

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. III.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1889.

NO. 10

Goodby, God Bless You.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revelations;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings.
That some folk deem it rude I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "au revoir," "adieu, au revoir,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crowsy takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Goodby, God bless you!"
This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appear
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Goodby, God bless you!"
I love the words, perhaps because
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me,
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving.
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said, "Goodby,"
And asked our God to bless me.
—Eugene Field

GISELE'S CAPRICE.

The salon was lighted by a single lamp which shed a soft radiance throughout the room. It was simply furnished, but was adorned with a profusion of flowers and plants. Three persons were in the salon—Mme. de Balny, Gisele, her daughter, and the latter's betrothed, Robert de Gillis, who was soon to be her husband.
Gisele, who was in her eighteenth year, was very beautiful. She was a natural blonde. Her smile had the double advantage of showing pretty teeth and two charming little dimples in her rosy cheeks. Her eyes were very handsome, but their glance was somewhat imperious. She was dressed in a robe of a soft, white, clinging material that set off to advantage her girlish beauty.
Gisele was an only daughter. She had been reared by an indulgent mother, her father having died during her infancy. Although Mme. de Balny's income was barely sufficient to support herself and her daughter she managed to gratify Gisele's every whim, and her whims were many, for she was a child of caprice.
Many admirers paid suit to Gisele, but she smiled on none until Robert de Gillis threw himself and his fortune at her feet. In Robert Gisele found her supreme triumph, for by his unselfish devotion he gave her the greatest satisfaction a woman can have—to be beloved for her beauty, which was Gisele's only dower. Robert had every qualification to be desired in a lover. He was 25 years old, handsome, manly and very wealthy.
While Mme. de Balny was working at her embroidery and Robert and Gisele were holding a tender conversation, the door of the salon was opened and Georges Langle was announced.
"Good evening my dear madame," said the new comer, as he entered, bowing to the mistress of the house.
"Ab, good evening, my dear Langle," said Mme. de Balny, welcoming the guest. "This is, indeed, an agreeable surprise."
When the others had welcomed him, turning to Robert, Langle said: "I knew that I would find you here, and that is why I called so late, wishing to have you present to second a proposition which I desire to make to these ladies."
"Ah! tell us. What is it?" exclaimed Gisele.
"My mother's cottage at Saint Cloud has just been put in order for the summer," replied Langle.

We are going to drive there tomorrow morning, and she desires that you will accompany us. We shall leave Paris in good season so as to avoid the heat of the day. Breakfast will await us on our arrival. We will spend the warm part of the day swinging in our hammocks and gossiping under the elms. We will dine at five, and then, if Mlle. Gisele approves of the plan, we will attend the fete of Saint Cloud, at which, among other attractions, will be the great lion tamer, the illustrious Bidel, with his menagerie. That is the proposition I have to offer.
"Bravo!" cried Gisele. "Your plan is charming! charming! is it not, Robert?" she added, turning to her lover.
Robert agreed with Gisele that their friend's plan was faultless, and it was adopted with enthusiasm.
Accordingly, the following day found Mme. de Balny, her daughter and Robert at Saint Cloud, as the guests of M. Langle and his mother. The day was spent in those delightful ways which people escaping from the city in the early summer find for passing the time in the country. Gisele, however, was all anticipation in regard to the approaching fete, and especially in regard to the lion tamer, Bidel, of whose exploits she had heard a great deal. Immediately after dinner, therefore, Gisele, Robert and Langle went to the fete, the elder ladies preferring to remain at the cottage.
They first attended Bidel's performance with his lions, which Gisele watched with the liveliest interest. As the performance drew to a close Gisele became so enthusiastic in regard to Bidel's bravery that Langle said, jokingly, that she ought to marry a lion tamer.
"Such is my intention," replied Gisele, "for I am sure that Robert will not deny the first request I have ever made of him. Will you, Robert?" she added, turning to him.
"What!" exclaimed Robert. "Do you wish me to enter the lions' cage?"
"Yes. Does that surprise you?"
"A little, I confess."
"You ought to have as much courage as a vulgar tamer of animals," said Gisele, who seemed to be put out by her lover's backwardness in bearding the lions to please her whim.
"But to do what you ask me to do would by no means be a proof of courage," answered Robert. "It would be a ridiculous act on my part, for I would be exposing myself to no purpose."
"You speak lightly of the prospect of being devoured," said Langle laughing.
Langle wished to laugh Gisele out of her caprice. Gisele, on the other hand, did not really wish her lover to enter the lions' cage, but she wanted him to seem ready to do even that for her.
"Then you refuse?" she asked Robert, with an air of disdain.
Langle, without giving Robert an opportunity to reply, said:
"Certainly he does for the conditions are not the same for him as for Bidel who has been long accustomed to being among wild animals and has made a careful study of their character."
"You seem to take great interest in a matter which does not concern you," said Gisele, who was vexed by Langle's opposition.
"But," replied Langle gravely, "what you ask Robert to do is very dangerous. Besides, you forget that his mother adores him and that she will never forgive you if you make him expose himself in this perilous manner."
But Gisele insisted.
"Very well," said Robert coldly, "I will enter the cage, if Bidel will allow me to do so, as soon as the spectators have departed. I do not wish to give a public exhibition of my courage," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.
"Ah! I knew you would consent!" exclaimed Gisele with apparent delight.
"I will arrange the matter at once," said Robert.
He went to Bidel, with whom he

held a short conversation, then returned, saying:
"The lions will be fed in a few minutes. I will enter the cage then with Bidel."
By this time the spectators had departed. Robert, Langle and Gisele approached the cage. Presently the lion tamer joined them. He told Robert that he was ready to feed the lions and invited him into the cage.
"No, Robert do not go," said Gisele. "I do not wish you to enter the cage. I asked you to do so only because I wanted you to seem ready to expose yourself to any danger for my sake."
"Pardon me, Gisele, for not acceding to this new caprice of yours as to the first," replied Robert. "I have resolved to enter the cage and I shall do so."
Robert turned away from Gisele, and a moment afterward he and the lion tamer entered the cage. The lions, eight in number, moved hither and thither, obedient to the command of their master, but their large golden eyes showed their astonishment at the presence of this intruder who accompanied him.
Gisele and Langle looked on in silence and in agony. Gisele, who was very pale, was only prevented from giving voice to her anguish by the fear of aggravating her lover's peril. Her eyes, which were big with fright, were fixed on Robert. He, on the other hand, was quite calm, at least in appearance. Like Bidel, he was armed with a bar of iron and a rawhide. He was thus doubly prepared to repel the lions if they came too near him.
Robert was in the cage about five minutes. Then he left it and rejoined Gisele, who, radiant with joy, her hands extended, exclaimed:
"Oh, Robert! how I admire you! how I!"
Robert took one of Gisele's hands in his, and, interrupting her, said, in a calm voice:
"Do not praise my exploit so much, for the act which you applaud was performed for my own sake rather than yours. If I am brave, as now you evidently think me, I confess that I am not without fear that I shall not always be able to accede to your desires, and as it would pain me to cross so charming a woman, I renounce the honor of being your husband."
As soon as they returned to the cottage the party started for Paris. When they reached Gisele's home Robert bade her good-by with a profound bow. On entering the house Gisele found the superb bouquet which she was accustomed to receive each day from Robert; it was the last. Gisele has never married.—Translated from the Epoch from the French.

"Kiss the Fool and let him go Home."

The story goes that a certain society young man, noted for his handsome bearing and winning voice, accompanied a young lady to her home and, as all true lovers do, lingered yet a little while at the gate to have a lover's tete-a-tete with his fair companion. The night was beautiful, no one was near to intrude, and above all he loved her! Why shouldn't she kiss him? With true maidenly modesty she refused. He implored. She still withheld from him that which would fill his cup of happiness. The request was repeated several times, and so engrossed did the young man become in wooing, he failed to notice the approach of the paternal step. The old gentleman had been there him self and did not care to intrude upon the happiness of the young couple, so quietly stepping behind a convenient rose bush, waited, thinking the young man would soon leave. In this he was mistaken. The lover tarried over the request until the patience of the old gentleman was exhausted. A voice the couple well knew aroused them from their happiness, in a tone of impatient anger, by saying: "Daughter, kiss that fool and let him go home!" It is reported that the young man only hit the ground in high places in his endeavor to comply with the old gentleman's command.—Exchange.

On Teasing.

BY ELEANOR HUNTER.
It seems to me that one of the most annoying traits of character which one can possess is a disposition to tease, for when that disposition is freely indulged there is nothing that can cause more unhappiness to others. To be obliged to spend one's life with an inveterate tease is like living in a bramble bush, or suffering constantly from the torture of innumerable pin-pricks. To be sure one pin-prick is nothing much, but when one has to bear ten thousand of them it is quite another matter.
"Pshaw!" says the tease. "I did not hurt you any. I wouldn't make such a fuss about nothing. I did not mean anything. I was only teasing." Exactly. And it is just because there is no meaning in it, nor necessity for it, because it is "only teasing," that poor, tormented, insulted human nature cries out sometimes in a passion against it. It is astonishing what an unerring ingenuity a born tease will show in choosing his victim's weakest point and in sticking his little pin straight into it. Is his victim timid, quick-tempered, or has he some infirmity of speech, or peculiarity of person about which he is sensitive? That is the very place which the tease selects for his thrusts; and a tease never misses a chance. If he can not find anything else to annoy, he will tease an animal, or torment a little child, and he thinks it fun; but it is the most malicious, most dreadful and most dangerous fun in this world. I once knew a lady who was literally almost frightened to death by a miserable man who followed her home through the twilight; she reached shelter and dropped fainting upon the floor, and the thoughtless fellow who occasioned the distress explained that he "just followed her to tease, because he knew she was timid, and he did it just for fun." He found that it was not so enjoyable, as he waited while she hovered between life and death, the victim of his wretched joke. Fortunately for him and for the friends who loved her, she recovered, but she never entirely got over the effects of the nervous shock which she endured at that time.
I think that a genuine tease is a coward for he never attacks his equal, his victims are the helpless animal, the little child, the timid woman. If you will notice, it is never the smallest boy who teases the larger one. And then, a tease can never bear to be teased himself. Nothing makes him angrier than to be paid back in his own coin.
But really the most distressing thing about the whole matter is the effect which the habit of teasing has upon the nature of the one who indulges in it. A confirmed tease becomes positively heartless. He can look upon mental or physical distress quite unmoved. Indeed, he is not satisfied with the results of his teasing if he does not cause one or the other. That is the part he enjoys, and it is why he teases.
If there is a boy who reads these lines who likes to tease his little sister until she runs in tears to her mother, or who torments some little fellow at school just to see him dash crimson and bristle with impotent indignation; if you want to make a man of yourself stop it. For it is the most ignoble and unmanly thing to take delight in causing pain to any living creature, especially if it is smaller and weaker than yourself.

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a cough, cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Boesche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to "be the benefactor of any home."

The Best Time to Bathe.

It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then into the bath-tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Cacao, powdered and taken with water, is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—The London Lancet.

Convincing Proof.

In many instances it has been proven that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), made by Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., will cure blood poison in its worst phases, even when all other treatment fails.
A. P. Brunson, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had 24 running ulcers on one leg and 6 on the other, and felt greatly prostrated. I believe I actually swallowed a barrel of medicine, in vain efforts to cure the disease. With little hope I finally acted on the urgent advice of a friend, and got a bottle of B. B. B. I experienced a change, and my dependency was somewhat dispelled. I kept using it until I had taken sixteen bottles, and all other horrors of blood poison have disappeared, and at last I am sound and well again, after an experience of twenty years of torture."
Robert Ward, Maxey, Ga., writes: "My disease was pronounced a tertiary form of blood poison. My face, head and shoulders were a mass of corruption, and finally the disease began eating my skull bones. My bones ached, my kidneys were deranged, I lost flesh & strength, and life became a burden. All said I must surely die, but nevertheless, when I had used ten bottles of B. B. B. I was pronounced well. Hundreds of scars can now be seen on me. I have now been well over twelve months."

Gum-Chewing at the Capital.

Washington is a city of gum-chewers, says a letter to the Waterbury American—more emphatically so than any other city in the middle or southern Atlantic coast. The daintily flavored salivator-increaser is not only popular with school boys and school girls, it permeates society from top to bottom, and a census of the men who delight to roll the waxy morsels under their tongues would be a surprise to the country.
The man who (next to the President) controls and directs the foreign policy of this administration uses a great deal of gum. He says that gum chewing is not with him an unreasoning habit. "It aids my digestion," he says. "I chew simply because of the good effect it has upon my stomach." His better half has not that same excuse, for her digestion has steadfastly refused to be impaired by many years of the most excessively fashionable life; yet she, too, chews gum. Not in public, though, for there is no greater stickler for a submissive yielding to the "proprieties" than Mrs. Blaine.
There is gum at the White House! Mrs. McKee is an expert chewer, and when Russell Hanon married ex-Senator Saunders' daughter it didn't take the western bride very long to pick up the habit from her sister-in-law.
Passing down Pennsylvania avenue Saturday afternoon I noticed three ladies sitting in an open carriage waiting for the coming of a fourth, who was in a jewelry store. All three were working the muscles of their jaws as rapidly as possible and the fragmentary conversation was frequently interrupted by gulps and gorges of the most distressing character. The fourth lady came out of the store in a little while, but before entering her carriage she opened the everpresent sachel and took from thence a little silver-covered square of something. She removed the wrapper dexterously and then put the brown contents into her pretty mouth. In less than ten seconds thereafter there were four ladies—at the head and front of Washington society—riding down the avenue at high noon and every one of them was chewing gum as though their lives would be forfeited if they stopped for an instant.
Two of the judges of the Supreme bench of the District of Columbia

are incessant chewers and so is Justice Gray of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A Study of Husbands.

BY A WOMAN FOR WOMEN.
We hear so much talk about the art of winning a husband. Let us take a step further and make a study of keeping a husband. If he is worth winning he is worth keeping. This is a wicked world, and man is dreadfully mortal. Let us take him just as he ought to be. In the first place, he is very weak. The wife must spend the first two years in discovering these weaknesses, count them on her fingers, and learn them by heart. The fingers of both hands will not be too many. Then let her study up these weaknesses, with a mesh for every one, and the secret is hers. Is he fond of a good dinner? Let her tighten the mesh around him with fragrant coffee, light bread, and good things generally, and reach his heart through his stomach. Is he fond of flattery about his looks? Let her study the dictionary for sweet words if her supply gives out. Does he like to hear her talk about his brilliant intellect? Let her pore over the encyclopedia to give variety to the depth of her admiration. Flattery is a good thing to study up at all hazards, in all its delicate shades, but it must be skillfully done. The harpy who may try to coax him away will not do it absurdly. Is he fond of beauty? Here's the rub—let her be bright and tidy; that is half of the victory. Next, let her bang her hair metaphorically and keep up with the times. A husband who sees his wife look like other people is not going to consider her "broken down." Though it is a commonplace that a woman has admitted that her sex considers more, in marrying, the tastes of her friends than her own, yet it must be considered ludicrous that a man looks at his wife with the same eyes that other people do. Is he fond of literary matters? Listen to him with wide, open eyes when he talks of them. A man doesn't so much care for a literary wife, if only she will be literary enough to appreciate him. If she have literary inclinations, keep them to herself.
Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman's note. Cultivate helplessness. Is he curious? Oh, then you have a treasure; you can always keep him if you have a secret, and keep it carefully. Is he jealous? Then, woman, this is not for you; cease torturing that fretted heart which wants you for its own, and teach him confidence. Is he ugly in temper and fault-finding? Give him a dose of his own medicine, skillfully done. Is he deceitful? Pity him for his weakness; treat him as one who is born with a physical defect, but put your wit to work—it is a bad case. It will not be too tame. Men do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowl; they let the pleasure of pursuing wild game—quail and grouse and deer. A quail is a good model for a wife—neat and trim, with a pretty, swiftness about her, and just a little capricious. Never let yourself become an old story, be just a little uncertain. Another fact is, don't be too good; it hurts his feelings and becomes monotonous. Cultivate a pleasant voice, so that this very mortal man may have his conscience prick him when he is in jeopardy; its pleasant ring will haunt him much more than would a shrill one. It is hard to do all this, besides taking care of the babies and looking after vexatious household cares, and smiling when he comes home, but it seems necessary. "To be born a woman is to be born a martyr," says a husband, who, for ten years, has watched in amazement his wife reading the wine-press of her existence. It is a pitiful sight to some men. But if the wife does not make a study of these things the harpy will, to steal away the honor from the silver hairs when he is full of years and the

father of sons and daughters. At the same time, good wife, keep from trying these things on any mortal man but your own. These rules are only evolved to "keep a husband." The poor, weak creature would rather be good than bad, and it is woman's duty to hold him by every means in her power.

The Unmarried Woman of To-day.

"The unmarried woman is multiplying—what shall be done about it?" the newspapers are asking. The matter is spoken of as a calamity; but the unmarried woman herself does not seem to feel it so. She is generally cheerful, active, busy and useful. She is no longer the sour, scandal-loving, unattractive "old maid" of earlier times. She retains her bloom and her vivacity. She has little time and less inclination for gossip. Culture and occupation have broadened her nature and given her charity and wisdom.
She has fads, but they are useful or interesting. Generally she is engaged in business of some kind, and supports herself, and perhaps a mother or father, or one or two sisters and brothers.
They are not unwomanly, these modern old maids. They are fond of children, and give much sympathy as well as active help to the multifarious charities in aid of children—the homes, the Fresh Air Society, the orphan and the founding asylums. They are interested in the physical culture that shall fit girls to be healthy wives and mothers. They are zealous with pens and tongues in showing their sex, particularly the "marrying women," how to be more beautiful, healthy and attractive, and how to make their home charming to their husbands and children.
There is no sourness in their lives or natures, only a slight flavor of acidity that crops out now and then in wholesome corrective sarcasm concerning social shams and domestic humbugs.
The complicated machinery of higher civilization could not move without creaking if it were not oiled by the exertions or influence of unmarried women. Who would write the novels, pet or scold the clergymen, keep up the sewing societies, the Sorosis, the Women's Temperance Union, the dress reform movement, the vegetarian movement, the benevolent homes, etc.? Who would retain society in the straight and narrow way by keeping a sharp eye—and sharp tongue—upon it—who but the women, but, untrammelled with domestic fetters, silken or otherwise, are free to give to the world at large the energies they might else expend upon home and family?
Society (at its highest point of civilization) is showing the need of a class whose prerogative is work—not hard, heavy toil—this our improved and constantly improving machinery shall do for us—but work requiring patience, persistence, intelligence and skill—work that will minister to the higher taste and finer art sense as well as the physical comfort of society. For such work women are specially fitted, and their so greatly outnumbering men in countries of riper civilization seems to point to the evolution of a class of females—the world's workers—in whom sex shall be as practically extinct as with the workers among the bees, the ants and other creatures of exquisite intelligence (why call it insect?) whose systems of political economy are wiser than Stuart Mills'. The workers among these are abstracto females, but practically of no sex. All their energies are trained into the channels of work.—New York Fashion Bazar.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in its very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. It cures old, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.