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Abusive Preaching.

It is rarely the case that denunciatory preaching does any good. Surely it often does harm. I doubt if in the history of the world a single soul has been turned from the error of his way by abuse.

Errorists are not to be won by fiery onslaughts upon their sinfulness, nor by a scornful depreciation of their intelligence. If one be sincere in his belief that an error is the truth, has anything been done towards enlightening his mind by charging him with dishonesty? So unjust a charge has provoked his resentment and left him father than ever from the truth. You have hurt his feelings without offering to convince his judgment. If he is sincere, you have reminded him of it in a way which rather repels than persuades. So whether one be honest or dishonest in his holding to error, it would appear that furious assault is not calculated to dislodge him.

And to speak slightly of the good sense of those whose errors you would correct, flies equally wide of the mark. To call a wise man a fool is to excite either his pity or his contempt; and to apply the epithet where it rightly belongs, would be to blind with hatred and rage.

If it be better to denounce than to contrive at error, may it not be

better still to do neither?

Whatever may be thought of what I have here dotted down without taking time to weigh very carefully, I am sure that we can lose nothing by trying to conform our preaching to the inspired direction: "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."—*J. E. Hutson.*

Dust to Dust.

A thousand years hence—so says a member of the Academy of Sciences—nearly all the stone buildings now standing in Europe will have crumbled to dust. So perishable is the material of which they are constructed that the process of decay is already evident in many conspicuous edifices. The same thing is going on in this country. Neither marble nor our favorite brown-stone can withstand the action of the elements. Even the Capitol at Washington is undergoing disintegration.

It may not be important that an ordinary dwelling-house should last a thousand years. For sanitary reasons, it is, perhaps, just as well that people should have to build their houses over again once in every two or three centuries. But it is not agreeable to think that the Capitol and all the great churches in the country will have disappeared by the year of grace 2890.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE OLD HOME-STEAD.

BY EVA REYNOLDS.

JUST on the outskirts of the old town of Weymouth stood the homestead of the Earls. It had once been several miles in the country; but the busy town had gradually spread itself over the intervening farms, till it had almost encroached upon the old Earl estate; but here it was checked, as not one foot would the old man sell. The Earls had always been one of the most important families of the neighborhood, and the older inhabitants went to tell of the gaiety and festivity that once filled the great house.

The grounds were surrounded by a low stone wall, surmounted by an iron fence. Scarcely a glimpse of the house was to be seen through the dense foliage of passers-by.

From the south, there was a good view of the house, and on the particular morning my story begins, even a stranger would notice signs of unusual commotion about the place. There was an air of expectancy pervading everything. Servants could be seen through the open windows, with duster and broom, busily cleaning and arranging.

A woman came and stood for a moment on the vine-covered piazza on the south of the house. A woman of apparently fifty years—years evidently that had been fraught with pain, for the few stray locks escaping from her morning cap were snowy white, and the face had a care-worn look that accompanies the anxious heart. She stood just a moment, unheeding the beauties around her, or the glad antics of the house-dog; then turned and went quickly and quietly back into the house. She stopped in the hall to give some trivial instruction to a waiting-maid, then ascended the oaken stair-case to her room. This was the mistress of the house.

The library door stood open, and by the farther window, in his favorite seat, sat old Mr. Earl, the master of this grand old place. In his prime, he had been a man of commanding appearance and haughty mien; but now, as he sat with bowed head, and now and then a long drawn sigh, he was an object of compassion.

He was going over his life, year by year; he was thinking of the days long ago—happy days—when he had brought his beautiful wife to reside over his home; then of their first great sorrow, when their first child, a blithesome boy of four summers, was taken from them and lain in the little grave on the hill-side. Then the happiness that had come to them, in the birth of a second child, a little girl, who, as the days went by, became more and more like her mother, with her great blue eyes and sunny hair. How she had grown to womanhood, and had been the pride and delight of his life; and, when, as she grew older, and an engagement between her and the son of his old college friend and neighbor took place, he thought surely his cup was full. But when Ralph Egbert, for that was the young man's name, came home from school, he brought with him handsome Richard Norse, his most intimate friend. Richard, or Dick, as he was familiarly called, was some years Ralph's senior; but, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, the two were firm friends.

Edgar had told him of the blue-eyed girl who was to be his wife, and had often, in his boyish confidence, let his friend read portions of her letters. He had been so extravagant in her praise, that Richard had expressed an ardent desire to see her. "That you shall," said Edgar. "Come home with me on our vacation: I shall be delighted if you will, and such grand times as we will have!" he exclaimed. "Do come, promise."

So the promise was given, and neither dreamed that that visit must needs alter both lives.

They came; they became almost constant visitors at the Earl house. Picnics, excursions, boating and fishing parties filled in the long summer days. As a matter of course, Eleanor Earl and Richard Norse were thrown much together, and the depth of the interest they felt for each other was but partially understood. The awakening came to Richard one day that they were on a fishing excursion up the river. The party had camped on the banks, and old Uncle Jed was busy preparing the noonday meal.

Edgar, as host, was showing the party some picturesque scenery, and then had wandered away some distance from the landing.

Richard was intent on getting a particular fern that Eleanor had admired, and the rest of the party had gone out of sight. He had climbed high up a cliff, and was teaching for the coveted fern when his footing gave way, and he fell heavily to the ground. His head struck a sharp bowlder, and he lay senseless. From a small spring near by Eleanor brought a cup of water, and, bending over him, she bathed his temples and stanchied the blood oozing from a slight scalp wound. Presently the black eyes opened; first he looked about in a dazed sort of way; then, with returning consciousness, at the lovely face bending over him. In that moment he knew that he loved her with a depth of passion that was new to him, and its utter hopelessness overwhelmed him.

Day after day glided by, and they became weeks. Day after day Richard Norse said to himself he would go away and forget. But the next day would find him still there, and Ralph planned new parties; everything he did in his boyish confidence, that his friend would enjoy his visit. He never noticed the pain in Eleanor's face, when he would chide her for her low spirits. He never noticed the almost sullen manner of his guest, which, if he had, would have been pronounced due to the dullness of the place.

One evening he missed Richard, whom he wanted to accompany him to the Earl house. "Never mind," he thought, "he has gone into the garden to smoke a cigar. I will go alone."

Taking the short cut through the grounds to the house, he thought he heard voices. Stopping to listen, he heard some one speak his name. He went in the direction of the sound, and peeping through a clump of vines, he plainly perceived Eleanor. The moon was at its full, and the pale light streaming over her, and, standing as she was, with shadow all about her, made her doubly plain. Standing somewhat in the shade, he perceived the figure of a man.

"Eleanor, I love you," he heard him say. "I love you better than my life. It is treacherous and mean that I should tell you this, knowing what I do; but I could not go away without telling you, without some hope. Oh, Eleanor, tell me you love me; tell me to hope." His voice died away in sort of a moan. Eleanor stood quite still in the moonlight. Her hands were locked and unlocked in a kind of dumb despair: He came closer. He held out his arms and implored her to be kind.

She broke out in a beseeching tone: "Oh, why do you tell me this? Oh, why did you ever come at all? Couldn't you see I loved you, and was struggling to overcome it? Don't you know that I am pledged to another? Why didn't you go and leave me to forget?"

His efforts at control were painful. "You are right," he said. "I should have seen. I will go. Forgive me, Eleanor; learn to forget, and now good-bye, and may God bless you." He turned to go, but Eleanor staggered, and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his strong arms. She recovered quickly, and struggled to free herself; but he held her fast.

"You cannot do without me. You are mine, mine," he murmured. "Tell me you will be my little wife."

Ralph stood a silent spectator of this drama of real life. It touched him too closely for him to comprehend all its force at once. He was dazed, and but slowly his dulled senses came back to him. The magnitude of his despair forced itself upon him. With a low cry of anguish, he fell prone upon the ground. How long he lay there, he never knew. Hour after hour dragged slowly by and he never stirred.

When Richard called the next day, at the Earl house, he was invited into the library, and there met Mr. Earl. As the younger man told his story, and asked him to give his daughter into his keeping, the old man's face grew stern, his brow contracted, his lips were tightly compressed. He uttered not a word until his guest had finished and stood expectant. Then all the pent-up wrath burst forth. In scathing words, he asked how, as a man of honor, he dared make such an ungentlemanly request. "Go," he almost shrieked, "and never darken my door again."

He forbade Eleanor ever seeing him more; but Eleanor's face grew pale and pinched in the days that followed.

One day she was missed from her accustomed place at the table. Little was thought of it, but the night came on, and no Eleanor appeared. Search was instituted, but she could not be found.

One morning, two weeks later, a letter found its way to the 'Squire's table. It was from Eleanor. She and Richard had been married in a little church close to her old home, and had at once sailed for Europe.

Mr. Earl never answered the letter; he never forgave her; her name was never spoken, and, as time passed, he became moody and morose.

A year passed, and another letter came from across the sea. This was from Richard. Eleanor, he wrote, had been in poor health and, after the birth of their little girl, had failed rapidly, and, at last, she had died, and they had buried her near an old French villa.

This letter met with a similar fate as the other. It seemed to be part of his nature that he could not, or would not, forgive.

Twenty years had passed since then, and a third letter had but lately arrived. "I am dying," Richard wrote, "and my child will be homeless. Once more, I beseech you, to forgive the past. Let my daughter, in some way, repay the debt I owe you, for the loss I inflicted."

And now, within an hour's time, Eleanor's child would arrive at the old homestead of her mother's life.

In a sumptuous apartment of a neighboring manor sat Ralph Egbert, called home from his wanderings by his father's recent death. He had heard of the expected arrival at the "Earl House."

Time had dealt lightly with him; his appearance was much the same, except, perhaps, the face had lost, somewhat, the boyish confidence that once had characterized it. He sat silently staring at the open fire. The hands of the little bronze clock on the mantel-piece were nearing the midnight hour, when Ralph arose and went to a small cabinet at the farther end of the room. Taking from one of the drawers a small case, he fitted in the lock a small key that hung from his watch chain.

Opening it, he looked long and earnestly at the picture it contained. It was the picture of a young girl, scarcely sixteen years of age, with sunny hair, and deep blue eyes and laughing lips.

"My darling, my darling. Life was once a happy dream, but that was long, long ago."

His thoughts came back to the present, for, as he replaced the picture in the cabinet, he murmured: "I wonder which she is like, hand some black-haired Dick, or my beautiful Eleanor, of days gone by. Poor Dick, sweet Eleanor, you were not to blame. Oh, had I been more ready to forgive!"

and, one morning, in early autumn, as they wandered listlessly under the trees, he told her the story of his life, going through every detail. He told her of the new-born love, and asked, in trembling tones, if she could give herself to him, despite the great difference of their ages.

"Think it over, darling, for a day, or a week, if need be. Then tell me if you can be happy with me, as my wife."

Next day, as he met her in the library, a little white hand was placed confidently in his; and, as he gazed into the brown eyes, so like her father's, he read her answer, and, with a cry of joy, he folded her in his strong arms.

It was at last that old Mr. Earl's wishes were granted; and, as he listened to the words that made Anne Norse Ralph's wife, tears trickled over his furrowed cheek, and a prayer went up to Heaven, asking forgiveness for the great wrong that had brought sorrow into his own daughter's life.

Ralph and his wife, after a short trip abroad, came to live at the old place. Merry children romped under the old trees, and the village people often spoke of the change that had taken place in the two homesteads since the coming of Mr. Earl's granddaughter.

The Senate Silver Bill.

The following is the text of the bill as it passed the Senate:

SECTION 1. That from and after the date of the passage of this act the unit of value in the United States shall be the dollar, and the same may be coined of 412½ grains of standard silver or of 25 8-10 grains of standard gold; and the said coins shall be legal tender for all debts, public or private; that thereafter any owner of silver or gold bullion may deposit the same at any mint of the United States to be formed in standard dollars or bars for his benefit and without charge; but it shall be lawful to refuse any deposit less value than \$100, or any bullion so base as to be unsuitable for the operations of the mint.

SEC. 2. That the provisions of section 3 of an "Act to Authorize the Coinage of the Standard Silver Dollar and to Restore Its Legal Tender Character," which became a law Feb. 28, 1878, is hereby made applicable to the coinage in this act provided for.

SEC. 3. That the certificates provided for in the second section of this act, and all silver and gold certificates already issued shall be in denominations of not less than \$1 or more than \$100, and such certificates shall be redeemable in coin of standard value. A sufficient sum to carry out the provisions of this act is hereby appropriated out of money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated. The provision in section 1 of the act of Feb. 28, 1878, entitled an "Act to Authorize the Coinage of the Standard Silver Dollar and to Restore Its Legal Tender Character," which requires the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase at the market price thereof not less than \$2,000,000 worth of silver bullion per month, nor more than \$4,000,000 worth per month of such bullion is hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. That the certificates provided for in this act, and all silver and gold certificates already issued, shall be receivable for all taxes and dues to the United States of every description, and shall be a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private.

SEC. 5. The owners of bullion deposited for coinage shall have the opportunity to receive coin or its equivalent in the certificates provided for in this act, and such bullion shall be subsequently coined.

SEC. 6. That upon the passage of this act the balance standing with the Treasurer of the United States to the respective credits of National banks for deposits made to redeem the circulating notes of such banks, and all deposits thereafter received for like purpose, shall be credited into the Treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and the Treasurer of the United States shall redeem from the general cash in the Treasury the circulating notes of said banks which may come into his possession subject to redemption; and upon the certificate of the Comptroller of the Currency that such notes have been received by him, and that they have been destroyed, and that no new notes will be issued in their place, reimbursement of their amount shall be made to the Treasurer under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, from an appropriation hereby created, to be known as "National bank notes: Redemption account;" but the provisions of this act shall not apply to the deposits received under section 3 of the act of June 29, 1874, requiring every National bank to keep in lawful money with the Treasurer of the United States

a sum equal to 5 per cent. of its circulation, to be held and used for the redemption of its circulating notes, and the balance remaining of the deposits so covered shall, at the close of each month, be reported on the monthly public debt statement as a debt of the United States bearing no interest.

The title of the bill was amended so as to read: "An act to provide for free coinage of gold and silver bullion and for other purposes."

Ready to Begin.

Every fall a new army of boys enter the business world. Each boy will feel sure that he is going to make a grand success, and if he does not feel that way he is not much of a boy. A great many boys fail, not because they have not the ability, but because they want to begin at the top; they are not willing to shovel, but want to make their way in cushioned chairs. The men who fill cushioned chairs with the greatest dignity are those who never hesitated to shovel; shoveling helped to make a path upward. The boy who wants the freedom and ease of the head of his firm will find plenty of freedom in life, but no ease. His freedom will consist in walking about trying to find a new position. The boy who is willing to be a boy and do a boy's part in the world, keeping eyes and ears open for opportunities to learn every detail of the business in which he is engaged, will find his chance to step higher every year. Do not fear to ask questions. If you do not understand a thing, study until you do find out all there is to know about it. Do not fear to get to your business a little early or stay a little late. Keep your mind on your share of the work; do not try to manage for the whole business firm. (I remember a man who used to amuse me very much. He never earned more than fifteen dollars a week until he had passed fifty years of age, and during his married life his wife had earned more than he had. Yet he would grow intensely excited because a large and exceedingly prosperous corporation would not adopt his plan, though his connection with it was paying his fare as passenger on its cars. The firm who paid would, if managed by him, grow wealthy in a year, he insisted. Still the firm dispensed with his valuable services and were able to conduct business. That man had been so busy all his business life planning affairs with which he had no connection that he really had no time to think of his personal work. He was not lazy, but he did not know enough to mind his own business.)

SEC. 7. That the certificates provided for in this act, and all silver and gold certificates already issued, shall be receivable for all taxes and dues to the United States of every description, and shall be a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private.

SEC. 8. That upon the passage of this act the balance standing with the Treasurer of the United States to the respective credits of National banks for deposits made to redeem the circulating notes of such banks, and all deposits thereafter received for like purpose, shall be credited into the Treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and the Treasurer of the United States shall redeem from the general cash in the Treasury the circulating notes of said banks which may come into his possession subject to redemption; and upon the certificate of the Comptroller of the Currency that such notes have been received by him, and that they have been destroyed, and that no new notes will be issued in their place, reimbursement of their amount shall be made to the Treasurer under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, from an appropriation hereby created, to be known as "National bank notes: Redemption account;" but the provisions of this act shall not apply to the deposits received under section 3 of the act of June 29, 1874, requiring every National bank to keep in lawful money with the Treasurer of the United States

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SEC. 14. That the certificates provided for in this act, and all silver and gold certificates already issued, shall be receivable for all taxes and dues to the United States of every description, and shall be a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private.

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