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WANTED—AN HEIRESS.

BY EMMA A. HOPPER.

"Here's a story for you!" said Mrs. Gerry to a literary friend, seated in her handsome parlor.

Her jolly, matronly face broadened with smiles at an apparently diverting recollection.

"You wouldn't credit the incident if you read it; but as I was an eyewitness, I can vouch for it. You'll be paid for listening; it's really too good!"

"I took what I called a vacation after we got done with Asbury Park and Saratoga last summer. Mr. Gerry was going west on a two-week's business trip, and said: 'I've worked hard this summer, and I'm going to take a rest. I've talked amiably to five hundred thousand people I haven't cared for; I've rowed and sailed all summer, though it makes me sick, and bathed religiously, when I hate it; I've chaperoned a million girls to doings of all sorts, and even succeeded in getting one or two engaged—and I've earned a period of peace. I'm going to spend the two weeks of your absence, Mr. Gerry, in a woodland retreat.'"

"Well, it wasn't that precisely, but it was passable. I went to a little hotel in the Catskills. I found too many people there to suit me, though. Old Colonel Marlow came the next day—an entomological old crank, craving his pardon; he carries a trunkful of dried beetles and things about with him; and Harry Fosdick was there with his friend Mr. Pierson.

"I had met Fosdick before, and nominated him for a conceited spite and an heiress hunter. Mr. Pierson was a lank young creature, with an insane smile and a middle parting to his hair.

"They were two of a kind, and most congenial, till the new waitress burst upon the scene. If the new waitress didn't stir things up!

"Polly, her name was. The other girls were the regulation sort, imported from the city, I imagine, frizzed hair, red jerseys, pert ways—you know them.

"Polly was an oasis in the desert. Polly wasn't exactly pretty, but she was as fresh and blooming as a rose, as neat as wax, and as bright as a dollar. I fairly nabbed her for my table, and kept her; and we got to be very good friends, Polly and I.

"Old Colonel Marlow was at my table. He moaned at me three times a day through his spectacles, and talked moths and mosquitoes to me till I felt like one of his pin-stuck specimens.

"But after Polly came the Colonel bent the light of his glasses on her with vivid interest. I thought at first that the old absurdity was in love with her.

"But that wasn't it. He followed me out to the piazza one day; he looked excited.

"Mrs. Gerry," said he, "I have made a remarkable discovery—extraordinary! Do you know the identity of the young woman who serves at our table?"

"I know she lives down the road somewhere," said I, "in a vine-clad cottage, probably, and that the proprietor of the hotel, having bought butter and eggs from her father, made bold to ask Polly to fill the vacancy left by the sudden departure of a waitress, and that Polly being obliging and not too proud to turn an honest penny, came along."

"The Colonel looked sly.

"That's what the landlord has given out," said he. "The story is a fabrication. Listen, Mrs. Gerry! That young woman is Miss Mary—or Polly, as she is called by intimates—Miss Polly Gardner. I am an old friend of her grand-father's, and I have seen her frequently. You have heard of her? She is heiress to half a million."

"I had heard of her. She was a friend of the Lemoynes, and the Lemoynes are friends of mine. I laughed a full minute.

"The last I heard of Miss Gardner," said I, "she was in Europe. I don't think she's returned."

"That young person is Miss Pol-

ly Gardner," said the Colonel, peremptorily. "I recognized her at a glance—at a glance, Mrs. Gerry."

"You are short-sighted, Colonel," I ventured, and perhaps a little absent-minded.

"Possibly, Mrs. Gerry," said the Colonel with dignity, "the fact remains that I recognize Miss Gardner beyond doubt, strange though the fact may seem."

"She is, then, out of her senses?" said I, patiently.

"I trust not," said the Colonel. But Miss Gardner, Mrs. Gerry, is a whimsical young woman. She has a reputation for peculiarity. Her large and independent fortune has made her somewhat crochety. I am not greatly astonished at this freak, remarkable though it is. Evidently she has tired of gaiety, frivolities, and has taken this course for a complete change. I have read of such things," said the Colonel, thoughtfully, "but never before have I seen it. If it were the act of any but an eccentric, well-willed young woman, I could not believe my eyes."

"But nobody outside of a mad-house," said I, and considerably more in that strain.

"All in vain. When the Colonel betook himself and his butterfly-net and his bottle of ether into the woods, sometime later, it was with his phenomenal belief and faith."

"I shall not accuse her," said he. "An exposure would undo her by carrying her."

"Undoubtedly," said I.

"That's the first chapter of the comedy. To comprehend the sequel you must understand that the Colonel is garrulous. When I saw him talking to Harry Fosdick, and later to Mr. Pierson—when I observed them listening with open mouths and bulging eyes—I knew what he was imparting.

"Now, I'm discreet and far-seeing. I kept my counsel and awaited developments.

"Sure enough, the little Fosdick joined me in the parlor one morning.

"That is a charming girl at your table, Mrs. Gerry," said he. "And a lady. That is evident. I'm very well pleased that I am much impressed with her. Some men would blush to confess it, Mrs. Gerry, merely because she has not a high social position nor money. I, said the little wretch, 'am a man of more independence. I admire Miss Polly and I own it boldly.'"

"Bah! how I wanted to take him by the collar and shake him. But I knew his sin would overtake him, for I knew his corrupt little head was teeming with thoughts of the Gardner half-million. Where pureness is concerned I am merciful. I own that I chuckled.

"Then came along Mr. Pierson, of the lady like hair. He referred to Polly in terms of warm approval.

"When I marry, Mrs. Gerry," he remarked, "I marry the girl of my heart's choice, and not the party indicated by worldly prudence. If it be necessary to slap society in the face, Mrs. Gerry, I shall do it."

"If you could have seen him as he uttered it! His weak blue eyes tried to flash, but didn't succeed, and he fortified himself with the head of his cane.

"Go on, addle-pates!" said I, inwardly. "It's for me. Go on!"

"So it was, and for everybody else; though with everybody else they got the credit of being honest in love with my poor Polly. I had the real enjoyment all to myself.

"Polly didn't know how to take it. To have two fine young men of a sudden paying her all sorts of respectful attentions—looking at her and smiling at her, hurrying through their meals in order to get a chance to speak to her, bowing to her as they would have to any lady when she entered the dining-room well, Polly was bewildered, that was obvious.

"The frizzled and red-jerseyed waitress didn't like it. They giggled among themselves, and went about with noses perked up.

"What Polly endured in the kitchen, I don't know, but the dining-room atmosphere was an indication of it.

"How shall I place the ensuing

period realistically before you? Try to imagine it!

"Fosdick gave Polly fresh flowers every day, and Pierson sent to New York for a box of the best confectionery. Fosdick hung about sedulously when Polly was on the scene; Pierson I suspect of having sent notes to her by the bellboy.

"Finally, as a desperate move—you wouldn't have believed they'd have gone to such lengths on mere speculation—but Fosdick sent to the city for his trap, in bold readiness for the next step in the campaign, and Pierson walked a mile to a livery stable to see if there were any suitable buggies for hire.

"I have relatives, Mrs. Gerry," said Pierson, "who would be shocked to know of my honest admiration for a waitress. What do I care? I snap my fingers at them!"

"And he heroically snapped.

"I do not ask myself what the world would say, Mrs. Gerry," said Fosdick—Fosdick grew most confidential toward the last—"because I am not that kind of a man. I am my own master that shall be seen!"

"I presume they loudly believed that I repeated their remarks to Polly, knowing me to be on good terms with her. I needn't say that I didn't."

"Of course it grew warm toward the climax. The hotel was a agog with it, of course, and Pierson and Fosdick hardly on speaking terms, and Polly the observed of all observers.

"Polly bore herself well. You see the meekest woman has a spark of coquetry, and Polly, I am convinced half enjoyed it, in spite of her amazement and the spleen of the red-jerseys. I haven't any proof of it—but Polly looked demure.

"Colonel Marlow and his insects took themselves off before the end came.

"Well that he did! I couldn't have answered for the consequence if he hadn't."

"Well, it came with a crash, and I had the real pleasure of witnessing it. I was reading on the side porch one afternoon, just the day before I came home, and Fosdick put in a sudden hurried appearance.

"Have you seen Miss Polly, Mrs. Gerry?" said he, "I'm looking for her."

"Isn't that she?" said I sweetly. "Polly was coming round from the kitchen court. She had her hat on and Pierson was with her."

"Fosdick turned a little pale. Then presently the pent up storm burst. I put my book over my lips and serenely listened.

"I have my trap waiting, Miss Polly," said Fosdick—actually he did it seemed, "I wish the pleasure of your company for a drive. I mentioned the matter yesterday, you remember?"

"I didn't say I could go, Mr. Fosdick," said Polly.

"I could see she was frightened, the poor girl's voice fairly trembled.

"I am going home today," said she.

"If Miss Polly does remember," said Pierson, superciliously, "she will not be able to accompany you. I have engaged her company for this afternoon."

"Mr. Pierson said Polly faintly, "I am going home; I am expecting somebody to get me."

"Not today Miss Polly," said Fosdick. "Don't tell me that you are going today. You are going no further than the Peak today with me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fosdick," said Pierson, glaring.

"No more words sir!" said Fosdick, savagely.

"Polly broke out crying from sheer fright, sidling up to me. I think Polly felt all through that affair that I was her friend.

"A big fellow in a flannel shirt and a straw hat came around the porch just then, with a whip in his hand, lightheartedly snapping it.

"A good looking fellow, too, with light curls and sharp, dark eyes.

"He stared at Polly standing there with her two adorers; but he recovered.

"Come on, Polly," said he; "hoss's a waiting."

"What do you mean?" said Pierson turning on him.

"He began to look scared and Fosdick was getting white about the gills.

"I don't mean much," said Polly's young man; it had dawned upon me instantly that it was Polly's young man. "Only I am going to take Polly home. Glad I got here when I did," said he, and he fingered his whip rather suggestively. "I guess she's been here long enough. Guess I've got a right to take her. I am going to marry her."

"Well, the bomb had burst. Of course they looked ghastly. I won't dwell on the way they did look.

"Only it Col Marlow had been there at that moment I think his life would have been endangered. Making a subject fools of two conceited and snobbish fellows at a time isn't safe you see.

"There was an awful stillness—which poor Polly didn't fully understand. She thought merely that they had rather liked her and were put out. She dried her eyes and even smiled at them apologetically.

"I think that attitude of Polly's at that moment—her timid commiseration of them, her, a penniless country lass—was, after all the biggest drop in the bucket. They fairly with it under it!

"Well, they went home—or some where—on the evening train. They went together but they didn't go as friends, and whether they made it up I don't know. It wasn't exactly a David-and-Johnthan friendship any how so it doesn't much matter.

"I gave Polly fifty dollars to buy her wedding gowns with. I thought I had had enough enjoyment, on the whole, to warrant it; and you know I always pay as I go.

"I should surely have attended the wedding if I hadn't come away before it transpired; I had the most pressing invitation possible; I did a last wicked act; I made her promise to send invitations to Fosdick and Pierson; I told her incumbent. I couldn't resist it.

"As for Miss Gardner, she is in Europe still so the Lemoynes tell me. If ever I meet her, and I mean to, I shall give her a good laugh with my little story.

"And old Col. Marlow—I am just waiting to see him once!"—*Saturday Night.*

GOV. HILL ON THE NEW SOUTH.

Its Marvelous Progress and Unimitable Resources—The Race Question.

ALBANY, Oct. 21.—Gov. Hill returned from his Southern trip yesterday. He was interviewed today by an Associated Press reporter upon the subject of his trip and his impressions of the South. The Governor said he had never been further South than North Carolina before, and although he had heard and read much about the prosperity of the region, what he saw was a revelation to him. He was particularly struck, he said, with the wide spread feelings of hopefulness which he saw everywhere.

"The people of the South continued the Governor, "not only the rising generation, but also those the greater part of whose life was passed under the conditions existing before the war, seemed thoroughly reconciled to the new conditions and to be entering enthusiastically into business and manufacturing enterprises. If there is any longer any prejudice against the importation of Northern capitals and brains I did not observe it. There is naturally a feeling of aversion to those Northerners whose chief purpose in the South seems to be to stir up race prejudices by political manipulations; but I am sure from what I saw and heard that all who take up residence in the South, with the sincere motive of helping to develop its industries and sharing its prosperity, will receive a hearty welcome. The resources of the South are certainly illimitable, and the best feature of it all is that the South is thoroughly conscious of them. The growth of the cotton mills, the development of the iron mines, the increasing network of railways, with which

Mr. Jno. H. Inman has had so much to do, all surprised and interested me exceedingly.

The race question is a serious one but I am inclined to think it is working itself out well. With the growth of industries there is an increasing demand for labor. The white population thus far has furnished most of the employees in the mills and factories but this is limited in number and with the spread of manufactures negro labor will be in demand. It is not expected in the present condition of things that the two races will work side by side with entire absence of friction, but there are many influences at work to minimize the danger of clashing between black and white. I saw black men and white men laying bricks and doing carpentry work side by side, and working together on the plantations and I shall not be surprised to see them in a few years employed together upon work which requires more skill and intelligence.

The Southern people are even more hospitable than I imagined they were. Nothing could have exceeded the cordiality and warmth of our reception in every place where we stopped. Somehow the people possess the art to entertain in a greater degree than the Northern people. There is no coldness nor stiffness about their manner, and they have a delightful faculty of making a stranger feel perfectly at home. And they are a race of orators. I have not listened to so much eloquence in a long time as I have heard in our few days experience down here.

"What are your impressions Governor as to the loyalty of the South?

There is no doubt of the South's loyalty to the Union. The people would not restore slavery if they could. All reforms to the Union were loudly applauded, and the American flag was unfurled every where. I saw no evidences of attachment for the old order of things and I did notice a general effort to avoid the expression of any sentiments which might give offense to Northerners. With such a spirit taking possession of both North and South, it cannot be long before every vestige of sectional feeling is erased. In all our reception the only thing I saw which even by a stretch of the imagination could be considered as suggesting the Confederacy, was the six gray horses which carried us to the exposition grounds at Atlanta, and I am surprised that some of our Northern newspapers, which seems to have forgotten that the war is over, did not profess to see in this a sure sign that the South still has designs upon the Union. What I gathered from talking with the Southerners whom I met was that the South wants to be let alone. She wants encouragement and assistance from both the capital and the business ability of the North, but she doesn't want to be treated as a political dependence and she does want to be allowed to manage local affairs according to her own ideas. The people are brave, generous and ambitious, and I believe a great and prosperous future is before them."

In many rooms there is always a mosty smell on a wet day in summer. Why is this? Because the windows are shut to keep out the rain, while the fire-place is shut to keep out the soot. It is almost a note of a good housemaid to close the valve of the stove as soon as the fires are left off; and if this remains closed, the ventilation of the room throughout the summer is left to depend on the windows alone. If Dr. Parker's rule never to stop up the chimney and never to close the regulator, were more attended to, much less foul air would be breathed.

"What did your daughter graduate in?" asked a friend of another.

"White silk with corsage and elbow sleeves," was the prompt answer.

"I mean what branches said the startled guest.

"Oh, her—her—why, the usual studies I suppose!" answered the perplexed mother.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Is The Bible God's Word?

The Gospel Messenger.

Mr. Joseph Cook, the well-known lecturer and author, sends out a request to several clergymen in the United States, whom he regards as authorities in theology, and they will furnish written answers in a given space to the above question, for what he calls a "Symposium" in a publication entitled "Our Day."

The following is the reply of Bishop Huntington of Central New York:

1. I believe the Bible to be the word of God because, at the first, my father and mother taught me that it is and trained me in that belief.

2. Because as I grew up I found whatever was good, true and just in those around me was to be traced to the Book, and that the welfare of society appeared to proceed from it.

3. Because I found in it what answered to the best intuitions of my mind, met all my conceptions of what is morally right and spiritually holy, satisfying both my affections and aspirations; and it does so still.

4. Because I have found at every step that in every temptation to evil, or conflict with it, the Bible was on the side of good; at the same time enlightening me as to what good and evil are.

5. Because the Bible, coming to man as a message from the Father to child, expresses the mind, will and character of a personal Being, absolute and eternal, and unchangeable in all perfections.

6. Because the more I study the history of the world, the plainer it is made to me that what this Book declares of God and His providence, explains and interprets that history, and that without it Christendom and its civilization could not have been, including its order, liberties, industries and education.

7. Because the Bible and the visible kingdom of God, set up on earth by Jesus Christ, agree together, the Church witnessing to the Scriptures, and the Scriptures instructing and directing the Church in worship, doctrine and practice.

8. Because, on all reasonable grounds of evidence, and by all accepted methods and principles by which we get a knowledge of the past, the facts recorded and affirmed as such in the Bible are substantially and sufficiently authenticated and established.

9. Because the utmost strength and skill of learning, argument and ingenuity expended from the beginning to this day in efforts to disprove the facts and discredit the record have so failed that the external and internal evidence are clearer and firmer now than ever before since the apostolic age, the contents of four epistles of St. Paul, which hostile modern criticism allows to be indisputable genuine, certifying to the narrative of the evangelists with its superhuman eloquence and Divine authority.

10. Because the marvelous history of the Scriptures themselves, in manuscript and print, and of their effects, places them above the plane and power of human composition.

11. Because the Book as we have it, containing no literary or other error affecting in the spiritual life of man, shows itself to be an inspired and doubtless an everlasting gospel of his salvation, suited to all his spiritual needs, and the only assurance of his immortality.

12. Because the more I study the Bible, and seek to order my life by it, the stronger these convictions respecting it become.

When the bottom of chairs give out, and need repairing, a new, durable bottom can be made at home very easily by taking the strong wrapping paper that is used in stores for wrapping goods. Cut out just the form you desire, with a firm paste stick six thicknesses of the paper together, making a thick pasteboard. Trim the edges smooth like the pattern you cut, and with round-headed tacks nail it to the frame. After it is well dried, varnish and you have a neat strong seat to the chair, with little trouble or expense.

The Wandering Jew

Do you know the legend of "The Wandering Jew"? It is as follows: As the Saviour was on His way to the place of execution, overcast with the weight of the cross, He wished rest, and stopped before the house of a Jew who, as the story goes, was named Ahasuerus. The heartless Hebrew ordered him to move on, at the same time applying many vile epithets and curses. As Jesus moved away, bearing his awful burden, He turned calmly toward the wretch and said: "Mark, from this time forward throughout all eternity thou shalt be an outcast and wanderer over the face of the earth."

The astonished Jew stood like one petrified, until the crowd had passed out of sight and the street had become silent and empty. Then, driven by terror and remorse, he began his wanderings from place to place. Pale and thin, with flowing white hair and unkempt beard, many nations of earth believe he still wanders, unable to relinquish his task, or to find rest and oblivion in death.

A Remedy For Weak Eyes.

A simple remedy for weak eyes is recommended, as follows: Get a five-cent cake of elder flowers at the druggists, and steep in one quart of soft water. It must be strained through fine cloth, and then add three drops of laudanum; bottle it tight, and keep in a cool place; then use it as a wash, letting some of it get in the eyes. Follow this and relief is certain. If the eyes are painful or much sore, make small, soft compresses, wet in the mixture, and bind over the eyes as a night. I can warrant the above harmless and sure, having tried it in a number of cases where other skill and remedies had utterly failed. If the eyes are badly inflamed, use it very frequently, and a tea made of elder flowers, and drunk, will help cleanse the blood. Pure rock salt and water will strengthen your eyes if you bathe them daily in it. I would earnestly advise you to avoid mixtures or washes containing mineral or other poisons.—*Doctor.*

Mercurial Poison.

Mercury is frequently injudiciously used by quack doctors in cases of malarial and blood poison. Its after-effect is worse than the original disease. B. B. B. (Botoic Blood Balm) contains no mercury, but will eliminate mercurial poison from the system. Write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing proof of its curative virtues. A. F. Brittain, Jackson, Tenn., writes: "I caught malaria in Louisiana, and when the fever at last broke, my system was saturated with poison, and I had sores in my mouth and knots on my tongue. I got two bottles B. B. B., which healed my tongue and mouth and made a new man of me."

Wm. Richmond, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My wife could hardly see. Doctors called it syphilitic tints. Her eyes were in a dreadful condition. Her appetite failed. She had pains in her joints and bones. Her kidneys were deranged, and no one thought she could be cured. Dr. Gillam recommended a B. B. B., which she used until her health was entirely restored."

K. P. B. Jones, Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I was troubled with copper-colored eruptions, loss of appetite, pain in back, aching joints, debility, emaciation, loss of hair, sore throat, and great nervousness. B. B. B. put my system in fine condition."

She Was Fond of Em.

"Madame, I have the pleasure of presenting to you my friend Mons. T., the famous chronologist."

Madame (who is a fool)—I am very glad to know your friend, but I do not know what a chronologist may be.

Mons. T.—Oh, madame nothing dangerous, I assure you. A simple dealer in dates.

Madame (surprised, but still polite)—I am so very fond of dates.

Breakfast Bread.—One pint of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar, two eggs, one cup of buttermilk, teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Bake in a flat pan in a very hot oven. Split and butter while hot, and serve immediately.