

The Lincoln Courier.

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"I cannot understand," said a little boy, "what becomes of our sins, when God takes them away."
 "When you do a sum, Willie, and take a sponge and wipe your slate, what becomes of the figures?"
 "O I see now," said he, "they are all gone."
 And so God says he will blot out our transgressions and will not remember our sins.

In a recent grammar examination in one of the Boston schools a class was required to write a sentence containing a noun in the objective case. One of the boys wrote the following sentence: "The cow does not like to be licked." "What noun is there in the objective case?" asked the teacher. "Cow," said the boy. "Why is 'cow' in the objective case?" "Because the cow objects to being licked."

One of the Methodist Bishops observed recently: "Many churches send me letters saying: 'Bishop, we want a man that shall be popular with the young people;' others say 'we want a man that shall be popular with sinners;' others, 'we want a minister that will be popular with everybody.' But no one ever sent me and said: 'We want a preacher who is popular with God.'" A preacher who is popular with God—ah! that is the kind of a man congregations ought to seek. Then Divine power would be sure of at-

tending his ministrations, and spiritual life would bloom in the church.
 When a woman wants the earth it is with a view of giving it to some man.—*Boston Courier.*

That man is truly great who can at this time of the year be dignified and haughty in a straw hat.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The daughter of Rev. Sam Jones was recently married to W. M. Graham, a Stenographer of Georgia, contrary to the wishes of her parents.

It has been proved that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.—*New York News.*

A speaker on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That farming pays in Kansas," had just taken the floor at the meeting of a debating society out in western Kansas when a fellow on the negative side opened the stove door and shoved in three or four pecks of corn.—*Kansas City Star.*

It is said that the first shipment of strawberries for this season from Florida was made last Friday. They went to New York.

When the Train Comes In.

There are eager faces near,
 And a half subdued cheer,
 As around the curve the cars unsteady spin;
 While impatient feet await
 For the opening of the gate,
 At the station when the train comes in.

There is hand shaking and kissing
 And inquiries for the missing,
 And a searching here and there for friends or kin;
 There are sad and tearful sighs,
 And a waving of good-byes,
 At the station when the train comes in.

Then from out the baggage car
 Oh, so careful, lest to jar,
 Comes along and narrow box amid the din:

As the mourners gather round,
 There's a sobbing, wailing sound,
 At the station when the train comes in.

Then the ringing of the bell,
 And the whistle clearly toll,
 They are ready a new journey to begin

For it brooks not to be late,
 There are other hearts that wait
 At the station when the train comes in

—Helen F. O'Neill in Family Album.

end. Let each one of them engrave upon our minds, not a lesson of continuous grief, but a lesson of increased wisdom.

"Deem not the irrevocable past
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we attain."

Even if we have by some fatal misdeed lessened our possibilities for usefulness in life, yet do not let useless grief, which can never undo the past, lessen them still more. Though our life may never be what it would have been but for these things, though we may again in the future make other missteps, still it need not, should not, be ignoble. Then

"Weep not for the past, 'tis a dream that has fled,
 Its sunshine has vanished, its garlands are dead;
 Weep not, child of sorrow, for hopes that were thine,
 Unbest are the gifts of an unhallowed shrine:
 Thy idol was earthly, thy life-star has set;
 Bright stars are in heaven that beam for thee yet."

But as we should not fill our minds with memories of the past, no more ought we to spend our days with idle daydreams and air castles, vain imaginings of the unknown and unknowable future. As the hours of the past are gone back to the God who gave them, so are those of the future still at His command to give or withhold, only the present is ours. But this present is rich in possibilities; every hour that God sends is fraught with golden opportunities, though we may not always view them as such. The opportunity of speaking to the erring a word of kindly recall, of relieving the faint, or of cheering the hearts that are gloomy and sad, may seem small things to us now and of little importance; but the sum of these small things make up life.

"Small sands the mountain,
 Moments make the year,
 And trifles life."

The way in which we use these opportunities of the present will determine the pattern of our web of life. The loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down will be weaving when it comes up again. That which we do to-day will be with us to-morrow. The present shapes the future, and makes our past. Bit by bit our character is taking shape, and our life work stretching out behind us. In secrecy and silence our character is forming. Each hour's deeds supply the material and determine the form and strength of the fabric. Each day something new is added, and the structure rises steadily and quietly as the coral reef rises beneath the sea. We cannot dream ourselves into a character; but while we are idly dreaming of future usefulness, we are fast losing the power of being useful. If we have a noble life, we must by daily practice hammer and forge it out for ourselves. The wide universe is full of good, but neither present nor future will ever bring us one morsel of it except by our own endeavor. Then let us grasp that good while yet we may, before by our idleness we lose the power and opportunity of endeavor. Our to-days are fast slipping away into the great ocean of yesterdays, and life too short to lose one moment. Every to-day has a work which no to-morrow can perform, and an hour wasted is gone beyond recall. Then "act, act in the living present, which constitutes our sole but sure possession."

"The present is ours,
 To shroud it in sadness, or gild it with flowers;
 To sink on life's ocean or find on its wave
 A halo that wakes e'en the grave."

—CONSUMPTION IN CURABLE—
 Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Arkansas, says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and now on my third bottle and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the best medicine ever made."
 Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

To the Southern Press.

There are matters of moment to which the MANUFACTURERS' RECORD would call the earnest attention and candid consideration of Southern editors and press correspondents.

It is the universal custom to make as much as possible of every local sensation. Loaded headlines emphasize whatever news items seem to be especially exciting, and reports of local occurrences are padded with all the verbiage they will bear.

All this is well enough. The happenings of a neighborhood are of more interest to the immediate citizens than are affairs elsewhere, however great may be their actual importance. It does not follow, however, that the happenings of any and every neighborhood interest the world at large.

And yet news gatherers seem to think so, judging by the trivialities daily sent over the wires and published in a thousand papers.

Nor are more serious events, such as rapes, assaults, murders, which are usually reported at length, of real interest to any other than the community in which they occurred. Yet take any paper and note critically its press dispatches for several consecutive days, and you will be astonished to see how much space is occupied with such items. A foreigner reading the average American daily paper, and having no other source of information, would naturally conclude that we are a nation of thieves and murderers. For like reasons the Northern citizen has largely reached the conviction that the South is given over to lawlessness, that crimes abound, that human life is but lightly esteemed, and that however rich and inviting the business opportunities, they are accompanied by risks and dangers that he does not care to encounter.

For this erroneous opinion the Southern news-gatherers are mainly responsible, and they can easily and quickly correct it if they choose by giving it interesting facts about business, political and social life the space they have hitherto devoted to crimes.

Last week furnished notable illustrations of omission and commission. No single event of equal importance to the death and burial of Henry W. Grady has occurred in the South for years. It was of national interest, and should have been accorded large space. At about the same time there was a riot near Jessup, Ga. in which several black and white men were killed. The accounts of this affray occupied much more space than was given to the Grady obsequies and to the memorial meeting next day. Yet, while the former was of no more importance than if the affray had occurred between so many Italian and Irish laborers at North, it was made much of by the press, and thus afforded cumulative evidence to maintain the false notions of Southern moral and social conditions.

Now cannot this business be stopped by the voluntary action of Southern news-gatherers? The South abounds daily with good news items. There are charities to unfold, literary and educational institutions to exploit, great sermons and able forensic efforts worthy of mention and new business enterprises springing into being. If Southern news-gatherers will diligently give facts like these in their press dispatches and leave the publication of petty broils or larger affrays to the local papers, they will soon correct the wrong impression that is altogether too prevalent in other sections, and do simple justice to the bright and beautiful and prosperous South.—*Manufacturers' Record.*

ELECTRIC BITTERS.
 This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Bais, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

To Destroy Moths.

Here is a jotting, the practical science of which may interest my lady readers, observes a writer in the London Illustrated News, Reaumur, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, says my authority, made quite extensive researches on clothes-moths; and, observing that they never attacked the wool and hair on living animals, he inferred that the natural odor of wool, or of the oily matter in it, was distasteful to them. He therefore rubbed various garments with the water in which the wool had been washed, and found that they were never attacked by moths. He also experimented with tobacco smoke and the odors of spirits of turpentine, and found that both of these were destructive to the moths; but it was necessary to close the rooms very tightly and keep the fumes very dense in them for twenty-four hours to obtain satisfactory results.

Mr. C. H. Fernold, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has always found that any material subject to the attacks of moths may be preserved from them if packed away with sprigs of cedar between the folds. The odor of cedar is so disagreeable to them that they will not deposit their eggs where this substance is present in full length. Chests of cedar, or closets finished in the same wood, will protect clothing from moths as long as the odor is strong; but this is lost with age, and then they are no protection. It must be remembered that the odor of cedar, camphor &c., only prevent the moth from laying her eggs on the fabrics, but if the eggs are laid before the garments are packed away with cedar, &c., the odor will not prevent the hatching of the larvae afterward. Clothing may also be protected from moths by packing it in bags made of either stout paper or cotton cloth, if made perfectly tight, but this must be done before the moths appear on the wing in the spring season.

Protection for Our Infant Poultry.

Protection has produced many fallacies and many offences have been committed in its name. But the absurd excesses that has ever yet sprung from it was one brought to a head by two witnesses who testified before the ways and means committee of the House yesterday. In insisting that the duty on coal should not be abolished there was given as the chief and most momentous reason that coal mining employed the colored laborer and thus kept him from preying on the community. That in a tax of 75 cents on a ton of coal was to be found a vast and effective moral force to keep the erring in the way of rectitude must appeal eloquently to the leaders of the party of Great Moral Ideas. But that the people should pay 75 cents a ton more for their coal in order to protect their hen roosts and corn cribs is a fresh absurdity in protective reasoning that has never been equalled before, and that can never be surpassed. This astonishing argument was probably conceived with the purpose of shrewdly winning the sympathies of the humanitarians of the North, to whose ism-loving dispositions nothing could appear more wise and proper than taxation of any part of the people in order to remove the temptations that are supposed to lie irresistibly in the way of some weak fellow men, and that their employers must thus be compensated for their philanthropy, exhibited so generously in keeping them out of mischief, at the rate of a seventy-five cent tax on every ton of coal they sell. Such a tax, according to its champions, has a double action—it pays a bounty to a few favored citizens, and it casts a protective wing about the farmer's poultry. Such a wise conceit in political economy should be encouraged, on the ground that it protects the infant chickens of America against the predatory panper labor of Africa.—*Richmond State.*

"LA GRIPPE."

What It Was Doing in Some of the Cities Yesterday.

New York, Jan. 8.—The returns to the Bureau of Vital Statistics show that 250 deaths occurred in this city for the 24 hours ending at noon today. The like of this has never been known in the history of the Department since the time of cholera. The record to-day is 15 in excess of that of yesterday.

During the four days of this week 839 people have died in the City of New York. The morgue is crowded to its utmost capacity. The reports from Bellevue Hospital to the Central office today showed that 90 bodies, the greatest number in the history of that institution, were there awaiting removal.

Four Men to Hang.

Gov. Fowle yesterday fixed the day of execution of four men, appointing the same date, February 7th, for the execution of all of them. These are John Wilson, convicted of murder in Yancey county at the spring court of 1889; Manly Panksey, convicted of murder in Montgomery county, full term, 1889; Samuel Halford and R. P. Willis, both convicted of burglary in Rath. erford county at spring term, 1889. All the parties took appeals to the Supreme Court, but the judgment in each case was confirmed. The next month will have its full share of hanging in the State. In addition to the above there are Parrish and Boyle, of this city, Life Moore, at Greensboro, who are also under death sentence.—*News Observer.*

The Cleveland County Shooting.

SMELLY, N. C.—J. H. McNeely, who shot B. O. Jenkins the latter's distillery near Earle Station yesterday, has been arrested, tried, and acquitted, on the ground of self-defense. McNeely, who had boarded with Jenkins, fell in love with the seventeen-year-old daughter of the latter, who did not favor McNeely's aspirations. Yesterday while drunk Jenkins approached McNeely in a government warehouse with a drawn knife, accused him of undermining his family, cursed and tried to cut McNeely. Although McNeely ordered Jenkins to leave the warehouse, the latter still threatened him, when he drew a pistol and fired two shots, missing Jenkins at first. Jenkins's left arm was broken, and the ball lodged in the body and has not been found. Jenkins is improving today, and it is thought he will recover.

After the shooting McNeely came to Smelly, cashed a money order, hired a horse and buggy, and returned to the warehouse.

A Day That Webster Fore-saw.

Seventy years is a long way to look ahead, but Daniel Webster in 1820 foresaw the chief features of yesterday's doings in Congress as clearly as we see them this morning from the accounts to the printed page. Edward Atkinson, in his latest book ("The Industrial Progress of the Nation," published by the Putnams), takes from the files of the Boston Advertiser an account of a meeting of Boston business men held in October, 1820, to resist the attempts of Calhoun and other representatives of the slave States to establish a system of protection for the benefit of the cotton industry; at this meeting Mr. Webster pointed out the results of such a policy as follows:

Hence a perpetual contest carried on between the different interest of society. Agriculture taxed today to sustain manufactures—commerce taxed tomorrow to sustain agriculture—and then impositions perhaps on manufactures and agriculture to support commerce. I can hardly conceive of anything worse than a policy which shall place the great interests of this country in hostility to one another—a policy which will keep them in constant conflict and bring them every year to fight their battles in the committee rooms of the House of Representatives at Washington.

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Paine's Celery Compound
 Purifies the Blood,
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 Stimulates the Liver,
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DIAMOND DYES (Color Fastness and Brilliance, Large Quantities Economical)
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FORCED SALES.

In order to reduce my large Stock of Cashmere and Jeans, which embraces the best assortment in all grades. I have decided to "Cut the Price" to a mere INCREASE OVER COST. This includes the entire lot, and it will prove a "big bonanza" to large families who have not yet made their winter purchases. On any and all Dress Goods, I will sell at a reduction of from 10 to 25 per cent. Dress Buttons, about 1500 dozen, worth from 10 to 20 cents per dozen, shall all go to the uniform price of 5 cents per dozen. My Stock of Clothing exceeds anything in the country, and the fact that I sell double the amount of any other house is the best assurance that my prices are the lowest. Any style and quality for Children, Boys and Men, constantly on hand or will be supplied at short notice. A new lot of Overcoats has just come in and I am ready to supply the wants of either Men and Boys.

Special sale of Carpets at 15 cents worth 25 cents.

Business will be generally suspended on Thanksgiving day and my store closed.

Come and see what a quantity of goods you can buy for a little money.

I now have a small quantity of Plaids for the benefit of customers

Respectfully,
 JOHN L. COBB.

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