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The Mortgage.

We worked through the spring and winter, through summer and through fall. But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of them all; It worked on the nights and sun-days, it worked each holiday; It settled down among us and it never went away. Whatever we kept from it, seemed almost as bad as that; It watched us every minute and it ruled us right and left. The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not; The dark browed scowling mortgage was forever on the spot. The weevil and the cut worm, they went as well as came. The mortgage stayed forever, eating heartily all the same. It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door, And happiness and sunshine made their place with us no more. Till with falling crops and sickness, we got stalled upon the grade. And their came a dark day among us when the interest wasn't paid. And their came a sharp foreclosure and I kind o' lost my hold, And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold. And the children left and scattered when they hardly yet were grown, My wife she pined and perished and I found myself alone. What she died of was a "mystery" and the doctors never knew. But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to. If to trace a hidden sorrow with-in the doctors art, They'd found a mortgage lying on that poor woman's heart, Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall, But for first class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.—Will Carleton.

Dottie's Troubles.

KATE SUMNER GATES.

She had a great many of them, so many in fact, that she was rapidly growing to look peevish and discontented all the time. One day it rained so that she could not go out of doors to play, the next perhaps, Mamie Morton had gone to see her cousin, and so she could not come to play with her, or else mamma wanted her to amuse the dear little baby while she sewed. Oh, there was something all the time, and as I said, Dottie's face instead of being bright and sunny was usually peevish and discontented. It troubled mamma very much "Why cannot my little girl be happy sometimes?" she said to Dottie one day. "I should like to hear her laughing and singing about the house as hear other little girls." "But probably other little girls don't have so much trouble as I do," replied Dottie, very gravely and mamma hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. "I do not know about that," she answered. "I think it very likely they have just as much, perhaps many of them have more, only they don't fret about them all the time. I am going to give you a little motto, Dottie. If you try to follow it faithfully for one week, I will give you 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' will you?" "O—h. I will if it isn't too hard," promised Dottie, jumping up and down with delight. "No I do not think it will be very hard; it is just this: 'Look out and not in.' And it seems that instead of looking into your own self, and thinking just how you feel, and how everything goes with you, that you should be looking out and thinking of other folks. Now for instance, you wanted to go over to Mamie's today, but Mamie is sick and cannot have you there, and you have been fretting about it all the morning, thinking how disappointed you were. Don't you think it would have been much better to have thought instead how thankful

you were not suffering pain as Mamie is, and then tried to think of something you could do for her? Will you try my motto for a week, the minute you find yourself fretting and thinking about yourself just stop and think of somebody else? Look out and not in." Dottie's face looked rather dubious, but she promised to try it, but it was not more than fifteen minutes before she came to her mother with a very long face. "I don't know anything what I can do with myself," "I wanted to read in my Susy books, and Grace Deane has got them. I just think it too bad she didn't bring them back." Dear, dear me, you have no idea how we begone Dottie did look over it! "Look out!" said mamma. "Where?" asked Dottie solemnly. "Well," said mamma "you think of Beattie Graves or Nora Flynn. I don't suppose neither of them have a book or a toy belonging to them and you have ever and ever so many of both, you know. Then their is poor little Bennie Frost who is blind." Dottie turned round and went off by herself. Somehow she could not help feeling a little ashamed. But notwithstanding it was not very long before she was fretting again because Neddie joggled her arm when she was writing to Mamie. Mamma looked up very insignificantly, and Dottie colored, but something reminded her just then how badly Grace Peace felt when her little brother died. "Is everybody in trouble?" asked Dottie that night. "Why yes dear," replied mamma. "Everybody has some trouble or disappointment. Some of course are harder to bear than others and then some people magnify their own little troubles until they seem mountains to them. It is always wisest and best to think of ourselves just as little as possible and try to do all that we can to make others happy and comfortable. When you feel disappointed at anything don't keep thinking about it, but just say to yourself, 'I'm disappointed because I cannot do just as I wished but it cannot be helped so I won't fret about it,' and then look out and see if there isn't something you can do for some one else. It is a great deal the best way to do, and mamma is very anxious that her little daughter should try to do so; will she?" "Ye—s," promised Dottie slowly; "but you will have to make me remember lots of times." And at first mamma did have to but by and by Dottie began to think more for herself the fretful discontented expression wore away, and she was one of the happiest little girls you ever saw. "I wonder if any of you little girls need to learn Dottie's lesson?" "Look out and not in." **How to help a Cough.** A physician who is connected with an institution which contains many children, says: There is nothing more irritating to a cough than to cough. For some time I had been fully assured of this that I determined, if possible, for one minute to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from their disease. "Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person, when tempted to cough, draw a long breath and hold it until it soothes every air cell and some benefit will soon be received from the process. The nitrogen, which thus refined, acts as an anodyne to the irritating mucus membrane, allaying the desire to cough, and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her efforts to recuperate.—Baltimore News.

Laziness the Cushion on Which the Devil Takes a Nap. BY REV. W. H. MYERS. Some people work with their hands, and some with their brains and some do not work at all. Some are too old to work, many too proud, and the majority too lazy. I will take you into a portrait gallery of human monstrosities. Look a little before the picture of the lazy man. Some people have it in their bones—you could sooner kill them than whip laziness out of them. Why, some are like the old proverb has it: "as lazy as Lutham's dog, that leaned his head against the wall to bark." They generally are fat, and I can't understand it, for as Solomon has it: "He hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth." The Turks say: "The Devil Tempts Everybody, but the Idle man Tempts the Devil." Let him look into a mirror, if he has straight eyes, he will never want to look again. You can take the largest spectacles in the town and see nothing in him worth talking about. He is of no use to any body, an annoyance to busy men, a dead-beat in the thoroughfare of active life—sort of a dead man that cannot be buried. I like to talk about the dignity of labor. I listen to its music all around me. Labor has made "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." The fields wave with golden harvest and the millions sit down to eat—the spindles hum, and the prince dons his purple robe, the peasant his warm gown—the trees fall, the stones are quarried, and palaces and homes shoot forth. Labor, the wonder magician, waves his miracle working wand, and forth leap coal to feed the thousand furnaces, the stack smokes, the anvil rings, the wheel whirls, the harbor clashes, the ships shoot out, the counter buzzes, the streets clatter, the bells ring, religion exults, the mountains sing, the valleys shout, civilization smiles, liberty is glad— all humanity sends up its huzzas, because Labor sits triumphant upon the throne. The noblest thing in the world is honest labor. There is even no product that comes out of the laboratory of nature, air, water, light—but comes by the labor of God. I wonder how the best of us would like to bring back the good old linsey-woolsey, tow and linen, mush-and-milk, pork and potato times of our revolutionary fathers! It goes easier now—but we are no better before God. Scriptures speak in scathing terms of the sluggard, and Paul says: "If any would not work, neither should he eat." **Lazy People Always Have the Blues.** One of the first conditions to enjoy life is to have something to do. Naturally the mind is active, and unless it is regularly engaged it soon breeds melancholy. You pity the honest working classes and say—"how hard they have got it in this world!" Why the hardest thing to do is to try to do nothing. I pity daughters of millionaires, and others, too, who by virtue of their position in society are expected to have nothing to do. It is such a dull life to look into the looking-glass all the time and fold hilly hands, and pose in society. And then the young rich man who settles down to train his monstache, just because he has no other set purpose or aim in life. The people who work are the happiest, and the humble home of the laborer, the mechanic, the clerk, has more sunshine than the palace. Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing. What sap is to the tree activity is to life—its refreshment. **You Must Either Toil or Steal.** Your fine dress will wear thread, bare, and borrowing, sponging, gambling, swindling, stealing, robbing, will be surely tripped up by justice. In the Eastern penitentiary are 1,060 convicts, and only nineteen of these have any trade at all. Mechanics do not belong to the crime

class. It is a mistake to punish men with hard labor. Criminals ought not to be taught to look upon labor as a punishment; labor is glorious, it has made the State. To be a man you must do a man's work. To that purpose you have your hands, feet and brains. Let your boys do something—study or learn a trade. Laziness grows. At first it is a cobweb, later an iron chain. Nothing but pestilential gas bags and fetid air-bubbles some boys are. Teach them that fortune smiles only on those who roll up their sleeves and go to work with a will. **Too Proud to Work.** Oh this false pride some people have! No matter how genteel, how well bred, how nice on the outside—idleness is a rickety workshop for the devil to tinker in. Kings and queens have stimulated their people to work. Queen Mary had regular hours of work: She plied the needle while her maid of honor read to her. Fashion has driven economy off the track, and choked common sense black and blue. Washington worked on the field, and his Martha was mistress of parlor and kitchen. The wife of a noble duke gave orders to the servant to feed the pigs. Sir Walter Raleigh, her guest, just stepped in for breakfast and jocosely asked, "have the pigs all breakfasted?" "All, sir, but the strange pig I am about to feed." He took the stinging rebuke from a busy housewife, and walked up to the trough. How some seek to get set through life on their wits! Thoroughbred loafers do this. But one of the most pitiable spectacles of manhood is that poor fellow who is sandwiched between two boards—a walking advertisement on the street for some humbug of life. He does that to escape the gentility of honest work. **This Side Heaven and Nothing to Do.** God, who created the world, and daily labors to provide for you; Christ, who trod the wine press, and sweated drops of blood for you; Paul and his host of worthies who labored and were martyrs for you, raise the question in thundering tones. "Thou, nothing to do." I have a thousand things for you to do. When the Church would be as active, wheel into line. So many are hungry, more are unhappy, and thousands are lost. Get to work, there is something to do. The powers of darkness drive through the ranks of the perishing till the axles are hot. "The devil like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour." The angels are busy, and so must you work while it is day. You will regret it, when you get above, to see how much has been done for you, how little has been done by you. Oh, this grand work of salvation is Christ! Oh, the city of many mansions he has built for you and me! Yet, "nothing to do." **He Never Struck His Children** "I have never struck my two children," said a young American father the other day, "though I have often been tempted strongly to it, and sometimes would not have blamed any parent for doing so. But I was thrashed so much by my own father, a good enough man, too, that I always stood in fear of him, seldom told him the truth if I could help it, and never confided in him. Often I was whipped for errors I had committed with good intentions, and I remember the wild spirit of hatred that used to come over me at such times, when, smart under the blows I felt I did not deserve I would get away by myself and swear silent but bitter oaths that would have opened the old gentleman's eyes to his folly, perhaps, if he could have heard them from so young a child. So I made a vow that I would never beat my own children. And now I feel sure that they do not stand in fear of me, I am pretty sure they tell me the truth, and I know they confide in me as a friend. And though they do not obey me nearly as implicitly as I did my father, and make themselves much more of a nuisance to me than I was to him, yet they do not regard me as a bully, and that is something.—New York Tribune. An oldy in Leesburg, Va., died from fright on Sunday. Her son-in-law threatened to kill her and when he went to get his pistol she fell down and died.

Rev. P. C. Henkel D. D. Dead. It is painful to announce in our columns this week the death of this great and good man. Polycarp Cynran Henkel, the son of Rev. David Henkel, was born in Lincoln county, N. C., August 20, 1820, died at his home in Coover, Sept. 26, 1889—aged 69 years, 1 month, and 6 days. His death resulted from partial paralysis of the heart after an illness of about two days. The deceased was no ordinary man. Nature gave him a fine constitution such as few men possess. She also endowed him with a vigorous intellect, superior in quality and power, such as she bestows ed upon few men. Spiritually he was gifted of God with strong faith which brought his reason into humble subjection to the word of God. As a student and theologian, he was a man among men, the foremost not only in his own synod but also in his own church in the South. He was ever an earnest inquirer and searcher after truth, and an uncompromising foe of error wherever found. In the sphere of polemics he, perhaps, had no superior. His power as a controversialist was tested again and again, in which he always proved himself fully equal to the task. As an expounder of God's word and guide in spiritual things he was always safe, because he was always on the side of the Scriptures. As a pastor he was gentle, humble, and faithfully conscientious in his ministry. As a husband and father, he was tender, devoted and affectionate—a truly model man. He was, in short a good and faithful servant whose life and work have been blessed to hundreds and thousands of souls. Dr. Henkel to be appreciated needed to be known. Those who knew him best loved him most. He was a truly genuine christian, "without partiality and without hypocrisy." He lived to please God, and to finish the work given him to do. Now that this work is done thousands will rise up and call him blessed, and thank God for so good, so great a man. Being dead he will continue to speak and to live in the hearts of those to whom he ministered so long and so faithfully and in their children and children's children. His impress upon the church will be felt now that he is gone to his reward, perhaps more than if he were still living. He did more to mold and shape the Lutheran Church in the South than perhaps any man living or dead. He was strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, because He was mighty in the Scriptures which were to him the yea and the amen of God. His remains were committed to the ground in Christian order at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Catawba county, N. C., on last Saturday amid the largest concourse of relatives and friends ever known to attend the funeral service of any man in that county. The pall bearers were Revs. Barnheim, Koener, Yoder, Schaid, Little and Rodisill. Rev. J. M. Smith, the first theological student of the deceased and the senior pastor present, conducted the funeral services. Remarks were also made by all the ministers present, showing the high esteem in which Dr. Henkel was held by his brethren. Many and bitter tears were shed because of the great loss to the church and the community. Confessedly, a good and great man has gone to his long home. It is not strange that the mourners go about the streets. Text: "I have fought a good fight I have finished my course; I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day." Servant of God, well done! Faithful unto death! Fare thee well!—Dallas Eagle.

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE
The Awful Death of a Lineman By an Electric Current. In the presence of thousands of people John E. H. Feeks was killed yesterday afternoon in a network of electric wires attached to a pole at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets. Feeks was foreman of the lineman employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and he had climbed the pole to cut a dead wire of that corporation. He reached the fourth of the nine cross-ties, and then settled down to sever the dead wire. It was observed that he carefully avoided a cable to his right, which was known to be live, but in circling the pole with his left hand, he touched another live wire. He was shocked. The impact of the shock took away his strength, the right arm fell on the cable that had been so carefully avoided, and the chin and nose came in contact with other live wires. A perfect electric connection was formed. The current began at once its fatal work. The stages of its deadly progress were easily observed by the rapidly growing crowd of spectators. First from the right arm sparks that gathered almost into flames shot out. Then trickled from the limb large, black drops of blood, that fell to the sidewalk and made the awe-stricken crowd form a circle around the quivering form above them. Two thousand people were within 52 feet of the quivering body, but not one could arrest the work of the death-dealing current. But the most terrible results were yet to come. In a few seconds the left arm began to emit sparks, and from it also fell to the ground spattering drops of blood. And then the neck and head showed that they were at the mercy of the death-dealing current, and fire and smoke proved how thoroughly its victim was at its disposal. Five thousand people had now gathered around the cradle of death. The silence of the grave prevailed. As the body of poor Feeks settled more and more into the fatal embrace of the network of wire, sighs from hundreds of breasts could be heard, but those only made the quiet that followed more impressive. Those around Feek's death couch of wires, though riveted to the spot, gave only furtive glances toward his convulsed and charred body. The scene was too horribly sickening for even the most hardened to gaze upon it for a moment. But these spasmodic glances were sufficient to prove that the man who but a few moments before had mounted the pole in the full vigor of manhood had met with a sudden and horrible death. A robust veteran, whose hair was streaked with gray, was turned from the sickening spectacle presented, as the disfigured corpse was taken down from the death cradle, said: "During all my experience in the war I never saw anything so terrible as this."—N. Y. Star, 12th.

A lady who owned much real estate one Sunday saw one of her tenants at work in the garden. She reproved him—asking if he did not know he was breaking the third commandment. "I break it no more than yourself, my lady." "Why?" said she in astonishment. "You never saw me at work on Sunday?" "No," was the answer; "nor on any other day, and don't the commandment read, 'six days shalt thou labor?'"

An Interesting Fact. Why do birds not fall from the perch when they are asleep? Because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. Look at a hen walking and see it close the toes as it lifts its foot, and open them as it touches the ground.—Evangelical Messenger.

16. A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by John Reedy & Co.

GRESHAM ON CLEVELAND
A Republican's Estimate of the Man of Destiny. A special from Columbus, Wis., to the Milwaukee Journal, says: Judge Walter Q. Gresham, who passed through this city the other day, talked politics freely with a gentleman whom he met on the train. He admitted that Harrison's administration is not proving a success, and he gave his opinion as to the causes. As he was not speaking for publication, and his criticisms of the President were quite personal, it is not fair to give them for publication. The significant part of the Judge's remarks was regarding ex-President Cleveland. He spoke in very high terms of Mr. Cleveland's administration, and said it was remarkable how fast the people are coming to look upon him as a very strong and courageous man, who did his duty under circumstances that would have overwhelmed a weaker character. Judge Gresham believes that Mr. Cleveland will be renominated in 1892, and says he can see no possible way in which he can be defeated at the polls.

A Punctuation Puzzle. The following article forcibly illustrates the necessity of proper punctuation. It can be read in two ways, describing a very bad man or a very good man, the result depending upon the manner in which it is punctuated. It is very well worth the study of all: "He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow creature he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no effort to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward." "Would you like to buy a dog-skin, sir?" "If it is a good one I will buy it." "A good one? Why, it was taken off the fattest dog you ever saw. He was dreadful fat—oh, you never did see anything like it! He was as fat—as fat—oh, he was almighty fat!" "But I don't know about fat dog's skins being so very good. I have heard they were tender." "Oh—but—wall—I don't know as I can say he was so durned, thunderation fat after all."

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 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 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 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."