

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. IV. LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890. NO. 1

"Do you think," he asked in hesitating accents, "that you could learn to love me?"

"Yes," she replied coyly, "I could learn but I'm afraid you'll have a good deal of trouble teaching father."—*Washington Post.*

City lover—I fain would thy seraphic form in love's embrace unfold. Rustic Maiden—Wal, young fellow, you can't set about it too quick.—*Binghamton Leader.*

"You say you stopped at the Skirrate hotel all the time you were away? Wasn't the bill pretty high for a man of your means?"

"Oh! not too high. I managed to jump it without much trouble."—*Terra Haute Express.*

"Why do you look through the large end of your opera-glass?"

"I wanted to see if distance would be fool enough to lend any enchantment to that chorus."—*New York Sun.*

"There is that horrid, ill-fitting riding dress of mine. I've tried to give it away several times, but nobody seems to want it."

"It is very difficult to get rid of a bad habit."—*Racket.*

A title often sells a book as easily as it buys an heiress.—*Park.*

Police Justice (to tramp)—Take off your hat in court.

Tramp—What's the use of being ceremonious, judge? We have both been here before many times.—*Texas Sittings.*

Five is the average number of billiard balls that can be cut from each tusk of an elephant.—*Metro-politan.*

Get a habit, a passion, for reading; not flying from book to book with the squeamish caprice of a literary epicure, but read systematically, closely, and thoughtfully, analyzing every subject as you go along and laying it up carefully and safely in your memory. It is only by this mode that your information will be at the same time extensive, accurate, and useful.—*Old Homestead.*

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## THE STORY OF A SPRING BLOSSOM.

BY ANA DEATH.

"Aren't they beauties, Auntie?" A grimy little hand held out a bunch of blood-root blossoms, and a soft flush of pleasure crept into a very eager little face. Auntie was an invalid; that is to say, seldom left her couch; but she was the merriest, cheeriest woman who ever auntied a bunch of lively boys and girls.

It was understood that the first fruits of everything belonged to her without question. The first snow drop that showed its tiny white bell in the garden was brought in triumph to her; so was the first apple blossom and the first strawberry, and even the first snowball was tossed to her window; for the boys knew she rejoiced with them in the bright sunshine and clear, invigorating winter air. This season the snow drop had made its bow and retired some weeks before; the dainty wild wood hepaticas had gladdened her eyes, and recalled the time when she could wander in the great glad out-of-doors of early spring, when the whole world whirled one promise. They brought back to her visions of a clear, soft sky, seen through a tracery of bare, yet swollen, branches and twiggery—she could hear once more the rustle of the dead leaves as she softly stirred them to reach the furry stems upholding so modestly their little blue crowns.

Those days were over for her, but had left their sunshine in her life.

And now, the pure white blood-root blossom had come once more. Jennie brings a handful, with the query, "Aren't they beauties, Auntie?" I picked and picked—they seemed to beckon me to come and gather them, and they looked so delicate and pure I couldn't bear to leave them out all night. But just look? The child added, holding up a pair of hands stained and reddened by the juice of the plant—"I s'pose that's the reason it's called bloodroot; I don't see how such red blood can make such a pure white blossom, do you?"

Auntie picked up one of the dainty stars and gently blew it open to examine the golden crown within, when all the petals dropped suddenly, leaving the bare stem to her hand.

"That's the way they always do," she said; "they never wither and droop as other flowers do. They're too much like a pure spirit to show any signs of decay, and they hardly seem to belong on this old earth, though in May it is beautiful enough for anything. Do you know the story, Jennie, about the origin of the flower? It's an old, old tale, and dates back to the first settlement of this country. Bring your own little bench and rest here till tea time, and I'll tell you about it."

"It was long ago, before cities and towns had had time to grow on this side of the water, and the people had to work so hard to get a living out of the earth that it is very possible they overlooked the little white blossom, for there was scant time in their busy lives to search for wild flowers. Be that as it may, the story claims for it a very romantic origin. The first settlers were generally plain, honest folk, and delved and dug in the field, and spun and baked and brewed within doors, and led hard, unsentimental lives for the most part; but, nevertheless, Cupid did his work among them, as well as elsewhere. Amy and Jacques were as handsome a couple as one could find in a day's walk, and well suited to each other, the neighbors said; and they loved each other with all their hearts. Already the wedding-day was shyly spoken of between them, and Jacques liked to watch the pretty pink flush mount into the face of his beloved when he alluded to it. But, alas! suddenly a little doubt crept into his heart, a doubt that at first hardly called itself a suspicion; then his manner grew cold and distant and his heart estranged, and suddenly a word, a quick retort, and all was over between them. No explanation would he hear from her, and, indeed, she was too proud to offer it when she found he could for an instant doubt her devotion to him.

One more woman's heart was broken; one more woman must live her life alone, and see another take her place in the heart, and then in the home, which should have been her's.

But still she lived her life, baked, and sewed and spun, and, after awhile, even sang over her spinning, as she stepped back and forth before the great wheel—sang in a low, soft voice hymns which breathed a promise of the coming rest and peace—with many a look outward and upward as she passed the many-paned windows.

And so she lived from day to day (and every life her's touched was the better for it), until a whisper reached her that, stealthily and sorely, a band of Indians was advancing on the peaceful little settlement, slaughter and revenge their end and aim.

Then away she went, silently and swiftly on her errand of mercy, toward the cabin in the woods, where she knew the new-made wife waited, helpless and alone, the home coming of her husband from a short trip to a distant settlement.

She reached the door, gave the alarm, saw the bride safely hidden in a place well known to her, and then, as she turned toward her homeward path, not far from the cabin's threshold, she fell, stricken down by a shot from the stealthy, murderous enemy.

On the spot where she yielded her life a sacrifice, the story says, year after there sprang a flower, a stranger hitherto in that neighborhood.

Each spring-time it lifted its pure white blossom to the May sunshine, and year after year a man might be seen carefully, nay, reverently, plucking the blossoms, sighing as he saw the blood-red stains which the stems left on his hands. No one else was ever allowed to touch the flowers; the little children looked with awe upon the spot where they grew, and watched with silent wonder as father and mother quietly walked away to a little clearing in the woods, a God's acre in the forest, where, upon a turf mound, they left the handful of snowy blossoms, a tribute to the pure, white soul who gave her life for theirs.

"Is that all, Auntie?" said a quiet voice.

"That's all, Madchen; I heard the story when I was a little girl, and, perhaps, it is the reason the flower always seems to me different from any other."

**The Most Costly Wood.**

The most costly of all the various woods now in use among cabinet makers is what is technically known as French walnut; it does not, however, come from France, but is brought from certain parts of Persia, Circassia, and Asia, its growth being thus exclusively Oriental. To work the logs into a condition for veneers, they are first subjected to a steaming process until they become almost as soft as butter; they are then fastened to an iron beam, which revolves around a finely tempered knife with a razor-like edge of the same length as the log. Every time this beam turns around it moves a fraction of an inch nearer to the knife and a thin sheet of wood is shaved off with great smoothness and laid on the floor; these sheets are in fact but the one hundred and twentieth of an inch in thickness, and indeed the veneers are frequently made as thin as 175 to the inch. The veneers used on furniture are somewhat thicker, the thinner ones being used on picture frames, also for covering walls in some cases.—*Ex.*

Tarkinton Prairie P. O., Liberty Co., Texas.

Mr. Radam—I have used Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer, and many of my neighbors have used it with the most wonderful result in many cases. Geo. F. Allen.

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## CHIPS FROM SAM JONES.

Picked Up by One Who Saw Him Hewing in the Charlotte Tabernacle.

[Reported for the Star.]

I don't know any of you, therefore my remarks are not personal. I'm going to hew to the line and if you get on the line you'll be cut in two. If any of you find yourselves minus a limb, you'll know you've been on the line. I know which hole to shoot in. I've been there before. Sometimes I shoot and a fellow crawls out riddled with shot and swears he wasn't in there!

There is but one road, your condition depends on which way your face is turned. Convert is from the Latin "Vertis" to turn, and "Con" altogether. Everybody try to turn somebody else. Many of you Christians will be green at the business, but you'll never learn younger.

Some people say I have too much levity in my preaching. If solemn preaching could have saved Charlotte, it would have wings now.

Some of its preachers make you feel like you had met the burial service. Solemnity means death; a corpse is the most dignified thing I ever saw. I'm going to say what I please, and won't ask Charlotte for a certificate of good behavior. It wouldn't do me any good a hundred miles away. If you don't like what I say, stay at home and let somebody of some account have your seat.

We want workers, not carping critics. If you don't work with anything but your mouths you won't amount to much. Some mouths are like pistols, self-cocking. I'd rather take my chances before the pistol, it might miss but the mouth never does.

If you don't go to prayer-meeting but once a month, don't you sing "Come angel band bear me away on your snowy wings"; if you get to heaven the angels will have to tote you.

Our religious differences are our dusters we wear on the road to heaven. When we get to the gate Peter won't ask "what's the color of your duster."

The most uncommon thing in America is common sense. Muddy physical distinctions and foolosophical arguments won't do for practical religion.

Don't try to pray if you are mad with anybody. I'd as soon try to pray with a stolen sheep on my back. Pray for yourself and the next meanest fellow, the one you are mad with. Don't get mad until you have been treated as badly as you have treated the Lord. If you say you forgive but can't forget, you simply bury the hatchet and erect a monument a hundred feet high. Better dig up the hatchet and bury the monument.

The busiest people are the most useful when consecrated. A hen with one chicken will scratch herself to death. The consecrated people are generally poor; rich men think they can pay their way to heaven, and get excursion rates at that.

Nine-tenths of the old folks are in pursuit of the dollar, and nine-tenths of the young folks in pursuit of a good time. Many a father don't spend five waking hours a week with his children.

If you hear anybody abusing me don't try to defend me. Tell them my room is 75 Buford House, I'll have it out with them; they won't come! Nobody who is for God and the right will cuss me. If there are enough to hold while I skin I'll make hides go down. Dignity will get its urbanity smashed sure, if it comes here.

A rich man is not as generous as a hog. A hog that has a stolen ear of corn will stop every once in a while and shell off a little for the others; that's more than a rich man will do.

Politics will never settle the race question; it only can be settled by strict adherence to the Sermon on the Mount.

Heaven and hell, Christ and the world are put before you, make an intelligent choice. Don't wait "the Lord's own good time." One man said he had been waiting to hear

## Frank's Great Speech.

Frank Lane is a bright boy of twelve. He belongs to the Loyal Temperance Legion, and the rest of the boys regard him as a fine orator. He has many original ideas, and an easy flow of words. When Frank has a speech as part of the programme at the Legion, the other boys are sure to be on hand to hear. Yesterday I went in and heard Frank's speech. He went to the platform and looking about earnestly, said quietly:

"Last night I dreamed that a great white, flying horse came to me and I got on his back and rode out into the air. We flew down to Texas, where there were acres and acres of hops growing. They shook out their green tassels as far as eye could see. Then the hops picked themselves and fell into a long heap and turned into a great river of hops, and began to flow out far over the land.

"Then we flew a little north, over Missouri, and I saw corn fields—miles on miles of corn fields. The corn stood straight as soldiers, and tall as a man. In a little while the corn picked itself and husked itself, and fell into a long heap, and turned into a great river of corn, and began to flow out over the land.

"Then I flew on my horse still farther north over North Dakota; and I saw field on field, all standing thick with rye, and it waved in the wind like the billows of a great green sea. Then the rye reaped itself, and threshed itself, and fell into a river of rye, and flowed out along the land. And these three rivers united, and rolled on and on.

"Then I flew east, and perhaps it was Michigan, and I saw whole farms of beautiful fall barley. Its heads glistened in the sun just like silver. And the barley reaped itself, and threshed itself, and fell into a long heap, and turned into a barley river, and rolled off across the land. And it met the river made of the other three, and joined them, and rolled on:

"Then I flew over Northern New York and I saw great orchards. There were thousands of trees full of apples. The apples picked themselves and fell into a long heap, and rolled off like a river, and joined the other four.

"Then I saw two great buildings. They looked as big as the earth. They were full of windows and chimneys, and fires roared in them. The great river made of five—the hops, corn, rye, barley and apples—rolled right into these two great buildings. My flying horse took me away over these buildings, so I came where I could see the other side, and there I saw the river that had just rolled in, rolling out. But it was turned into a river of beer and whiskey.

"It rolled over the land like a great flood. It carried off men, women, and children. It swept down houses, and barns, and shops. It carried away clothes, and books and furniture. It was ninety hundred times bigger than the Johnstown flood. All before it was quiet, and rich, and green, and happy. All behind it was ruin and wreck. And I heard an awful cry of people wanting to be saved from these rivers of whiskey and beer! Then my horse flew back to my home with me, and left me, I suppose, for the next thing I knew I was in my own bed. And I wondered what we should do to keep the beautiful hops, and corn, and rye, and barley, and apples from turning into a flood to destroy everything. And why it is we must let people have a trade of turning good things into bad things."

This was considered Frank Lane's best speech.—*Young Crusader.*

**Sam Jones Talks to Negroes.**

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 1.—Fully 8,000 negroes were scrouged into the tabernacle here this afternoon to hear Sam Jones. It was a special meeting for negroes. No whites allowed in.

Probably a thousand negroes were crowded out for want of room. In this town of 12,000 population such a sight was never before witnessed. Sam Jones talked plainly to the negroes about lying, stealing, whiskey drinking and immorality. As long as a race sells its virtue for spool thread or ribbon it can never hope to amount to much. The most striking scene ever witnessed was at the close of the sermon, when Jones asked all those who were going to quit stealing, lying, whiskey drinking and immorality, and hereafter lead a Christian life, to stand up. The entire congregation rose in solid mass.

People have heard that the "Water of Life" is free until they are willing to pay for everything else but that. An old colored brother said once, "The Water of Life is free but the pitcher cost something, and I've de pitcher."

Two things are necessary to make a great man—a brain that conceives truths fully, and a big heart full of sympathy.

It is not honesty alone that pay your debts; that is commercial dignity. No man has a right to an opinion on a moral question. If you want to know whether a thing is right or not apply the straight edge of the Bible.

To a sensible woman a gentleman ought to be equal to any one that wears a title, no matter what his rank or what his nation may be. To be a thorough gentleman is to be that which neither money nor estates nor insignia can buy. It is peculiarly a birthright. It is inherited in the blood, and sure to make its appearance even under the most unpropitious circumstances. There is a sort of false gentility that is affected by snobs and parvenus that have suddenly accumulated riches, but this is a very cheap device in comparison with the sterling article. No one can be deceived by the counterfeit, because the name of the real gentleman does not alone consist of entering a drawingroom gracefully or of making a bow in the right form. These accomplishments may be necessary in order to help one to fix his position in polite society, but they are really nothing compared to those graces of mind, manners, and morals that a true gentleman is sure to possess. A good definition of a real gentleman is one that adheres closely to the spirit of the wise utterances of the Saviour. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." A strict following of this golden precept is infinitely better for the individual and society than all the finished bowings and scrapings under the sun.—*Old Homestead.*

The Jefferson Davis mansion in Richmond will probably be converted into a museum for Confederate relics.—*Wil. Star.*

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