

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL III.

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NO. 31

THOMAS C. WETMORE,
JEWELER, LINCOLN, N. C.

SEE THE SIGN THE BIG WATCH.



"Christmas is Coming."

I have just received a nice and beautiful lot of Holiday Goods, such as Plush and Leather Work Boxes and Toilet cases, Manicure Sets, Writing Desks, Writing Tablets, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Paper Knives, Ink Stands, Card Cases,

AND NUMEROUS OTHER

THINGS suitable FOR

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

ALSO A LARGE LOT OF

FINE WRITING PAPER

JUST ARRIVED.

IN A FEW DAYS I WILL OPEN UP A BEAUTIFUL LOT

OF CHRISTMAS CARDS,
FROM 1 CENT EACH UP.

Come and see my Goods.

VERY TRULY,
THOMAS C. WETMORE.

WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL
IS NO LONGER AN EXPERIMENT BUT A
DECIDED SUCCESS
AS TAUGHT BY G. P. JONES.

If you want to learn to write beautifully, and stay at home, now is your time.

TWELVE MAMMOTH LESSONS, COVERING A PERIOD OF THREE MONTHS FOR \$3.00.

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WRITING FOR 15 CENTS.

One dozen or more ways of signing your name for a Silver Quarter. A sheet of elegantly combined signatures 20 cents. One dozen handsome Cards with name on 25 cents.

Sample lesson in writing 35 cents. Send me an order and be convinced that my work is all I claim for it.

For 50 cents I will send you some of the best writing you ever saw. Write for Circular enclosing a 2 cent stamp.

Your writing is excellent, you are destined to become a grand penman.

H. J. WILLIAMSON, President "Pen Art Hall," Florence, Ala. Specimens of Card writing to hand. They are models of grace and beauty. Your writing is superb. W. D. SNOWDRESS, Editor Pen Art Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Prof. Jones is not only a beautiful writer, but an excellent, and successful teacher. D. MATT THOMPSON, Principal Piedmont Seminary.

The cash must accompany each order.

G. P. JONES, PENMAN.

Prin. Business Dep't. of Piedmont Seminary, Lincoln, N. C., Nov. 8, 1889.

NOTICE

By virtue of a decree made at last term of Superior Court for Lincoln County, I am authorized to sell privately some valuable real estate in the town of Lincoln also a valuable plantation within a few miles of town, known as the Phifer plantation. Will be glad to confer with parties desiring to purchase.

C. E. Childs,
Commissioner.

Oct. 11, 1889.

NOTICE

HAVING qualified as Administrator of M. A. Little, dec'd., I hereby notify all persons having claims against said Estate to present same to the undersigned, on or before Nov. 25, 1889, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Persons indebted to said estate will please make prompt payment. A. NIXON, Adm'r. of M. A. Little, Nov. 22, 1889. Et.

FAITH McALPIN'S THANKS GIVING.

A wild, fitful November storm, with the rain coming down in torrents. The wind sobbed and moaned about Faith McAlpin's cottage windows and in the chimneys, as if the great heart of nature was convulsed with grief.

The leafless branches of the old elm scratched against the window-panes, and one could scarcely imagine a more desolate night in autumn than the one of which I write.

A long stretch of country road that wound down a steep hill and into the peaceful valley of Cloverton was drenched and washed into gullies, and down this same way came a horse and carriage slowly, uncertainly, as though unaccustomed to the road. A single occupant had the carriage, a figure so muffled that in the intense darkness it was impossible to tell whether the solitary person was a villager or a stranger.

Cloverton was a pleasant little village, nestled down in a great, fertile valley that lay between two immense hills, and the inhabitants of the place were not crowded, but had gardens and lawns, with trees and shrubbery grouped about their neat white houses, and in summer Cloverton was enchantingly beautiful.

The cottage which we have mentioned stood further down the valley, quite removed from the village, though not out of sight, and a little beyond the cottage a tiny brook that threaded its way across the road was spanned by a bridge of two or three planks. But the stream, usually so small, was swelled by the heavy rain, and rushing along like a thing of life, in its mad career it had swept away the little bridge, thus leaving a gully across the track, and as the horse with instinctive dread turned from the danger, a sudden lurch upset the carriage and threw out the occupant, while the animal broke from his fastenings and dashed down the valley.

It was the week before Thanksgiving.

Faith McAlpin sat before a nice, cheery little fire, in her pleasant sitting-room.

One arm leaned upon her hand, and she seemed in a reverie—a sad reverie, if one judged by the shadows in her dark hazel eyes, the sorrowful curve of her lips, and the sigh that came up at intervals from her bosom.

She was alone, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the pathetic moanings of the wind and rain, the harsh grating of the elm branches against the window, and inside the crackling of the wood fire that spoke of comfort and hopefulness.

It was a cozy room, not luxurious, but eminently home-like in its appointments, and the lamp-light shone upon the deep crimson curtains and carpet, the terre-covered chairs and sofa with a cheerful glow, and lingered caressingly among the ornaments upon the mantel and upon the pictures on the wall.

The room showed, despite the plainness of the furniture, that a woman's hand had arranged it, that a woman's taste had lent a charm to its adornment.

Faith McAlpin had lived all her life in this cottage, for it was her birthplace, and had been left her at the death of her father.

Many wonder that she did not sell and go away from its sad associations, but it was home, she said, and so with faithful Hannah Lee, who had been her father's housekeeper after the death of her mother, she lived there still.

She was a gentle, winning girl, and loved by all who knew her, but there was a shade of sadness in her eye, a yearning, passionate pain in her heart, for Faith McAlpin once had a lover, but his aristocratic mother was not willing that her son should wed the daughter of a country parson, and though Ralph Berthold would have defied the will of his mother, when Faith came to

know it, she refused to become his wife, and he had gone away—gone in anger, too—because of her refusal.

Five years had gone by, and Faith McAlpin was twenty-five.

A lonely life seemed to be her portion, and she resolutely set herself the task of crushing her own selfish sorrow by ministering to the needy and suffering, and among the poor and lowly of Cloverton she was ever a welcome guest.

The dead past she put behind her, and gave herself little time for vain regrets, but sometimes, when sitting alone, as on this stormy night, she allowed herself the doubtful comfort of calling up old memories, and a packet of letters bound with a blue ribbon had just been perused, then refolded, to be laid away again among her precious treasures.

Though it was utterly impossible, she thought, that Ralph Berthold should ever be anything to her, still it was pleasant to know that he had loved her.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, and her heart would be true to its love.

After their final parting Ralph Berthold had gone to Europe, and Faith had heard that he was to be married to a lady of wealth and distinction.

After a while she arose, put the packet of letters in her cabinet, and took up a bit of fancy knitting, but she could not banish the old memories so easily; a presentiment of impending evil oppressed her, and she was glad when Hannah came in from the kitchen to talk of thanksgiving preparations, for although she took little interest in the day, anything was preferable to her own sad thoughts.

Then they discussed the all important subjects of roast turkey, plum pudding, and pumpkin pies, while Faith, with seeming interest, gave Hannah permission to go on in the way she had always done, and the good woman went back to the kitchen to arrange her culinary programme to her own satisfaction.

Half an hour later Faith McAlpin was started by the sharp ringing of the bell, and in a moment Hannah came in with the exciting information that a man had been thrown from his carriage down by the bridge, and that they were bringing him there.

Soon the man came in, bearing carefully the unconscious burden. Faith did not cry out or faint at the sight, but set herself to work with a will.

She brought stimulants and heated soft blankets to wrap about the injured man; but when she came and looked down into the pallid and apparently lifeless face, her own face was not less pale, for she, stretched upon the lounge, senseless, perhaps dying, was Ralph Berthold, her lover.

Had fate, or rather a merciful providence, sent him to her home?

She did not stop to question, but chafed his cold hands and tenderly bathed his bruised and wounded face, and when the doctor came he ordered the utmost quiet, the closest care, fearing an injury to the brain.

Faith McAlpin had been given the blessed task of winning back to life, if it might be, the man she loved, and no sufferer ever had a more careful nurse.

None knew her secret, for not even the doctor recognized in the unconscious man the elegant Ralph Berthold, who, five years before, had spent the summer in Cloverton.

Several days passed before he recovered consciousness, but the injury was less severe than the doctor anticipated, and one morning he opened his eyes suddenly to find Faith McAlpin tenderly bathing his heated brow.

"Oh, Faith," he exclaimed, as he drew her face down to his and pressed a kiss upon her lips; "am I in heaven, or is this a dream?"

And Faith, blushing in sweet confusion at his earnestness, answered:

"Neither."

After that Ralph recovered rapidly, and when thanksgiving day

arrived he was able to sit at the table, Faith McAlpin's honored guest, and her accepted lover, for Ralph Berthold's mother was dead, and there was no longer any obstacle to their union; so the happiness so long delayed came at last to render their future life one long thanksgiving day.

BERTHA BERTON.

From Old Homestead Savannah, Ga.

Significant Utterances.

By the Commercial Cable to the Herald.

HERALD BUREAU,
No. 49 AVENUE DE L'OPERA,
PARIS, NOV. 18, 1889.

"I am not in the least surprised to know that Brazil has at last decided for a Republic," said Emilio Castelar, the Spanish statesman, to me today. "In fact my only wonder is that she did not do so sooner. It is only a few weeks since I assured a prominent French statesman that the tendency in Brazil was irresistibly in that direction. To one who has, as I have, studied the condition of things in South America it has long been apparent that the thinking classes there were too deeply imbued with the spirit of republicanism to make any other form of government more than temporary. Dom Pedro has always tried to conceal this from Europe, and he had more or less succeeded."

"It is simply ridiculous to claim that the revolution in Brazil was due to the recent abolition of slavery, for the men who have had the most to do with the overthrowing of the Empire are precisely the ones who brought about the liberation of the slaves, and in both cases they were simply acting in accordance with the enlightened ideas of the century."

AS TO PORTUGAL.

"As the effect this revolution may have upon Portugal, while I do not feel entitled in prophesying that it will lead to the establishment of a republic in that country, I am convinced it will have a direct and marked effect in liberalizing the policy of the Portuguese monarchy. The two nations are really but one, with the same language, customs and tendencies, and the action of Brazil cannot but react powerfully upon Portugal. Besides, I have reason to know that many of the most influential and able Portuguese writers and orators, such men as Latino Coelho and Beossio Braza are heart and soul in favor of a republic."

THE EFFECT OF SPAIN.

"In Spain, I think, the immediate effect of the South American upheaval will be less marked. Were we under a conservative monarchy, unpopular with the masses, I should think differently, but the government of Spain is very liberal, and is, of its own accord, approaching a point where republicanism will assert itself as a matter of course, by the universal consent of the people. There is no need of precipitating that movement, but all the countries of Europe may well find food for reflection in this almost unprecedented event."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Think of it! They awake one morning, these tottering relics of worn out absolutism, and find that a nation almost as large as all of them put together has in the twinkling of an eye and without violence changed from an empire to a republic. The revolution is over, and a new order of things will be established before they are aware that the old order was compromised or that a revolution was threatened. Curious, is it not? And they may at least open their eyes to the fact that mankind have entered upon an era of reason and are no longer to be driven against their fellows in murderous herds and slaughtered by thousands like unreasoning brutes to suit the caprice of some vain autocrat who boasts that God made him his master."

A PROPHECY.

"No! The sway of autocracy on this old continent is nearly over. If there is any one thing I believe with all my heart it is that before fifty years Europe will be republican from end to end, and I believe the change will be brought about without the horrors of war, as easily

as it has just been brought about in Brazil; as naturally as a man lays aside one coat and puts on another, because he likes the other better. The people of Europe are a growing wiser every year and seeing better what are the real interests.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

They will one day say to their kings, queens, emperors and princes: "We are masters here. After all, this country is ours, not yours. There is the door. Go!"

And then, kings, queens, emperors and princes will go, and it will be a beautiful sight.

You look incredulous and think me a Utopian. But what would you have thought had I told you a week ago that today the empire of Brazil would be a republic? As I said, I believe these great changes will be accomplished without war, nor do I believe Europe is now threatened with war."

A Cowardly Party.

The Republican party is on the ragged edge. It never had much principle, and what little it had it has abandoned for expediency. It is a cowardly party, and when the people crack the whip, its leaders cringe like whipped spaniels and get to their kennels. When the sentiment for protection seemed to be in the ascendency, they stuck the feathers high in their hats and strutted as the loud-mouthed champions of protection, but as the tide turned and the people began to see through the arrant humbuggery of this so-called protection, they began to tuck in the feathers, play mum, and finally when they found the tariff reform sentiment become so strong as to be dangerous they hustled to the front and announced themselves tariff reformers now, from the big chief who distributes the offices in Washington to the little puppet that dances when he pulls the wires! They are tariff reformers from fear not from principle.

So they coquetted with the prohibition movement in States where the prohibition sentiment was pretty strong, openly endorsed it when it was strong enough to win at the ballot box and were non-committal in States where they were doubtful as to the situation, lacking the moral courage to act honestly in any. Now they are trying to hedge and recover some of the ground they have lost by changing front and proposing a repeal of the prohibitory laws in Iowa and Kansas, to conciliate the anti-prohibition vote, which is an important factor in these and other Western States. Here again they are actuated by expediency, for they have no principle in this either.

So with the trusts. Even only as far back as one year ago who ever heard of a prominent Republican politician declaring against trusts? Who ever heard one of them say that the trusts had not the right to exist and ply their business after their own methods?

What one of them was ever heard to dissent from James G. Blaine's declaration that "trusts were merely private enterprises, with which the public had nothing to do"? Which one of all the leading Republican journals of the country was found to oppose or denounce them? But since the people have begun to demand that the trust shall be throttled we find Senator Sherman, Senator Allison, and Senator Ingalls all ready to cuff the trust which one short year ago they cuddled and supported, and even to strangle and bury it. They are not actuated by principle either, but merely from fear and truckling expediency, which deserts and denounces to-day the thing which they fondled and nourished yesterday.

So on the pension question. They appealed to the support of the soldiers in the last campaign, as they have done in all their campaigns, on the ground that the Republican party was the friend of the soldier, and that they would in the event of the defeat of Mr. Cleveland, who had dared to veto so many pension bills, be liberal to the soldiers, who had "saved the Union." Corporal

Tanner canvassed Indiana and "plastered it," to use his own expression, "all over with promises of liberal pensions," and thus, he says, saved that State (with Dudley's block of five) to Harrison. After the election, when Tanner inaugurated and carried out the policy which he said he would with the full endorsement of Harrison and the leaders of the party, and the popular protests began to roll in against Tanner's mode of shoveling out the money in the treasury, they bounced him and made him suffer for doing what he promised to do with their full knowledge and consent. They did not bounce Tanner because they disapproved of his acts, but because they feared the people who did disapprove of them.

Cringing, crawling, cowardice are the characteristics of the party now, the sole aim of whose leaders is to keep in power, and who resort to all sorts of dodges and trickery, however disreputable, to accomplish that. There is not one candid, honest, true and manly leader in the whole gang. Their brave leaders are all dead. What are left are simply sneaks and time-serverers.—*Wilmington Morning Star.*

Some very rich gold finds have been reported from Montgomery county within the past week, placer washings which are pronounced to be extraordinarily rich. Theo. Saunders, the owner of one of the properties on which these discoveries have been made, has about one hundred men employed washing on shales. He has received as his share up to the time reported 2,000 penny weights of gold. It is said to be the richest discovery ever made in that country, in which rich gold fields are not a rarity. These late big strikes are creating considerable excitement.—*Morning Star.*

Cutting Down Wires.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 25.—The citizens of Cleveland are up in arms against the electric street car motor wires in the streets. From 7 o'clock yesterday until sundown a big force of linemen under the fire department, Chief Dickinson, have been at work cutting and snatching down wires. Scores of live telephone wires have been sacrificed in the interest of public safety. The people are intensely excited and another accident, such as the killing of a horse Friday, will lead to an open assault upon the heavily charged electric wires. Nearly one hundred workmen were employed Saturday climbing over roofs and to the tops of poles seeking for wires liable to fall into the streets. Great crowds congregated on the streets and cheered the linemen as wire after wire was chopped down and destroyed.—*News and Observer.*

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. (Botanic 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 iritis. 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. Gillam 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."

Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing, Druggist, Lincoln.