

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. IV.

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

NO. 10

Minor Mention.

Mr. Ewart, Republican, from the 9th district of this State, made a manly and a brave speech in the House, Saturday, in opposition to the Election Bill, which he pronounced as "damnable a piece of legislation as was ever put upon the statute books." It was a manly and brave speech because it requires no small amount of moral courage for a man to thus vigorously denounce a measure of his own party and array himself, single-handed, against the mighty caucus which had pronounced in favor of the measure. We admire more pluck, whether in friend or foe, and when it comes from an unexpected quarter, and gives evidence of a chivalry that defends the right, denounces the wrong and flies to the rescue of a people threatened by a centralized despotism we admire it all the more. Mr. Ewart may have been actuated by principle, or only by policy in his bold denunciation and ringing characterization of this infamous partisan measure. We don't know about that; but he talked in an impressive, earnest way which seemed to be inspired by something more than mere selfish policy. Whether or not, he has shown himself a manly man, one who has the courage of his convictions, the boldness to maintain them in the face of overwhelming numbers of his own party, and in defending his own people and State

from the plots and assaults of his party friends, he has rendered a service which entitles him to hearty commendation and high praise.—*Wilmington Star.*

Who Killed Cock Robin.

Cor. of the News and Observer.
HENDERSON, N. C., June 26th, 1890.—On Monday evening last a thunder cloud passed over our town. The thunder was loud and the lightning continuous until the cloud went by. It struck in several places in our town. On Tuesday morning two or three hundred English sparrows were lying dead under the trees in which they roosted. In front of one gentleman's house they picked up 125 dead sparrows. Will any man, my ornithologist explain the cause of such a destruction of the little sparrows? *INQUIRER.*

The Terrible Heat.

CHICAGO, July 1.—There has been a steady increase in the death rate of the city ever since last Wednesday. Fifty-one deaths from sun stroke were reported up to 4 o'clock yesterday. This number probably represents two-thirds of the fatal cases for Sunday and yesterday. Among the children the mortality has been keeping higher and higher until yesterday when the figures appalled the health officers. Nearly two hundred deaths from all causes were reported during the day.

E. M. ANDREWS,

FURNITURE, PIANO AND ORGAN DEALER.

PIANOS—Chickering, Mathushek and Sterling Pianos are too well known to the people to require any introduction from me. Every one of them are guaranteed, if they do not please you, you need not keep them. There are no lower prices, nor easier terms offered by any one than those offered by me.

ORGANS—What are you going to do about that Organ you promised your wife and daughter? Buy nothing but the Celebrated Mason and Hamlin or Sterling Organ, and you are not always buying them repaired. Sterling Organs for only \$50.00 and Mason & Hamlin's for only \$95.00. Write me for descriptive price list.

FURNITURE—Never before since I have been in business was my stock of Furniture so large and complete in every line as it is today, and prices were never lower. I keep right up with styles, and represent everything just as it is. If you buy anything from me and it is not as represented return it and I will pay your money back. Who could do more? Who could ask more? Write for my prices.

✓ I sell 90-inch reversible frame MOSQUITO CANOPIES with all the fixtures for hanging for only \$2.00.
E. M. ANDREWS, Charlotte, N. C., 16 and 18 West Trade St.

Finley & Wetmore,
ATTYS. AT LAW,
LINCOLN, N. C.

Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.
All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to.

April 15, 1890. 15.

DEEP SEA WONDERS are in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE!

Prices reduced. Every family now can have the best Automatic Sewing Machine in the market at reduced price. For particulars send for our new Illustrated Circular with samples of stitching. Our Illustrated Circular shows every part of the Machine perfectly, and is worth sending for even if you have a Machine. Kniss & Murphy, Mfg. Co., 453 and 457 West 26th St., N. Y. City.

ON EARTH ONCE MORE—
RACINE, WIS.
THE BEST
FARM EXPRESSES
LAUNDRIES
BUSINESS WAGONS
EVERY VARIETY
BUCKBOARDS
BUGGIES
AND CARTS
CATALOGUES
PRICE LIST
LOG, LUMBER YARD & CITY TRUCKS—
SPRING WAGONS & ALL STYLES.
HUGGINS PATENT
LADIES CHAISE.
PATENT CHAISE BRAKE
FISH BROS WAGON CO.
RACINE, WIS.

BEHIND THE MADEIRAS AND WESTERIAS.

From the Old Homestead.
IT'S a perfect shame, child, for you to have to trudge three miles to the village for provisions."

"Nonsense, grandmother, I like to do it well enough; but even if I did not there would be no alternative, so it's best to look on the bright side; now isn't it, grandmother?"

"Well, yes, I guess so. But show me the bright side, dear?"

"With pleasure. Firstly, we have the money to get it with; secondly, we have a good market basket to get it in; thirdly, I have the health and strength to go after it; fourthly, it is an excellent day for it, and lastly, we all want and need it. There, now, are not those reasons sunny enough to drown out all your shadowy ones?"

"Yes, dear, you always look on the bright side of everything. Those are all things we ought to be thankful for."

"Especially the market basket." "There, there, child, be serious now. I do really hate to see you go. If only Gypsie hadn't died."

"Ah, poor Gypsie! Mrs. Graham touched a tender spot in her grandchild's heart when she spoke of her. She was her special property, and many a happy hour did she spend on the back of her faithful little animal, with Bruno bounding along by their side. Now, alas! both were dead. One died the victim of the dread disease distemper, and the other was accidentally shot on a hunting expedition for which he was borrowed. However, said as Grace felt as all this was recalled to her memory, she answered her grandmother lightly enough.

"Yes, if Gypsie hadn't died, or Bruno hadn't been shot, or we had more horses, or grandpa's eyes were well, or Sam was not down with the 'rheumatiz,' or we lived in town, or had near and accommodating neighbors, or a dozen more things were or were not, I would not need to walk three miles to Nelson for something to eat. But you see, general, it never did come out conqueror, and I hate a defeated fellow, so I'll turn him the cold shoulder and have nothing whatever to do with him, so if you'll help me make out the list I'll start at once."

She spoke lightly of her walk, and little did Mrs. Graham know of the thoughts that were coursing through her brain as she took down the list. The truth was Grace had read an account in the county paper the day before that a terrible assault had been made by tramps on an unprotected girl on the very road she had to take. But Grace was no coward. She knew she had this walk to make, so she destroyed the paper, that her grandmother might not see it and worry herself half to death while she was gone. Grace was a very happy, light-hearted child. I call her a child, for in appearance she was but a child, while in reality she was nearly nineteen. Her grandmother often said that she was such a brilliant sunbeam that no shadow could exist in her presence.

She rivaled the birds in her merry songs as she tripped along the path. She told herself she had ample time, so she often stopped on her way to watch the white swans glide majestically away on her approach to the edge of the lake, or the tortoise's clumsy walking until they would reach the brink and then plunge to the bottom, where their bright backs would look as though they were finely varnished. She laughed at her own happy reflection in the clear water, and told herself that she had really spoken the truth when she assured her grandmother of the pleasant prospects before her. The babbling brooks seemed more inclined to be friendly than ever before, the birds sang their sweetest songs, the holly berries were of a brighter hue than last year, and the flowers, the glories of the sunny south, which decked the wood here and there like the finest of embroidery on green plush, looked to Grace as

though they had put forth their greatest efforts to look their gayest, and, in fact, all nature seemed to wake anew in honor of her coming.

"Upon my soul if that isn't too provoking! What could have possessed me to forget that chocolate?"

The sun was just about an hour high, and Grace, having made her purchases, was about half a mile on her homeward journey, when, as we saw, she had forgotten the chocolate. It must be had, so our heroine retraces her footsteps, makes her purchase, and was about a mile from the village, when she is startled by horse's hoofs on the road. She turned, and saw a horse coming at a lively rate, followed by an empty buggy. She took in the situation at once. The hitching strap was dangling along, and evidently he had, upon finding himself loose, started for home without waiting for his master. By a strange coincidence the pony was the same shade of brown and about the same size of poor Gypsie. The girl's only thought was to stop the horse. The road was just about fifty feet from the railroad, and without hesitating she set down her basket, sprang across a small rivulet, and just reached the road in time to grasp the dangling reins of the independent animal. She soon succeeded in soothing her with gentle words and kind pats, and stood meditating. What should she do with her? The sun was already near the horizon, she was beginning to think of the tramps, and what could she do? She would not have time to take her back to town; should she tie her to a tree and fasten a note to the reins? No indeed, that would never do, for a tramp would come along and steal the horse and buggy. However, something must be done, for it was getting late—it would soon be dark—then what would she do?

"What shall I do? Oh, you impudent rascal for placing me in such a predicament!" she said, throwing one arm across the pretty animal's neck and leaning her face against it, while with the other hand she held the reins, looking the very picture of despair.

While thus standing she was startled by a hand being laid upon her arm. Had her fears been realized? Was it the tramp who was going to kill her and then run away with the buggy? She dare not raise her head.

"Excuse me," he began. Surely this didn't sound like a tramp's voice, and she raised her miserable little face, expecting to see a ragged, mud-beamed object before her. She had quite an air of martyrdom depicted on her face, which, however, changed instantly as she saw a fine-looking, well-dressed specimen of humanity before her. She could not conceal her astonishment, so he at once introduced himself as Dr. Green, adding:

"You have stopped my horse, and thereby done me a great favor, as I should have had to walk six miles to reach home. Is there anything I can do for you in return? I should be only too glad to serve you."

She told him there was nothing, but her face veiled her words. He saw that she was too proud to place herself under obligations to any one, so he said:

"I think I heard you speak of my pony having placed you in a predicament. Cannot I make up for it and help you out of it? Are you alone?"

"Yes, I'm alone, and what's more, am two miles from home."

"Poor child! Get right in and I'll take you home, if you'll show me the way."

She hesitated; would it be prudent? He read her thoughts and said:

"Or, if you prefer, you may get in and drive and I'll walk."

"All right, Dr. Green; you hold the horse while I run over to the railroad after my basket, then basket and I will get in and run away with your buggy and horse. That would be capital; I'm so glad you mentioned it."

Then it was arranged, but all three—Grace, Dr. Green, and the basket—were occupants of the buggy. Grace found her companion a splendid conversationalist, and was surprised at herself when she found how short had been their acquaintance before she told him her whole history; how they (her grandparents and herself) had come south for the benefit of her grandmother's health; how her grandfather had, a year after their arrival, taken such a bad cold, which settled in his eyes and caused him such pain that he had to sit in a darkened room all the time, and had not seen daylight for six months; how Gypsie and Bruno died, and their only help was laid up with rheumatism, and so she was compelled to go to the village for their provisions, etc., on foot.

Dr. Green felt the deepest sympathy for the girl by his side with honest brown eyes and such a wealth of brown hair so becomingly coiled on the back of her shapely head, set on a pair of exquisitely shaped shoulders which gleamed through her thin white dress, which fitted her slender figure to perfection. Her face was a study, for every new subject on which they spoke it would have a different expression, every change seeming more beautiful to the now thoroughly bewitched Green. They were deep in the discussion of their favorite authors, etc., when Grace exclaimed:

"Why, stop, Dr. Green; you almost drove past the house!" He looked around regretfully, when to his utter amazement he saw a perfect Eden of flowers, in the midst of which stood a neat little cottage, almost entirely concealed by the dense vines of madeiras and westerias, which were now in full bloom, and a sweeter-scented place he had never beheld.

Upon his exclamation of admiration, Grace explained that they were her grandmother's pets. Everything looked so bright and fresh and so homelike that he felt that he must see the interior of the cottage that had for months, and almost years, sheltered the fairest blossom he had ever yet seen—Grace herself.

A happy thought entered his head. He asked Grace if she would like him to make an examination of her grandfather's eyes, as he had made eyes his special study. She told him she must see her grandfather first, as they were not very rich. He soon assured her that the expenses would not be great, and left an appointment for the next day.

What more need be told? Of course there is but one sequel to this. He called next day, won the hearts of both grandparents, and in six months had Mr. Graham's eyes permanently restored, in payment for which he asked for the hand of their beloved granddaughter, whose heart he had already won in the cozy little parlor and on the piazza behind the vines, where upon his frequent visits to the grandparent he had always managed in some way or other to spend an hour or two with the object of his choice.

In ——— street is a stately little mansion, the characteristic of which is its bordering of beautiful vines. "It always reminds me, dearest, of the many happy hours spent behind the madeiras and westerias."

EASTINA L'ESTANGE,
Hawthorne, Fla.

THE NEW DISCOVERY

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You yourself are one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever afterwards holds a place in the house. If you have ever used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles Free at Dr. J. M. Laving's Drugstore.

VANCE AND THE SUB-TREASURY.

SENATE CHAMBER, June 28, '90.
Edwin Carr, Esq., President Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina, Old Sparta, N. C.

DEAR SIR: So many reports concerning my position on what is known as the sub-Treasury or farmers' warehouse bill have been circulated in our State, and I have received so many letters of inquiry on the subject, that I have deemed it my duty to answer them all in this way. I write to you as the honored head of the Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina, and desire in this manner to make known to the people my honest opinion on this and cognate subjects. I do this all the more readily because I am conscious that I have never, in the course of my political life, concealed from the people who have honored me any candid conviction in regard to any important public matter. It is too late for me now to begin such a course.

On the 24th day of February, '90, at the request of Col. L. L. Polk, president of the "N. C. Alliance and Industrial Union," I introduced in the Senate bill 2806, popularly known as the sub-Treasury bill, and procured its reference to the committee on agriculture and forestry, where it was supposed that it would receive more friendly consideration than from the committee on finance to which it would otherwise have gone according to the rules. On receiving it I told both Colonel Polk and Dr. Macune, the chairman of the legislative committee of the Alliance, that I was not prepared to promise them to support the bill; that it was a great and radical departure from the accustomed policy of our legislation, and that there were questions both of practicability and constitutionality which I wished to reserve. I told them also that I hoped for good results from its introduction, and believed that its discussion would attract the attention of the country to the condition and the wants of the agricultural classes, and if this bill was not deemed the proper one, that some other would be formulated in the direction of the needed relief. I procured an early consideration of the bill by the committee, and a very able and most interesting discussion by Messrs. Polk and Macune was had. But so far without result. The committee has not yet made a report, though I am assured that a majority of its members are anxiously seeking to devise a method of relief which shall not be open to the objections of that bill.

My own position remains the same. I cannot support this bill in its present shape. But I am not opposed to the principle and purposes of the measure. On the contrary, they are those which I have for ten years advocated, and for the accomplishment of which I have in every county in North Carolina again and again urged the organization of farmers, pointing out to them how that all other classes of society were organized for the promotion of their separate interests. It is a shameful truth, that in the enormous growth of the wealth of our country in the last twenty years, the farmers have not proportionately participated. All candid men admit that they have not had their full share of the aggregate prosperity of our country. The reason for this is as plain to be seen as any cause for any effect. For a quarter of a century the legislation of our country has been notoriously in the interest of certain combinations of capital. The manufacturers have been protected by enormous duties upon foreign imports, many of which are absolutely prohibitory. The currency has been systematically contracted by the withdrawal of circulation and the demonetization of silver in the interest of the bankers, brokers, bondholders and all the creditor class. In this way the inevitable results have been produced. The enormous wealth of our country has more and more ceased to be widely distributed and has become concentrated in the

hands of a few. Overgrown fortunes have been accumulated by the favored ones, while mortgages have been the chief acquisition of the many. The farmer being compelled to sell his surplus wheat, beef and cotton in free trade markets of the world, was not allowed also to buy his supplies in the same place, but was compelled to bring his money home from Europe and buy his iron, his clothing and all his farm supplies from the domestic manufacturers at prices enhanced not only by these enormous tariff duties, but likewise by the severe contraction of the currency. What else could possibly have followed but indebtedness and bankruptcy for that class who had thus to bear the ultimate burdens caused by this disturbance of the laws of economy, and by which alone the undue riches of one class were secured?

All efforts to secure the repeal of this outrageous taxation and to restore the full use of silver as a money, having so far proved unavailing, reasonable men are not surprised that the oppressed class of our people have at last organized and determined to do something. For one I sympathize most cordially and sincerely with this determination. Inasmuch as it is impossible to compensate the farmer for the robbing of him under this tariff taxation by imposing tariff duties for his benefit—also for the reason that similar products to his are not imported into this country—the question arises, how shall he be compensated? It some way be not devised, and we continue to impose these tariff taxes on him, we simply admit that he is to be oppressed forever or until he is sent to the poor house; and that whilst we have power under the constitution to destroy by taxation one class of citizens, we have neither the power nor the disposition to compensate that destroyed class, nor to equalize the burdens of life among the people. I never will agree to this, and I stand ready to vote for any measure for the relief of the agricultural classes of the community that will serve the purpose, asking only that it be within the power conferred upon Congress by the constitution. We live, happily for us, in a government of limited powers, but because, as I believe, the present tariff duties are utterly unconstitutional, and but "robbery under the forms of law," I cannot gain my consent to vote for this sub-Treasury bill which provides for the loaning of money to the people by the government, and which, in my opinion, is without constitutional authority. I believe, however, under that clause of the constitution which gives Congress the power to regulate commerce with foreign countries and among the States, that the bonded warehouses now in use for the reception of foreign importations might also be used at every port of entry in the United States, and others established elsewhere as well, for the reception of domestic articles, intended for export or for sale in other States, and that the government could be made to receive these articles and issue receipts thereon upon which the holders could readily borrow money. This, I believe, would answer every purpose contemplated by the sub-Treasury plan except that of borrowing money at a specified cheap rate. However this may be, I know, my dear sir, that neither you nor the good and true men whom you represent would ask me to infringe in any way upon the organic law of our country, in the faithful observance of which alone consists the safety of our people.

Permit me to say that there is at this time a great responsibility resting upon you. This is an uprising of the agricultural class of our people, the most powerful class of our society, which amounts to little short of a revolution. This revolution is directed toward a redress of the evils arising from unjust legislation. You are the chosen head and representative of that class in the State of North Carolina, one of its most honored and respected citizens. I feel, sir, that with the fees

[Continued to Fourth Page.]