The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV. LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1890. NO. 5

'That is a wideawake baby of yours, Bronson!'

'Yes,' replied Bronson, with a yawn. 'Particularly at night.'—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tangle—My dear, I don't see much difference between us, after all. You decorate yourself externally with chicken feathers, while I decorate myself internally with cocktails. That's all.—*Light.*

"Pa, what is accident insurance?"

"Accident insurance? A technical term, my son, signifying that when you meet with a mishap it will be an accident if you get your insurance.—*Racket.*

Young Clergyman—You saw some defects in my sermon, I suppose.

Old Clergyman—Yes, dear boy; but if you preach it again don't eliminate them. They are the best things in it.—*Keystone.*

Housekeeper—Nora, you must always sweep behind the doors.

New Servant—Yes'm, I always does. It's the 'asiest way of getting the durrit out of sight.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Mr. Jason—Why ain't supper ready, I want to know?

Mrs. Jason—I was down town and got caught in the rain without an umbrella. I had to wait in a store until the storm was over.

Mr. Jason—so you did have sense enough to go in out of the rain, eh? Well, you are not an entire fool.

Mrs. Jason—No; only the better half of one.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Constance—I care not for your poverty, George. Let us wed at once. We can live on one meal a day if necessary.

George—Can you cook, love?

"Yes, George. I attended a cooking school for two months."

"Then we will wed. I think one meal a day will answer.—*Yonkers' Statesman.*

"Why don't you whip that boy!" a white man asked of an old negro whose son stood in the road throwing stones at the cattle.

"I would do it, sah," the old fellow answered, "but he is only my stepson. Ef he wuz my own boy I'd whup him in er minit."

"This beats anything I ever saw," said the white man. "I never saw a man before that was kinder to his stepchild than he was to his own.

"Beats anything I eber saw, too, sah; fur ef I wuster hit dat boy his mammy, who is my wife, would w'ar me bodatiously out."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

"Is that immovable man sitting on the hotel plazza one of our citizens?" asked a visitor in a neighboring town.

"Yes, he's an old resident," replied the man addressed.

"He is a very dignified man, I judge," continued the stranger.

"He is a very dignified man, I judge," continued the stranger.

"Oh, no, that's not dignity you notice," exclaimed the other, "that's laziness."—*Chicago Globe.*

MISS MARTHA'S TRAMP.

BY CHARLES B. RIPLEY.

"HE certainly is a tramp, or a peddler! Whichever he is, I won't have him inside the gate!"

"He looks tired, Auntie!"

Miss Martha Pitcher screwed her lips up tightly, and looked at her niece and namesake with a withering expression.

"Now, Mattie," she said, severely, "I won't have it! Every time a tramp comes by, you get him milk, or bread, or something, and as for those horrid peddlers—"

Here Miss Martha's breath gave out. Little Mattie, shy, timid, blue-eyed, and pretty as a wild rose, colored a little, and then said:

"I don't think we are any poorer, Anntie, for the little we give away!"

"Well, it is yours; do as you please!"

For little Mattie was the owner of the farm and a very small income, although, as she was only seventeen, her aunt managed the household, as she had while her brother lived, and Mr. Potter, the lawyer of Arrowdale, was guardian for the small property Mattie's father had left her.

It was one of Miss Martha's peculiarities to lay down the law to Mattie very emphatically, as to the child she had brought up from a baby, and then, suddenly remembering that the girl was really the owner of the place, to retreat, as above described, from her position. And little Mattie, submitting in all things to her aunt's dictation, took the permission gratefully, never asserting herself as owner or mistress.

In the present instance she said, wistfully:

"Then I may give him some milk, if he asks for it?"

"Oh, he'll ask for enough! He is opening the gate now. Gracious, Mattie, he look like a brigand! Such a beard, for a civilized country!"

It was a very handsome beard, if Miss Martha had only had the taste to admire it. The nose above it was handsome, too, so were the even, white teeth under the heavy mustache, and the large, brown eyes, half hidden by the broad, slouch hat. He was dusty, but not ragged, and his flannel shirt had the collar turned down over a loose black tie, hidden, to be sure, under the curling, auburn beard.

Mattie, tripping lightly down the garden path to the gate, was rather startled at the tone of the high-bred voice that asked:

"Can I get some luncheon here? I cannot find any tavern or hotel on the road."

"Oh, no; I mean, yes," said Mattie, blushing furiously under the gaze of the soft, brown eyes.

"I mean," she said recovering her composure, "there is not any hotel within three miles, and you can have some luncheon with pleasure. If you can wait half an hour we can give you dinner."

For that this was no tramp Mattie saw at once, though she had seen little of gentlemen in her life, Miss Martha keeping all men, excepting the farm hands, at respectful distance from her maiden domain.

"Thanks! I will wait with pleasure, if I may rest on your porch. I am very tired."

He stepped wearily and slowly to the porch, and sank down upon the chintz-covered, big arm-chair with a sigh of relief.

"Would you like a glass of milk now?" Mattie asked.

"I should indeed, very much."

But when the milk came in a pretty glass goblet, upon a dainty china plate, it was Jane, the servant girl, who brought it. Mattie, suddenly shy, was setting the dinner-table with clean cloth and napkins, and the best china.

"Gracious, Mattie! whatever are you doing?" cried Miss Martha, coming in the room.

"Hush, Auntie! he is a gentleman, and he is coming in to dinner."

But when dinner was daintily served, the "gentleman" was found to have fainted. Miss Martha, who reveled in sick nursing, was all energy. She got the "camphire" and smelling salts, loosened the necktie, helped Jane to carry the invalid into the large, cool parlor, and put him on the wide, old-fashioned sofa. It was a long insensibility; so long, that the women became alarmed, and sent Hiram, the cow-boy, to Arrowdale for the doctor.

Before the three-mile ride was accomplished and the doctor arrived, the uninvited guest had passed from insensibility to delirium, and the doctor pronounced the case a partial sunstroke.

For two weeks Miss Martha nursed the stranger as faithfully as if he had been of her own kin, bringing him back from the very confines of the grave. She scrupulously refrained from any curious investigation of his small hand satchel, and only searched one coat pocket till she found a letter directed to

MR. ALBERT HUTCHISON,
Alton,
Box 33. Mich.

Mattie wrote a letter to the box, describing Mr. Albert Hutchinson's sore strait. No answer came, and then other letters were taken from the pocket and were found to be directed all over the country, always to "Mr. Albert Hutchinson," who had evidently been upon an extended summer tour. It was impossible to guess where, in all this variety of location, the home of the wanderer might be, and so Miss Martha put the letters back saying:

"If he dies, Mattie, I s'pose we'll have to read some of those letters to find his folks, but I'm not going prying into them until I can't help myself."

But Mr. Albert Hutchinson did not die. Very slowly he won his way back to health, and in his convalescence opened a new world to Mattie. He was an artist, he told her, and he had been on a sketching tour, sending his papers by mail to his studio, in New York, where a brother artist took care of them. He talked of books, of life in Switzerland, Paris, London, Vienna, Rome, till the girl felt stirring in heart and brain, a longing so intense as to be painful, for some knowledge of this new world of art and letters, of which she had never heard.

There was nothing epoken between the two of a sentimental nature, but Mr. Hutchinson, finding this eager young intellect grasping all he put before it, talked as he had never talked before, with the keen pleasure of imparting knowledge where every word was treasured and valued.

It was a great void when he was fully recovered and went away. He paid Miss Martha liberally, with most earnest words of gratitude for her care of him, but when he was gone, Mattie would not look at the roll of greenbacks, flushing hotly as she said:

"I am sure he was poor, Aunt Martha. Put the money away. I hate it!"

But she was restless, and craved books out of her reach, opportunities to study, and the life of travel and culture that seemed far removed from her. It seemed to her only natural when a tremendous change came.

There had long been a talk at Arrowdale of coal in the vicinity, and about six months after Mr. Hutchinson's departure, experiments were made that proved "Pitcher's Farm" to be a great coal bed. Mattie, who by her father's will was of age at eighteen, found herself an heiress. Her guardian, a man thoroughly honest, became her agent, and smiled approval when she proposed to sell the farm and move to New York with Aunt Martha, who was very much elated at the idea.

"I can have good teachers there for a year or two, and then I will go abroad," Mattie said, when the plan was finally adopted.

"I'll never cross the ocean," Aunt Martha declared, "but no doubt you'll find company going, and I'll keep some sort of a home warm for you till you come back."

* * * * * * *

"Now, my dear Algernon," Mrs. Montrose said languidly to her son, as he entered her "apartments" in Paris "do show a little more interest in Miss Pitcher's pursuits. It was such a chance, her consenting to come abroad with me, and she is so rich."

"But," drawled Algernon, caressing his silky mustache, "she is so dreadfully energetic. She tires me to death, rushing about. I am sure she saw everything in London, and now she is 'doing' Paris at a most tremendous rate! By the way, where is she?"

"She went to a private exhibition of American artists with Mrs. Cope and Carrie. You know Carrie is quite an artist, and she knows where all the best studios and exhibitions are."

"Yes? Dear me, mother, I am ducedly glad you are not forever rushing about as girls do now-a-days. It is a complete rest to come in here, after Mattie Pitcher and Carrie Cope."

While he spoke, the two ladies named, with Mrs. Cope as chaperon, were standing in a large, well-lighted gallery, where a few paintings hung with wide spaces between them, inviting admiration or criticism.

"But Mattie," Miss Cope was saying, "the face and figure are a perfect portrat of yourself. You look different, too, more childlike. The expression is not so intellectual, but I am sure you looked just like that when you were very young! Now, mamma, isn't it like Mattie?"

"I think it is!" was the quiet reply. "No, 32. Why Carrie, it is one of Al Hutchinson's pictures. I wonder if he is in Paris!"

"Cease to wonder, Cousin Mary," said a masculine voice, close beside the group. How are you! Oh Cad! what an atrocious hat!"

"I won't be called Cad!" pouted Miss Carrie. "Yes I will, too! You may call me Cad for 'auld lang syne.' Mattie, let me introduce my cousin—sixteen times removed, my dear—Mr. Hutchinson."

But already Mattie's hand had been taken in a firm clasp, and Mr. Hutchinson was expressing his delight at meeting Miss Pitcher, and inquiring for Aunt Martha.

It was a delightful morning. They sauntered through the gallery, admiring the works of their countrymen, chatting of old times, planning a thousand excursions, until Mrs. Cope gave a dismayed exclamation over her watch, and hurried down to her carriage.

"The Copes have really taken possession of Mattie," said Mrs. Montrose, a month later. "She is never here. It is fortunate there is no son, Algernon."

"Yes; but there is an artist fellow always with them—a cousin, or something. Willett says he is immensely rich, and paints for love of it. I don't know myself whether it is Miss Cope or Miss Pitcher that is the attraction, but he is always dangling after them."

"Oh, Algernon! how can you let such things go on? Why don't you exert yourself, and make yourself attractive to Mattie? You are the handsomest man in Paris at this minute."

"Well, the truth is, mother, Miss Mattie seems to look upon me as about one remove from an idiot, because I cannot talk art or books or music."

Which last remark certainly proved that Algernon Montrose had not, at all events, lost his powers of penetration.

Mrs. Montrose, however, made one strenuous effort to matters by proposing to leave Paris at once, and proceed to Italy.

"I think," Mattie said, "that I should like to stay a month or two longer in Paris. But I need not detain you, Mrs. Montrose. Mrs. Cope has most kindly invited me to join her party."

A letter crossed the ocean, not long afterward, to Miss Martha, some sentences of which may be here recorded:

"We will delay the wedding until I come home, dear Auntie, but that will be in a few weeks. It may be that Albert and I will return to Europe next year, but we are coming back to you now. He is anxious to see you, and be sure you are willing for me to marry your 'tramp.' I never thought, when he left us, that in a strange country we should meet again, and I hear from his own lips that he loved me long ago, and was heart-broken when he went to seek me at Arrowdale and found only a yawning coal pit! But it is all right now, Auntie, and I am the happiest woman in the world."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Death of Rev J. C. Mann, D. D.

A telegram from Hon. D. W. Bain, brings the sad news of the death of this distinguished minister. He died of typhoid fever in St. Louis. Dr. Mann was one of the clerical delegates from the North Carolina Conference to the General Conference of the M. E. church, South, now in session in St. Louis. He joined the North Carolina Conference at a session held in Raleigh, N. C., in 1853. He was for nearly 37 years a valiant leader of the host of God. He filled many of the most important appointments in his conference, and had a host of friends wherever he was known. He was, during his ministry, pastor at Fayetteville, Goldsboro, Greensboro, and Wilmington, and presiding elder on the Washington, Warrenton and New Berne districts. At the last session of the North Carolina Conference he was sent to New Berne, which was his last charge. He was a delegate to the General Conference which met in Richmond, Va., in 1886.

Dr. Mann was a native of Alamance county, North Carolina. He was about 60 years of age.—*State Chronicle.*

A Paradise for Negroes.

In a recent letter, Henry M. Stanley, the African explores, writes:

"There is space enough in the Upper Congo basin to locate double the number of the negroes in the United States without disturbing a single tribe of the aborigines now inhabiting it. I refer to the immense Upper Congo forest country, 350,000 square miles in extent, which is three times larger than the Argentine Republic and one and a half times larger than the entire German empire, embracing 224,000,000 acres of umbrageous forest land, wherein every unit of the 7,000,000 negroes might become the owner of nearly a quarter-square mile of land. Five acres of this planted with bananas and plantains would furnish every soul with sufficient subsistence—food and wine. The remaining twenty-seven acres of his estate would furnish him with timber, rubber, gums, dyestuffs for sale. There are 150 days of rain throughout the year. There is a clear stream every few hundred yards. In a day's journey we have crossed as many as thirty-two streams. The climate is healthy and equable, owing to the impervious forest, which protects the lands from chilly winds and draughts. All my white officers passed through the wide area safely. Eight navigable rivers course through it. Hills and ridges diversify the scenery and give magnificent prospects. To those negroes in the South accostomed to Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisana it would be a reminder of their own plantations, without the swamps and the depressing influence of cypress forests. Anything and every thing might be grown on it from the oranges, guaves, sugar cane and cotton of sub-tropical lands, to the wheat of California and rice of South Carolina. If the emigration was prudently conceived and carried out the glowing accounts sent home by the first settlers would soon dissipate all fear and reluctance on the part of the others."

The Best of Banks.

Ruthie and Ray did not want to get their lessons one sunny day.

"The rest of the chillans don't mamma. They don't never get lessons at home," said Ruthie.

"And they just have good times all day long, mamma," added Ray.

"What do you put money into this for, my boy?" smiled mamma, taking Ray's iron savings bank from the shelf and shaking it until the money inside rattled sharply.

"Why-e-e! You know, mamma. If I spent every bit I wouldn't have any when I get to be a man. When that is full I shall put it into a real savings bank," answered puzzled Ray.

"Do you always put in pennies?" asked mamma again.

"No, indeed! Sometimes I have a nickel, sometimes a dime, and yesterday papa gave me a quarter," replied Ray, still more puzzled.

"Just so," and mamma smiled upon the two eager little faces. "And did you know that you had another bank, from which no one but yourself can take your treasure—one which pays more interest the more you put into it? It is the bank of learning. When you are learning your A B C's you are putting in pennies; your first reader gives you nickels; the second reader will bring dimes; the third gives dimes and nickels both. For the fourth you drop in shillings, and so you keep increasing until you leave school, and begin your own life work. Even then, you hardly know what a vast treasure you have; better than gold, dears. Now you can begin to draw from this wonderful bank, and the more you use its riches the more there will be for you to use. No one can take it from you—no one can use it without your help, but you can make it a blessing to all around you. What do you think of it, my dears?"

"I b'lieve we won't never cry 'cause we have to go lessons any more, mamma," said Ruthie opening her book.

"And I think we'll have that bank full as soon as we can. I guess if everybody's mamma told them chillans 'bout that, there'd be smarter folks in this world, don't you, mamma?" and Ray took his book again.

"Nickels now, but dollars will surely come," said mamma, and there has been no more trouble about lessons in our house.—*Transcript.*

A Guide of Stonewall Jackson

A Madison, Ga., special to the Atlanta Constitution says: Rev. Benjamin L Hume, an aged and highly respected citizen of this county, is afflicted with paralysis at his home just outside this city. Rev. Mr. Hume was a guide for the famous warrior, General Stonewall Jackson, during Virginia campaigns and he knew many interesting incidents in the life of that great man which have never yet been recorded upon the pages of history. Rev. Mr. Hume came to this county at the close of the war with $40,000 in money. Misfortunes came, and his estate to-day consists of a house and farm of a few hundred acres near this city. Mr. Hume is unconscious, and his recoveay is exceedingly doubtful. He has been a superannuated Methodist preacher for some years.

Such is Life.

This is a sort of topsy turvy world. No man seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice, another is flying from it. One man is saving up to build a house and another trying to sell his dwelling for less than it cost, to get rid of it. One man is spending all the money he can make in taking a girl to the theatre, and sending her flowers in the hope eventually of making her his wife, while his neighbor is spending all the gold he has to get a divorce. One man escapes all the diseases that man is heir to and gets killed on the railroad; another goes through half a dozen wars without a scratch and dies of the whooping cough.—*Durham Sun.*