111. When I returned I took car 86. When I went over to mother's I took car 56. The conductor had red hair. One horse was brown and the other black. The driver had a cast in his left eye. There were four women and five men in the car. We passed two loads of ashes, one of dirt and an ice-cream wagon. The conductor wore No. 8 shoes, and was near-sighted. The street railways contract to carry passengers, Mr. Bowser, not to act as guardians for sap-heads and children."  
"But I'll get it at the office to-morrow," he slowly replied.  
"Perhaps, but it is doubtful. As you can't remember the number of

the car they will laugh at the idea, and perhaps take you for an impostor."  
He glared at me like a caged animal, and made no reply, and I confessed that I almost hoped he would never recover the coat. He did, however, after a couple of days, and as he brought it home he looked at me with great importance and said:  
"There is the difference, Mrs. Bowser. Had you lost anything on the car, it would have been lost forever. The street car people were even sending out messengers to find me and restore my property."  
One day a laboring man called at the side door and asked for the loan of a spade for a few minutes, saying that he was at work near by; and he was so respectful that I hastened to accommodate him. Two days later, Mr. Bowser, who was working in the back yard wanted the spade, and I had to tell him that I lent it. As it was not to be found, the natural inference was that the borrower had not returned it.  
"This is a pretty state of affairs!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser when he had given up the search. "The longer some folks live, the less they seem to know."  
"But he looked honest."  
"What of it! You had no business to lend that spade."  
"I was sure he'd return it."  
"Well, he didn't, and anybody of sense would have known he wouldn't. If somebody should come here and ask for the piano, I suppose you'd let it go. Mrs. Bowser, you'll never get over your contrived ways if you live to be as old as the hills. It isn't the loss of the spade so much, but it is the fact that the man thinks you are so green."  
In the course of an hour I found the spade at the side steps, where the man had left it after using, but when I informed Mr. Bowser of the fact he only growled:  
"He brought it back because he probably heard me making a fuss about it and was afraid of arrest."  
Two days later, as Mr. Bowser sat on the front steps, a colored man came up and asked to borrow the lawn mower for a few minutes for use on the next corner.  
"Certainly, my boy," replied Mr. Bowser, "you'll find it in the back yard."  
When he had gone I observed that the man had a suspicious look about him, and that I should not have trusted him, and Mr. Bowser turned on me with:  
"What do you know about reading character? There never was a more honest man in the world. I'd trust him with every dollar I have."  
In about half an hour Mr. Bowser began to get uneasy, and after waiting a few minutes longer he walked down to the corner. No black man. No lawn mower. By inquiry he learned that the borrower had loaded the mower into a haul-cart and hurried off. It was a clear case of confidence.  
"Well?" I queried as Mr. Bowser came back with his eyes bulging out and his hair on end.  
"It's—it's gone!" he gasped.  
"I expected it. The longer some folks live the less they seem to know. If somebody should come and want to borrow the furnace or the bay windows you'd let 'em go, I suppose."  
"But he—"  
"But what of it? You had no business to lend that lawn mower, Mr. Bowser. You'll never get over your contrived ways if you live—"  
He would listen no further. He rushed out and sailed around the neighborhood for two hours, and next morning got the police at work, and it was three days before he would give up that he had been "hornswoggled," as one of the detectives put it. Then, to add to his misery the officer said:  
"We'll keep our eyes open, but there isn't one chance in 500. After this you'd better let your wife have charge of things. That darkey couldn't have bamboozled her that way."

**Thugism in Chicago.**  
N. Y. Herald.  
It becomes clearer every day that Chicago is the principal rendezvous of secret alien revolutionary organizations in the United States. The place seems to be honeycombed with these societies. The climate agrees with them. They flourish and grow strong. It is hard to understand why this magnificent city should be selected as the headquarters for ugly foreign cabals, but the fact is quite evident.  
There are few if any Americans engaged in these intrigues. The conspirators are natives of other lands who have brought with them Old World feuds and plots. They hold meetings behind locked doors and vaguely hint at the frightful doom which awaits traitors. An atmosphere of thugism surrounds them. Half disguised threats of assassination are constantly whispered.  
But by far the most serious aspect of the matter is to be found in the influence which these secret bodies seem to have upon the politics of Chicago. They wield tremendous power over the officials and openly boast that the police fear their enmity. More crime is attributed to the internal quarrels of such organizations in that city than in any other on the American continent.  
An effort should be made to systematically and thoroughly investigate the physical forces societies of Chicago. They are growing more dangerous every day. If it is true that they encourage crime under any pretext whatever they should be denounced by statute and exterminated as quickly as possible.  
There is no room in America any longer for secret associations of aliens whose purpose is to keep alive the fires of ancient hatreds. They make more difficult the task of digesting and assimilating the heterogeneous multitudes that swarm to our shores from other lands. Dynamiting and assassination by committee is not an American institution. No man who has such ideas constantly impressed upon him can become an American citizen in the true sense.  
This is a land of free men and free institutions. Every good cause can be openly and fully agitated. But no man is permitted to incite to crime. The country cannot have too many good societies. There are immense fields for work—relieving distress, promoting patriotism, reforming laws, encouraging and developing religion, art, science and manufactures.  
The kind of societies, that are blighting the name of Chicago have no place in a country where every man is equal before the law and equal at the ballot box.  
New York has managed so far to keep herself comparatively free of these sinister plots. The dynamiters of this city were banded over to the comic papers after the police got through with them. But it is different in Chicago. Matters look very black for that community.  
When will the people of the Northwestern metropolis see the danger that threatens them?  
An American may sympathize with the struggles of nihilism in Russia without condoning murder in Illinois. He may applaud the boldness and persistency of socialism in Germany and yet object to riot in America. He can consistently admire the gallant fight for the liberties of Ireland while sternly condemning crime at home.  
It is time to crush this spirit of assassination, no matter by what name it is known.

**Who Is Your Best Friend?**  
Your stomach, of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming up after eating, Bloating, 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.

**Home and Native Land.**  
Health and Home.  
Americans, we the people of these United States, have a priceless inheritance in the genius of our institutions and government. We cannot prize too highly nor cherish too carefully the first principles of the Declaration of Independence, nor the memory of the royal souls and their faithful work and heroism, who established our national life upon its everlasting truth.  
The city of Chicago celebrated the Centennial of the first inauguration of George Washington to the Presidency on the 30th of April on a large scale and in a manner calculated to educate and cultivate the true American spirit.  
It is well that the children in the public schools should recite the events of the struggle that won for the thirteen colonies deliverance from kingly despotism, and for the future citizens of a broad continent, a democratic form of government. The corrupting tendencies and measures of political schemes and schemers—the dangerous power of accumulated wealth in the hands of a few, and the consequent distress, discontent and suffering of the many—are tossing the ship of state on heavy billows of agitation, and bringing her dangerously near disaster. It is as true to-day as when the words were first uttered, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."  
Mothers, can you not afford to devote one day in the year to a special celebration in the household that will inspire and quicken every member in the family with love for America as the home of humanity?  
If a "government of the people, for the people, by the people" is to be maintained, it must derive its vital impulse and sustaining patriotism from the homes of the land.  
"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."  
Every child born and living in this land ought to have the above sentence engraven on the brain in early childhood. This nation and government was founded on the rights of the human soul. We have passed through one terrible conflict to establish the right of the human soul in the colored man as against the rights of property in the white master.  
This American principle must be maintained or our country must perish. The home is the training school of the citizen, or ought to be. An intelligent reason why we should love our country and diligently strive to preserve in purity the democratic principle on which its government was founded, ought to be familiar to every child in the land.  
L. B. C.

**Queen Victoria's Sensible Shoes.**  
A shoemaker from London, who worked in the shop where Queen Victoria's shoes are made, being interviewed by a reporter, said: "I suppose the queen's number is at least a six and she wears a sensible shoe, long and broad, with a low heel, and plenty of room at the toes. She has several bunions and corns, you know. I suppose her common sense ideas didn't come to her until late in life. I remember making a pair of ball shoes for the Princess Beatrice just before I left. She has a foot something like her mother's. It was short and fat, the ankle being what you might call boxed just a little. Her number was a four and she wore out perhaps a dozen pairs a year."  
Chicago will probably have one of the finest libraries in the world in the course of a few years. Mr. W. L. Newberry, one of the earliest residents, left the sum of \$250,000 for the purpose, and a temporary building has been used for some time. It is now intended to erect a magnificent edifice, capable of holding 300,000 volumes.

**Mourning Goods and Rules.**  
Bombazine was once considered the only suitable fabric for deepest mourning, whereas now there are several others and we do not hear of bombazine at all. Henrietta cloth is the favorite, at \$1 per yard for the all wool, and as high as \$4.50 for silk and wool. This fabric and Tamise cloth are *de rigueur* for the first six months of mourning and then more latitude is admissible. With this stage goes the close plain bonnet, covered entirely with the veil of crepe or nun's veiling. The latter preferable as it lighter and stands the weather better than crepe. They run in lengths from one to two yards, extreme length two and a half.  
A widow's veil is made the most extreme length possible, controlled of course, by height of the wearer. The nun's veiling made up has a finish of broad hem and hemstitched, and there also comes a bordered veiling, the border running only on the sides and hemmed broadly at the bottom. These are rather less expensive than the made up veils, are cut off in required lengths and run from \$1.50 to \$5 per yard. The others from \$2 to \$12 apiece. The veil is made perfectly plain, and the veil is fastened to it with dull jet pins or sewed on, as the very latest ones are.  
The arrangement of the veil is the important coup of the whole costume. Everything depends upon the graceful arrangement of its sombre folds. In fact, the length and general disposition of the mourning veil are the indicator of the wearer's grief, so to speak. If worn over the face the loss has been recent; if it is partly withdrawn the wearer has recovered from that first shrinking away from observation, which one who has been bereaved of a friend can understand. When thrown back it is an indication that the wearer has at last schooled herself to again admit the full light of day—to submit to the inevitable, and so gradually the mourning weeds are lightened as time heals or softens the wound.  
Widow's caps and bands remain about as they have worn them for a long time. The white collars and cuffs of mull and organdie are an improvement upon the old-fashioned dead black, unrelieved by a glimpse of white. They are of two widths, the collar to just show above the neckband of the dress, or to turn over about an inch. The cuffs from two to four and a half inches in width, with hems from one to two inches wide, and both hemstitched. The popular hemstitch is carried into everything.  
The visits that must go with the deepest mourning is plain, the main fabric being of heavy lustreless grey grain or armure silk, with rows of dull gimp, giving it richness. The dress is made very plain, after the Directoire design, mostly, trimmed with straight panels of crepe at the side, or a broad band at the bottom of the skirt if preferred; yet, without the crepe trimming, it is most durable.  
After six months rather more license is admissible in fabric and finish. Green-tinted hunting is used at any time, and later, silk striped nun's veiling. The second year, plaids, broadened goods and silks *au fait*—though some even wear sustas from the earliest stage. It is unsuitable, however, with a veil. The last half of the mourning year more dressy wraps are used—beaded with dull jet and embroidered; they are made pelerine shaped mostly, and are very tasteful and rich.  
Mourning parasols are at first carried of lustreless silk, with lining of higher lustre and crepe on outer edge from four to eight inches in width. Fan of dull black silk, and gloves of undressed kid, or if warm weather, of silk.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

**A Good Insect Destroyer.**  
Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum into hot water and let it boil until dissolved; then apply the solution hot, with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where insects are found. Ants, bed-bugs, cockroaches and creeping things are killed by it, while there is no danger of poisoning.  
Things one would rather have left unsaid: Miss Bagge—"Oh, but mine is such a horrid name!" Young Brown—"Ah—a—um—I'm afraid it's too late to alter it now!"—*London Punch.*

**What Are the Thoughts of the Dying?**  
In the Societe de Biologie, Fere affirmed that a dying person in his last moments thinks of the chief events of his life. Persons resuscitated from drowning, epileptics with grave attacks, persons dying and already unconscious, but momentarily brought back to consciousness by ether injections to utter their last thoughts, all acknowledge that their last thoughts revert to momentous events of their life. Such an ether injection revives once more the normal disposition of cerebral activity, already extinguished, and it might be possible at this moment to learn of certain important events of the past life. Brown-Sequard mentions the remarkable fact that persons who, in consequence of grave cerebral affections, have been paralyzed for years, get back at once when dying their sensibility, mobility, and intelligence. All such facts clearly show that at the moment of dissolution important changes take place reacting upon the composition of the blood and the functions of the organs.—*Wien. Med. Zeitung.*

**Who Owns the Land in America?**  
Who owns the land in the United States? Why, the citizens do, or should, would be the natural reply. But unfortunately it is not altogether so. Some of the best lands in this country are owned by alien landlords. Nearly 22,000,000 acres of land are owned by men who owe allegiance to other governments. To be exact, there are 21,241,900 acres of land under the direct control and management of thirty foreign individuals or companies. There are 2,720,283 acres of land in Massachusetts, so that the men living in other countries and owing allegiance to other powers own land enough to make about ten states like Massachusetts, more than the whole of New England, more land than some governments own to support a king. The largest amount of land owned by any one man or corporation is owned by a foreign corporation called the Holland Land Company. Talk about alien landholders in Ireland; there is twice as much land owned by aliens in the United States as there is owned by Englishmen in Ireland. Think of it! More than 22,000,000 acres of land owned by men in Europe.—*American Citizen.*

**The New States and the Flag.**  
There is perhaps a technical question whether the admission of the new States is so far accomplished by the mere enabling act that their representative stars may properly be placed on the flag for the approaching Fourth of July. It is not probable, however, that the question will ever assume any practical importance. The older States of the Union will not be apt to cavil on points of etiquette in the welcome with which they meet their new sisters or to stickle on the exact location of the threshold. The field of forty two stars may not be legal for Federal agencies until next year, but there is assuredly nothing illegal in the prior recognition by States and private persons of the practical relations of the new States to the remainder of the Union. Such a recognition would be at the worst but a brief and passing irregularity; and that is hardly to be placed in the scale opposite to the comity of States. The fortunate design of our national flag enables the older States to signalize at once the cordiality with which they add to the roll of their sisterhood the names of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington.—*The Century for June.*

**The Origin of Ear Rings.**  
According to the Moslem creed the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear rings is attributed to the following curious legend: Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented, and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw a way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gut of a costly pair of ear rings, or whether Hagar roared the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear ear rings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.—*Jeweler's Review.*

**The Poor Man's Chance.**  
Here is Barrette's little sermon on the comparative chances of the poor man and the rich:  
My son, the poor man takes about all the chances, without waiting to have one given him. If you give him any more chances than he takes, he will soon own everything and run the Ohio man out of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chance a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down, and give the rich man a chance. The poor man has had things his own way too long. He has crowded the rich man out. But for the poor man this world would have cast anchor 6,000 years ago, and be covered with moss and barnacles to-day, like a United States man-of-war.  
George Peabody was a boy in a grocery; Edgar Allan Poe was the son of a strolling player; John Adams was the son of a farmer; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow-chandler; Gifford, the first editor of the Quarterly Review, was a common sailor; Ben. Johnson was a bricklayer; the father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was a child of poverty, the eldest of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a boy of all work, too poor even to have a regular trade; Grant was a tanner, Lincoln a keel boatman and common farm hand, and the Prince of Wales is the son of a queen. It is his misfortune, not his fault; he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my boy that's all there is of him; he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a prince; be glad that you didn't strike twelve the first time. If there is a patch on your knee, and your elbows are glossy, there is some hope for you, but never again let me hear you say that the poor man has no chance. True, a poor farmer, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of any kind, has no chance; he deserves to have none. The poor man monopolizes about all the chances there are. Pat Laban and Jacob in business together anywhere, and in about fourteen years Jacob will not own about four-fifths of the cattle, but he will have married about one-half of his partner's family. Go to, my son, let us give the rich man a chance.

**Buy Wild Orange Syrup for Dyspepsia, Neurasthenia, Blood Poison, &c.**  
at W. M. Reedy & Co's. no. 11, 2m