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God Knew the Best.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forever have set, The things which our weak judgment here has spurned, The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet, Will flash before us, out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how that seemed reproof was love most true.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart! God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.

We must not tear the close-but leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land

Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest, When we shall clearly know and understand,

I think that we shall say: "God knew the best."

—N. Y. Examiner.

For Woman's Work

THE RETURN OF THE PAST

BELLE WESTON.

Should it bring regret or joy that memory loses nothing? If we could banish forever the ghost of the past and never let it intrude its worn face upon the living present, would we lose or would we gain?

As the years flit by on wings that sometime shadow life with a somber line or sometime flag o'er it the silvery gleam of gladness, memory carries all the thoughts the words the scenes of each present, and makes it a link in the unbroken chain of time that joins the limited past with the never ending future.

Some of these links are forged from the golden reality of happiness, and brighten the colorless thread of life, as the sun-kissed dew-drops that are caught in the meshes of the spiders web, seem jewels set in meagre tenuity.

Just a whispered lovelorn a trusting assurance, a tender caress will make glad the hungry heart when given, and they never go beyond the power of memory. In a dark hour when we sit alone out of the dim and almost forgotten past will these treasures of memory flash into light.

"Oh, it is mine—the joy that once had been!

Poor eager hope is but a stammer. Must listen dumbly to great memory.

Who makes our bliss the sweeter by her telling.

Ate we not glad that memory dies not, but can revive a joy that has flown?

When age has mellowed existence, when the joy of life is over, and we face stern realities, and our soul begins its wanderment at unnamable mysteries that will cease only when the veil that divides us from the great beyond is lifted, sometimes is a lull in fevered beat of our pulses and without the effort of recalling a vision comes from the past—a vision of our lost childhood. Just a mother's touch and smile that we had known years ago, and thought we had forgotten; just a glimpse of the old low roofed house with its rambling vines and straggling flowers, the swaying oak boughs that threw restless shadows on the rustic bridge where our childish feet delighted off to roam the sound of the yellow rushing waters were a source of so much delight to us and so little fear we can hear to fancy the hum of the bee that praised the luscious fruit; age of the grape at hand, where it divided the spoils with our eager fingers; the frothy breeze from the river, seems to touch our cheeks as of old. And with this dear fragment of the past, floats back to us the merry and careless tones of the loved voices that can now be heard

no more. The gay jest and laughter of a sister who inher brightness and beauty was laid beneath the sod before her young life was marred by pain or sorrow seems to ring in our ears like the chime of distant silver bells. A loving aunt from tired mothers hands that soothed us in hours of sickness live again; we seem to feel once more that gentle touch on our hot brow that brought such comfort in the long hours of pain. Those busy hands were folded years ago over the tired patient heart that had loved and suffered so much—both still forever.

There is a sad joy in this vivid scene out of the past of our beautiful dead child hood and a mist of tears dim our eyes as we think it can never come again but in memory. Still would we wish it lost for ever.

These unhidden yet cherished visions comes unawares, like fitful rays from a cloud chased moon, give us brief glimpses of a fair and verdant landscape touching with brightness the limped waters, showing us the fairy flowers the green dopes of the meadows and the rich foliage of the wooded hill side. It is none the less fair because it is fleeting and we know that darkness must rest their again.

But, ah! their are dark pictures that hang on memory's wall. Would that they could rest forever in oblivion, but they too come out of the past to haunt us. The bitter, cruel words that crushed our hearts then, have lost some of their sting, though they still bring a painful tightening of the heart strings. Why were they not left out of our life? Why should they live to wound again? These blows dealt by human hand bring somfless pain harder to bear than the sorrows sent us by our Father for we know he loves us.

Again ruthless memory will bring to our sight the face of a loved one as it lies still and rigid—touched by the hand of death and we feel again the agony of that long parting. The loneliness that once was ours will come as a shadow of the misery then felt and something of thrilling chill will creep over our heart. Yet the thought cheers us, that is but the memory our feet will not again walk through the gloom of those dark days.

Sweet memories may lose something of their sweetness from the knowledge that they cannot again be realities; and sad memories are a horn of half their bitterness in knowing that they are only a part of the irrevocable past and cannot give again.

Would we not miss such that is precious if what had been a part of our life and lived in our heart as a lost memory? Would we not be bereft of sweet comforters if their could be no return of the past?

The True Lady.

Truly a soft voice is an excellent thing in a woman. No matter what other attractions she may have, she may be so fair as the Trojan Helen and as learned as Hypatia, she may have all the accomplishments requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth may procure and yet if she lack a low sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by loud, coarse talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman whose soft silvery tones render her possibly attractive. Besides we can judge of the character, by the voice: the bland smooth fawning tone betokens deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical subdued voice indicates genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the pure lady. In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband. How sweet such cadences float through the sick chamber and around the dying bed, with what a solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—Selected.

1 THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by John Reedy & Co., Druggists, Lincoln.

WOMEN WITH HOBBIES

A woman without a "hobby" is like a queen without a crown. A hobby to a woman is of more value to her than anything else. It fills her spare time, furnishes material for no end of chat, and is an excuse for visiting stores and endless shopping.

With some women a hobby takes a useful turn. Many who have made a hobby of studying art or of fancy work have often been able to turn the knowledge to a substantial use in time of adversity. Some women make a hobby of doing good and of works of charity. It is hardly fair, however to use the term "hobby" to noble works like these, but in some cases it is the only term that can be used, because all else is sacrificed to it. It is the sole topic of conversation at all times, and the women often become a bore on account of this otherwise commendable "hobby."

Mrs. Harrison the wife of the president of the United States, has art for a hobby. She can draw well and paints beautifully. Her private apartments in the White House are filled with many pretty knick knacks which she has made at various times. Mrs. Harrison is an artist in many ways. She recently designed a very unique and appropriate floral centre piece for the lunch table at the reception to the South American delegates. She made a globe of flowers in which the countries of North and South America were defined with various colored flowers. Harrison was very highly complimented by the delegates for this very pretty conceit.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is very fond of collecting old china, but she hardly makes this a hobby. She collects anything that is pretty and dainty, but is particularly fond of coral jewels and ornaments. Of these she has a very valuable collection and some of the pieces are exceedingly handsome. She does not collect them merely to look at, but very often wears them.

Mrs. Ely Goddard, one of the leaders of New York society makes a hobby of collecting decorative work of art from the orient. Her house is full of screens, rugs, panels, draperies and porcelain. She is particularly fond of Chinese bric-a-brac, but has a few rooms devoted to Japanese works of art, all the male servants in her establishment Fifth Avenue except the chamber men are natives of the Flower Kingdom.

Mrs. Jesse Grant has a very valuable collection of antique candlesticks which she is very fond of showing to all her visitors. Some are of gold some of silver and some of very ancient and rare pottery. Whenever she gets a chance she adds to her collection, and has spent several thousand dollars for what many would feel no interest whatever in looking at. But every true collector does that sort of thing.

Mrs. S. V. Cruger, the wife of Col. Cruger, the controller of Trinity corporation, makes a hobby of collecting rare tapestries and rugs. She has a Louis XVI room, in which are two of the best specimens extant of tapestry screens of that period. The handsomest screen she has three leaves of unequal height, the middle one being the highest. The panels are of Aubusson tapestry, covering three four-ty length of the frame. Pieces of plate glass fill in the vacant places.

Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, is also very fond of antique tapestries and rugs and is the only who can rival Mrs. Cruger with her collection. Mrs. Whitney's collection is the largest of the two, but Mrs. Cruger has some of the rarest tapestries.

Mrs. Robert Goslet makes a hobby of keeping her housekeeping books. She is the daughter of Mr. George Henry Warren and her income is said to be \$500 for every day in the year. She keeps a strict account of all of her expenditures and is as particular about the book balancing to a penny as if she only held \$500 a year.

Mrs. Mackay is particularly fond of diamonds. She has many other

precious gems besides diamonds, among them being a flawless sapphire nearly half an inch in diameter, which is said to be worth near \$220,000. Then she has the finest emerald known in the world, a very valuable set of coral jewelry, and a pair of diamond solitaire earrings valued at \$400,000, when Mrs. Mackay sees precious stones that are very fine or that please her, she buys them, and has now a large fortune invested in this hobby.

WRECK ON THE AIR LINE

Passenger and Freight Trains Collided at Tallulah

A Fireman Killed and an Engineer Horribly Mangled in the Collision

The following we copy from the *Charlotte Evening News*, 12th inst.: The passenger train on the Atlanta and Charlotte division of the Piedmont Air Line, due in this city at 4:50 this morning, did not arrive till 7:30, the cause of the delay being a collision with a freight train in the "Y" last night, about a quarter of a mile of Tallulah, Ga., in which the fireman of the passenger train was killed.

Mr. C. A. High, of Baltimore, a commercial tourist representing the glue house of Dyke & Son, New York, was a passenger and arrived here on the belated train. To a News reporter Mr. High detailed a graphic account of the accident. Among other things he stated that it was about half past eight o'clock at night, while he was lying asleep on the seat, when the crash came and he awoke to find himself standing upright among a lot of other scared passengers. Acting upon a common impulse, all sought open air and found that the train on which they were, had collided with a freight train; the engine and tender of the passenger train had been smashed; the caboose and a refrigerator car of the freight train were badly splintered; one man was killed and one badly hurt.

Bonfires were soon lighted and by their lurid glare men worked to discover the fireman of the passenger train, who was missing. He was found jammed up against the boiler and crushed to a jelly. There happened to be a physician on the train and the body of the unfortunate fireman was taken into the postal car, where it was found that a steel spike had been forced through his forehead and death must have been instantaneous.

THE CO COLLISION.

The Details of the Accident on the Carolina Central Yesterday.

The Wilmington Review of yesterday brings the details of the accident on the C. C. Road reported in yesterday's News. They are as follows: A collision occurred early this morning on the Carolina Central Railroad, about twelve miles from this city, which resulted in considerable damage to the rolling stock and in the deplorable death of Mr. George Smith, fireman on one of the trains. At four o'clock this morning the freight train, which was pulled out from this city and at five o'clock the material train followed on her regular schedule. After leaving here and when beyond Meare's Bluff the freight stalled and was thus thrown considerably behind her time. Arriving at a point a Northwest and nearly 12 miles from the city it was stopped to take on wood, and knowing that the material train was not far behind him, Mr. J. S. Divine, engineer of the freight sent a man back to flag it. It was too late, however. A dense fog prevailed at the time, and the material train came on and the engineer Mr. Guston Meares did not see the flagman until he was close upon the freight. He jumped and escaped unhurt, but Mr. George Smith a young man belonging in Laurinburg, the fireman of the train, remained on the engine and was horribly crushed and mangled. No one else was hurt, except Mr. B. Mackay of Durham who was on the passenger coach attached to the freight train, and who

received some slight scratches on the face. Mr. Smith lived but a short time after the accident but before he died he remarked that he could have escaped but that he thought that his duty required him to remain on the engine so he stayed there. He was a fine young man, and held in high esteem by the officers of the road, as well as his fellow employees. He remains were brought here and confined and forwarded this afternoon to his relatives at Laurinburg. The two trains were sent to the shops at Laurinburg where the necessary repairs will be made.

The Belle of Deatwood.

The belle of Deatwood is a young and dashing girl who turned her 19th year a few days ago. Her name is Margaret Sanford, and she is an orphan. Her mother was no one seems to know. Her father entered a mining camp about twelve years ago, foot sore and ragged and almost starved, having walked across the canyons from Nevada. The miners gave him food and clothing and began to constitute themselves little Margaret's body guard. One night the old man was found dead before his door which the drifting snow had fastened so he could not enter. The child was asleep inside. After the funeral she came a wanderer, going and coming at will, and making many comable discoveries of ore. She learned to use the rifle and revolver. A courage she struck an ore bed richer than the most in that vicinity and again led the miners to the spot. This time they made a voluntary contract to give her one fourth of the yield. They kept their word and she is now a rich woman. She is tall slender goodlooking and wears long golden hair streaming down her back.

An Impossibility.

The more a newspaper man exerts his ability to please a whimpering public, the more good he does for a town, the more charitable he becomes the more he is criticised. Speaking of this a writer has said: "The man who can run a newspaper without being criticised, censured and threatened has never been found. He is a barren ideal, beautiful to think of, but incapable of talking on mortality and associating with vulgar humanity. It is a mess for him to see a man's body as for anybody to please him, and the sooner he makes up his mind to this stubborn fact the better for everybody concerned. If he works hard for the public good, he receives private censure; if he commends merit, he is censured by those who merit; if he approves morality he is cursed by those who ally; if he tries to be fair he is censured by the unfair; if he makes a mistake, few are found to overlook it or apologize to him. No matter how good his motive may be how innocent his purpose or how sound his writings he is picked to pieces, misrepresented, maligned, ridiculed, sometimes lectured and seldom defended. He works from twelve to fifteen hours per day for a bare living while other men get rich around him. He works up a marriage notice man yards long to the queen's taste for nothing and is threatened with a libel suit or duel if he records a drunken spree of the groom six months afterward. Yes it is impossible to be a newspaper man to please everybody. As well attempt to chain the wind or stop the fury of the lightning."—*The Patoka Herald*.

Don'ts For the Sick Room.

Don't light a sick room at night by means of a jet of gas burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. It might be added even more emphatically, for pity's sake, don't light a sick room with a kerosene lamp with the flame turned and burning low, as nothing poisons the air sooner or more vilely. Use sperm candles, or tapers which can be burned in sperm or lard oil. Don't allow offensive matters to remain in cases of emergency, where these cannot be at once re-

moved, wrap a heavy cloth, for instance, like Turk's toweling, out of cold water; use it as a cover, placing over the ordinary cover. Such means prevent the escape of odor or infection.

Don't forget to have a few coffee beans handy, for this serves as a deodorizer, if burnt on coals or paper. Bits of charcoal placed around are useful in absorbing gases and other impurities.

Don't have the temperature of a sick room much above 60 degrees; 70 degrees are allowable, but not advisable.

Don't permit currents of air to blow upon the patient. An open fireplace is an excellent means of ventilation. The current may be tested by burning a piece of paper in front.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he is doctored all he desires. If he can strain the glass he will be satisfied, so regulate the quantity before presenting it.

Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessities for the night, that the rest of the patient and the family may not be disturbed.

Don't ask a cure despatch what he would like; prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.

Don't throw coal upon the fire; place it in brown paper bags and dry them on the fire, thus avoiding the noise, which is shocking to the sick and sensitive.

Don't let the bed be bearing or sitting upon it. This is unpleasant to one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber.

Don't be unkind of yourself, if you are in the responsible position of nurse. To do faithful work you must have proper food and stated hours of rest.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.

Don't forget that kindness and tenderness are needful to successful nursing. Human nature longs to be soothed and comforted on all occasions when it is out of tune.—*Exchange*.

A reporter on a small paper has to be a strange compound. He must have a keen nose for news and when he has secured his items he must have the intelligence and ability to put them in shape without making mistakes. For this success he must have a knowledge of editorial topics. A little of literature and not a smattering of science with a tinge of sporting, farming and commercial, must know the latest jokes and the latest story; in short he has to be a waking encyclopaedia. If he goes on agricultural paper he is required to know all about cabbages and potatoes the right way to milk a cow and which is the kicking end of a mare. Perhaps his next engagement is on a social paper and then he has to become acquainted with the movement of the fashionable world, the correct art of dressing the proper curve of a hat brim and the right length of a saque. Just as he has acquired all this knowledge the paper dies and the unhappy reporter gets a berth on a paper edited by a sporting or political crank. Then he is turned upside down the old ideas emptied out of him and new ones poured in. No wonder the average reporter gets hamptous and cranky, and has his own ideas about running the universe.

Nutmegs as a Medicine.

The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are worthy of a great deal of attention. They are fragrant in odor, warm and grateful to the taste and possess decided sedative, astringent and soporific properties in the following affections they will be found highly serviceable: Gastralgia (neuralgia of the stomach), cholera morbus, flatulent colic, dysentery, chloroform and infantile colic.

In all cases nutmegs may be prepared for administration in the following manner: Grate one or two nutmegs into a very fine powder. For children give one sixth to one

third of a teaspoonful, according to the age, of this powder, mixed with a small quantity of milk, for a child, from a half to two teaspoonfuls may be given in the same way according to the severity of the case. Every two hours is generally the best time to administer this remedy.

Insomnia (sleeplessness) is very often effectually relieved by one or two doses of nutmeg, when much stronger agents have signally failed.

A Modern Marriage.

Written for the Courier Journal by American beauty.

Proud and cold.

A ruined lord.

Titled and old.

Same old story.

Often told.

His bad rank.

She had gold.

They were married!

When behold!

Troubles gathered

Manifold,

All his debts

Tomb'd in mold,

Resurrected!

On him rolled.

She protested.

He did soild.

She was "busted."

He was "sold."

J. W. C.

Grazers Snubbed By the President.

The twenty third session of the National Grange will be held at Sacramento, November 13. It will be the most important held for years. Many of the delegates are discussing the question of drafting resolutions censuring Mr. Harrison for the recent discount shown them. John Trimble, secretary of the Grange thinks that the Grazers were snubbed when President Harrison appointed Gov. Rusk Secretary of Agriculture. In an interview Trimble said:

"We do not hesitate to say that the administration has ignored the rights of the farmers and done nothing to help them. It is a disgraceful neglect of duty on the part of a farmer at the head of the Department of Agriculture.

"That department was made a Cabinet office principally through the efforts of the Grange, and when the next administration came in we felt that we had the right to suggest the name of proper person to fill it.

"Col. J. H. Bingham, our master, ex-Gov. Robey of Maine, and Hon. J. J. Woodman, of Michigan, were suggested by the order and the fact of their appointment is a fact.—*National Democrat*.

Mercurial Poison

Mercury is frequently and usually used by quack doctors in cases of malarial and blood poison. Its after effects are worse than the original disease. B. B. B. (Bottles of Balm) contains no mercury, but will eliminate mercurial poison from the system. Write to B. B. B. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing proof of its curative virtues.

A. F. Brittan, Jackson, Tenn., writes: "I caught malarial fever in Louisiana, and when the fever was broken, my system was saturated with poison, and I had sores in my mouth on 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 syphilis or trichiasis. Her eyes were in a dreadful condition. Her appetite failed, she had pains in her joints and bones. Her kidneys were deranged also, and no one thought she could be cured. Dr. G. Ham recommended 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."

Neuralgic Pains.

When troubled with neuralgic pains, heat a flat-iron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part, then move the iron to and fro on the flannel. The pain will cease almost immediately.

2. WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vi-zuizer is guaranteed to cure you.—Buy it from John Reedy & Co., Druggists.