

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL III.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1890.

NO. 46

An Easy Question to Answer.

Last week the Democrats carried eleven cities in New York, while the Republicans carried but one—Auburn. Rab for Harrison's Administration! It was the first anniversary of his inauguration. What will the third be? And look at Iowa, too!—*Toledo American.*

An Accommodating Speaker.

Republican Congressman Cannon, the other day in the House, rebuked his party in that body for such unprecedented appropriations. But Speaker Reed shut both eyes on his political confere, saw a quorum, and the looting Omnibus bill passed.—*Toledo American.*

Hard Facts to Consider.

The political condition in Iowa and the prospects may be figured from the fact that last Fall the Republican vote was 38,000 less than in 1888, and the Democratic vote 224 more; and political calculators, who remember that Iowa used to have from 50,000 to 80,000 clear Republican majority, can make their estimates and bets for the future.—*Quincy Herald.*

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THE CASE MUST ACCOMPANY EACH ORDER.

G. P. JONES, PENMAN.

Prin. Business Dep't. of Piedmont Seminary, Lincolnton, N. C., Nov. 8, '89.

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Aug. 2, 1889.

3 SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by J. Reedy & Co.

Floater.

She—"And think of it, I learned to swim last summer, and actually became an accomplished floater."
He—"Weally? Well, I must mention that to paw. I heard a man say that at the bath going to win for offit next fall, he must be on the lookout for floaters."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Wouldn't Work in Chicago.

"John," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetwood, glancing across the table at her husband with a horrified face, "here is a shocking paragraph which says that a Chicago man is making shoes from human skin."
"A which man?" asked John, making a jab at his mouth with a slab of toast.
"A Chicago man."
"Then you needn't worry yourself, my dear, it's not so."
"Why not?"
"Because the giants have all been dead too long for their skins to be worth anything as shoe leather."—*Detroit Free Press.*
Caller at the White House—How do you do?
The President (sadly)—I do as they tell me.—*Epoch.*

KERRY'S ANSWER.

BY MARGARET BISLAND.

At half past nine o'clock a steady stream of well-dressed men and women began to pass slowly up and down the wide staircase, through the palm-fringed hall and into the drawing-room cleared for dancing—at ten they fell into groups, and then into couples, who commenced to revolve rhythmically to the sweet, clear strains of 'La Gitana,' played by the Hungarian band secreted somewhere in a palm-bower—by eleven, the number of arrivals ceased, and the young men and women who had been so fortunate as to secure an invitation to Miss Lillian Hastings' debut ball, addressed themselves to the business in hand with commendable ardor.

The great three-tiered brass and crystal chandeliers shed the glow of their myriad lights over gleaming white shoulders, and correct black dress-coats; the long mirrors reflected the brilliant picture of many colored filmy gauze and lace gowns, softly flushed cheeks, eyes bright with the excitement of pleasure—in fact, all the glow and color that lends to a ball-room its beauty, ephemeral in quality, perhaps, but bewitching while it lasts—a student of human nature in every case, an elderly man or woman, will tell us that despite the light, laughter, music and gay chatter, there are many of Miss Hastings' guests who hide under smiles and bright repartee numberless heavy cares and bitter griefs. No doubt the student is in a measure correct; but this prophetic sage must be elderly and experienced to discern the hypocrisy of hearts which a girl so young, pretty and generous natured as Kerry Balfour, will never understand.

She, Kerry, dear little girl, was watching the beautiful scene with shining eyes from a leafy retreat in the music room, and entertaining her companion by quaint criticisms of society in general and balls in particular. From the first moment when she set her dainty slippered feet on the polished floor early in the evening, her brow was crowned with the roses of a ball room's triumphs. Her dance-card was filled with the names of eager, admiring young men, and it was with an air of languid condescension, delightful to behold, that she allowed her waltzes to be ruthlessly cut into halves and thirds to satisfy the importunings of tardy aspirants to her hand in the dance. Her eyes and lips were full of answering smiles; her feet trod the graceful measure lightly and easily. The good sweet bloom of her cheeks rose under the fire of sincere or flippant compliments and admiring glances, and the Kerry, who but yesterday was a simple, quiet child, bloomed like a flower under the sun's ardent gaze, to a lovely woman. She was testing for the first time the strength of her feminine fascinations, and found the experiment full of strange exhilaration.

As the music wound rapidly to a finale Kerry sank into her chair behind the palms with a happy little sigh to confess herself tired, and ready for a proffered ice. Her companion looked down at her with something of amusement in his eyes, as she daintily sipped of a frozen pink rose he had secured in the supper-room; but his manner was flatteringly solicitous and grave. He listened earnestly and replied quickly to her gay sallies, and in no wise attempted to conceal the genuine pleasure he found in watching her ardent gestures and rapidly varying expression. He had noticed her when he first entered the room but a few moments ago: His humor was at that time scarcely a pleasant one, owing to a number of causes—firstly, because although a native of New York, and in his early youth a lover of her society, he had for the past five years lived everywhere else—in Europe and South America principally, and on coming home very suddenly one day, he found, as all returned exiles and wanderers will, that notwithstanding his absence, people in the great city had changed and readjusted

themselves without his leave; so although quickly recognized, and warmly welcomed by his old friends, he felt lonely and out of place.

When a cordial note from Mrs. Hastings met him at the club, begging that he would look in on them Tuesday night, he felt half-tempted to plead a previous engagement; but he remembered, with a smile, Lillian, as he last knew her in short frocks, as a sweet child, and Mrs. Hastings' unflinching kindness to him when a boy, so he wrote a personal note of acceptance, promising to drop in for a moment after the Van Antwerp's dinner, mentally determining never to be caught in this manner again.

'I have become too settled in my tastes to enjoy any longer the tinsel and flash of the ball-room,' he reasoned to himself; 'dinners are more to my mind. Young girls have grown flippant, and thin elbowed nowadays. I bore them with my stiff ways, as they do me. Ah, well! I shall be amused at the Van Antwerp's, first by the clever Miss Grayburn, and then resign myself for an hour to giggles or dull stupidity at the Hastings.'

The dinner was correct, very. The guests well chosen, and Miss Grayburn brilliant, handsome and more gracious in her manner than ever before. Mr. Richard Hatham lingered at her side till the last moment to tear himself away with regretful words and raging inwardly at the confounded nuisance of this children's ball. Abominable! To dull the edge of his evening's pleasure.

His handsome face wore an expression of cold indifference as he lounged in the ball room doorway awaiting an opportunity to greet his hostess, chatter a bit of nonsensical flattery to the debutante and then escape. A slim, blonde young man, whom he recognized as Mr. Jim Brady, lounged with him, swinging a big bouquet of roses and pointing out the rich or pretty women.

'Yes! You don't say so!' answered Richard with lukewarm interest in his voice and wandering gaze as Mr. Brady detailed and dilated on the moneyed value of Miss so and so in the yellow frock.

'Who is that young girl in the white gown, with dark hair and eyes, talking to young Lord,' demanded Richard with sudden interest.

Mr. Brady's face clouded. 'Oh! with slighting emphasis, she is Mrs. Forrest's niece, Southern girl, you know, from New Orleans, I believe; deady poor as all those people are, but pretty enough. The boys have made considerable of a fuss over her to-night; they will soon find out her financial circumstances tho', and she will learn that no woman rules by beauty alone, at least in New York—money before good looks any day.'

'Suppose you introduce me,' answered Richard as though he had not heard Jim's latter remarks.

'Oh! if you wish to know her I'll introduce you; come along. Ah—er Miss Balfour, Mr. Hatham.'

Kerry glanced up, flushing with pretty confusion and dropping her ball card, which Mr. Hatham deftly rescued. Before Brady could remonstrate or claim his waltz, just beginning at that moment, Richard whirled Miss Balfour off and left the angry Jim standing.

Nothing so raises a new male acquaintance in a girl's estimation as to find in him a good dancer.

Notwithstanding his lack of practice, Richard Hatham had not forgotten his long, smooth waltz step, and when the music ceased Kerry bestowed a smile of honest thanks for the dance. Between the sips at the ice she frankly acknowledged her delight with New York society, demanded his admiration of her bouquet, and before Richard realized the fact, he had forgotten his boredom, Miss Grayburn, his hostess, even the whole ball, in watching the charming play of expression that flitted over Kerry's face as he spoke of his travels, books and even reserved man as he was, of some of his aims for the future. The merry music of waltz and lancers was only an accompaniment to his well modulated voice. And Kerry,

naughty girl, felt so pleased and flattered by the conversation and gently deferential attitude of her companion, that she pretended not to see Jim Brady and young Gordon pass and repass her bower in search of their truant partner. But fate in the form of Aunt Forrest discovered the retreat. That lady had grown weary of the noise and lights, and gladly acquiesced with her daughter Florence in the proposition to go home at once.

'But where is Caroline,' enquired Aunt Forrest of Mr. Brady, who she sauntered up, a sulky frown darkening his face.

'Oh, she went off with Richard Hatham half an hour ago, and I have not been able to find her since,' he answered.

'Why there she is, I declare,' cried Mrs. Forrest, her keen eyes piercing the gloom of the shrubbery. 'Come, my dear, at once, Florence and I are quite ready to leave. Ah, Mr. Hatham is it possible that you have returned after all these years?'

With many expressions of pleasure at the meeting, Aunt Forrest introduced her daughter, and assisted in the same breath that Richard should call very soon at No. 5 Fifth Avenue. 'On Tuesday, our day at home, do not forget,' she insisted as he accompanied the ladies to their carriage and raised his hat with words of hearty acceptance.

As they rattled over the uneven pavements Kerry leaned back with a little sigh of contentment. Her first ball, how nice it had been and how sorry she was to come away. That last dance with Mr. Hatham she would never forget it? A feeling of elation crept into her heart as she recalled that gentleman's parting glance, and his murmured words of thanks for their talk as he deftly laid her wrap about her shoulders. She remembered that he had danced with no one else, that his eyes were a very charming blue, and that she would see him Tuesday. Aunt Forrest's voice broke in on her musings; that good lady was holding forth to the silent Florence on Mr. Hatham's perfections, his antecedents and his fortune.

'Of the best people in New York,' she continued volubly; 'this mother was a Miss Vane, very rich, you know; so was his father; and when Richard was left an orphan at sixteen, with his wealth and good looks, he was even then considered as well worth cultivating. He graduated at Harvard, and then went out for a season or two. Some people say he was very much in love with the youngest Miss Grayburn; but he suddenly went abroad to stay five years, and now he has come home he will be more than ever before a tempting bait to scheming mothers and ambitious girls. But, for my part, I think such angling for a man undignified, and am happy to say there is never any necessity of my practicing such social maneuvers,' wound up Mrs. Forrest in a tone of satisfaction.

During the three weeks succeeding the Hastings' ball, Kerry met Mr. Hatham a number of times. He came to Mrs. Forrest's reception tea according to his promise, and found the pretty niece busy behind a dainty tea-table, but he lingered to chat with her a moment, and beg permission to send her cards for a private exhibition of famous paintings. At the Bleeker's dinner, he found himself seated next her, and meeting once or twice in a morning caunter in the Park their friendship grew apace. They talked of books, horses, the stars at the leading theatres. He found she spoke French with grace and ease, and she discovering he knew many of her friends in distant New Orleans, the acquaintance of the Hastings ball grew to something warmer. Was it anything more? Kerry had never asked herself this question: She felt proud and pleased that Mr. Hatham should find pleasure in her society, and looking forward to the occasion of their meeting, showed by a warm pressure of her hand, and a welcoming smile her genuine enjoyment in his society. With the happy thoughtlessness of youth, she forgot that the dinners, picture

exhibitions, theatre parties, rides, etc., would ever cease. That she would be obliged to return home, and that Mr. Hatham would, in all probability, walk out of her life unconscious and uncaring of the effect his absence might produce.

But one day, in the spring, the moment of awakening came, followed by such sorrows and bitter disappointments as did then seem to darken her bright young life. Kerry went for a walk in the Park that morning instead of a ride. As she moved rapidly along in the sunshine under a blue sky, full of promise of friendly balmy days to come, her spirits rose as the color did to her cheeks, and from pure joy she hummed a bit of song under her breath. A quick trot of horses' feet in the bridle path caused her to turn involuntarily and recognize Mr. Hatham, who dismounted quickly. He gave her a gay good-morning, and begged her acceptance of a cluster of crisply yellow jonquils he held in one hand.

'They are my favorites,' she answered with her thanks, 'and these have a good, pure, clean odor—rarely finds in the other hot-house flowers.' When they reached the Park gates to the street, and halted to say good-by, he threw the reins over his horse's head, laughed slightly as though recollecting the fact for the first time, and said half gaily, 'I forgot to tell you that this may be adieu for some time, as I intend going West in a day or two.'

'Yes!' answered Kerry. She started, grew pale, then colored furiously, but said nothing more. He held out his hand, she laid hers in it, there was silence for a moment, then Richard turned away coldly, lifted his hat, sprang to his saddle, and rode rapidly without another word in the direction of down town. Kerry stood quite still where he left her, staring with fading color at his figure disappearing among the long lines of vehicles surging back and forth on the wide thoroughfare. Suddenly she recollected herself and turned mechanically, crossed the open square, and walked like one in a dream down the street which she had that very morning, but an hour back, trod so lightly.

'Going away to the West, very soon. Where? To San Francisco, perhaps. To the West. To the West; going away.' was all she was able to think at first, and then like a shock she remembered she had expressed no slightest regret at his departure; had let him go without a word to show even in a vague way how empty his absence would make her life. 'Oh, why had she been so stupid! Could she not call him back to explain? and a foolish hope shot across her mind like a gleam of light and then faded, 'no, it would be impossible,' and her heart sank. But Kerry was proud, and as unbidden tears of anger and disappointment sprang to her eyes, she winked them back bravely.

'Why should I care,' she thought; 'what difference can his going or coming make to me? I don't love him, and he only likes me; he doesn't care any more than I do,' and she gave the bell an angry jerk. The well-bred butler answered her ring; and as she climbed to her room and took off coat and hat, her eyes fell on the jonquils he had given her. Who can tell what will upset the equanimity of a young woman; certainly Kerry would never have admitted it was the sight of those yellow flowers that caused the lump in her throat to grow so big. But with a passionate gesture she swept the blossoms to the floor, and throwing herself face downwards on the broad divan lay quite silent, till the maid peeped softly through the door to announce luncheon.

'If you please, Marie, tell Aunt Forrest I've a headache, and prefer to remain quiet,' answered Kerry in a broken voice from her retreat among the pillows. But greatly to her annoyance Aunt Forrest appeared to enquire with unusual tenderness and solicitude after her niece's condition. She insisted that the poor child should put on a wrapper, and at least take one small cup of tea. Kerry unlike herself received these advances with sullen

obstinacy, declining all comforts till something in her aunt's voice roused her curiosity; and, turning suddenly, she saw on Mrs. Forrest's usually rosy smiling countenance traces of tears. Instantly her own sorrow was forgotten.

'Why, Auntie, dear, what is the matter? Forgive my bad temper and tell me if I can help you. Why do you cry so, has anything happened?'—kneeling down and putting both arms about the plump, kindly old lady.

'My dear child,' sobbed Mrs. Forrest, 'I may as well tell you your dear father died last night, and your mother telegraphs for you at once—My poor dear little Kerry!'

How these first weeks of terrible grief were spent Kerry never cares to remember. There were some hideous days and nights of travel, during which she sat weeping, ever weeping behind the screen of her long veil. Then the return to the dear home she had known since babyhood, where she and her sisters and brothers had suffered many privations and short moments of unhappiness, but never known death to enter the door. And now how all was changed since that day last autumn when her friends wished her a happy winter and her father kissed her so tenderly at the last. The dear kind father gone, and the helpless mother unable to do aught but weep bitterly. Yet the shock and grief seemed to awaken in Kerry all the strength and sweetness of her hitherto undeveloped character. She lifted all cares from her mother's tired, trembling shoulders, comforted the children set herself with a will to solving the great question of their support. Her father's death left the family well high penitence, his comfortable salary, their only income, expired with him, so Kerry bent her energies to the work not only of cheer-ing but providing for her family. The older boys were struggling on small wages in humble positions; so after much self communion, many long talks with her father's former partner, Mr. Tennel, and a deal of mysterious scribbling by lamplight, Kerry announced one morning that she hoped to show the family the result of her efforts in the Sunday's paper. The boys laughed and her mother's face showed no hope, but Kerry was gratified and triumphant over the appearance of her modest article. Through this medium she gained her independence and—salary.

But had she forgotten her pleasant acquaintance of the winter, the rides in the Park and the cluster of jonquils? Sometimes after a long day's work, while the hot sun glared on the white pavements and the city wore a look of summer dreariness and desertion, Kerry would drop her busy pen, lean her elbows on the littered desk, and let her mind wander back to the bright winter days when care and sorrow had seemed almost afraid to touch her, and love and happiness supreme were hers. But now it is so different. How had she ever been gay and thoughtless? Suppose Richard would come back, would he find her changed from a girl to a woman? Would he like the serious, half-pained look in the once frank bright eyes and the faint lines about the mouth? Would he look at her as he did that day they met in the picture gallery of the museum, or when he gave her the jonquils? But he would never see her again, he had quite forgotten little Miss Balfour, Kerry would remind herself as the hot tears rose to her eyes; he is rich and powerful, while I am only a miserable little woman reporter. It is wrong of me to even think of him, and she would turn resolutely to her work.

But she did think of him despite her noble determination. The very thought of him interfered in her working hours, and followed her to bed, where she lay panting during the dry, hot nights, hiding bitter tears of genuine heart's sickness on the cool pillow. She was too proud to mention his name in letters to her aunt, but waited with chilled

[Continued to Fourth Page.]

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