State Library

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV. LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890. NO. 8

Travis—I wonder what makes all these Philadelphia girls so pretty?

Bloodgood—Oh, physicians say that sleep is conducive to beauty.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Enumerator—Do you speak English?

Householder—Yes; that is, I thought I did until I read the report of a baseball game in the papers the other day.—*Boston Transcript.*

Guest (attempting to carve)—What kind of a chicken is this, anyhow? Waiter—Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rock, sah. Guest (throwing up both hands)—That explains it. I knew she was an old timer, but I had no idea she dated back to the Mayflower.

The LINCOLN COURIER is you county paper. Subscribe at once.

Temperance Missionary—And does your husband drink liquor?

Mrs. O'Toole—Bless y'sowl! He hasn't tiched a drap fer three years.

T M—That's a good thing for you.

Mrs. O'Toole—A good thing, is it? An' me as has been a widder ever since thot day, an' wid five childer to support.

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Counsel to witness, the father of a large family—Why are you so certain, Mr. Smith, that the event occurred on such a date? May you not be mistaken.

Witness—Impossible, sir. It was the day I didn't have to buy any of my children a pair of shoes.

Miss Culture—Oh, Mr. Sharpe, doesn't the Professor play charmingly? I just dote on his pieces in flats.

Mr. George Sharpe—Aw, weally, Miss Culchah, I pwefer sharps—G sharp, for instance. Ha, ha.

MissCulture—Yes! but you know G sharp is A flat.—*Boston Budget.*

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A course, rough manner at home begets a manner of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

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Jan. 3, 1890.

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Selected for COURIER.

A Printer's Essay to Miss Catherine J of UTK.

An SA now I mean 2 write
2 U sweet KT J,
The girl without a ‖
The belle of UTK.

I 1der if U got the 1
I wrote 2 U B4
I sailed in the RKDA,
& sent by LN Moore.

My MT head can scarce conceive
I calm IDA bright,
But 8T miles from U I must
M-- this chance 2 write.

& first should NE NV U
B EZ mind it not
If NE friendship show, B sure
They shall not B forgot.

But friends and foes alike DK
As U may plainly C
In every funeral RA,
Our Uncle's LEG.

From virtue never DV8,
Her influences B9
Alike indu ce 10derness
Or 40tude divine.

& if U cannot cut a —
Or cause me !,
I hope U'll put a .
2 1 ?.

R U for anXation 2
My cousin heart and ☞
He offers in a ¶
A § broad of land.

He says he loves U 2 XS,
E'er virtuous & Y's,
In XLNC U XL
All others in his I's.

This SA until U I C
I pray U 2 XQ's,
& not burn in FIG,
My quaint and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear KT J,
I trust that U R true
When this U C then U can say
An SA I O U,

A. L. C.

Lincolnton, N. C.

From New York Ledger.

A PATCHWORK QUILT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpanes and comfortables which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the tiniest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of chintz?

That's a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning-gown; this is a piece Miss S—— gave me. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby—when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those idle hands, for which Doctor Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You'd better get your patchwork."

They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with large, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old." Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the *Mayflower.* At least, it was said so.

When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always would be while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then and said:

"I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feel that she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron.

"Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and thereupon began to teach Olive the higher mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking every girl of that family quite understood.

A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the homely patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the card board patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion.

One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking; as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowered chintz.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old aunt Hepsiba's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then another rose, like wall-paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it."

"I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again.

"And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I would have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried."

So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen.

It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild-fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend at the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was blighted forever.

No one doubted his guilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent.

Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords' ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow-house to see that Crummie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called to her.

"Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great throb.

"It's I—Harry," said a well known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive."

"Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears.

"And you all believed it at once?" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would."

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man.

"You shan't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one who has disgraced himself."

"Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as plainly as we see things in dreams; his love, with her dark curls about her face, and the needle in her hands, and the skein of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a brilliant little pile, squares and triangles on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full blown rose, alternately.

A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak Maine country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone.

The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was, which bore the name of

T. JOLLIVER.

upon its signboard, was not expecting any guests that night, but, nevertheless, one came to its doors—came late, too, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed.

The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. But he was well dressed and evidently no poor traveller. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way thither, he found a buxom, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too," said she, with a little laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was a patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again.

The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it, as men do not often look at patchwork quilts. The woman bubbled on.

"We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of these quilts at home. Sister Ruth had twenty when she was married, but I had fifty. My other sister gave me her share, seeing that I married a hotel-keeper, and she thinks she'll never marry. Oh, dear! There's a story in this a good many quilts, if you did but know it; and there is a story in this. It's the last one Olive ever made. But I'm boring you, sir."

"No, go on," said the gentleman. "Go on, please."

"She was engaged," said the landlady, "and she was but sixteen. One afternoon, she and her sweetheart cut out these blocks, the next they were parted. He was suspected of a crime—of robbery, sir, if I must say it—and she never saw him again. She knew that he was innocent. She said that all the angels in heaven couldn't make her doubt it, but no one else thought with her, until a year had gone by, and then an old confidential clerk, who was trusted in everything, being caught in another theft, confessed to that which my sister's sweetheart had been accused of. The story he had told to his employers of being knocked down in the streets of New York, where he went that holiday afternoon, and being thought drunk and put into a station house, and being ashamed to give his name next morning, and too sick to come home next day, was no doubt true. His employers advertised for him, but in vain. And mother owned to sending him away from the door when he came to see Olive. It is a sad story. Olive can't seem to like any one else, and the poor fellow was so fond of her. So that's the story of the quilt."

The woman stopped and gave a little cry, for the guest had flung himself upon his knees, and was kissing that patchwork quilt as lovers kiss their sweethearts' lips.

She gave another little cry in a moment, and knelt down beside him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed, crying hard herself. "Oh, dear! I *do* believe it is Harry Martin."

And it was Harry Martin, who had been to the far ends of the earth and had found gold, but not happiness, believing himself robbed forever of love and of fair repute, and who had returned to find both awaiting him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses.

"Lucy," said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing."

"Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service."

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says we can't keep house without it, we both love it so."

"I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull therefrom the butterflies and roses.

Eaves' Rejection and What It Means.

Eaves "is not afraid of the devil," but since the Senate has rejected his confirmation he is afraid of the Republican Senate, which now, in his estimation, is doubtless the next thing to his satanic majesty. He will step down from his high office—kicked out by J. J. MOTT, better known as the Iron Duke. It has been apparent for some time that Mott was the Grand Mogul of the Republican party, and the Great Dispenser of Patronage. He secured Eaves' appointment, but because the reliable would not do his bidding, he turned against him, and has now secured his defeat. Truly the Iron Duke can kill and make alive so far as the administration patronage is concerned.

The result of the defeat of Mr. Eaves will be that a regular Anti-Administration organization will be effected in the Republican party in North Carolina of which Mr. Eaves will be the head. With him will stand the best and ablest Republicans in the State, and they will see to it that Mr. Harrison will ask in vain for North Carolina support when he asks a re-nomination. There is war ahead between the Iron Duke and his henchmen and Eaves and his host of Reliables who "are not afraid of the devil."

It is none of our fight, but we shall watch it with interest. The country will be helped if each faction kills the other.—*State Chronicle.*

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is, of all tempers of mind, the most amiable, and, though it never receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.

HARRISON AFRAID

That Reed is Working for the Nomination in 1892.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The Lodge-Rowell national law bill will be taken up in the House on Friday, and will pass on next Wednesday.

However, it will not be by a solid Republican vote. There is opposition in Republican ranks, and it is led by a Southern man, one who has sufficient nerve not to be bulldozed by Tom Reed.

That man is H. G. Ewart, of Asheville, N. C.

He spoke his mind in the Republican caucus last night, and will repeat it when the bill comes before the house. In the caucus Mr. Ewart made a ringing speech in opposition to any "force measure." He said that as a measure of relief to the republicans of the south it was not worth the paper it was written upon. It would only intensify race prejudices and engender sectional hostility. Mr. Ewart stated that in North Carolina, except in what is known as the black district, the elections were as fair as in any state in the Union; and no election law like the Lodge bill was needed there. The law would only be applied in the black district, where the inevitable result would be riots and bloodshed. If the gentlemen of the north desired to show their sympathy for the unfortunate negro, and so-called down-trodden republicans of the south, let them exhibit that sympathy in a practical manner, by running their hands down in their pockets and passing an educational bill, which would fit the negro for citizenship and enable him to protect his rights at the ballot-box. He predicted that the passage of the bill, instead of increasing, would decrease the Republican majority in the fifty-second Congress. Indeed, he said, if the bill passed the Republicans would have less representation in the next Congress from the south than they had ever had. With all the talk of frauds in Eastern North Carolina, and especially in the black district of that State, not a single indictment has yet been found, though both the judge and district attorney were Republicans. The negro question would settle itself after while. He said force bills and election bills, modeled on the Lodge plan, would prove abortive and make Republican success in that section absolutely impossible.

Mr. Reed suggested that he need not apply the law to his district, but Ewart replied that he would have to defend it, and that it would not only defeat his re-election, but would defeat the election of any Republican in the South.

In speaking of the bill to-day Mr Ewart said that fourteen Republicans voted against it in the caucus last night, and that in the other house there would be at least a half a dozen votes recorded against it. He said, while it might pass the House, it could never go through the Senate, and he, therefore, had no fears that it would become a law.

It is given out to-day that the President has weakened on this bill, and that he now thinks it would be best not to pass it. A Republican member, who has the ear of the President, said to-day that Mr. Harrison sent for Reed yesterday, and told him he was going too fast in rushing through legislation without due consideration and debate. He also told Reed it would not be advisable to pass such a rabid law as the Federal election bill now pending.

Reed, however, replied in his usual sarcastic vein, and retired in a rage. The Republican member who gave out this information, said that Harrison and other party leaders who are aspirants for the '92 Presidential nomination, were of the opinion that Reed was working for a perpetuation of the power of the Republican party simply to have himself re-elected Speaker, and in the hopes of making himself so popular with the masses of the Republican party as to secure the Presidential nomination in '92.

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