

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 3

He Was a Believer.

Mrs. Omens—Do you believe in signs, Mr. D'Auber?
Mr. D'Auber—Yes, indeed! I paint em.—*Pack.*

A Literary Scandal.

"Did you hear of the discovery they have made about Mark Twain?"
"No, what?"
"All his books were written by a man named Clemens."—*Life.*

Vain Labor.

Cobwigger—Are you going to ship the things in that barrel?
Brown—Yes, confound it! I spent an hour putting the head in it.
Cobwigger—Well, you shouldn't complain. You have done it very nicely.
Brown—Yes, but I forgot to put the things inside.—*New York Sun.*

She Thought She Could Stand It.

"What's the matter?" asked a department clerk to Gus De Jay.
"You look as if something had occurred to make you unhappy."
"Ya-as; wathah."
"What is the trouble?"
"I was holding Miss Kenworth's hand, and I asked her if she'd object to my imprinting a kiss upon it."
"And did she?"
"No; she said that it had been stung by a bee and bit by a mosquito, to, and she guessed it could stand it."—*Washington Post.*

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Pining for Eden.

One of the speakers at the General Federation of Women's Clubs in New York, last week, stated that the "American woman of the nineteenth century had set her face towards the lost Garden of Eden, and is not going to stop until she gets there." This statement looks well on paper, but it is a little difficult to make out exactly what it means. The Garden of Eden as described in prose by Moses and in poetry by Milton was a very pretty place so far as vegetation was concerned. But the tyrant man was there and to him was given dominion over everything which the vegetable, fruit and flower garden contained. From one of his ribs a woman was formed to be a helpmeet to him. The man had dominion over her, sole and absolute, and she never thought of enlarging her field of usefulness until the devil suggested the scheme to her. The Garden of Eden would not seem to be a very desirable place for the progressive woman of the nineteenth century. Kinsley does not keep a restaurant there, and there are no public offices where women can draw large pay for doing a small amount of copying. The traditions of the place are all against the emancipation of women. The dress reform movement was introduced there early, but a woman's club was never heard of in that quarter.—*Chicago Herald.*

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A FISHERMAN'S WIFE

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

It was autumn along the northern coast. The summer had gone all at once. The blue sky had given place to a sky, gray, wind-swept, with low, driving clouds, which threw down little furies of snow every now and then.

There were rocks upon the shore upon which no verdure grew, and far inland the soil was poor, sterile and inhospitable for man and beast; a little grass grew—not much—and the flail of the thresher had not been needed for many a year.

It was not a place that one would choose to live in, after the summer had gone; but there are many places in the world that one would not choose to live in, at any time. In the summer, these people found the means of a poor livelihood here, and so they stayed. In the winter, when cold and snow and ice put their seals upon the coast, they still lived on, waiting for the summer, which after many months would come again. In the cellar there was a buried few potatoes; some kits of salted fish were stored away; great piles of driftwood were stacked against the cabins. Then they waited for the summer again.

In one of these cabins a woman waited, who had waited wearily through many a summer and winter, and she had differed from the others who waited, in this: that she never cared whether they came. Most of those who waited did care; in a dull, apathetic way, life was dear to them, but it was not so to this woman.

Long years ago, so long that the dozen brief summers and the dozen long, cold, dreary winters seemed dozens and dozens to her, this woman had been young and joyous, and in a certain wild, coarse way, she had had some claim to beauty, and she had been strong, of mind, of will, and of body. Her lithe, brown arms could handle an oar as well as many men. Her firm brown hands could hold the tiller or the sheet of the dory.

She had had lovers, too. For they even made love, and played all the parts in the drama of life, upon that bleak coast. But she had played fast and loose with them until they had grown tired, one by one, and gone away, or married other girls and settled down to the dull routine life in which was neither beauty nor gentleness nor romance. Jane Somers had not envied them. She was not even jealous of the wives of these men. She pitied them when their husbands got drunk and beat them, as they sometimes did. When their children came, she would go and nurse them, and tidy up the poor cabins a little, and berate the husbands with a shrewd tongue for their improvidence.

"Sorry enough am I for Jack Purdy's wife," she would say to her mother, upon coming home from such an errand. "She wanted him so bad. Never rested till she had him fast. Wouldn't speak to me for months when Jack was worrying me to marry him. And now he spends the money that he earns at the fishing for liquor and lets her want. Ah! if he were my man, now, he'd do different, I warrant you."

"Better wait till you get a man of your own before you tell so fast what you would do with some one else's. If you had taken Jack Purdy, now, now, don't you think he would be drinking just the same?"
"Indeed he would not, mother. It's not I would let him take the bread out of my children's mouths; and I think no man would ever beat a woman if it wasn't for the liquor."

"Ah! Jane. You're a bit daft on that. Don't always be thinking of the same thing, my girl."
"Indeed, I am not always thinking of it, mother. And I am never sorry. If a man don't care enough for a woman to give up his drink, he don't care much, that's all. Then why should she?"
"A bit of drink is not always hurt-

ing a man, Jane. It's a rough life they have. And it is not a good thing that a woman should be growing old here alone. I won't last much longer."

"I am better off than some of the other silly creatures, as it is, mother."

For a dozen years, this woman had been trying to comfort herself with the belief that she was "better off" as it was. She had not wanted any of these rough, roystering young fellows who had dangled after her awhile, and then solaced themselves with some other girl. She had felt above them; she had been above them in fact, for she knew a little of the world beyond the coast. Not that she had ever journeyed away from it—except as a book now and then, or a paper, or a magazine had helped her to do so. She might, perhaps, have gone away from all these things that were so distasteful to her, and seen something of that outside world, but she had given her promise to wait just there.

Willie Trejor had been the likeliest lad in the village; every one had said that of him. Even as a boy, he had been a master hand at the fishing; before he was a man he had a share in his boat. He was only twenty then, and when the papers were made out, he had come to Jane Somers with them as an evidence that he was a boy no longer, and asked her to marry him.

"I will not marry you nor any man, Willie, until you prove that you love me better than the drink. We can see too many girls right here who have found what it costs to do different."

Willie's brown cheek had flushed with honest pride as he answered:
"You don't think I am such a man as they are whose wives you are thinking of, do you, Janie?"

"No, not such a man now, and, please God, may you never be. But Sam McRae was a fine, honest lad when poor Nell married him, and he said he would give up the drink when he was married. But he never did."

"Sam McRae is a dolt of a man," answered Willie, "and Nell but cries and looks scared when he comes about her. You could have made something even of Sam," he continued, admiringly, "but Nell never could."

"He should make something of himself," Jane replied, flushing. "A man should not offer to take care of a woman, and expect her first to make a man of him."

"I don't look for you to do that for me, Jane. I can do that for myself, I think; and, if you will marry me, I swear to you I will let drink alone, though it's little enough harm it has ever done me; and it's a good thing, I can tell you, girl, in a rough sea on a wet night."

"If you stop drink, I will marry you when the boats come home again; but not unless you swear to me that you have drunk no drop from this night till that; and if you cannot come and tell me it then, I will wait until you can tell me that you have stopped; for I do love you dearly, Willie, and I will be the wife of no man but you."

And Jane Somers had laid her small firm hand in his huge one; and had lifted up her brown face to be kissed, and with the kiss had registered a vow that she would wait till the end of time, it need be.

Then Trejor had gone away to the boats with a sulky, honest purpose in his heart. He would stand the gibes of the men—that would be the hardest part of all—that he might go back and tell Janie she should get a wedding-gown ready.

They had had good luck—so good, that the men could not go home until they had celebrated it by a grand carousal. Trejor had not meant to join them, but they had taunted him with being in leading strings, and that he dared not go. So he had gone at last, but promising himself that he would yet keep his word to Janie about the drink. But the human will is weak, even in strong men, sometimes. And in the morning Trejor woke with a shamed feeling that he had not been a man—that even his

love for Janie had not been enough to make him a man. And she would not marry him, and trust to making a man of him afterward; he knew Jane Somers well enough never to think that.

The boats were ready to start homeward, but Trejor was not going with them. He could not face Janie with that broken promise. She had promised to wait for him, and he knew she would keep her promise. So he sent a letter, very humble but very manly, saying he would go away and stay until he could come back with a clean conscience. He would come back; he was sure of that.

Jane had read his letter by herself, but had made no moan. She had not even been surprised, for she had had no faith in such promises among the fishing men. She had seen so much of them. Mrs. Somers had guessed her daughter's trouble, but she gave Jane little sympathy.

"You are a foolish girl, Jane, to spoil your life for such notions. Willie Trejor is the best fisherman in the village, and he will make the most money. What if he does spend a trifle of it for drink. You should be willing to give him his pleasure."

"You know it is not that, mother. But if he should strike me once, when he was in his cups, then I should hate him, and there would never be peace between us any more."

"Many a better woman than you has stood that much for the man she loved," said the mother.

"It may be so. But I am not such a creature as Nell McRae, to sit down, white and scared, if a brute of a man should strike me, or swear at me; and well does Willie Trejor know that!" she added with flashing eyes.

"Tut! tut! girl. If you talk that way, it's a wide berth all the lads will give you."

"I want them to do that. They are not worth Willie's little finger!"
"Yes, he's well enough," grumbled the mother. "But if he doesn't come back, remember 'there's just as good fish in the sea.' He's not the only lad in the village nor on the coast."

It was a waste of words talking to Jane. If Willie came not, none need come. And so she waited, and grew old, and plain, and set in her ways, as women will who live without love.

And now a dozen years had gone by, and no other word had come from Trejor. Sometimes they heard rumors through some of the village lads who had found their ways to wider seas. One said he was mate upon a ship that traded in the great ports. Another, that he was off in some foreign navy, trying to get shot in wars that were no concern of his. Jane listened and waited. If he were alive, and could make a man of himself, he would come back. If he could not do that, then it were better for them both that he never came.

At last Jane was left wholly alone. Mrs. Somers died, as people do who are spared from violent death upon that violent coast, just by the gentle going out of life. No long and wasting disease, but just an ebbing away, as the tide ebbs away from the sands.

Then Jane began to wait less patiently, and to long for the coming of that time which in her heart she had never doubted would come.

At last it did come. It was all very simple and natural. It was summer, and Jane was tending some old-fashioned flowers which she had coaxed into growing in the little garden. There were some asters and marigolds and a clump of everlasting, which she liked to have to brighten the house up a little in the long winter. She had been bending down, when she heard her name called; and before she looked up, she knew it was Willie come back. She was so glad that she thought he must hear her heart beat; but, woman-like she had time to think of her looks, and wished her gown was not so plain and old-maidish; and would he think she had changed much, she wondered? If she only

had one of the faded ribbons at her throat that had been laid aside now these dozen years, it would be a little more like old times. But before all these had fairly taken definite shape, she was in Willie's arms, sobbing and crying like a tired child, not like the prim little old maid that she had grown to be.

When they were seated side by side upon the hair-cloth sofa in the clean parlor, Trejor told his story in a few words.

"I have been trying to come back all these long years, Janie, but I couldn't come till I could tell you that no drink had passed my lips for one whole year. Sometimes I would most make it and then away I'd go again. Luck would turn bad, or I'd be in port with the men, or we'd be out in rough weather. And then it would seem for awhile as if there was no use trying. But it's a year now, Janie, and I've stopped for good, and—you'll marry me now, won't you, Janie?"

Janie was very tired waiting, and even if she were not quite sure, she would risk it now; all women risked something. So for an answer she laid her hand in his, not so brown and firm as it was a dozen years before, and said:

"Yes, I will marry you now, Willie!"

If there was any mistrust in her heart, he knew nothing of it.

When the wedding day came, they made a fine couple, the village folk said, though not so young as they had been. Jane was very quiet and happy, and made her answers in a firm, clear voice. But when it was over and Willie bent down to kiss his bride before all the people, she gave a little cry and looked up into his face with a startled expression. What she saw there confirmed her fears, but she took his arm and walked bravely home beside him; she would not show her humiliation before the village.

When they were inside the door, she turned, and faced him:

"So this is your manliness, is it. To win your wife by promises, and then to break them on your wedding-day?"

"Don't be too hard on me, Janie," he said, with a feeble laugh. "A man can't be a churl on the day he is married. The men had to be treated, and I just took a glass with them."

"I said I would marry you, Willie, and I have. But you had better go away now. I said I would wait for you again—and so I will now. But don't ever come back again till you are sure of yourself."

Trejor sat with his face almost as white as his wife's.

"You don't mean that you're sending me away now?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"Yes, you have lied to me. You had better go."

The summers came and went as before: Jane Trejor tended her little garden and ministered to her neighbors in sickness and in death; and though she waited and hoped, her waiting and hoping never brought a reward again. After a long while, her life ebbed out, as her mother's had done before, and, at her request, they put above her grave a stone with this inscription:

JANE,
The Loving Wife of Willie Trejor.

Five Republican Opinions of the Administration.

From the Speech of Allen, Mississippi's Funny Congressman.

I heard the other day of a distinguished Senator from a State whose farmers are now burning their corn [laughter], and it was not Senator Plumb either [laughter], who said when he went to one of the Departments to get a friend of his appointed to an office out West he was told by the head of the Department that it could not be done; and he asked why. "Well," he says, "the President has a friend in your State that he wants to put in the place." The Senator stopped and scratched his head, and said, "Well that is all right if he is sure of it; but," he says, "I am pretty well acquainted in that State, and if he has a friend in it I do not know him." [Laughter.]

I was coming up the street the other day with a prominent Republican, whom I have known very well in official life, and I said to him, "How are you getting on with the Administration?" "Oh," said he, "don't ask me that, Allen, don't ask me that. I have reduced my opinion of that business to poetry, and this is it:

"John Wanny runs the Sunday-school,
Levi runs the bar,
The baby runs the White House,
And, damn it, here we are."

[Great laughter.]
I hope the committee will be in order, Mr. Chairman, I want to proceed with my remarks. [Renewed laughter.] Mr. Chairman, this thing is really growing serious. All that I have said so far I will vouch for. [Laughter.]

There is another report going around here that I am not going to vouch for, either; but it is said that one of the leaders of this House on the Republican side, some time ago, in social conversation with a Democratic friend, said to him: "Sit down here and tell me the biggest lie you can think of." The man he said it to is a man who is supposed to have some capacity in that line. [Laughter.] The Democrat sat down by him and began by saying, "Well, sir, Harrison's administration is a great success." "Sir," said the Republican, "you might have studied a whole year and you never could have beaten that." [Great laughter.]

Another prominent Republican told me that this Administration had demonstrated how small a man could hold the office of President; that it was the quintessence of minimization.

I can not take the time to repeat the hard things that are said about the President by his party friends. You know it is said that a prominent member of his Cabinet, when asked why he did not raise a row and have things go on better or resign, illustrated his position in the matter by relating an incident. He said that once there was a man who went to a very poor show on a free ticket. When the first act was over it was so bad that everybody began to hiss and hoot except the man with the free ticket. Some one told him that he seemed to be enjoying it. "No," said he, "I do not enjoy it." Then the question was asked why he did not join in the hissing. Said he, "I am in here on a free ticket, and I cannot afford to show disrespect; but I am going to sit through one more act, and if it does not improve I will go out and buy me a ticket and come back, and then I will help you raise Cain."

These things are all very bad, Mr. Chairman, but they come from his own party friends. If they talk and think that way about him how do you suppose the Democrats feel? They are not doing much talking, but they are well satisfied with the results of the elections that are taking place. But candor compels me to admit that I believe the President thinks well of himself. [Laughter and applause.]

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