

The Lincoln Courier.

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A son of Sylvester Pate, of Goldsboro, swallowed a marble and died in great agony.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of virtues.

When money is tight it has more sense than a man in the same condition, for it makes itself scarce.—*Baltimore American.*

Nothing sharpens the arrows of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that which we clothe with a smile and present a bow.

"A good memory is a blessing," says a writer. And it may be remarked that it is one that wealth cannot buy. Just look at the man who becomes suddenly rich. He cannot even remember the faces of his old friends.—*Boston Courier.*

The cure of all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the cries of humanity, lies in that one word "love." It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will.—*Ec.*

The essence of true nobility is the neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Fraude.*

He who helps build an asylum or gives healthful and cultured training to a young man may, twenty years after his decease, be doing more for the world than during his residence upon it.

The Lenoir Topic tells of Mrs. Brown, of Gap Creek, who is 80 years old and near death's door, who has had 22 children, 7 of whom are Baptist preachers. Take the census, Scott; we yield it with a blush.—*Landmark.*

It is said that there is a taxidermist in Asheville who guarantees his work to last for three thousand years. If we could just get him to stuff the hide of the Republican party what a curiosity would be preserved for remote posterity.—*Wit Star.*

Some London papers are discussing the origin of such phrases as "badly off," "well off," etc. When they elucidate that to their satisfaction, we hope they will throw some light on the origin of such phrases as the "heagle flew over the 'ouse" "ow hare ye hold oss, etc.—*Wit Star.*

YOU'LL REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter day by day,
Will bring you joy or woe.
For sowing and growing,
Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things e'er known;
And sighing and crying,
And sorrow undying,
Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.
Whether sleeping or weeping,
Or weary watch keeping,
The seed that is sown will still grow;
The rose brings new roses,
The thorn-tree discloses,
Its thorns as an index of woe.

Be careful of your friend, my boy,
Nor walk and mate with vice;
"The boy is father to the man;"
Then fly when sins entice!

The seed one is sowing
Through time will be growing,
And each one must gather his own:
In joy or in sorrow,
To-day or to-morrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown.

[Little Men and Women.

AN UNSUSPECTED HEROINE.

You think him a coward, said the old doctor, but how can you be sure that he is one? Courage shows itself unexpectedly in many different ways and places. I have seen men who had been brave soldiers turn pale when they sat down in a dentist's chair, and I have seen women, who would scream at the sight of a mouse, bear without a groan the pain of a terrible surgical operation.

The other day, in an old station on the New Jersey coast, I saw a queerly shaped boat which reminded me of something that happened to me once.

Some years ago I took passage in a large emigrant ship, the Ayrshire, for this country. I had been at the University of Edinburgh, and was impatient to reach home. There was on board over three hundred emigrant passengers in the steerage, and six or seven passengers in the cabin.

One of the cabin passengers was an invalid, a very small, delicate young girl of twenty years, attended by her mother and nurse. She was not a patient sufferer. Her medicine was always too sweet or too sour; her pillows were too hard or too soft, and at the wind or a peal of thunder she would tremble and cry like a child from fear.

There were two young men in the cabin besides myself, and I am afraid that they found a good deal of amusement in provoking her terrors by telling horrible stories of corpse-lights on the rigging, or of sharks and devil-fish and other sea monsters, or the sailors' yarn of the great shadow of a fish which follows a ship on which is a human being appointed soon to die. She used to stand by the hour at the stern of the ship looking down into the cool, green depths to see if the shadow pursued her.

Her nervous system was shaken by long suffering, and I sympathized with her; but the other men voted her a nuisance. They were strong, and full of health and fun, and thought it a hardship that the cabin should be, so they said, turned into a hospital ward, with bottles and pillows.

One of them, Frank Lowe, had served in the French army in Algiers out of sheer love of excitement and adventure; the other, Bernard Knott, had been a volunteer in the United States Army during the Civil war. So you see that, notwithstanding their unfeeling behavior toward the invalid girl, they were not cowards.

It was one day near the end of the voyage, and we hoped to see land on the morrow. Early in the evening Knott and Lowe and I went down into the cabin, as the fog was so heavy that in the darkness we could scarcely see one another's

faces on deck. The lamps were lighted, and we sat down at the table. I took up my book; the other men began to play dominos.

Miss Murray, the invalid, was lying on a sofa, knitting, as usual, at some white fluffy stuff. The young men called the poor girl Miss Muffet to each other because she was always scared and shuddering at some fancied object of terror.

Set in the woodwork at one end of the saloon was a long mirror, and draped about it were some faded red and gold curtains of moor-reen. Mrs. Murray, who was a chat-ty, cheerful little body, called our attention to the drops of moisture on the glass.

"You cannot see your face in it," she said. "The fog must be very heavy."

"Where are we?" asked Lowe. "Did the Captain work up our position this evening?"

"Yes," said Knott. "He figured it out by the dead-reckoning, of course. But I believe he does not know any more than I do where we are."

I noticed that Knott had no jokes to make that evening, and that he was restless. Throwing down a book that he had caught up, he paced up and down the cabin.

There was shooting and tramping on deck, but I supposed that the crew were reefing sail in anticipation of a storm, and paid little attention to the commotion overhead.

Suddenly it seemed to me as if every bone in my body had been wrenched. I found myself on my hands and knees, with the floor of the cabin rising like a steep wall before me. Then I saw a very queer thing. The mirror broke obliquely from corner to corner, and through the rent came a torrent of foul-bilge water. People have described the wrecking of a vessel in a storm at sea as a magnificent, terrible spectacle, but that is all that I saw at that moment of its occurrence—the mirror parting in the middle and the bilge-water pouring into the room.

But that was enough. I knew that the ship was doomed. The mate, Sanders, stood in the doorway. "What is this?" yelled Knott. "The ship has struck a bar and is going to pieces!" the mate answered. "All hands on deck!"

He spoke pretty much as he might have talked if he were giving an order to holy-stone decks, yet I knew that he had a wife at home, and a child whom he had never seen, but had hoped to see on the morrow. His coolness was habit, you see.

I don't know how we got on deck. We men helped the three women up, of course. That was habit, too. Good habits tell in a time like that just as much as they do in an evening party in a drawing-room on shore.

The Ayrshire was on the great sandbar which lies off the whole New Jersey coast. Hundreds of ships used to be wrecked there. Before the life-saving service was established the New Jersey shore was strewn with wreckage.

The emigrants were swarming on the decks. A fearful surf broke over us continually. The ship was irremovably settled in the sands, but it was rocked incessantly by the waves. All around us was the impenetrable grayness of the fog, through which came the terrible thunder of the breakers on the shore. It drowned the shrieks of the women and even the hoarse shouts of the Captain's trumpet.

"Safely we are on land!" piped Mrs. Murray, close beside me. "The ship is fast."

"On a bar," said the mate. From the moment of her striking there was no chance of saving the vessel, which was rapidly going to pieces. The passengers and crew were huddled on the quarter-deck. Three boats were launched, but before one of them could be manned they were swept away like feathers in a storm.

We found afterward that we had gone upon the bar off the village of

Point Pleasant. Our guns were heard on shore and the crew of men along shore came at once to our rescue, but the fog was so dense that we did not see their signal lights nor, with the wind blowing toward shore, hear the firing of their mortar. It was after hours of mortal agony and suspense that a wild yell of delight broke from the ship's crew; they rushed together, grasping a light cord which had fallen as if from the skies across the deck.

It was a fine shot from the life-saving men's mortar on shore.

"Gently, men! gently!" shouted the Captain, hoarsely, as he himself caught the cord and pulled on it. By means of the line the crew pulled a rope from the shore to the ship, and this rope served in turn to draw on board a great cable. The crew made the cable fast to the hull of our vessel, and it was pulled taut from the shore.

At that period of marine history, when a cable had been stretched from the land to a wrecked vessel it was generally supposed that the rescuers had done all they could, and it remained for the ship's company to find their way to the shore if they could, clinging to this rope. But now, slung to the cable, there came out to the vessel that same queer little boat which I saw the other day at Point Pleasant. It is shaped like an egg, with a hole in the top through which the passengers crawl to enter the boat. The car will hold about fifteen people. When the passengers are packed away in it and the lid has been screwed down, it is drawn back to land through the breakers, turning over and over as it goes.

It was a fearful trip to make, but it was the one chance for life to the people on the ship.

I cannot fitly describe the awful scene on that wreck; the darkness, the wet, the thunder of the sea, the hundreds of men and women standing there facing death, and fully realizing the perils that surrounded them.

It was the first time that the life-car had ever been tested by actual service, and even the Captain looked doubtfully at the strange-looking craft that had come out to the ship along the cable.

"Who will go in it?" he shouted. "The women have the first choice. It is not a good chance, but it is the only one."

The men among the emigrants began to push their wives and children toward the car, but the poor creatures they shrieked and fought against entering it. I did not blame them. It is bad enough to go down, drowned in the open waters, but to go down locked up in that iron coffin—

"Very well," cried the Captain. "There is no time for choice. If the women will not go, the men shall."

At that little Miss Muffet stepped forward before them all, actually smiling.

"Come," she said to the terrified women, "if I go, you surely will follow me. I am nothing but a poor little cripple!"

She stepped into the dark box and lay down in it. Then the others crowded into it after her. Stout English matrons and pretty Irish girls, children and babies. When the car was full, its lid was screwed down tight and it was pulled out into the waves. Upon the ship no man shouted and no woman cried in the few minutes that followed. We could see and hear nothing.

But presently the car came back—empty. Then we breathed freely again, for we knew that the people it had carried had reached the land safely.

All of the other passengers were taken to the shore in the same manner. Over three hundred lives were saved by that life-car on its first night of service. Do you wonder that I took off my hat to it the other day?

Two years after the shipwreck which I have told you of, I met Mrs. Murray, and with her plump, rosy girl who she told me, was her daughter, the one that I had known on the Ayrshire as an invalid. Now the girl's eyes shone and the red

blood glowed in her cheeks.

Miss Murray said that the voyage in the car had given her new life. But I thought that the new life had come rather with the awakening of courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice within her.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Vicissitudes of Journalism.

Translated for AMERICAN PRESS.

It is exceedingly amusing, remarks a provincial exchange, to conduct a newspaper. Give your readers a quantity of current news or political discussion, and some will complain that you have exceeded the just measure. Dispense less lavishly the same information, and these very readers will perhaps notify you that you are poorly informed, and not conversant with the requirements of your calling. Do you print your paper in distinct and readable type, the public will protest that you sacrifice the amount of information, at their expense, for your own aggrandizement. Employ a smaller type, and objection will be raised that it is unreadable. Furnish recent and reliable telegraphic news, and you will be charged with having copied it; subordinate this feature, and you are at once accused of negligence; omit it entirely and your paper will prove for a multitude a prolific somnolent. If you are accustomed to publish original articles, you will meet with peremptory condemnation for not furnishing desirable reading matter; contrariwise, fill your journal with the products of contemporaneous periodicals, and lo! you are designated a plagiarist. Endeavor to speak favorably of such and such an one; it is adjudged abominable partiality. Go to the opposite extreme and your indiscretion will be equally culpable. Should you chance to insert an article that receives favor from your female readers, the opposite sex will naturally be displeased. If you dabble in religion, you are a hypocrite; on the other hand, if you maintain a discreet silence, you are decreed a heretic. In a word, the pleasure of publishing a newspaper in this enlightened age may be compared to the satisfaction experienced by the aged traveler in the table, who accompanied by his little son, leading a capricious donkey, was grievously perplexed in his attempt to conform to the counsel of passers-by—some advising him to ride, other's cautioning him to go afoot.—*Archives de l'Imprimerie.*

The Lost Found.

The following true story comes from Asheville, Ala.: Five years ago, while visiting friends in Calera, Ala., Jas. G. Arnold, of Asheville, had a little six-year-old daughter stolen from him. He learned that she had been abducted by one Sarah Colbert, a woman of bad repute, but could not learn in what direction the woman had gone. A close search was made, and detectives were employed to assist in it, but nothing could be heard of the woman or child. Ever since the father has kept up the search, and until last week, he found little to encourage him. Last week Arnold went into St. Clair county. Following the Coosa bluff, he proceeded until he reached the centre of Cherokee county. Here he learned that a little waif girl was at the house of one McAlva, about fifteen miles distant. He found the child playing in the front yard of McAlva's place, and readily recognized her.

A Little Child Wanders from Home—A Long but Successful Search.

Last Saturday evening while Mr. and Mrs. James M. Morgan were out feeding their stock, their little daughter, Laura Josephine, a toddler of two years, concluded to take an evening walk by herself. When Mr. and Mrs. Morgan came to the house their little daughter was gone, and which way they did not know. Search was at once instituted, darkness came and the mother's grief and anxiety for her little girl baby increased with every moment. A general alarm was made and the search continued until 5 o'clock next morning, when they stopped to rest and wait for day. As soon as day dawned the search was resumed, and the searchers increased in number until there were over one hundred. About 9 o'clock Sunday morning the little wanderer was found over a mile from home about 25 yards from the road beside a log. Its father was the first to find it, and when trying to get up it said to its father: "Me is been out with hogs." The child was not chilled very much and was soon itself again.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

Some of Franklin's Maxims.

Work today for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow.

Diligence is the mother of good luck; and God gives all things to industry.

Fly pleasure and it'll follow you: The diligent spinner has a large shift.

Early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good morrow.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

By diligence and perseverance the mouse eats the cable in two.

If you would know the value of money try to borrow some of it.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your pure open.

THE FIRST STEP.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

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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.

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