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## DEATH AND THE RIDER.

[These noble lines are the story of the heroic rider who met his death in the waters of Conemaugh while trying to save the people from their horrible fate. Such death is glorious.]  
The darkness around; not the darkness of night,  
For the sun has not dipped 'neath the angel of light;  
But the gloom in the air seems the prelude of ill,  
And the grim Alleghenies are solemn and still.  
Not a sound, save the song of the rain swollen rill,  
That is restlessly falling from mountain to bill,  
And from hilllock to valley, seen dimly below,  
Where the mad burdened waves of Conemaugh flow.  
Night ahead, the white coats of the villagers strike  
The eye of a rider on Conemaugh pike;  
One of troubled expression, who urges to speed  
Down the wet valley roadway his gallant bay steed.  
Now and then he will turn him, unobscuring his horse,  
And anxiously gaze up the slippery course.  
The great storm now ceasing was not at its worst,  
For the lake up at South Fork is bursting—HAS BURST!  
With a crash such as mountains never echoed before,  
The big dam has parted; the terrible roar  
Of the nearing black horror brings wonder and dread  
To the vale's busy thousands—now low with the dead.  
Ah, he hears it; oh, man, quick! aside, for your life!  
Think of children and home—think of mother and wife—  
They are safe—Almighty God! leave the dangerous track!  
See him tear down the pike way with death at his back!  
Not a thought for himself; not a tug at his rein;  
Just a prayer for the ones he may never see again,  
And he dashed past Conemaugh's children and wives,  
Wildly crying, "The hills! To the hills for your lives!"  
On and on flies the horseman and on comes the wave.  
There is Woodville to reach; there is Johnstown to save.  
And the thundering torrent is keeping its course,  
Ever gaining in strength, unlike rider and horse.  
Mothers rush with their children above in their fear;  
Some remain, at the crazed mountain cataract to peer.  
Now they shudder. They hear it! Too late!  
They are gone!  
And the bay horse is still plunging fearfully on!  
See, the bridge is at hand. How he foams! how he strives!  
He has gained it, good horse. To the hills for your lives!  
Onward sweeps the wet death in its merciless flight.  
And the horse and the rider go out into night.  
Into night? Nay, no darkness the record shall hide,  
Noble heart, of that faithful, that terrible ride,  
When you carried the warning of Ruin's attack  
Down Conemaugh's pike way with Death at your back.  
—Thomas Foster, in New York Herald.

## "WE HAVEN'T SAID OUR PRAYERS, MOTHER."

"We haven't said our prayers, mother."  
"Never mind, dear; I'll hear them in the morning."  
"Please to hear me say mine, mamma!"  
The earnest, pleading tones in which these words were uttered made the mother hesitate for a minute before she replied: "You know mamma's in a hurry, dear. There's company in the parlor, but she'll hear it in the morning." And with a kiss and a look of unutterable fondness bestowed on each of her little boys, the young, beautiful and loving, but careless, thoughtless mother descended to the parlor, leaving the door ajar, so that if the little ones should call for anything they could be more distinctly heard. The wind blew in this crevice, making the light of the candle flicker until at last it was extinguished. There was silence in the room for some ten minutes, then a sweet, silvery voice asked: "Are you asleep, brother?"  
"No," was the reply.

"I wish nurse was at home to-night."  
"Why?"  
"Because she would listen to my prayer."  
Another silence followed. Then again was heard the same sweet voice. "Let us get up and say our prayers, brother."  
"Why, it is all dark, Willie."  
"Never mind; we will take hold of each other's hands, and then we won't mind the dark, and you know that God can see us in the dark just as plain as if it was light."  
"But it's cold."  
"We won't stay in the cold long; and we will soon get warm again when we get back into bed. Will you come, brother?"  
"Mother said it was no matter; she said she'd hear them in the morning."  
"Maybe God will not take care of us until the morning if we do not ask Him to, brother. Will you come?"  
"Mother knows best, and she said 'never mind.'"  
After another silence there was a slight rustling in the room.  
"Where are you, Willie?"  
"By the bedside, brother. I will pray for you, too."  
Some ten minutes elapsed, when a slight movement was heard, which showed that the little fellow was creeping back into bed.  
"Oh, how cold you are, Willie!" was the exclamation, as his feet touched his brother's.  
"I do not mind it, brother, I am so happy. I wish you had prayed too, but I asked God to take care of you too to night and I think He will. Brother, if I should die to-night, I would not be afraid. I don't think it's hard to die."  
"I do. I never want to die and leave papa and mamma."  
"I would be willing to leave papa and mamma to live with God in heaven, and be always happy and always good. Wouldn't you?"  
"No! I think that it is a great deal pleasanter here. I don't believe they have any kites or tops in heaven."  
"But you know that nurse says that the little angels have crowns of gold on their heads, and harps in their hands, and that they play such beautiful music on them and sing such pretty hymns. O, I'd like to be in heaven with them!"  
"I would rather spin my top than play tunes on a harp."  
"But it isn't like playing common tunes; it is praising God. O, brother, if you would only pray, you would love to praise Him! I do not mean just to say your prayers after mother or nurse, although it is very pleasant to have them teach us pretty ones. But I mean to ask God for whatever you want, just as you do mamma and papa, and to coax Him to make you good. O, how I wish mamma and papa and you would learn to pray so!"  
"Where is nurse, mother? She has not been in our room this morning."  
"Then she did not get home last night. She said if her sister was worse she would stay all night with her. But where is Willie?"  
"He is asleep; yet, I spoke to him but he did not wake."  
"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him, and we will let him sleep as long as he will. I do not think that Willie is well; did you notice, dear," continued the mother, turning to her husband, "how heavy his eyes looked yesterday?" But when I asked him if he was sick, he answered in his usual gentle way, "only a headache, mamma; don't be worried."  
"I did not observe that he looked ill," "But if he does not appear well to-day, you had better send for the physician."  
"O, I had such a funny dream last night about Willie and me," exclaimed little Frank.  
"What was it, my boy?" asked his father, willing to be amused with the prattle of his child.  
"Well, after mamma left us last night, the light was blown out, and Willie wanted me to get up in the cold and dark to say our prayers, and I wouldn't, because mamma said we needn't say them till morning, and I thought she knew best. But Willie got up and said his, and

when he came to bed again he was so cold that it made me shiver all over to touch him. But he said he did not mind it, he was so happy, and he talked a great deal about the angels in heaven, until I fell asleep, and it was that made me dream, I suppose, for I thought Willie and I had went to bed, just as we had done, and that he had said his prayers, and that I wouldn't say mine. But I thought that the window was raised, and that the shutters were wide open, so that I lay on the bed looking up into the sky, and thinking how beautiful the moon and stars looked, when I saw, way up in the heavens, further up than the stars are, two shadows moving, that looked like two pale, white clouds, but they kept floating down until they reached the lowest star, and then I saw that they were angels; but they looked so small at such a distance that I thought them baby angels; but as they came nearer, they grew larger, and when they floated through the window into our room they looked like two very lovely ladies, with crowns on their brows, like Willie told of. But one seemed rather younger than the other, and she appeared to look up to the other angel, as if to be guided by her. But O! such beautiful voices as they had! When they spoke it sounded even sweeter than the church organ when it is played very soft and low.  
"When they came towards our bed, Willie smiled and stretched out his arms to go to them but I was frightened, and covered my face with the bed clothes. I was afraid that they would take me away with them, and I remembered that I had refused to pray, so I did not want to be taken where God was. Then I heard one of those beautiful voices ask, 'Are we to take both?' O, such music as was made when they talked! All around our room it floated sweeter than the soft, low carol of a bird; and then I heard the answer, 'No; only the one that prayed. We are to leave the other one a little while longer upon the earth, in hopes that he too may learn to pray before we carry him before the great Healer of prayer.' Then they came close to me, and I trembled dreadfully; and my heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe; and they uncovered my face and looked at me, but I did not dare to open my eyes to look at them; by-and-by, I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. O, mamma, how grieved I was then, to think that I had made the angels weep; how sorry I was that I had not prayed! For I now thought I would much rather have crowns like they wore, and be as good and lovely as they, and have God love me, than to have all the kites, and tops, and marbles that are in the whole world! But they passed away from me, and went to the other side of the bed, and then I opened my eyes to watch them, and they both smiled on Willie; and when they smiled their whole faces grew bright, until they shone like the sun; then they stooped down and kissed Willie, and he smiled too; and I saw that his face was shining like theirs; and he stretched out his little arms again, and the taller one lifted him from the bed, and laid him in the bosom of the younger one, who hugged him close to her, as though she loved him very much. Then the other angel twined her arms around both, and they all three floated through the air, until they sailed past the stars, and became like pale, white clouds, that grew smaller and smaller, until they were nothing but specks, and I saw them no more.  
"For a long time I lay very still, looking up into the sky, hoping to see them come again and bring Willie back. But when I found that they came no more, O, I was so lonesome! I cried so hard! and when I looked at little Willie's place in bed, and thought that he would never lie there again, and that I must always sleep alone, and have no little brother to play with or talk to, I thought my heart would break!  
"But when this morning came, and I awoke and found little Willie in bed with me, I was so glad and happy! His eyes were only half

closed; that made me think at first that he was awake; and his lips were parted with that same sweet smile that he wore last night when the angels looked at him, which made him seem so like one of them that it made me feel strangely again, so that I could not speak loud, but whispered softly, "Willie, Willie!" but it did not wake him; then I laid my hand on him very gently, but he was so cold that it made me start; so when I found that he did not get warm all night, I put the bed clothes tight around him and did not try to wake him again."  
A strange thrill crept through the mother's heart as she listened, and, rising from the breakfast table, she hastened to the children's room. She found her little Willie lying on the bedside, pale, cold, but very beautiful in "that sleep which knows no waking."—Protestant Churchman.

### Typhoid Fever Easy to Prevent

"Nothing," says Dr. Edson, of the New York health department, in a recent article, "is more discreditable to the civilization of the nineteenth century than the existence of typhoid fever." It is discredited, he maintains, because "of all diseases it is the most easily preventable." Scientists have isolated its germ and taught its characteristics, yet their teachings as to modes of prevention are utterly lost upon the larger portion of the public. Typhoid fever is rarely due to any other cause than polluted water, milk or meat. Polluted water is responsible for most cases of the disease, and well water in the country, as well as in towns, cities and villages is commonly polluted. "It is safe to say," according to Dr. Edson, "that there is not a well in the country the water of which is safe to drink. Most of the cases of typhoid fever occurring in the city in the fall are caused by water drunk from wells during the summer outing." The fact that the water of these wells is nice and sweet-tasted counts for nothing. The brighter it looks the greater the probability that it is a "whited sepulchre." The wells being sunk near the houses, in the vicinity of cesspools, they draw their supply of water from contaminated earth. The germs of typhoid thus enter the wells and render their reservoirs of poison, however pellucid and charming their contents may appear to the thirsty seeker after health. "During the last year," says the doctor, "I have visited twenty towns supplied with water from dug or driven wells; in every instance the supply was polluted and in most cases its pollution was the cause of the prevalence of typhoid fever." The bacillus typhosus, to which the disease is due, is contained in the spittle of typhoid fever patients. It is easily destroyed by such disinfectants as corrosive sublimate and carbolic acid. Ice often disseminates the disease. Though boiling water is fatal to it, cold does not hurt the germ to which the fever is due, even if a temperature 22 degrees below zero is reached. Dr. Fordyce Barker recently demonstrated that twenty-two cases of typhoid fever developed at a popular watering-place were due to the use of ice taken from a lake near by. The ice had been cut from a point near the entrance of a sewer. Only those who used this ice had the disease, and when the use of this ice was discontinued the epidemic ceased. Milk is sometimes the carrier of typhoid germs. In such cases it is contaminated by the water with which the milk cans are washed, or it gets the germs through the digestive system of the cow. In almost every case, it seems safe to say, the disease germ is derived ultimately from water contaminated by drainage from cesspools.—Baltimore Sun.

1. THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.—For sale by John Reedy & Co., Druggists, Lincoln.
2. WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—Buy it from John Reedy & Co., Druggists.
3. SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you.—For sale by Jno. Reedy & Co.
4. CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.—For Sale by John Reedy & Co., Lincoln.
5. FOR LAME BACK, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For Sale by John Reedy & Co., Druggists.
6. SHILOH'S COUGH and consumption cure is so good as a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale by John Reedy & Co., Druggists, Lincoln.
7. SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for constipation, Loss of Appetite, Bile, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by John Reedy & Co., Druggists, Lincoln.

## HOW TO BUY A HOME.

### Economy of Purchasing a House Through a Loan Association.

It is quite easy to show by figures the economy of buying one's house with the assistance of a building and loan association as compared with paying rent. The following statement is only given as a form of comparison; every prospective borrower can change the figures to suit his own locality.  
C and D occupy houses worth \$3,000 each, (lot \$600 and building \$2,400). C is a tenant, paying \$25 per month. D, with \$600 in cash, has borrowed \$2,400 on twelve shares of a building and loan association and built his house. Supposing that D's shares mature in twelve years, their accounts at the end of that period will stand thus: C has paid out \$3,600 in rent, and has nothing to show for it. D has paid out:  
Monthly dues ..... \$1,728  
Interest ..... 1,728  
Premium, 5 per cent ..... 120  
Search ..... 50  
Taxes ..... 260  
Insurance ..... 100  
Interest on value of lot ..... 432  
Total ..... \$4,418  
The neighborhood must be a very inactive one where the increase in value of the property will not more than offset the cost of repairs. We find, then, that D owns his premises by paying out only \$18 more than C, who, at the end of the period named, has nothing to show for his money.—Scribner's Magazine.

## Girls' Birthdays.

An astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to month she is born in, as follows:—  
If a girl is born in January she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered and fond of fine clothes.  
If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress.  
If in March, a frivolous chatter-box, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.  
If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking and studious of fashion plates.  
If in May, handsome, amiable and given to style in dress.  
If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.  
If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire.  
If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.  
If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.  
If in October, pretty and coquetish and devoted to attractive garniture.  
If in November, liberal, kind of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.  
If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects.—Harpers Magazine, for July.

## An Irish Gentleman.

The seats were full, but one was occupied by a rough-looking Irishman. At one of the stations a couple of well bred and intelligent looking young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go in a back car, when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the ladies with a smile, and with trust politeness hesitating to accept it. "Never you mind that," said the Irishman, "yer welcome to it. I'd ride upon the cow-ketcher any time from here till New York for a smooch from such jintle, manly ladies," and retreated into the next car amid the applause of those who had witnessed the incident. Perhaps the foregoing hint to many ladies will show that a trifle of politeness on their part has often a happy effect.

## How Women Rest.

How differently men and women induce themselves in what is called a resting spell. "I guess I'll sit down and mend these stockings and rest awhile," says the wife; but her husband throws himself upon the easy lounge, or sits back in his arm chair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half hour he allows himself from work, and his wife only receives that indirect help that comes from change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes in a horizontal position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her make shifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of back aches and waiting pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drudgery upon their strength and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say, "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things." The first years of housekeeping are truly the hardest, for untried and unfamiliar cares are almost daily thrust upon the mother and home-maker.—N. Y. Graphic.

## Life's Forces.

Whoever diminishes sleep diminishes life. People of active, nervous temperament wear out more rapidly than slow folk, and require more rest. They may seem to require less, because they are so much interested in whatever claims their attention that after a moderate amount of sleep they find it easy to be wide awake. Energetic people need not be afraid of sleeping too much. Persons who feel uncomfortable after sleeping may generally trace their bad feelings to other causes than too much sleep, which may have been heavy by an unhealthy condition of the blood, want of ventilation or obstructed circulation from improper clothing or position. No one should become so fatigued by work of muscle or brain that a good night's rest will not follow and afford complete recuperation. No love of being considered "smart," or of fine cookery, or business, or wealth, or pleasure can justify perseverance in wearing out life's forces without carefully affording daily opportunity for recuperation. Only the care of the sick can excuse a lack of so essential a duty as that of securing a sufficient amount of this great restorer, balmy sleep. It should be taken regularly, if possible, when the light and noise and bustle of the day cease. It is important to have several hours sleep during the night, and better to sleep during the shade of night than when the sun bids all things be astir; yet it is better to take a nap during the day than not to sleep enough.

## A Clever Boy.

"Father," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on that table?"  
"Why," said the old gentleman as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table, "why, my son, there are two."  
"Two!" replied the young smartness; "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."  
"Three?" replied the old gentleman, who was a matter-of-fact man and understood things as he saw them. "I'd like to have you prove that."  
"Easily done, sir; easily done. Isn't that one?" laying his knife upon the first.  
"Yes, that's certain," said his father.  
"And isn't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two added together make three?"  
"Really," said the father turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; "really this boy is a genius and deserves encouragement. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

## The Average Woman.

Hotel Call Boy—Madame, you must hurry if you would save your life. The hotel is all on fire. This is the third time I have warned you.  
Lady Guest—Well, tell the firemen to keep the flames under control until I take out my curl papers and trim my hair. I just know there's a great crowd of men down there and some of them are news paper reporters.—Omaha World.

### Its One Good Feature.

They tell of a certain Massachusetts Governor, who, as he wandered out of church one Sunday after a young man preached, ventured the general remark:  
"That was a good sermon."  
His judgment was disputed.  
"Well," said he, "the illustrations were good."  
This was disputed.  
Determined, however, to put in the saccharine element, he said:  
"Well, anyhow, he had a good text."  
Uses of the Bible.

In many parts of China the Bibles given to the natives by missionaries are used in the manufacture of cheap boot soles—which are not the kind of souls the Bible is intended to benefit. But the heathen in his blindness doesn't know any better. Now in America it is different. In many parts of the country Bibles are used for pressing ferns and autumn leaves, and are frequently placed on a child's chair to elevate the little one.—Norristown Herald.

## Sahara Once Populated.

M. Tarry, one of the engineers on the Sahara Railroad, now being constructed by France, reports a curious discovery of great archaeological value. Coming upon a mound of sand he had it dug into and found a dome, which proved to be the top of a tower; and digging deeper the tower proved to belong to a mosque embedded in the sand. Continuing his researches, he has already uncovered nine houses and a water course. The water course is of great value and will be used for irrigation. This discovery confirms the impression that the Sahara was once a populous land, by no means a waste or desert. The restoration of the vast tract will be pushed with renewed courage.

## Oklahoma Hotel Rules.

Gents goin' to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.  
Three raps at the door means there is a murder in the house and you must get up.  
Please write your name on the wall paper, so we may know you've been here.  
The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.  
If that hole where that pain of glass is out, is too much for you, you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stuff in it.  
The shooting of a pistol is no cause for any alarm.  
If you're too cold, put the oilcloth over your bed.  
Carosene lamps extra; candles free, but they mustn't burn all night.  
Don't tare off the wall paper to fix your pipe with. Nuff of that already.  
Guests will not take out their bricks in the mattress.  
If it rains through that hole overhead, you'll find an umbrella under the bed.  
The rats won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face.  
Two men in a room must put up with one chair.  
Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillars.  
If there's no towel handy, use a piece of the carpet.—Philadelphia North American.

### —THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS—

W. D. Salt, Druggist, Biggs, Indiana, "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of ten years' standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only half dollar a bottle. At Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.