

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL III.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1889.

NO. 22

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drone,
Who all troubles magnify,
Not the watchword of "I can't!"
But the noble one "I'll try."

Do what'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal,
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulders to the wheel.

Though your duties may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill,
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

The Boy who Became a Sculptor.

In a little Italian village their once lived a jolly stonecutter named Pisano. He was poor, of course, of he would not have been a stonecutter, but he was full of good humor and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy especially who loved him and whom Pisano loved more than any one else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man who was unkind to little Antonio. Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stone-cutting little Antonio played at it, and amused himself making clay figures, drawing and cutting into shape the small pieces of rock which lay about the yard. The old grandfather soon saw that the pale-faced little fellow was wonderfully skillful at such things.

As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day while in the evening his grandmother told him stories or sung to him. All these things were of great value to him, for, without his knowing it, they were improving his taste and awakening his imagination.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, a man of great wealth and rare understanding in matters of art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain times entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks, and Antonio did work for a day or two when some great feast was given.

At one time when Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner young Antonio was at work among the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant came in just before the dinner hour in great trouble. The man who had been at work upon the large ornament for the table sent word he had spoiled the piece. What was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to put the table in order was at his wits end.

While every one was wondering what would be best to do, the little boy came forward and said:

"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do."

"You!" cried the servant, and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And pray what can you do?"

"I can make something that will do for the middle of the table," the boy, "if you will let me try."

The servant, not knowing what else to do, told Antonio that he might try. Calling for a large quantity of butter, the boy quickly moulded a great crouching lion which every body in the kitchen said was beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head servant placed carefully upon the table.

At the dinner that day there were many of the most noted men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen and lovers of arts—and among them were many skilled artists of art work. When these people came to the table their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot the purpose for which they entered the dining room. They saw their something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be—namely, work of a genius.

They looked at the lion long and carefully and then began praising it and asked Faliero what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter, that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero knew as little as they and he had in his turn to ask the chief servant. When the company learned that the lion was the work of a boy, Faliero called the boy into the dining room, and the dinner became a sort of feast in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise the lion. There were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to the village and nothing could please them more than to aid in giving him an education. Signor Faliero himself declared himself that he would pay the lad's expenses and place him under the instructions of the best masters.

The boy whose highest wish had been to become a stonecutter, and whose home had been in his old grandfather's cottage became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace having at his command everything that money could buy, and being daily instructed by the best masters in Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his life. He was still the same simple, earnest and faithful boy. He worked as hard to gain knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a good stonecutter. Antonio Canova's course from the day on which he moulded butter into a lion was steadily upward, and when he died he was not only one of the greatest sculptors of his own time, but one of the greatest of all time.—*Harpers Fourth Reader.*

A Substitute for Cotton.
Columbia S. C., Dispatch 11.
Dr. C. F. Panknin, a well known chemist of Charleston, is perfecting an invention for utilizing the bark of the ramee plant as a complete substitute for cotton, and a great revolution in the cotton industry is thus promised. Dr. Panknin has placed on exhibition here a large roll of ramee which has been prepared and treated by his process.

By looking at the roll it is easy to conclude that the method is perfect. The product is devoid of gum and of particles of the bark. Each filament is distinct and as glossy and transparent as a strand of silk. The roll has been bleached, but not carded or combed. When this last process has been applied—which any one can do with his fingers—it will appear even more advantageously.

Dr. Panknin says that he is now perfecting a machine by which he can produce the stuff on a commercial scale. With the machine he now uses he has prepared a quantity of the article similar to that on exhibition. The stalks of ramee are first split longitudinally in half, or as nearly that proportion as possible. These slips are then passed through an apparatus similar to that of a fluting machine, which breaks the weed into small pieces that are easily detached from the bark, which is left in long ribbons. The secret lies in extracting the gum absolutely from this ribbon, removing at the same time all the finer particles of bark. This done the decortication is complete.

It is learned that the cost of preparation by the chemical process will not exceed that for the preparation for market of equivalent amounts of long cotton. Dr. Panknin is now in communication with business men in New York who are interested in the discovery.

Indignation Meeting in Monroe.

The following we clip from the Charlotte Democrat of a recent date: A meeting was held at the Court House in Monroe last Tuesday for the purpose of expressing the feelings of the citizens of Union county, at the lynching of Frank Stack, at Morganton, Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1889. On motion of D. A. Covington, Mr. V. T. Chears was called to the chair, and J. D. A. Secret was appointed secretary. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, after which Mr. Covington addressed the assembly in a few timely remarks, in condemnation of the mob which hung Stack. At the conclusion of Mr. Covington's remarks the chairman read the following resolutions, which were adopted by a rising vote.

Whereas, on the 9th day of Aug. 1889, Robert Parker, a former citizen of this county, who was then attending school at Rutherford College, N. C., was shot from ambush and foully murdered by an unknown person; and

Whereas, Franklin Stack was suspected, on the part of certain persons, of being the slayer of Mr. Parker, for the reason that the latter had killed a brother of the former some ten years ago; and

Whereas, by reason of this suspicion, Mr. Stack, who was a worthy man and a highly respected and honored citizen of this county, was arrested at his house, whilst in the quiet pursuit of his labors (where he, having previously heard that he was suspected, had told the Sheriff he could be found, if wanted), and carried to the county of Burke under a warrant issued by a Supreme Court Judge. Mr. Stack cheerfully submitting by reason of the implied promise made to the proceeding, under which he was arrested that the law, having taken him in its toils, would insure him a fair and impartial trial, upon which, the accused averred to the end, that he could have fully established his innocence; and

Whereas, on the morning of the 11th of September, 1889, while Mr. Stack was confined in the county jail of Burke, where the law had placed him to await the trial which is guaranteed to every citizen and which had been expressly promised him when he was arrested upon the warrant of a Supreme Court Judge, and while the presumption of law as to his innocence was strengthened by his solemn and repeated averments that he was innocent and could prove it. Mr. Stack was forcibly taken from jail by a mob of midnight assassins, who, while trampling the law under foot themselves and bent upon committing the crime of which he was accused and which he bitterly denied as long as he was granted utterance, denied him the right of a confessed felon and summarily executed him, in the face of his dying declarations that he was innocent:

Now, therefore, we, the people of Union county, in meeting assembled, after full notice of the time and place published, do resolve:

1st. That while we deplore the presence of crime in the land, and would not for a moment commend or countenance the course of the man whoever he may be, who so foully murdered Mr. Parker on the 9th day of August, 1889, at Rutherford College, yet, we view with alarm the increase of mob violence and recognize the necessity of steps being inaugurated to correct this great evil.

2d. That while there may be instances in which the protection of female virtue would palliate, if not excuse, summary vengeance on the head of him who forcibly assaults it, we are of opinion that the law, as administered by Judge Lynch, is rarely, if ever, justified, and the only safety of the people rests in the great citadel of our defense, the Palladium of our liberty—the Constitution and law of the land—which guarantees to every person, rich or poor, great or small, bond or free alike, a fair and impartial trial.

3d. That the lynching of Mr.

Stack, an honest, hardworking, peaceable citizen of our county, who was torn from the bosom of his family and carried among strangers, who, by invoking the aid, promised him the protection of the law; and who was known by many of us personally and reputed to us all, to be a man whose life and character was without spot or blemish; an affectionate son to an aged and dependent mother, a devoted supporter of two nieces, who have been his consideration and care for the past ten years, since his brother and their father, was killed on public highway, a kind friend and accommodating neighbor, whose warm heart, generous nature and noble impulses belied the charges preferred against him and strengthened his own protestations of innocence, is a fresh and forcible illustration of the mistakes that the mad populace so often make and of the danger attending its administration of justice.

4th. That we find ourselves incapable of commanding language expressive of our abhorrence and contempt for the men engaged in the tragedy at Morganton and for the crime which their cowardly and penurious souls committed under the cover of the darkness, when they took the life of an honorable man, against whom their proof was but a suspicion, and who were actuated, not by motive of avenging the death of Parker, but to save the expense of a trial to Stack; we denounce the act, we denounce the men engaged in it and declare them to be cowards, for they dare not confess their deed; murderers, for they took the life of a man who had a right to their protection; and perjurers, for they outraged the law they had all sworn to support. The deed of Mr. Stack, even if he were guilty, would not have been so damnable as that of these men.

5th. That we recognize and appreciate the course of the Charlotte Chronicle in the move and we call upon the press of North Carolina, which has been such a power for good in our midst, and upon which the people must largely depend for relief from mob violence, but which, with great respect, we are obliged to say has been not only remiss in this matter, but largely responsible therefor, in that it has not in the past placed the seal of its disapproval and condemnation upon it in more certain terms, to join us in an effort to do justice to the memory of one who has been so foully dealt with and to inaugurate a movement which shall make every citizen feel that in truth and in fact, he has the protection of the law of the land.

6th. That we call upon the good people of Burke County, many of whom we know to be good citizens, and the great masses of whom deplore the tragedy enacted on the night of the 10th instant, and upon whom we are obliged to rely, to hunt up the perpetrators of this crime and bring the guilty parties to justice.

7th. That we call upon His Excellency, Daniel G. Fowle, the Governor of the whole people, to do all in his power to discover the parties, who have so grossly outraged the law, who have inflicted such summary injustice upon one of our helpless citizens and make them answer for the crime which they have committed, at the shrine of the law which they have insulted and violated.

On motion of Mr. Covington a resolution was passed, requesting that a copy of these resolutions be sent to all the State papers with a request to publish.

On motion of Mr. Charles Bruner it was resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Governor Fowle.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

Paterfamilias—Clara, I see that the front gate is down this morning.

Clara (shyly)—Yes, papa, you know love levels all things.—*Troy Times.*

10. ARE YOU MADE MISERABLE BY indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shilo's Vitalizer is a positive cure.—For sale by John Reddy & Co., Lincolnton, North Carolina.

True Loves Never Run Course.

The story goes that a certain society young man of Winston 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 should not she kiss him? With true maidenly modesty she refused. He implored. She still withheld from him that which fills 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 parental step. The old gentleman had been there himself and did not care to intrude upon the happiness of the young couple, 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 d—n fool and let him go home. It is reported that the young man only bit the ground in high places in his endeavor to comply with the old gentleman's command.—*Winston Sentinel.*

Magnetic Plants.

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All powerful about two o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb and bends its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force of virtue even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves and the needle is unaffected by it. One never by any chance sees a bird or insect alight on an electric plant. An instinct seems to warn them that they would find there sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetizable are found—neither iron, nor combat nor nickel—and undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant. Light and heat, phosphorescence, magnetism, electricity, how many mysteries and botanical problems does this wondrous Indian plant conceal within its leaf and flower?—*Nature.*

Proclivities of the Old Virginia Gentleman Manifested in Early Youth.

Our friend Gov. Moore has a son who, although only five years old already gives evidences of the true characteristic of the real type of the "Old Virginia Gentleman."

A few mornings ago Master Henry came to his grandmother, crying and showing evidences of having been grossly insulted.

"Grandma," said he, mamma slapped me for nothing."

"No, my son," said she, "your mamma would not act so unjustly."

"Yes, she did, Grandma, she slapped me for nothing."

"What did you do, my son?"

"I didn't do nothing; I just asked her for a biscuit, and she said she didn't have any biscuit, and I looked in the pantry and found three and I called her a liar and she slapped me for nothing."

9. THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shilo's Consumption Cure."—For sale by Jno. Reddy & Co., Lincolnton, North Carolina.

WHICH WAS SERENADED?

The Young Folks Turned Out to Annoy the Deacon, but He Led Them in Prayer.

It was not very long ago that a Maine man fired his shotgun into a catbumpian crowd that serenaded him, with disastrous results. An Oxford county deacon who was annoyed in a similar way hit upon a vastly better method of routing the invaders of his peace. He lost his first wife, with whom he had lived fifty years, and in time took another bride to solace his declining days. Such a proceeding, though warranted both by Holy Writ and human precedent, caused considerable talk in the neighborhood on account of the deacon's advanced age, and some of the young people proposed to give the couple an old fashioned serenade. So they gathered a large and noisy crowd together, equipped themselves with a circular saw, a chain of cow bells and a band of horns, and set up a frightful din in front of the deacon's house several hours after the old gentleman and his bride had retired. The first alarm brought the deacon to the door. The spectators expected a storm of righteous wrath to burst upon their heads and were prepared to meet it with a tempest of saw, horn and cowbell.

"Gentlemen," said a mild voice, "won't you come in?"

A hush fell upon the crowd and they stared in silent wonder at each other.

That couldn't be the deacon.

They drew nearer and took a better look at the figure standing in the door-way.

Yes, they could plainly see by the candle which he held that it was the deacon.

"Wife and I would be pleased to have you come in," he said again.

Disconcerted, but unable to resist the invitation, they filed into the house.

The deacon and his wife provided chairs, and they all sat down. Then the good old man took the family Bible from the shelf and read a passage of Scripture in a clear voice. Having finished the chapter he closed the good book, knelt down, and said fervently, "Let us pray."

The company listened respectfully to a long prayer, in which the deacon asked for a special manifestation of heavenly grace to the misguided youth of the community.

"Now, my dear friends," said he, "I know that some of you have good voices. Let's have a little music."

He passed around hymn books, his wife pitched the tunes, and the company joined in. They sang several of the Moody and Sankey favorites, and before they knew it were having as good a time as if they were pounding the hewag in the front yard.

At last, in a polite way, the deacon bade them good night, and said he would be very glad to see them again. They went away full of respect for the old man, wishing him a long enjoyment of his new found conjugal bliss, and wondering whether they had serenaded the deacon or the deacon had serenaded them.—*Leicester (Me.) Journal.*

The Western papers are doing their duty in preaching the gospel of tariff reform to the farmers. The Times, published in Henry, Illinois, reprints with approval from The Headlight, a Democratic paper lately started in Toulon, Ill., a letter from a farmer who contrasts the present condition of affairs with what the Republican party last fall promised it should be. He says:

"How is it with us farmers? Nineteen cents for oats and 30 for corn is rather low—but we might do better if the tax was taken off from binding twine, lumber, clothing, nails, iron and about everything the farmer has to buy. If a man wants to sell or trade you a horse, he may tell you he is sound, kind and true to work, and may brag on what he has done—but if after the sale or trade is made you find he has lied—you are simply a fool if you believe him the second time. Neither does it amount to anything what a horse has done, the buyer wants to know what he can do now."

There is a Happy Land.

From the New York Tribune.

How many of the myriads who in childhood have sung "There is a happy land, far, far away," know any thing of its writer? His name is Andrew Young, and he is now 80 years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous, and in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air, which blended with the music of the woods in the primeval forests long before Sunday Schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for its melody. Its bright and strongly marked phrases struck Mr. Young's musical ear the first time he heard it casually played in the drawing room. He asked for it again and again, it haunted him. Being accustomed to relieve the clamor of his thoughts and feelings in rhyme words naturally followed and so the hymn was created.

Mr. Young happened to have his hymn performed in the presence of his intimate friend, Mr. Gall, a member of the publishing firm of Gall & Inglis. It got into print. It has been translated into nineteen different languages. And yet the author has never received, and, indeed, has never been offered, a penny remuneration. It is only recently that Prof. David Masson, referring to the unique influence of this lyric, stated a most touching incident in the life of Thackeray. Walking one day in a "slum" district in London, he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. They were singing. Drawing nearer he heard the words: "There is a happy land, far, far away!" As he looked at the ragged choristers and their squalid surroundings, and saw that their faces were lit up with a thought which brought both forgetfulness and hope, the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears.

Hints to Sick Callers.

Only call at the door unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm. Enter and leave the house and move about the room quietly. Carry a cheerful face and speak cheerful words. In order to cheer you need tell no lies. If your friend is very sick do not fall into gay and careless talk in order to be amusing. Don't ask questions, and has oblige your friend to talk. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the present. Tell the news, but not the bits of sick and he dying. If possible, carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room; a flower, or even a picture, which you can loan for a few days. If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed. The perfume of some flowers is poisonous, and they should never be carried in the sick-room. Especially is this true of the tuberoses, oleander, h-diotropis, hyacinth, orange, lilac, syringa, and lilies. Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of some help.

Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Rheumatism and catarrh are both blood diseases. In many severe cases they have yielded to treatment with B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), made up of Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Write for book of convincing proofs. Sent free.

R. P. Dodge, Atlanta, Ga., says: "My wife had catarrh and nothing did her any good. Her constitution finally failed and poison got into her blood. I placed her on a use of B. B. B., and to my surprise her recovery was rapid and complete."

W. P. McDaniel, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I was much enfeebled and had rheumatism so bad I could not get along without crutches. I also had neuralgia in the head. First class physicians did me no good. Then I used B. B. B., and its effects were magical. I cheerfully recommended it as a good tonic and quick cure."

Mrs. Matilda Nichols, Knoxville, Tenn., says: "I had catarrh six years and a most distressing cough, and my eyes were much swollen. Five bottles of B. B. B., thank God! cured me."

John M. Davis, Tyler, Texas, writes: "I was subject a number of years to spells of inflammatory rheumatism, which six bottles of B. B. B., thank heaven, has entirely cured. I have not felt the slightest pain since."