

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL III.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

NO. 48

## Election This Year.

We have to elect this year:

1. A Chief Justice and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.
2. Superior Court Judges of the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth and Eleventh districts.
3. Solicitor in all the twelve judicial districts.
4. Nine members of the United States House of Representatives.
5. Fifty State Senators.
6. One hundred and twenty members of the North Carolina House of Representatives.
7. All county officers.

The Legislature to be elected, will be charged with the important duty of electing a United States Senator, as Senator Vance's term expires March 4th, 1891.

Hon. Spier Whitaker, Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, has called a meeting of the Committee in Raleigh on June 10th, at which time the date for holding the State Convention will be fixed, and a chairman elected in the place of Judge Whitaker. It is very important that a wise selection be made, as much depends upon the efficiency of the Chairman of the Committee.—Charlotte Democrat.

Subscribe for the Lincoln COURIER, \$1.50 per year.

## The Tattler.

What is a tattler? A vile leech, sapping the life blood of human happiness. A black, greedy vampire feasting upon the carion of society. A busy-body who listens gleefully to anything harsh you may say of your neighbor, either privately or in a joke, and then carries it magnified and patched up to suit himself, and pours it scorching hot into the ears of perhaps your best friend, or her to say something equally as harsh, returns to you laden with his precious burden of strife, and adds fuel to the smouldering fire. Thus, little by little, this ghoul of human society filches the happiness of human friendship and develops between the kindest of neighbors and the best of friends a feeling of hatred which should be known only to the bosom of demons.

Are you a tattler? Do you sow among your neighbors the seeds of discord and hate? If so, in the name of humanity let us beg you to desist. We are all liable to err, all too apt to say in silly joke things which an hour afterward, in a moment of cool reflection, we may heartily wish unsaid. But deeper is the sin and thicker is the crime of him who, taking our weakness for his capital, effects the destruction of the happiness of his neighbor as his interest.—Exchange.

## THE LORDS PRAYER.

[The following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, S. C., during the war. It was printed on very heavy yellow satin, and is quite a literary curiosity. We clip from the Woman's Missionary Advocate.]—*Wilmington Star.*

Though to the mercy seat our soul dost gather,  
To do our duty unto Thee . . . Our Father,  
To whom all praise, all honor should be given;  
For thou art the great God,  
Who art who art in heaven,  
Thou, by Thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole frame;  
Forever, therefore,  
. . . hallowed be Thy name,  
Let never more delays divide us from Thy glorious grace, but let  
. . . Thy kingdom come,  
Let Thy commands opposed be by none,  
But Thy good pleasure and  
. . . Thy will be done,  
And let our promptness to obey be even  
The very same  
. . . In earth as 'tis in heaven.  
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,  
Thou wouldst be pleased to  
. . . give us this day  
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,  
Sufficient raiment, and  
. . . our daily bread;  
With every needful thing do Thou relieve us;  
And of Thy mercy, pity  
. . . and forgive us  
All our misdeeds, for Him whom Thou didst please  
To make an offering for  
. . . our trespasses,  
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe  
That Thou wilt pardon us  
. . . as we forgive  
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us,  
To pardon all  
. . . those who trespass against us.  
And though sometimes, Thou findest we have forgot  
This love for Thee, yet help  
. . . and lead us not  
Through soul or body's want, to desperation  
Nor let earth's gain drive us  
. . . into temptation;  
Let not the soul of any true believer fall in the time of trial  
. . . but deliver  
Yea save them from the malice of the devil,  
And in both life and death keep  
. . . us from evil,  
Thus pray we Lord; for that of Thee, from whom  
This may be had  
. . . for Thine is the kingdom,  
This world is of thy work, its wondrous story  
To Thee belongs  
. . . the power and the glory;  
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,  
But will remain forever and  
. . . forever.  
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,  
And thus would say eternally  
Amen.

## THE MISSING WILL.

BY OLIVE BELL.

The bright sunshine fell on the ivy covered walls of a rambling stone house—the old homestead of the Wycherly's—lighting up its long narrow windows until the diamond-shaped panes were solid blocks of fire. The curtains were drawn down to exclude the garish light, for the weather was unusually warm for April, and there was a brassy tint in the clouds that promised greater heat; but the wide oaken doors stood open to let in the fragrance of spring flowers and fruit blossoms that filled the languid air.

The earth was beautiful with the perfection of spring loveliness, blended with the dawning colors of nature's painting; maples, just touched with crimson and green; meadows tinged with the faintest verdure, while every brookside was aflame with bloom. Far as the eye could reach around Wycherly, wide fields of corn were planted and ready for the genial sun to bring to perfection, and the leaves of the trim osage hedge that enclosed the orchard were already turning green.

Up and down one of the cool aisles of this orchard paced a woman, the sunlight sifting through the apple-boughs over her soft black garments and uncovered head.

She was not young, for the brown hair was sprinkled with silver; but her face was so quietly tranquil and cheerful, one loved to look at it and catch a glance of the luminous hazel eyes.

This was Hester Braize, companion, nurse, almost daughter, to the garrulous old man that a few days before had been carried out to his last resting-place in the Wycherly vault. Hester had been the comfort of his old age, and he had often assured her Wycherly should be hers.

"I've no child of my own, Hester, and you've a better right to it than my scapegrace cousin," he said, one morning, shortly before his death. "One of these days I'll tell you where to find my will."

But Azrael came to him very suddenly one lovely morning, and before the night fell, the kind old eyes that had never left Hester's face, when he was stricken speechless, were closed forever.

No trace of his will could be found, although Hester and the family lawyer searched the old house from garret to cellar.

"He never destroyed it," was the puzzled attorney's comment, "but he has doubtless put it where it will never see the light. This is bad for you, Hester."

Hester made no outward sign of disappointment, but in secret she mourned bitterly. Wycherly was very dear to her; besides, she had not a living relative of her own, and she was not qualified to earn her own livelihood. Homeless, penniless, and alone—what was she to do in the future? was the burden of her thoughts, as she paced the grass, with down-cast eyes that saw no beauty in nature. Hester loved every roof of the picturesque grounds, and her eyes filled with tears, as she gazed on the many familiar objects—objects endeared to her by many tender memories. Reaching a low fence that separated the orchard from a narrow strip of pasture land, where myriads of dandelions dotted the ground and raised their heads in the golden sunshine, Hester saw through her fast-gathering tears a large Devonshire cow coming slowly towards her, the kind, sleepy eyes resting on her sad face, with an almost human gaze.

"Bounty!" cried Hester, with a half-sob; "O, how can I leave Bounty!"

Bounty quickened her pace, and at last thrust her nose into Hester's outstretched palms. She stroked the wrinkled old face—for Bounty was twenty, if she was a day—patting the silken coat lovingly, and catching the huge horns in her slim hands, leaned her pale face against

Bounty's forehead and took, what we women value as a safety valve to over-charged brains, a good cry. "I would give them everything, Bounty, if they would only let me keep you!" Hester said, as she raised her face and looked earnestly into the humid eyes. Unconsciously she began to polish, with her handkerchief, a wide brass band that encircled one of the huge horns. She remembered how, years ago, Mr. Wycherly had sawed off one of Bounty's horns, and then replaced it, with this brass band to hold it firm. As old age crept on, and the frail old hands grew almost useless, he would rub this bit of brass with a chamois skin until it shone like gold.

"Hester," he was in the habit of saying, "never part with Bounty; she is a valuable cow."

And Hester had often remarked, that he never drove Bounty out with the rest of the herd, daughters and grand daughters of the handsome Devon—but kept her in this shady pasture lot, or a wooded enclosure across the brook so brightly outlined by its margin of golden-rod. Bounty had been fed, carried and attended with unusual care by the feeble old man, and the remembrance of his strange passion for the animal brought another rush of tears to Hester's eyes. The only intelligible word he had uttered when his illness struck him, was "Bounty"; and with the tears coursing down her cheeks, and an intense longing for affection of some kind; Hester climbed the fence, put her arms around Bounty's neck, laid her cheek against her smooth, plump shoulder, and cried to her heart's content.

"Halloo! crying, Hester!" cried a cheerful bass voice; and Hester, starting guiltily, lifted her face to meet the amazed gaze of jovial Dr. Reaburn, who had been the Wycherly physician for years, and never saw a shade of care on Hester's placid brow before; and here were tears, actually tears!

"Well, well," he began, as he slowly climbed the fence, "I never expected to see your bonny eyes red with weeping."

Hester blushed in spite of her thirty years, and vigorously dried her eyes.

"I—I—," she stammered, growing redder than ever, "I was just taking leave of Bounty. You know I leave here to-morrow."

"And where are you going, pray?" "I don't know," was Hester's truthful reply, for she had no definite plans; "but I suppose I'll find a place in the world."

Dr. Reaburn looking very grave, and not a little troubled, sat down on the grass and looked up at Hester Braize, who stood beside Bounty, with one arm thrown over the animal's neck. He saw the downcast face flash slowly under his earnest gaze, and thought in an abstracted way, what a tender, womanly face it was, and how firm were the full red lips, that seemed formed to utter only strength and sweetness. He thought of his motherless boy of twelve—a wild rollicking lad, who was the terror of the household—and then a sudden inspiration seized him, and jumping to his feet he stood before Hester, a little flushed and very eager.

"I've got it, Hester!"

"Got what?" broke in Hester, as he paused, as if ashamed to go on.

"The place for you—you'd suit it exactly. Be a mother to my Willie!" Hester's hazel eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"You don't mean to say you would marry me?"

"What else could I mean," with a nervous laugh. "I am willing, if you can care enough for a cranky old fellow like me to take me."

His arm went over Bounty's neck, and Hester's slim, brown fingers were caught in the clasp of a warm, plump hand and squeezed a little, while the hazel eyes looked down to hide their gladness.

"Care for you! Why, doctor, I always thought you the best of men!"

"Now, that's fortunate!" chuckled Dr. Reaburn, "for that's just the opinion every good wife should hold

of her husband. So you'll have me, Hester?"

"On one condition," smiled Hester, "that you buy Bounty from the new master of Wycherly."

"Oh, I'll do that willingly," was the Doctor's delighted promise; for although his proposal had not been the outgrowth of any sentimental feeling, he had a sincere regard for Hester's good qualities, and expected a peaceful, happy life with her. After this, they both sat down on the grass, and there were plans laid mingled with a touch of love-making, with Bounty's great solemn eyes looking on.

When Hester parted with her future husband, he left a kiss on her red lips, and a luminous light filled the hazel eyes with a look of content that was to leave them nevermore. One week after they were quietly married at the Wycherly parsonage; for the new master had taken possession of Hester's old home, and Dr. Reaburn in haste to re-her mistress of his disorderly establishment. Younger brides may have entered on their conjugal life with more enthusiastic ideas of what that life was to be; but few, if any, ever carried as tender, true, or as loyal a heart into a husband's home as did Hester Braize.

The new owner of Wycherly generously donated Bounty as a wedding gift, little dreaming that by doing so, he was giving away what he loved best in the world—wealth and position.

Hester's matrimonial life would have been without a thorn but for Willie Reaburn. Totally untrained, except by his father's mild counsels, Hester found him up to his ears in all manner of mischief. He took an unaccountable dislike to Bounty, which led to many an altercation between him and his step-mother. She was never severe with him, for he had many lovable qualities, and her affection for her husband was now so great that Hester would endure a great deal for the father's sake.

By a systematic course of teasing, Willie kept Bounty—usually the gentlest of animals—in a fever of excitement. She would toss her horns angrily at the laughing wretch's approach, and after the first few attempts Willie found that to ride mamma's wedding gift was a feat hard to be accomplished.

"I'll ride her yet—mind if I don't," was his oft-repeated threat, a threat which Hester listened to with grave doubts, for his life might be lost in the attempt to fulfill his boast.

"Who put that brass band on Bounty's horn?" was a question that Hester was called to answer one crisp morning in October.

"Mr. Wycherly," leaving a sigh as she looked down at the rosy, dimpled face and thought how pleasant it would be to have this rollicking lad in the grand old rooms of Wycherly.

"What for?"

"I cannot tell you. It was an old man's whim."

"Well, I'm going to knock it off, horn and all!"

The boy stood with his hands in his pockets, one eye on Hester and the other on Bounty, who was quietly grazing in a wooded enclosure near by.

"You?" Hester looked her astonishment.

"Yes, me. You think I can't do it, don't you?"

"I hope you will never try, Willie," said Hester, coaxingly; for direct opposition always angered him.

"Well, maybe I won't; but I think I will," said the boy, as he darted away, scudding across the lawn with his favorite dog at his heels.

Later in the morning, when the doctor was far up in the country looking in on a patient here and there, and Hester was in her pleasant kitchen, deep in the mysteries of quince preserves, an enraged bel low mingled with cries of fear, startled Mrs. Reaburn, who hurried out of the house to see her pet Devonshire making frightful plunges at a staunch plum tree, where her step son had taken refuge.

"Bounty—Bounty!" screamed Hester Reaburn, rushing toward the en-

raged animal, who wild with pain, for one glance told Hester—the brass rimmed horn had been knocked off at the very root. "How did you do it?—you young rascal!" cried Hester, dragging the frightened boy from his perch. "Bounty—poor Bounty! patting the cow's bleeding head with the hand she slipped through the opening in the fence. "You cruel boy how did you do such a thing?"

"With this!" Willie held up a stout poker, for now that the danger was over, and Bounty was quieting down to a few angry sniffs, he was as bold as ever. "I just coaxed her up to the fence with corn, and then—whack! away went the horn!"

"Where's the horn?" Hester glanced around curiously.

"O, it bounced ever so far. There it is!" shouted Willie, pointing to a clump of burdock.

Hester went through a small wicket-gate into the pasture-land, patting Bounty's sleek sides as she passed by and picked up the horn, from which a few drops of blood were trickling. The brass band had been loosened by the blow and came off altogether in Hester's hands. In the upper part of the horn, where the hollow had been scraped out and thoroughly cleaned, was a small roll of parchment which entirely filled up the cavity.

Hester's heart gave a great bound. What—if this should be the will?

"Come, Willie," she said, as she came back through the gate, her face wearing such an odd, puzzled look that Willie obeyed without an objection—an equally odd proceeding for him. He followed his step-mother into the cozy sitting-room, where a bright fire and tempting linnch awaited. Dr. Reaburn's home coming. Tears welled up into Hester's eyes, as she sat down on a low rocker and gazed at the folded parchment. If it was not the will, it was something the loving old band of her adopted father had placed there for some good purpose; and laboriously she drew it out, only to cry out in delight:

"Willie, you blessed torment, it's the lost will! and laughing and crying by turns, Hester hugged the child, until he thought she had lost her senses.

"What's all this?" cried Dr. Reaburn's cherry voice; "Hester, are you going crazy?"

"With joy, John!" Hester put her arms around her husband's neck, and laid her cheek against his. "You took a poor, penniless girl to your heart. Now, you will share Wycherly with me, for we've found the will in Bounty's horn!"

"God bless me!" ejaculated the doctor. "The man was always queer; but who would have thought of looking for it in a cow's horn?"

Great was the amazement and chagrin of the owner of Wycherly, when Hester was reinstated in her old home. And no happier home can be found, for Willie—now a fine, manly youth—never wavers in his love for Hester, or grows weary of recounting the exploit that gave mamma her fortune—out of a cow's horn."

And Bounty, carefully housed and tended, breathed her last in the Wycherly stables.

## How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces, to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Bosche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it "to be the benefactor of any home."

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? To grow glad at your approach? To bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temples. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

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Lincolnton, N. C.  
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Next door to the Racket. Oct. 4, 1889. 1y.

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Aug. 2, 1889. 11.

**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 and on the 1st M on day of court week March 31, 1890, that tract of land now owned and farmed by the said Richmond Scott and lying on the Tuckasee Road and also on the C. C. R. R. and C. & L. N. G. R. R. about 1 mile East of the courthouse and adjoining the lands of B. H. Sumner and others, containing 6 1/2 acres. Sale to be at public auction to the highest bidder for cash.  
J. L. COBB, Trustee.  
Feb. 25, 1890. 2 28 4t

**RACINE, WIS.**  
THE BEST FARM EXPRESSES, LAUNDRIES, BUSINESS WAGONS, EVERY & EVERYTHING. BUCKBOARDS, BUGGIES, AND CARTS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.  
LOG, LUMBER YARD & CITY TRUCKS. SPRING WAGONS & ALL STYLES.  
HUGGINS' PATENT LADIES CHAISE. PATENT CHAISE BRAKE.  
**FISH BROS WAGON CO.**  
RACINE, WIS.

**Republican Wiles.**  
The McKinley Tariff bill increases the duties on agricultural products (which amounts comparatively to nothing) and hopes by this maneuver of seeming protection to gain the farmer vote. This trick will prove abortive in the present case. The farmers of this country are no fools and can see that while the other provisions of the bill still tend to fill the pockets of the manufacturers, the proposed duty on agricultural products will not relieve the burden upon them as consumers, or enable them to raise the mortgages that will eventually impoverish so many.—Greensboro Patriot.

By acknowledging and emphasizing the good that is in those around us, we strengthen their self respect and give them a powerful motive in the right direction; by caviling and criticism, by contempt and ridicule, by exposing and emphasizing faults and failings, we destroy their self-respect and deprive them of one of the strongest motives for improvement.