

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL III.

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NO. 44

### Young America's Rage.

Young Mr. O'Donovan (native born, to his father of foreign extraction)—Don't yer go deceivin' yerself by thinkin' I'm a cryin' 'cause yer licked me, for I ain't. I'm all upset at bein' struck by a fanner, an' not bein' able to strike back!—*Life.*

### Helping the Teacher Out.

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school.

'What did you learn?' asked his aunt on his return.

'Didn't learn anything,' said Tommy.

'Well, what did you do?' 'Didn't do anything! A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat,' and I told her.'—*London Tit-Bits.*

'Ob, Lord! how you made me jump!' as the grasshopper remarked when he was first created.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

To see Senator Beck drink an apple toddy is declared by experts to be a liberal education.—*Washington Republic.*

Misinformation.—Mrs. McCorkle—'What is your son doing now, Mrs. McCrackle?' Mrs. McCrackle—'He is a pharmacist.' Mrs. McCorkle—'A farm assist, is he? Why, I heard some one say he was clerking in a drug store.'—*Judge.*

### At Ten O'clock Sharp.

'I am the speaker of this house,' said Jennie's papa, in no uncertain tones, 'and I shall notify that young man of yours that when I make a motion to adjourn it does not require a second in order to go into effect. The motion to adjourn will be made at 10 o'clock sharp.'—*Minneapolis Times.*

'Yes, Sir—yes, Sir—we are being taxed to death in this country!' he shouted, as he stood on the rear platform of a street car. 'How much taxes do you pay, for instance?' 'I pay \$100,' said one of the group. 'How much? How much do I pay?' 'I—well, I am not talking for myself, but for my brother. His taxes would have been at least \$12 this year if he hadn't sold out.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Oak and the Vine.

A FABLE.

An old oak tree, near a shaded wood, Was puzzled because it could do no good;

Its bark was ragged, its limbs were bare, And nothing of beauty or life was there.

Save its tender heart, which throbb'd with pain, Fearing it might not be useful again.

With eyes that were eager it search'd everywhere For something on which it might lavish its care, And first in the twilight a glittering star

Attracted its gaze to the heavens afar. The tree exclaimed loudly, "Bright gem of the sky, May not I assist you? Oh, do let me try."

But the star twinkled gaily and only replied, "The distance between us, old tree, is too wide."

Resolved that it would not be baffled so soon The oak cast a glance at the silvery moon, And pleaded, "Oh, hear me, fair queen of the night, To serve or assist you would be my delight."

But the moon veiled her face with a light floating cloud, And stood in no need of assistance she vowed.

The oak was indignant, its face wore a frown; Repelled from above it resolved to look down, And lo, at its feet, rather small to be seen,

Grew a delicate vine with its tendrils of green, It murmured, "Oh, long I've been trying to stand, But had not the courage, pray give me your hand;

Long have I uttered this low feeble cry, But you could not hear me, your head was so high."

So the vine stretched its tendrils, the tree caught them fast, Till danger of slipping or falling was past;

Then climbing still upward it daily grew bold, And daily some beauty and grace would unfold.

Thus reaching the branches it covered them over, And the old barren tree was unsightly no more.

Now ye who are anxious, with wish that is true, To know your whole duty, that duty to do; Ere searching through fields that are distant and wide Scan closely the duty that stands at your side.

### The American Woman.

It is interesting to hear what Mrs. Kendal thinks about American women and their possibilities. In New York the other day she said: "The American woman is a continual surprise to me. A card would be brought up to me, properly engraved and bearing the name, say Mrs. Smith, I was out, and the next day I would get a note from Mrs. Smith, charmingly written, regretting my absence and asking when she would find me at home. I would write and tell her, and then there would appear a lady, well dressed, well educated, who had seen almost everything there was to see, and talked about usen and the latest fads. While she was with me another caller would come in, and after Mrs. Smith went away the second one would inform me that twenty years ago Mrs. Smith was standing behind a counter selling peanuts, or helping her mother in a laundry. I would go to a luncheon at Mrs. Smith's house; the service was perfect, the rooms exquisitely furnished, the hostess herself charming. Now, this could only happen in America, and why? Take an English woman in the same standing, get her governess to teach her French, get her a music master, some one to teach her to hold her knife and fork correctly, to receive her guests properly, and she simply never could learn. There is something in the American, especially in the feminine brain, that seems to grasp the right idea with a quickness that is wonderful, which I, as an English woman, intensely admire. There are no women in the world like them."

### From the Old Homestead.

### JOHN RUSSELL.

In the shadows of the Cumberland mountains stands the elegant home of Mr. Nolon. The eminence upon which the mansion stands commands a fine view of the river, which meets the grassy lawn as its margin, winding onward, almost making an island of the Nolon homestead. North and west looms up the great Cumberland, standing like a sentinel, guarding the homes that rest at its feet.

'Aunt Dilsy, call me early in the morning. My trunks are packed and ready. See that Jim does not take my valise in the baggage wagon. I will carry that.'

'Don't you pester, my chile. Your ole mammy, what nuss and raise you, ain't gwine ter let you go off to dat low country 'cept you is fixed right. I put your comb, brush, and your shippers in de right han' side of de lise. I wrap up a bundle of waters an' put in dar, 'cause you ain't gwine ter git none of ole Dilsy's cooking trabin' on de kears.'

Among the first things that Clara Nolon could remember was the kind face of Aunt Dilsy smiling down upon her. Mr. Nolon had been a wealthy planter, before the war owning many slaves, and he lived a life of quiet ease. His wife was a sweet, gentle lady, who lived but a few days after Clara was born. Following close upon this bereavement was the emancipation of the slaves, but, through it all, there remained one true to him and his child—old faithful Dilsy—who had always the care of the household, and who styled herself little Clara's "black mammy." She boldly declared that freedom meant nothing to her, as she never expected to leave "dat motherless chile to follow free niggers 'round."

The years passed quietly and swiftly with Mr. Nolon. No other woman had ever supplanted Clara's mother in his affections. He was contented to watch his little daughter grow, all unconsciously, from a tender bud into a beauteous flower, shedding a rich fragrance of love and gentleness around her, making her the idol of her father's heart.

Clara sat on the marble steps of her home, with faithful dog Bruno at her feet. She heard the creak of the gate, and, looking up, saw through the shadows the form of John Russell approaching.

'Good-evening, John. It is so kind of you to come to-night, since I am to start on my long promised visit to Jennie in the morning. Sit here by me and we will watch the moon rise.'

'We will miss you sadly,' said John, as he took the proffered seat.

'Yes; but you know I have not seen Jennie since we left school. She writes me she is anxiously awaiting my arrival.'

'What conquests you and your classmate will make. How I do pity the poor moths who will get their wings singed,' said John, playfully, as he tapped Clara on the cheek.

'I am not after making conquests,' said Clara, 'but I do want to see something of the world. Jennie writes me that the winter promises to be a brilliant one for New Orleans.'

'Clara,' and John Russell's handsome face looked grave, 'I want you to go and enjoy yourself, but you will meet much glittering tinsel that is not gold. I hope you will be wise enough to discern the difference. Don't think I want to mar any of your bright anticipations, but for some reason it weighs on my spirits when I think of your absence. I will leave for Germany before you return, to finish my medical course.'

'Oh, John, you will not leave before I return, I hope, I regret so much the necessity of your going so far from home. How I will miss you. We were never separated long, except when you were at college and I at boarding school.'

'But you will be pleased when I return fitted to fill a useful sphere in life?'

'Yes,' answered Clara, softly.

'Clara,' said John, as he drew nearer to her, 'we have known each

other since our earliest recollection, and for me life has been one bright, happy dream. To be near you and know that you still possessed the pure, sweet innocence of your childhood filled me with delight and I was content to see and be near you. But now we are soon to go different ways, and, my darling, I know not how dear you were to me until I came to bid you good-bye. Clara, I love you. I can't let you go without telling you.'

'John,' and Clara answered calmly, 'you have always been more like a dear brother to me, always so kind and thoughtful of my welfare.'

'It was because I loved you, Clara, but I never realized the depth of it until to-night.'

'I prize your love, dear John; you have always been so kind and true. I have never loved another: Let me have time to consider.'

'So he it then my dearest,' said John Russell, as he tenderly kissed her hand and was gone.

It was a gay and fashionable throng that had assembled in the parlors of Mrs. Sinclair. The reception was given in honor of her daughter's friend, Miss Clara Nolon. Sweet strains of music are wafted through the lofty rooms, while the rich fragrance of rare exotics fill the air. Many very fair women and handsome men have been gathered. Lovely did Clara look in her dress of white albatros, old point lace, and pearls. Nothing became her blonde beauty more.

'Who is that fair young lady?' The person was a dark, and handsome gentleman, speaking to Jennie Sinclair, who was radiant in her rich crimson velvet and diamonds.

'Why, that is my dear friend, Shall I introduce you?'

When Clara looked up and saw Victor Lorraine's splendid dark eyes bent upon her she felt a thrill of indescribable joy pass over her. She was shy and embarrassed in his presence, and yet when alone she was constantly thinking of him, and was glad when he asked permission to call again.

Time passed on. To Clara it was a sweet dream, from which she never wished to awake. Victor Lorraine had entered into the inner sanctuary of her heart's temple and his dark, handsome face and fascinating manners were always before her. She eagerly quaffed the nectar drops of bliss, and all the world seemed to be bright and beautiful. She often thought of John Russell, from whom she heard regularly. 'Dear John,' Clara would often say within herself, 'my lifelong friend, how thoughtful you have ever been to me!'

Victor was devoted to her and urged a speedy marriage. He was of a warm, impulsive nature, restless of restraint. He pleaded his suit so earnestly that she was loth to refuse. Clara put off writing to John day after day, for she knew now, since she herself had entered the world of love, that John had always loved her, and she grieved to pain his noble heart.

Five years have passed away. Over the city hangs heavy laden clouds, while the rising smoke from thousands of chimney flues adds intensity to their gloom. The summer has been unusually hot and dry.

Sitting in her room is Clara, busily stitching a herring-bone row of embroidery around the neck and sleeve of a little dress, when she hears the patter of little feet down the hallway. It is faithful old Dilsy, who has been to give the children an airing. Clara's married life has been a happy one. God had blessed her with two sweet children—Ernest, who was her father's exact counte part, with little Clara, with her bright blue eyes and flaxen curls, was very like her mother. Victor was a kind and loving husband. She had been blest and she asked for no more. Early one morning Dilsy rushed in her room and fell on her knees at her mistress' feet. Her eyes were dilated and she was trembling in every limb.

'My chile, de Lord have mercy! Dat yellow fever am come to dis city. Oh, my chile, if I des had you

and dem little lambs away up in Tennessee on master's place!'

'What do you mean?' asked Clara in frightened tones.

'De doctors tried to smuggle it in de hospitals, but it jus' keep spreadin' and spreadin!'

The door opened and Victor came in. He confirmed Clara's worst fears. The yellow fever was upon them—that dreadful scourge that means death to so many—and there was no way of escaping, as every outlet was closely guarded. They could but stand and await its dreaded appearance, and Clara prayed fervently that the angel of death might pass over her house.

One morning she awoke feeling quite unwell and Victor summoned a physician at once. He came and pronounced it the dreaded enemy. Dilsy declared her intention of nursing 'her chile' herself, stating that she would not trust her with a hired nurse. Oh, the gloom and silence of the streets! The angel of death seemed to be poisoning with outspread wings, hovering over the entire city. In a short time little Clara grew hot and restless, and Aunt Dilsy put on her cool night dress and put her in her crib. She was too tender a heart, however, to long withstand the ravages of disease, and, while the mother lay unconscious in the hot embrace of the stalking giant, the angels bore the spirit of her darling child to a brighter world.

This blow was too much for Victor. He could not think of the cold grave shutting out her infantile beauty forever. The world had grown so dark, and the air seemed to be so heavy that he felt like he was suffocating. His brain was in a whirl as he stood, with his arms folded across his breast, looking sadly down at the now empty crib. While standing thus little Ernest drew near to him and lisped, "Papa, where have they carried sister? Ere he could answer he reeled and fell, insensible, on the bed.

The scourge spreads, and the authorities have procured more medicinal aid from other cities. All is being done that can be done. Pale men and weeping women stand with folded hands, powerless to flee, yet not able to meet the relentless foe that cuts them down as the grass of the field. Faithful old Dilsy had watched by the bedside of the sick night and day. The next day after Victor took the fever Ernest was stricken down, and not a word would Dilsy speak except to whisper a few directions to the new nurse concerning the medicine the doctor had left. She would shudder to hear the hearse roll over the pavement, as it sounded to her imaginative brain, like the death rattle, and she would tremble to think how soon it might have to stop again at their door.

One morning Dilsy was bending over Clara's bed, trying to find some favorable symptoms, when she heard a step near, and, looking up, she exclaimed: 'De Lord be praised; here is Mass John!' and, clapping her hands, she went from one room to another whispering, 'thank de Lord, thank de Lord!'

'Dilsy, when were the family stricken?'

She told Dr. Russell the beginning of each one's sickness, as he passed over from Clara's bedside to that of Victor and thence to Ernest's.

'The crisis will pass with your mistress to-night; watch her closely. To-night will tell the story. With the others the disease has not advanced so far. I will watch with you to-night.'

'God bless you, Mars John! I hab watch dat chile faithful, but when de little one died and Mars Victor and Ernest was took sick I liked to give up. How I is wish for you all dese long, dark days.'

Night comes down and a death-like stillness reigns over the city. A heavy fog has risen on the river and is creeping up, spreading over the homes of the sufferers, while the burning tapers from the sick chambers send out their feeble light, like a ray of hope, through the gloom and misery of the impenetrable darkness. Dilsy was standing at the foot of Clara's bed. Dr. Rus-

sell had just returned from looking at Victor and Ernest, and as he approached her bed Clara opened her eyes. 'Am I dreaming? Is that you, John?'

Dr. Russell glanced quickly at Dilsy and placed his finger on his lips. He felt her pulse and said: 'You are not dreaming, Clara. Be quiet and go to sleep.'

'I will,' she said, with that gentleness that had always characterized her in her girlhood. Soon her regular, low breathing denoted that the crisis had passed. Dr. Russell whispered to Dilsy, as he passed her to go to Victor's room, 'Watch her closely. With good nursing we can save her.'

A shade of sadness passed over his face as he leaned over Victor. The indications were alarming. His poignant grief over the death of little Clara had facilitated the disease in its most malignant form. The clock chimed out the hour of midnight, still there was no change. Day dawned and found Victor Lorraine's life slowly ebbing away. Dr. Russell first noted the change, and he did not leave the bedside, but sat with his fingers on Victor's pulse, counting the feeble beats that drew him each one nearer to eternity.

Much would Dr. Russell have given to have brought Victor Lorraine back to healthy, vigorous manhood. He had so much to live for—how his dear wife and child would miss him. He never felt unkindly toward Victor for winning Clara, when she wrote him a frank, open letter telling him that she could not reciprocate his affection, as she loved another. To know that she was happy, he was content to live out his days alone. He had devoted himself exclusively to his profession since his return home. He preferred remaining on the fine estate left him by his father, near Clara's old home, practicing in the neighborhood and village, although knowing he could have stood in the front ranks of his profession in a city.

There was a feeble flutter of the pulse, and Dr. Russell knew that Victor Lorraine's soul was with his God. He arose and gently lowered his head and folded his hands. On going to Ernest, he found him sleeping quietly. He then called Dilsy to him and bade her keep Clara in ignorance of what had happened; the shock would be too much for her. What a sad return to life and health would be Clara's, her first and tenderest love had been taken! The rosy morn of life was over for her.

With the coming frost new cases numbered less; before many weeks the city put on a business air. Men looked hopeful when they were no longer quarantined and could hold communication with the outside world.

The loss of her loved ones retarded Clara's restoration many weeks. She felt were it not for Ernest she could not live. For his sake, who was the image of his father, she would try to take up the burden of life again. The doctors advised her to go away; they thought she would regain her strength and wanted cheerfulness sooner; Ernest would improve faster. But she was loth to leave her dead. She wanted to be near where they slept. One bright, frosty morning she had arisen and put on a wrapper of some soft, clinging material, while Dilsy stood back of her chair brushing her hair.

'Honey, les go back to our ole home? De sight ob dat place would put new life in dese ole bones. Les take Ernest and go way from de place we hab so much trouble!' said Dilsy.

Clara's tears flowed afresh when she thought of the sad home-going. Only one short year ago her father had died. His maiden sister—who had lived with Mr. Nolon since Clara's marriage, and who still remained on the estate, it bring so provided in his will that the noble old home should revert to his beloved grandson, Ernest Lorraine, when he attained his majority—had written urging Clara to come back

[Continued to Fourth Page.]

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### LAND SALE.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust made to me by Richmond Scott in order to secure a debt by him contracted with H. S. Robinson, which deed of trust is duly registered in Lincoln county Registry Book 63, Page 2 of Deeds, I will sell at the Court House door in Lincolnton, at 12 o'clock noon on the 1st Monday of court week March 31, 1890, that tract of land now owned and farmed by the said Richmond Scott and lying on the Tuckasegee Road and also on the C. C. R. R. and O. & L. N. G. R. R. about 1 mile East of the courthouse and adjoining the lands of B. H. Sumner and others, containing 64½ acres. Sale to be at public auction to the highest bidder for cash.

J. L. COBB, Trustee. Feb. 25, 1890. 2 28 4t.

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