

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 1890.

NO. 34

HAPPY HOOSIERS.

Win Tibbott, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined..."

"Worn out" soils often need the application of only a single element to render them fertile.

Prof. Wiggins and all of the other professors say that in dry weather, but Garcia's magic chicken cholera cure never fails.

"Is the swimming teacher busy?" "Yes, ma'am, he's immersed in his business just at present."

REMARKABLE RESCUE Mrs. Mitchell, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs...

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure...

If Cupid would drop his bow and arrows and get a gun we might hear of more love matches.

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Who Is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach, of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living...

Budkins (about to get his life insured)—Now, what kind of a policy would you advise?

Blenkins—Well, I've always heard honesty very highly recommended.

A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money.

A genius is a person whose nature lets in on the ground floor and whom circumstances force to live in an attic.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising...

"In the scheme of creation," said the religious orator, "woman was an afterthought."

"Yeth," remarked the lisping imbecile, "and she's been thought after ever thinth."

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS.

Is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy?

From the New York Ledger. A CHRISTMAS CARD.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

IT IS at once painful and perplexing to be answered by a heavy sigh where one expects an exclamation of pleasure and admiration...

Now papa was quite as devoted a parent to Madge and two-year-old Harold as mamma and took deep interest in all nursery matters.

So it was with some alarm, too, that Mrs. Austin put aside her last triumph of needlework and threw her arm around her husband's neck.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked. He drew her into a loving embrace before he said, sadly:

"I met my father again to-day. Margaret, it will kill me to have things go on so. He was downright shabby, feeble and broken..."

There was a choking sound in Charles Austin's voice as he ceased speaking, but being a man, he kept back the sobs that would have followed.

"At Christmas time too," she said. "It is useless to send presents, Charlie; he has sent them back every year."

The story this conversation referred to was an old one, a true love marriage made in the face of disinheritance and paternal displeasure.

Mrs. Austin had been a poor girl, employed in the factory of Simon Austin, then a man of great wealth and good social position.

Very wearily and slowly the old man dressed himself, lit a fire in the grate and rang for the poor breakfast his laundry provided.

It was Christmas Day, and no business took the old man abroad; so, after the untempting tray was removed, he took a newspaper and drew shiveringly to the fire.

But with a good fortune that does not often follow disobedient sons, Charles was at once taken into the employ and favor of his mother's brother, an eccentric old bachelor...

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entire large estate to his "beloved nephew, Charles Austin."

And while the sunshine of prosperity had no clouds for this wayward son, the father's fortunes had gone awry. Some commercial panic was the first to blow to Simon Austin...

At once Charles hastened to him, offering his entire wealth to save him, only to be met by a proud, fierce refusal to be under an obligation to a dishonest child or his egg-wife.

Over and over again, as poverty became more and more bitter to the man broken and aged, did his son implore him to allow him to help him, offer him a home, love, care, obedience even, only to be thrown back with angry scorn.

A proud man always, Simon Austin cherished his wrath as the last remnant of the old arrogance, and would not bend one inch.

"Yes, yes! I will take you home. Bring your flowers, child. This is no place for flowers or—Christmas cards!"

Down the crazy old stairs the old man led the child, tenderly watchful that the little feet did not slip nor stumble.

Very sadly the son and his wife talked of the impossibilities of helping one who would not let any appeal touch him, until suddenly Margaret cried:

"Charles! I have an idea! Let me try to win your father over. I will send him a Christmas card."

"My, dear, he would not open the envelope."

"But it will not go in an envelope. Don't ask any questions. Let me have my own way, dear."

"Did you ever fail to get that?" was the laughing query, for something in his wife's face gave a fresh hope to Charles Austin's heart.

It was a very mean room in a very poor house where the sun of a bright Christmas morning awakened Simon Austin.

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Madge Austin, dear grandpapa—" and then, half frightened at the strange face and the poor room, the child's eyes filled and her lips trembled.

"I want to go home!" she whispered. "Don't cry!" Mr. Austin said, finding his senses, and taking her into his arms, very tenderly, too.

"Don't cry, dear, I will take you home."

"Oh, if you please, because my big doll is there and all the toys Santa Clause brought, and brother Harry. What did Santa Clause bring you?"

"Nothing!" "Oh!" with a very deep-drawn sigh, "was it because you are up so many stairs? But he always comes to our house, and mamma said, perhaps, to-day, he would bring us our grandpapa! We haven't got any now, you know, and mamma said if he did come, we would love him just the same as papa, and he would love us. And please, grandpapa, so we will."

And here the child put her little arms around the head bent low before her, and lifted the face quivering and teardrained.

"Oh, don't cry! Oh, please, mamma don't cry; only naughty girls and boys!" "Oh!" and again the terror found voice in the plea: "I want to go home!"

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Indian Affairs.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1890.—"I look upon the policy which has been pursued in the administration of our Indian affairs as a crime, revolting to man and God."

This bold utterance was made upon the floor of the Senate to-day by Senator Voorhees, of Indiana. The scene was a dramatic one.

The "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" stood in the aisle near his desk, with arm outstretched, and in a voice that trembled with suppressed emotion, yet that thundered through the Senate chamber, he scored, in terms of intense bitterness, the administration for its dealings with the Sioux Indians.

As he commenced to speak he riveted the attention of every Senator in the chamber, and when the last word fell from his lips the silence that prevailed was oppressive.

It was during the consideration of a resolution which had been offered by Senator Manderson authorizing the Secretary of War to issue to the Governors of North and South Dakota and Nebraska each a thousand stands of rifles and fifty thousand rounds of ball cartridges to be by the Governors distributed to the citizens and militia for protection against the Indians.

Before a vote was taken Senator Voorhees arose and said:—"I shall not oppose the passage of this resolution and I shall not vote against the issuance of these arms to the people, but I cannot let it pass with the feelings I entertain in regard to the administration of our Indian affairs without a word."

"If the proposition were to issue 100,000 rations and more to the starving Indians it would be more consistent with Christian civilization than the policy we're now pursuing."

"When a major general of the War Department is publicly interviewed and publishes that the Indians are driven into revolt—rebellion, if you please to call it—and to the savagery of an Indian warfare by starvation, it becomes an unpardonable crime in my judgment on the part of this government to stand by and do nothing except to furnish arms."

"General Miles has stated to the public, and to me before he did to the public, that these Indians are being starved into hostility, and that they prefer to die fighting to being starved to death."

"I look upon the policy which has been pursued by the administration of Indian affairs as a crime, revolting to man and God. I look upon the present outbreak or the threatened outbreak—which will bring not merely the destruction of the Indians, but will bathe the snows of the Northwest crimson with the blood of our own brave soldiers and officers—as something revolting in the extreme, and that instead of sitting here debating Election bills and Fore-bills, and providing for the issuance of arms to the States in the Northwest, we should be hurrying, anxiously and eagerly, to provide for the feeding of these starving people."

"General Miles says they have been hungry for the last two years! That they are devoured with hunger, wretched and perfectly desperate, and would rather die with arms in their hands than with empty stomachs."

"They have no newspapers. Their privations and griefs and sufferings cannot be made known. They have been suffering in silence there for years, while guilt is somewhere."

"There is a bloodguiltiness somewhere on this subject and I had intended to introduce a resolution calling for an investigation, but am deterred out of respect for the Committee on Indian affairs."

"Yet, sir, there is a bloodguiltiness that will have to be answered for in the starvation of these people into hostility—a hostility which I have said will cost not merely the lives of the Indians, but will cost the lives of thousands of American citizens and American soldiers."

"A condition of things has been brought about by a niggardly and parsimonious or a dishonest policy

—I know not which—that jeopardizes the whole Northwest and causes a grave and serious aspect, to speak of the situation in terms of the greatest possible apprehension.

"Why sit we here idle," thundered the speaker, shaking his long forefinger at the representatives of the administration, "when we know that by sending food to the people they will drop their ghost dances. They are dancing the dance of starvation and desperation. While I am willing that this resolution shall pass and that the white people shall arm themselves for protection against the impolicy of the government, I repeat there is a crime in the policy of this government toward these Indians somewhere that somebody ought to answer for, and with the utmost severity and swiftness."

"I am glad my skirts are clear of any blood that will be shed growing out of simply a starvation policy, a policy of iniquity and crime against the Indians: a policy that has been pursued to take their lands and not even pay them enough to keep them from starving to death when they have been dispossessed of their homes."

This speech created a sensation. By the time the Senator had concluded his remarks Senators had come in from committee and cloak rooms, and all gave interested attention. As Senator Voorhees sat down Senator Hawley took the floor.

Senator Hawley is the republican chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and he had favored the resolution. Senator Hawley acknowledged the wisdom and justice of Senator Voorhees' remarks and called upon Senator Dawes, the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, to give an explanation of the policy toward the Sioux Indians, and the latter branched out into a lengthy recital of the workings of the Indian Bureau.

After Senator Pierce had spoken and Senator Voorhees supplemented his original remarks the hour for the consideration of the Force bill arrived, and the resolution went over until to-morrow without action.

The Home for Destitute Jews Thronged.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—The question of immigration is exciting lively interest in England, whether large members of Jews are flocking from Russia by way of Germany. The British government has instructed its consuls on the continent to discourage such immigration, and to warn intending passengers not to rely upon assurances of finding employment in Great Britain.

The Home for destitute Jews is thronged, and many of the unfortunate are assisted to pass on to America. England workmen are determined that the four to five million Russian Jews shall not be unloaded on these shores, and leading Hebrews are endeavoring to placate the complainants by the statement that the refugees will be forwarded, as they arrive, to New York and other American ports.

The situation of the Jews in Russia is becoming so horrible that they would probably all leave it permitted. In the words of one of them, their only choice is between baptism and suicide. Vast numbers are choosing baptism; others risk both in escaping across the frontier, and how many select suicide, he would outside of Russia will never know. It is not thought that the great meeting in the Guild hall Wednesday will produce much influence upon the Czar, who has since answered it by a decree increasing the severity of the anti-Semitic laws, and who is believed to be personally determined to break the race down in Russia.

The Farmers' Alliance has a membership which covers all parts of the continent. One of its missions is to take the bloody shirt out of politics and destroy sectionalism. Their poor Ingalls' occupation's gone, Edmunds and Hoar will have positively nothing to talk about, Foraker will drop into the soup with a splash and the other Republican bosses will hardly think life worth living.—N. Y. Herald.

FOR DYSPEPSIA. Indigestion, and Stomach Disorders, use BROWN'S TRON BITTERS. All dealers keep it, \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

IMPORTANT! Get Prices and Photos, READ, FROM E. M. ANDREWS, FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.