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HER CHILD DEAD IN HER LAP.

MARY MULLINS TURNED INTO THE STREETS WITH HER INFANT.

Sitting All Night on a Stone Step with Her Little Boy and Her Dying Baby and then Turned Away from the Morgue with Her Dead Child—A Piteous Story.

A young woman sat huddled up on a front stoop of an east side tenement house on Saturday night with a sick baby in her arms, and a shivering three-year-old boy at her side. In this big city, boastful of charities, she sat there a mother too honest to steal, too disheartened to beg, too devoted to her children to join the army of brazen-faced creatures flaunting in the thoroughfares up town, and saw her babe slowly sinking to its death without the power or the knowledge to save it.

Shortly after eight o'clock yesterday morning a young woman, whose pretty face was haggard with pain and suffering, struggled into the Thirty-fifth street police station. Capt. Ryan was getting ready for his day's duties.

"Please, sir," she said, in a tearful voice, "what will I do? My baby, Willie, is dead."

"What?" exclaimed the Captain. "My baby is dead," repeated the woman, "and I have been tramping, tramping for hours with it. I was sent here, and I feel too tired to move."

As she spoke, the woman lifted the end of her shawl from the burden in her arms, and revealed the cold face of her dead infant. It had been a pretty child, with blue eyes and very fair hair and regular and pinched features. It might have been a baby for women to dote upon and make much of, but there were marks of privation in its face, and its little hands and wrists were very thin and emaciated. Captain Ryan questioned the woman at length, and this is the story that she told, interrupted by sobs and tears:

Her name was Mary Mullins. She was 22 years old, and was the wife of John Mullins, a laborer along shore. She had been poor all her life, and was accustomed to privation. She had been born in New York, and for many years prior to her marriage had lived with an aunt at Franklin and Baxter streets. It was here that John Mullins met her when she was only 18 years old, and wooed and won her. After their marriage they lived at the home of his mother at 72 Jackson street. Marriage meant no relief from hardships for her. She had to support her husband for a long time, and her children, too, and she worked at Meaderson's woolen rag house at 18 White street, sorting and clipping the scraps, for which she received from \$4 to \$5 a week.

Three months ago her husband said he would go into the country and see if he could not obtain work there. She kissed him good-by, and that was the last she has seen or heard of him. Her mother-in-law was no longer bound to provide her with shelter, and began to murmur. When she became ill and her second baby was born, these murmurs became loud and frequent. It could hardly be otherwise, for the woman was getting along in years, was ailing herself, and with hard labor earned \$4 a week. That would hardly support two adults and two children.

As soon as possible the young woman returned to work, but, as the event proved, it was too soon, and, as a result, her strength gave out and she had to remain at home again for some time. Several weeks ago she worked again and earned \$4.17.

Then Mrs. Mullins told her there must be some change. She wanted her to send the children to an institution. She cited the instance of her brother, whose child was being cared for at Father Dumgoie's on Staten Island. Either that or go to Ward's Island, said Mrs. Mullins.

Mrs. Mullins repeated her advice

frequently, but always received the same tearful answer from her laughter-in-law, that she wanted to keep her babies, and could not part with them as long as she had life enough left to do for them. At length Mrs. Mullins, Sr., turned the young woman and her babies out of the door. It was on last Friday afternoon, and it was raining. Mary sought the shelter of her aunt's home, but found it barred against her because there was no room. She had a married sister and a married brother, but both were so poor they could hardly hold their own in the world's struggles, and she knew it would be vain to apply to either. She finally secured a place to lie down in the apartment of a friend around the corner from her mother-in-law's. On Saturday she again went to her mother-in-law and begged for shelter until tomorrow, when she could return to work, but the mother-in-law was firm.

"Put away your children," she said, "until you can afford to take them, and you will be all right."

Mary took the baby over to Governor Hospital. The doctor looked at it and said it was suffering from bronchitis. He gave the mother some medicine for it. Mary says she asked him to keep it, but he refused, saying it was against the rules. She says she told him she was without shelter, but still he would not let the child stay in the hospital. Mary went back to her mother-in-law and pleaded for at least one night's shelter. She did not get it, nor did the children. Neighbors interceded for her, but without better result. Then she sat hopeless, lying down on the outer step, hoping that this might soften the grandmother's heart.

The clouds chased each other across the heavens, and the stars blinked coldly. The woman was seated upon a stone, with one end of her shawl around the three year old boy, and the other end over her sick baby. The boy cried himself to sleep benumbed and chilled through. The baby was restless, but slowly it became still and motionless. The mother wept to herself, but she dared not move for fear of disturbing the little ones. Hour after hour passed. She heard the clocks in the houses striking. She fell asleep for a little while. She woke numb in every limb, as the clocks struck three, and frightened at the loneliness, the little boy was still asleep and the baby was motionless. Something told her that the peaceful expression on the child's face was not natural. She put her hand against its cheek. It was as cold as the stone she sat upon. Its limbs were rigid. She knew it was dead.

She did not know what to do or where to go. She was still afraid to disturb Johnny, the little boy, and did not know of any place where she could leave the little one while she took the body of the other one to the police station. So she remained there with the dead baby. It was seven o'clock and daylight had returned before she got up. Carrying the dead baby in one arm, and leading Johnny shivering to her friends house and induced her to take care of Johnny while she went to the Delancey street police station. The sergeant at the desk said he could do nothing for her; she must take the body to the morgue. She had no money for fare, and the morgue was more than two miles away. But she trudged wearily along with her dead burden. At the morgue she was told they could take the body without a coroner's authorization. She must go over to deputy coroner Jenkins, she was told, and get a permit to remove the body from her arms to the morgue. If Dr. Jenkins was not at home she must go to the nearest police station. Dr. Jenkins lives a half a mile from the morgue, at Livingston avenue and twenty seventh street. He was not at home when the tired mother got there. Then she asked her way to the Thirty fifth street police station.

After the woman had finished her story which was obtained only

after much questioning, Capt. Ryan detailed a policeman to take her back to the morgue. It was 8 1/2 o'clock when she finally let the body down out of her arms. She wept over it. Then she returned to the police station.

Capt. Ryan sympathized with her, but he did not feel warranted in letting her go. He charged her with being a suspicious person on the blotter, and locked her up. It was 11 o'clock when she was taken to the Yorkville Police Court. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children had been notified and one of the agents had talked with the woman. Justice Murray was on the bench. He was told briefly that the woman had no home, and that she had wandered through the streets with a dead infant in her arms. He committed her until tomorrow from the action of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. When she was taken down to the prison she wept piteously, and begged to be allowed to go to her remaining child. She was afraid it might be turned out of doors, or that the Society would take it from her. She would not give the address of her friend for that reason.

"Oh, don't let them take my boy," she pleaded, "I will be able to work and take care of him."

The reporter of the *Sun* found her mother-in-law in her apartment. Two men the worse for liquor were also there. She bewailed her daughter-in-law's conduct, and blamed her for the death of her child.

"She could have put it away she said. She always cared more for the other boy anyhow."

Capt. Ryan said last night he had investigated the woman's story, and found it true in every respect. Today she will be in court again and will probably be discharged. She will leave the room as destitute as she entered it.

Appreciation.

Love of appreciation seems to be distinctive in the whole animal creation. Whoever does good work is encouraged and strengthened by merited praise. Well does the writer remember a good farmer, whose sleek, fat team horses were admired by all the neighbors round about. This good condition was not a result of their not being worked hard, for the farmer did much of the heavy trucking of the village over a muddy road. There was a long steep hill between the station and the village, and here the horses were allowed several resting spells on the way up.

Mr. Small always carried a chunk of wood with which to block the wheels during the rests. Before he started he always rubbed their noses encouragingly, and when he gave the word, up they went with a will, till the driver stopped them for another breathing spell.

When they pulled well, he always petted and praised them, telling them they were good fellows; and they seemed so pleased at this little act of appreciation that they could hardly wait to rest, so eager were they to prove themselves worthy of the praise.

Children and grown people, too, are not less susceptible to the influence of encouraging words.

A little fellow of five years of age was doing something which his father disapproved.

"My son, you must not do that," said the father.

It happened to be something that the child wanted to do, and for an instant he hesitated, as if questioning what would be the consequence if he persisted. Finally his better self triumphed and he replied, "All right, papa; I won't do it anymore."

Perhaps most of us would think that was all there was to be said about it, and so the father thought; but the little fellow evidently had different ideas, for not long after he spoke out:

"Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?' An' I would 'a' been easier to be good next time."

—E. C.

Ben's Room.

Girls who are wondering what they can do to keep their brothers at home evenings may find a hint in the following incident from the Philadelphia Call.

What a hideous green you are putting in that city! said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it said Kate good humoredly. You see I bought it one night, and began to work on it by lamplight, and thought it looked pretty well. But some colors are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?" "Oh, I don't know I guess so. It will help him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything there." And Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly, as she saw Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion. "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlor as into brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion.

And Belle, feeling that she was trespassing on forbidden ground and drooping the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and, oh, how thankful she felt for that difference—thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending his time."

And Kate, as she heard the words wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was a great overhauling of furniture up stairs and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos, and one or two choice engravings, on the wall, hitherto bare drab white walls on the bureau, fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it.

"Now," she said, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a head ache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his door that evening and saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh, no," he answered only think of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it wasn't the last time, either. By and by he began to invite some of the fellows to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to step up to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand good thing to have a home, and be worthy of it?

Finish What You Begin.

My old grandmother Knox had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cobhouse, they must not leave it until it was done and nothing of the work or the play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon till complete.

I sometimes wish I had been trained in this way. How much life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would gain five of them profitable and useful.

Finish your work. Life is brief, time is short. Stop beginning forty things and go finish four. Put patient, persistent toil in the water, and be assured, one complete undertaking will yield yourself more pleasure and the world more profit than a dozen fair plans of which people say, "This man began build and was not able to finish."

Dressing the Boy.

"Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby, cheerfully. "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged 4, comes reluctantly from his playthings, and Bixby begins:

"Now, let's off with your nightgown and—keep still, dear, or I can't unbutton it. There now, we'll sit still, child. What makes you squirm around like an eel? Where's your little shirt? Ah, here it is, and—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one and—can't you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm and stop hauling and pulling so! Now, let's—come here, boy! What under Heaven do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on but your shirt?"

Now you come here and let me put the rest of your duds on. Stand still, I say! Put your leg in here! Not that leg! There you go, squirming around like an angie worm. Now, if you don't keep still, young man, I'll stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, sir!—Time.

Had His Way.

A Boston journal says: "Among the passengers on the St. Louis Express, yesterday, was a woman very much over-dressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse-girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

"The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams, and his viciousness toward 'the patient' nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face, without a word of remorse or contrition from the mother.

"Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness, the mother chided her sharply.

Finally, the mother composed herself for a nap; and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse the fiftieth time, a wasp came sailing in, and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

"The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly: 'Harry, don't touch! Bug will bite Harry!'

"Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse. 'The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants, at once!"

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say!"

"Thus encouraged, Harry at once clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream that followed brought tears of joy to the passenger's eyes.

"The mother awoke again.

"Mary!" she cried, let him have it!"

"Mary turned in her seat, and said, confusedly: 'He's got it, ma'am!'

The Best Man to Marry.

Don't be afraid to marry a poor man; but be sure that he has something besides poverty to commend him. Be very sure that he has two strong hands, not only skilled, but ready for hard work. Be sure that he has an occupation or a position which may reasonably be depended on to yield a good comfortable living. Be sure that he is industrious, and not self-indulgent; be sure that he is steady, working six days in the week, and about fifty-two weeks in the year.

A good, true, faithful young woman ought to have no "Yes" for an answer to a proposal of marriage from a lazy man, or a man who has no fixed occupation, or a man who has lived half his life off the hard earnings of his mother or sister, going about the streets in a shabby coat with his cane and a seamy hat and his fine clothes, paying the gentleman.

Too Thin! Too Thin!

We are informed on good authority that the Trust has offered their jute bagging in one of our towns at 2 cents per yard. I read they are shipping it all over the country to any and everybody who will dray it and find storage for it. They want to make the impression, by thus moving it about that the merchants are buying it to supply the demands of the farmers.

We predicted months ago that the Trust would offer to give its bagging to the farmers if it could thereby prevent them from making cotton bagging. The trust is becoming desperate. It undertook to rob the farmers and now it has the effrontery to insult their manhood by offering to bribe them.

The Progressive Farmer said months ago that the time would soon arrive when the loyalty and the manhood of the Alliance men would be put to the test,—that we would then see the chaff and the pure wheat—the pure gold and the dross. Who are the men that are true and steadfast and loyal to principle? They are those who in this fight with the Trust cannot be bought nor bribed—who will stand or fall by their principles. Who are our friends? He that is not for us is against us. The merchant who buys or sells jute bagging is aiding our enemy. The farmer who uses or buys it is aiding our enemy. He may not intend to do so, but he is doing all for the Trust that he could do if he were its best friend. If this trust could succeed in this contest, you would never live to see the day that you would not regret it. We have whipped the Trust and now we must keep it whipped. —Progressive Farmer.

Miss Blaine's Betrothal.

A Augusta, Maine, special says: There is every reason to believe that the rumor of Miss Margaret Blaine's betrothal to the famous musical composer, Mr. Walter J. Damrosch of New York, is genuine, and that after the marriage of Emmons Blaine with Miss McCormick, and when the Blaine's have returned to Washington, the engagement will be formally announced. The reports of the engagement was a surprise here, where little or nothing is known of the affairs of the Blaine family now that they are away, even among the few relatives of Mrs. Blaine.

Secretary and Mrs. Blaine made a visiting here one day the past week, but during their brief stay, so far as can be ascertained, nothing was said by either about Miss Margaret being engaged. At Bar Harbor the fashionable world seems to have a better knowledge of the matter.

The attachment between the two is said to have been formed at least a year ago, when Miss Margaret was in New York on a visit. Mrs. Blaine knew of their regard for each other, and both she and her husband were not displeased, as the story runs. When they got settled in their Barr Harbor cottage last June Mr. Damrosch became their guest at their invitation Mrs. Blaine gave a charming luncheon in his honor.

Miss Margaret Blaine is a most estimable and highly accomplished young lady of twenty four summers. She received the most of her education in Paris. She made her debut in Washington society in the winter of 1883, and since then has had many suitors but it was not until she saw Mr. Damrosch that the kingdom of her heart was captured. —News and Observer.

A Cave Studded With Precious Metals.

Albuquerque, N.M., Sept. 27.—A large cave, sparkling with gold, silver and sapphires has been discovered in the Lincoln mine, at San Pedro, which has long produced ore of great value. The cave is about 100 feet long to 50 wide, and the sides are thickly studded with the precious metals and stone while boulders of carbonate are found scattered on the floor. The company only recently refused \$250,000 for this mine. The cave is greatly excited. —Durham Globe.

Charlotte News: A seven-year old son of Mrs. Zack Klontz, of Union county, was drowned a day or two ago in a very singular manner. Mrs. Klontz lives near the Mecklenburg county line. On Friday of last week she went to the spring, accompanied by her little boy. After filling a bucket with water she returned to the house, leaving the boy engaged in play about the spring. Mrs. K. having been engaged in her household duties for sometime, when, missing the boy, she went to the door and called him. Receiving no response, she started out to hunt for him, and on arriving in sight of the spring she was terrified at seeing the little fellow's legs sticking up from the spring. She ran up and pulled her son out, but only to find that he was dead. It is supposed that he had leaned over the spring to get a drink of water, when his hands slipped and he went head-first into the water.

Mrs. Morris held for Murder.

A Reidsville Special says:—The coroner's jury in the Morris case, which has held the town in a state of highly wrought excitement since the death of the deceased, rendered their verdict today, after a long and laborious examination of the witnesses and the attendant circumstances. The verdict rendered was that D. E. Morris came to his death by the use of chloroform administered by his wife Cora Seiler Morris. She has been arrested and is in the hands of the Sheriff. Although the result of the investigation was generally anticipated the final decision of the jury has caused intense excitement.

Some men try advertising as the Indian tried feathers. He took one feather, laid it on a board and slept on it all night. In the morning he remarked, "White man say feathers heap soft; white man heap big fool." Some business men invest a quarter or fifty cents in advertising and then become they do not at once realize a great increase of business declare that advertising does not pay.

In pressing autumn leaves prepare two boards about eighteen inches square. Lay over the lower board two or three thicknesses of brown wrapping paper; place the leaves between the papers, and cover with a board and a heavy weight. Or if one prefers, the leaves may be ironed with a hot iron which has been smeared previously with wax.

The Quakers in Virginia, of whom there are a good many in Loudoun and adjoining counties, Republicans almost to a man, have given Mahone the shake. There paper, the Telephone goes for him in a style which indicates that a very active and determined spirit moves it. The Quakers don't say much, but they do a power of thinking; and some pretty emphatic voting when they are waked up. —Wilmington Star.

Rheumatism and Catarrh.

Rheumatism and catarrh are both blood diseases. In many severe cases they have yielded to treatment with B. B. B. (Bottanic Blood Balm), made by 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 in her blood. I placed her on a cure of B. B. B., and to my surprise her recovery was rapid and complete."

W. P. McDaniel, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I was much emaciated 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 tried 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."

2. While You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint! Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.—Buy it from John Reedy & Co., Druggists.