

The Lincoln Courier.

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Rebuked.

It happened on a crowded horse car. A saddy looking man, very much the worse for having looked too often on the wine when it was red, rose to give his seat to a lady when a robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady still standing.

"S-a-y, you—you feller you, said the boozey but chivalrous individual, as he swayed to and fro, hanging to a strap; "I—I'm drunk, I know, but I—I'll git over it, I will; but you—you're a bog, an' you—you'll never git over it in—in this world—no, sir, never!"

And the other passengers agreed with him.

Now as there is no harm in any one seeking office, so there can be no harm in every one behaving himself if he is disappointed in his aspirations. A complaint submission to the inevitable is a graceful exhibition of philosophical qualities. A ready acquiescence in party decisions is a proof of high party fealty. A prompt, energetic and zealous support of the nominee is an evidence of patriotic and generous impulses.—Lumberton Robesonian.

Confidence in the Old Horse.

The little son of General Crittenden was devoted to his father's war horse, that was named for the illustrious John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the child's grandfather. He asked his father to tell him of a retreat he made during the war, but at a certain point said, "Father, were you on John J.?" Being answered affirmatively, the youngster slid down from the paternal knee, and was toddling off as fast as his little legs could carry him, when his father said:—

"Where are you going, my son?" "Father," he said, turning and showing a face full of reproach, "John J. never would have retreated if you hadn't turned him round."

This same boy grew to manhood, and died with his face to the foe with Custer and his men on the Little Big Horn.—Harper's Magazine for April.

Never Too Late to Mend.—"Are those shoes too far gone to repair?" "No, indeed. I think a new pair of uppers, with soles and heels, will make 'em all right. The leathers are good.—New York Sun.

The Blessed Brood.

Gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them close to your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough ascend youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by and by

When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;
When you'll long for a repetition sweet,

That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother! mother!" the dear love calls
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,

The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come never more,

You will miss them from your side.
Then gather them to your loving heart;
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,

Soon enough ascend youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

—Good Housekeeping.

THE CODE DUELLO.

In the south the code duello seems to have become suddenly an institution of the present. For every little grievance the party insulted challenges the party insulting to a war of two—an encounter with deadly weapons with a purpose to take human life. The great majority of these duels have fortunately resulted in neither the loss of life nor limb, yet their effect upon the public morals is extremely injurious. A few weeks ago a friend of the writer related the following story, which, while it may interest the reader, will, at the same time I hope, benefit him if he will but consider the moral contained within it.

In the city of N—, Georgia, just about ten years ago, a divorce suit was attracting the attention of the public, on account of the high social position of the parties litigant and of the general esteem in which the plaintiff—the wife—was held. Upon the second day of the trial Mrs. A., the plaintiff, was recalled as a witness to rebut some statement made by an adverse witness. During the cross-examination, which was extremely severe and trying for a lady of refinement, some question was put to her so harsh that the spectators felt indignant and turned their gaze from the distressed countenance of Mrs. A. to that of her counsel, in the expectant hope that he would interfere.

"Stop! May it please your honor, I object to the mode of cross-examination pursued by counsel, as my client is a lady and the circumstances do not warrant this extreme harshness." The speaker, Paul Allen, was a young man in the full flush of health, not handsome, but with features indicative of strong will power, and, withal, so pleasing in expression that one liked and trusted him at first glance. As he uttered these words his fine blue eyes flashed and darkened with the intensity of his emotions.

"I quite agree with you," replied Judge Clifford. "Mr. Ashmore," "Mr. Ashmore, the opposing counsel, a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, was fairly trembling with rage. His eyes looked at that moment like those of an angry bull,

while his usually red face was of scarlet color. Men had said hard things of James Ashmore—of his morals and violent temper—and one viewing his working features at this moment would no longer doubt of their truthfulness. All the evil in the man's nature seemed to come to the surface. Heedless of the judge, who was waiting to gain his attention, he strode over to young Allen. With his index finger shaking at the latter's face he fairly hissed: "Did you mean to insinuate that my conduct was other than that of a gentleman?"

"My language, Mr. Ashmore, was quite plain, but you can put that construction upon it that best suits you," replied Paul, in a steady voice. "Then, sir, I brand you as a cowardly liar, and—a blow full in Ashmore's face from the fist of Paul cut short the sentence and sent the recipient reeling against one of the desks that were placed at regular intervals upon the floor of the court room. Before he could recover himself the sheriff intervened his sturdy frame between the two men.

"Gentlemen," broke in the judge, you forget yourselves and that respect that you owe to this court." "Paul, with his breast heaving and head bent in shame, looking up to the judge, thus spoke: 'I crave your honor's pardon. I lost my self-control.' Ashmore only sat and glared upon Paul and offered no apology.

"Mr. Ashmore, I fine you fifty dollars, and you, Mr. Allen, ten dollars," said Judge Clifford. The case then progressed, resulting in favor of Paul's client. This fact, you may easily imagine, did not lessen Ashmore's anger.

"Follow me now to the lobby of the hotel, that great place in all southern towns for the congregation of young men after business hours. Business for the day was just over, and little groups were gathered here and there in the lobby and billiard room discussing the news of the day. Some of these were speaking excitedly of Paul Allen. 'Boys,' said one of the party, 'I have never had the pleasure of seeing much of Paul Allen, as he is very studious and does not participate in those pleasures that most men of his age find so agreeable, but, from all accounts, he is a fine fellow and is rapidly making his mark, and I for one would hate to see him shot by that scamp, Ashmore.'

"So say we, one and all," replied another, 'but if he does not show the white feather that will undoubtedly be the result of their meeting, Ashmore is a dead shot, and I doubt if Paul ever fired a pistol twice in his life.'

"No fear of the white feather about Paul," spoke up another; 'a braver man never lived, but he is a member of the church and may not accept the challenge. I hope he won't, for I am opposed to the code duello tooth and nail.' The group then parted for their several homes.

"At that moment Paul was entering the front door of his father's mansion. There was a sad, dejected look upon him, as if some great burthen was oppressing him. As the door closed upon his form he shook himself, looked into the glass of the hat-rack, and tried, not quite successfully, to assume a cheerful look and bearing. Little feet pattered down the carpeted hall, and a beautiful, dark-eyed child, with arms thrown wide open, rushed to meet him with the query, 'Brother, what kept you so late? Supper is almost over.' He stooped and, with a hand on each of her fair, soft cheeks, tenderly kissed her, and then holding her hand in one of his, said, as they walked to the dining-room, 'Come, Eva, I am here now, so don't scold.'

"Upon entering the dining-room Paul embraced his mother and greeted his father, as was his wont, but the usual cheerfulness of their evening reunions was sadly lacking. After he had eaten in silence and was in the act of rising, his mother, a fine looking lady of forty-five, suddenly put aside her crochet work, and, turning a sad and troubled face to his, said: 'Paul, I hear that Mr. Ashmore has challenged you to

a duel. Is it so?" "Yes, mother; but I had hoped that you would not so soon have heard of it?"

"My son, you will not accept it, will you?" "Accept it," broke in Mr. Allen; "of course he will accept it. Do you think a son of mine would for one instant hesitate where his honor is concerned?"

"But, Mr. Allen," interrupted Mrs. Allen, "Paul is a member of the church—a christian boy—and how can a christian fight a duel? Dueling is wrong and sinful, and it would not blemish Paul's reputation if he would take a high stand and refuse to fight. Paul," continued Mrs. Allen, turning to her son, "there was a time when, as every little difficulty or care crossed your path, you would come to your mother for advice and assistance. Believe me, my son, that while you are now grown and have entered upon the active duties of life, you are not too old or wise to still be guided by your mother's advice when honor is remotely concerned. Be guided by me in this matter now, my son, and refuse to stain your hands in another's blood and wreck your future happiness."

"Mary," said Mr. Allen, "I am not what is strictly called a christian. I have never become a member of any church, yet my whole life has been such as to gain me the respect and confidence of my fellow men, and I tell you that the surest way to wreck Paul's happiness is to make him refuse this challenge, which done, he becomes a mark at which every finger in this community is pointed in ridicule and contempt. That great regulator of human action, public opinion, will crush him and deprive him of success in his career."

"Not so, Mr. Allen," replied the wife. "No one can ever truthfully say that Paul is a coward. Who was it that rescued little Jimmie Mouis from the flames when even the firemen held back? It was Paul. Does it indicate bravery in fighting a duel? No, oh, no; but when one, knowing the wrong, is pushed on by the fear of public opinion, its censure and sting, does it not indicate a lack of that highest and noblest of all courage—moral courage?" Paul, continued Mrs. Allen, walking over to where Paul stood, tracing with thoughtful eye the pattern of the carpet, and putting her arms around his neck, 'why are you silent? Speak and promise your mother that you will not meet this man. You are my only son, Paul, and the thought that you may be brought home a corpse; that I may hear your voice no more—' With a convulsive shiver Mrs. Allen buried her head upon her son's bosom and gave vent to her tortured feelings in sobs that pierced her son's heart like daggers.

"Mr. Allen was not unmoved, for, rising abruptly from his easy chair, he walked with agitated step from the room. Little Eva, clinging to one of his arms, between broken sobs begged him not to fight and get killed, as they all loved him so much.

"Mother," said Paul, in an unsteady voice, while he gently disengaged her arms from his neck, 'you unman me. Let me go to my room, and calmly, if possible, think this matter over.'

"God protect and guide you, my boy," sobbed Mrs. Allen. Paul hurriedly quit the room, and, going to his cozy little chamber, threw himself into his comfortable study chair, but it did not give him the usual pleasure, for, with an impatient movement, he arose and paced the floor, every now and then speaking aloud in the commune that he was holding with himself.

"Tomorrow at six I am to leave this old home, perhaps never to return again in life. My whole being throbs in sympathetic response to my mother's appeal, and yet the minutes fly by that separate me from crime against the laws of man and the commands of God. I am, as she said, a churchman but not a christian, for I have not found that strength to support me in a refusal to fight that comes to the aid of the

weak when they are heavy laden and have faith. I know hardly how to fire a pistol, but I don't care for that, as I will not even fire at him. Dueling is fast sinking into disuse. The time is not far distant when all voices, except those of the wicked, shall be raised in general acclaim against its practice. The north has condemned it in tones not uncertain, and the progressive spirit of the south even now condemns it. The scorn and ridicule that await a man refusing to fight in this section should more properly be bestowed upon him who fights. I see all this and feel it, but, alas, I have tried hard, God alone knows how hard, to screw my courage to the point that I might refuse, but my strength failed me; the mental picture of perhaps exaggerated consequences aroused my pride and overthrew my moral courage. Courage! Bravery! How often acts that contain no single element of you—that in their inception were the offspring of pride or fear—are lauded by the people. Here I am struggling to obtain courage and not to fight—the latter so easy, the former so difficult. The act of duty which a man performs in the face of overwhelming opposition and against every desire of his own is true bravery—it is heroism. My thoughts are growing confused. They will no longer obey me, but—guide me, for I am growing weak.' Paul threw himself back into his easy chair and with intent look seemed to gaze into the heavens beyond the frescoed ceiling. Soon he sank into a restless sleep, and during this semi-unconsciousness the face of his little sister, Eva, and also that of his mother seemed to smile upon him in encouragement and then to grow sad. He is now upon the dueling grounds. Positions are selected, and he faces Ashmore, each with the long dueling pistol, ready for the word, 'fire.' 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' Both answer 'yes.' 'Fire!' Two flashes in quick succession. Ashmore falls, the blood already making a crimson stain upon his shirt front. No need for the 'one, two, three—stop!'

"With horror written upon every lineament of Paul's face he leaps from his chair, looks around in a dazed way at each article of the familiar furniture, and then exclaimed, with devout earnestness, 'Thank God, it was but a dream. My resolution is taken. I will not fight this duel.'

"Again the easy chair receives him, but how differently it feels now. The question is decided, and peace and quiet are gradually soothing his perturbed spirits. Rest is now yielded by the sleep that closes his eyelids, and when the servant calls him at six o'clock he feels refreshed and strong in limb and resolution. He quietly descended the staircase, got his hat and overcoat and proceeded to the house of the friend who had consented to act as his second, but his purpose was to tell him that he would not meet Ashmore.

"Upon arriving at his friend's house he was told by the servant that his master was waiting for him in the front parlor, where he had been for an hour. Paul, upon entering, was greeted cordially. 'Read this,' he said, at the same time handing Paul a note which read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Allen: 'Mr. Ashmore has been arrested upon a bench warrant for sending a challenge. We will therefore be unable to meet you as arranged. See me in the morning, as I think that this affair can now be amicably arranged. Yours truly, TOM WEST.'

"Now, not to prolong the story, I will tell you that this was soon settled and that no duel was ever fought. When the glad tidings reached Paul's family, which was soon after the joy in that family would have been beneficial to any one witnessing it. Paul has now risen to an enviable height in his profession, and the people in that section of the south fully recognize the folly of duelling and the practice, in consequence, has fallen into total disuse."

Best Oil for Preserving Leather.

Animal oils and grasses incorporate themselves with the fibre; they do not evaporate. Their action is like that of compounding various metals—instead of forming a composition, in the one case, all the elements are so compounded that their individuality is lost, and separation is almost impossible; in the other, the elements are mixed, but can be separated almost without loss in bulk. Moisture will drive the grease to the surface, and gradually the interior will be robbed of its life, but there is no evaporation. Consequently the leather retains its flexibility much longer than when the grease is also drawn out by heat and the action of the air. Animal oil does not penetrate the leather so quickly as oils that are more volatile, but this very quality is what makes them more valuable, as they are taken up by the fibre, not simply sucked in and filling around it, and they are equally difficult to draw out. Rancid oils, oils that have undergone a chemical change that marks the first step toward vitiation, have lost their most valuable properties, and the process of decay which has begun introduces gaseous, creating the volatile element which so quickly robs the leather of its nourishment. At the same time the fibre is injured by the decaying grease. Vegetable oils rank next to animal in their preservative qualities, but the oils extracted from flax seed and cotton seed, unless purified, are of such gummy nature and so easily affected by heat that they are unfit for use by the carrier. Cotton seed oil, purified as it is when sold for sweet oil, is an excellent, but an expensive oil for leather. Pure olive and castor oil possess the qualities requisite for preserving leather and keeping it soft, but their cost precludes their general use. Castor oil is the best, and for roiling it is not surpassed by animal oils. Fish oil is used more than any other, and to its use may be attributed much of the poor wearing qualities of the leather now in the market. By an improved process of manufacture fish oils are deodorized so thoroughly that their presence cannot be detected. They penetrate more readily than either animal or vegetable oils, but they do not incorporate themselves with the fibre. They simply fill up the interstices, and, being of a light nature, they are easily drawn out by heat or moisture. They impart a soft condition to the leather when it is new, as much so if not more so than do the animal oils, and because of that they are not condemned. If used freely in connection with hard grease they become rancid and impart an odor which is retained as long as there is any grease in the leather. Mineral oils are being introduced quite freely, and as they are thoroughly deodorized they find ready purchasers. These oils are the worst possible that can be put into leather. They have wonderful penetrating properties, but they are heating, and their volatile properties deprive them of the permanency so necessary for the preservation of the leather. They do not take kindly to other oils or grease and are easily cut by water. While the natural heat from the feet will cause evaporation, particularly if the leather is moist, they do not become rancid, but they are more injurious to the fibre than even the most rancid animal oil. The shoe manufacturer should condemn all leather treated with mineral oils. A little care on his part will enable him to determine the oil used, whether animal, vegetable or mineral. Good grain and clear fleeced stock invite the eye, and if properly treated with oils the leather will prove acceptable, but grease is the life of the leather, and just in proportion as the grease is pure and incorporates itself with the fibre is the leather durable or otherwise.—Boots and Shoes Weekly.

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