

The Lincoln Courier.

How Men Die.
If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Croup or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Hoche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

Grass to be permanent must have sufficient moisture.
That Terrible Cough
In the morning hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quivering pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Aunt—Do they teach by the object system at your school? Little boy—Yes'm. They's always objecting to something or other.—Good News.

SPECIMEN CASES.
C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was clogged to an alarming degree, appetite failed, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of electric bitters cured him.
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and soon boxes of Buxley's Arnica ointment, and his leg is sound and well.
John Spencer, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of electric bitters and one box of Buxley's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at L. Lawing's Druggists.

"I hear your husband is quite a gallant. Do you ever find any letters in his pockets?" Only the ones I gave him to post.—Spare Moments.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.
Rev. F. M. Shourt, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mount, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners said that I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am now sound and well, gaining 25 lbs. in weight."
Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a very thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Croup, and all other ailments, is all that is claimed for it. I can do my own thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Druggists. Regular size 50c and \$1.

"Did you find what you wanted?"
"Yes; they had it in seven different places." "Let me see it." "O, I didn't get it."—Harper's Bazar.

IMPORTANT!

LOOK, Get Prices and Photos, READ,
FROM
E. M. ANDREWS,
Before you buy Furniture. It will pay you. I want to call the attention of all the readers of this paper that my stock of **FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS** is now larger and more complete than at any time since I have been in the business. I have just received a car load of nothing but Antique Oak and Sixteenth Century Suits, ranging in price from \$26.50 to \$75.00. These were bought at a bargain and are the very newest styles. I have made a large deal in Parlor Suits also. Listen at these prices: Plush Suits of 6 and 7 pieces I am offering now for \$32.50 to \$100.00. Plush Suits in Walnut and Antique and 16th Century that I sold for 10 per cent. more money last year. I have a well selected line of Divans Plush Rockers, Book Cases, Mantle Mirrors and Novelties in Furniture. I have scoured the country this year for bargains, buying in large quantities for cash to get the best bargains, my object being to give my customers this fall the most and best goods possible for the money. I make a specialty of furnishing residences and hotels complete from top to bottom. I am anxious to sell you all your furniture, and will do it if you will only allow me to quote my prices. Long time given on Pianos and Organs. Write me for prices and terms.
E. M. ANDREWS, Charlotte, N. C.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ASKIE, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTY, D. D.,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 187th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CHAS. COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.
Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions and do not find our statement correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

"What makes the world go round?" he murmured tenderly. "I believe," she replied, "that it is the law of gravitation. Why?"
Society.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS
Are active, effective and pure! For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equalled, either in America or abroad. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

She—How charmingly Mr. Gabbley talks, Mr. Greeneye. There appears to be no subject he is not informed on.
He (madly jealous)—Says he inherits the gait; his ancestors were barbers, you know.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE
Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

If you want a thin crop skin the surface.
THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.
Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, fever, shames, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

"Where is the doctor, and what is he doing?"
"He's reading over his sermon of the morrow to acquire fluency in its production."
"Oh, I see! A kind of 'practicing-what-he-preaches' system."

Poor Ireland will likely never know what a blessing Garter's magic chicken cholera cure has been to America. It is not only a preventive but it positively cures the sick chickens. If it fails, remember your money will be refunded by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

Two and three story barns are a nuisance.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing. It is general debility. Try **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.** It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it sought to him That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the grief I bear, Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?

About his throne are eternal calms, And the strong glad music of happy psalms, And bliss untroubled by any strife; How can he care for my little life?
And yet I want him to care for me While I live in this world where sorrows be!

When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to sobbing wails,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And this busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden for he is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down he bears,
And loves and pardons because he cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from his throne above,
To soothe and quiet us with his love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh;
'an it be trouble, which he doth share?
Oh! rest in peace, for the Lord will care!"
—Somerville Journal.

THE CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"O, Philippa!" cried all the girls in chorus. "It will be such a fun; and grand-mother's old wedding-dress fits you as if it had been made for you."
"It would be fun," said Philippa Vane, with a half-laughing glance into the old looking-glass, the tarnished gilt of whose frame was hidden by autumn leaves and red berries and trailing prince's-pine. And the picture reflected there was not unpleasant to look upon—a tall, slim girl, robed in the yellow-white of an ancient brocaded wedding dress, with falls of creamy lace about the round white shoulders, scant gored folds, and a train which lay full half a yard upon the floor, sprinkled here and there with the gleams of yellow seed-pearls—a girl with luminous dark eyes, and hair of the rich chestnut brown that looks almost black in the shadow.

Philippa Vane was governess at the big house on the hill and had come down to spend Christmas Eve with the bevy of light-hearted girls Maddox Farm. They had danced under the mistletoe, told ghost stories and played games, and now, seized with a sudden fancy for masquerading, they had ransacked the hidden stores of the ancient storeroom and dressed themselves in the lavender-scented raiment of three-quarters of a century ago. And they burst into the great mistletoehung room crying out gleefully:

"We're going to have a wedding—a mock wedding, you know, Philippa is to be the bride. Charley Dalton, will you be groom?"
"Not if I know it!" said Lilly Dean, half earnest, for the young gentleman in question was her engaged lover. "If ever Charley is a bridegroom—"

"If?" echoed Dalton.
"Well, when Charley is a bridegroom—if that suits you any better, sir—no one shall be the other party to the contract but myself."
"But, Lilly," cried all the girls, "only in fun!"
"Fun or earnest, it's just the same," protested Lilly.

"Well, then, what shall we do for a groom?" said Mary Minturn. "Joe Fenwick is too short. Henry Howard would be sure to make some horrid blunder and set us all

laughing at the wrong time. Oh, girls, I have it! David Chester!"
Mr. Chester rose promptly up at the utterance of his name.

"With the greatest pleasure," said he.
"Won't they make a splendid pair!" cried Ella Colby. And Mr. Jaynes shall be the clergyman; he has such a nice, long beard and looks so clerical."

Philippa Vane sprang back a little as the laughing spectators closed around the central group.
"Only in fun, you know," said she. "I wouldn't care if it were in earnest," whispered David Chester. "Come, go on, go on, Mr. Jaynes," called out Miss Minturn.

It was a pretty sight; the great, two-celled room, all draped with evergreen garlands, and studded with scarlet bitter-sweet and holly-berries, the huge wood-fire roaring up the cavernous throat of the old-fashioned chimney, and the picturesque group in the middle of the room. As the last words of the ceremony were uttered, the Dutch clock in the corner struck twelve, and a mammoth sleigh jingled up to the door.

"It's father and mother and the old folks come home," said Ella Colby. "Surely, it can't be midnight already?"
But the next minute the elders were in the room, bringing with them a powdering of snow and a gust of fresh, wintry air, while Philippa Vane, half ashamed to be seen in the old wedding-dress, ran away, rosy and blushing, to get ready to go back to Harder Hall.

Presently Ella Colby came after her with a frightened face.
"Philippa," said she to the "bride," who was tying up her rose-bud face in a blue silk hood edged with swan's-down, "don't be vexed, but father is dreadfully put out. He says we have been playing with edged tools—that you are legally married to David Chester!"

"Nonsense!" Philippa had turned as white as the swan's-down itself. "But it's true, Philippa. Mr. Jaynes studied for the ministry once, before his health failed, and was regularly ordained, years ago. He never thought what he was doing—we none of us did. It was only a frolic, but—oh, Philippa, you are married!"

Miss Vane made no answer, but hurried breathlessly down-stairs, with set lips and varying color. David Chester himself stood just with in the doorway. He held out both hands to her, with a questioning face.
"Philippa!" said he. "My Philippa!"

She turned away from him with a mute gesture of abhorrence.
"Never!" cried she. "How dare you address me thus?"
But old Deacon Colby interposed here.

"Child," said he gravely, "that is hardly the tone to use. It's your own doing. You are his wife, and he can legally claim you, if he pleases."
"I shall not please," said David Chester, dryly. "Miss Vane is quite at liberty to do as she chooses. But I hope she will allow me to drive her back to the Hall?"
"No!" said Philippa quickly. "Very well."

And so, without a word of adieu to the man whom, until to-night, she had rather liked than otherwise, Philippa Vane rode back to Harder Hall through the snow and darkness of the Christmas midnight.
Married! Was it really true? Had she thus rushed blindfold upon a fate which she shuddered to contemplate? Oh, how she wished she could erase that one happy heedless night out of her existence, forever.

There was one thing to be thankful for, however. The Harder family were in New York, gone thither for the holidays. She could follow them the next morning—and leave behind her these troubles and perplexities for good and all.

It was not quite a year afterward that Philippa Vane met Mrs. Chas. Dalton at Delmonico's, lunching daintily—the rosy little bride who

had been Lilly Dean on the night of the Christmas frolic.
"Oh, Philippa, I am so glad to see you," cried Lilly, sitting up at the sight of her.
"And you haven't you written to any of us, or been down to spend the summer weeks? Do you remember the mock-marriage at the old Colby farm-house?"

As if she had even once dared to forget it!
"Well, you're in a fair way to be a widow soon," said Lilly, sipping her cup of chocolate. "He's very ill of Typhoid-fever, and the doctor says he'll die."

"Who?" uttered Philippa, faintly.
"Why, David Chester of course. Poor fellow, it's sad, when we come to think of it—drifting away into the other world all by himself, with no one to take care of him but an obvious hired nurse from town who takes snuff and half stuperifies herself with gin. But there's Charley, come for me. Charley you remember Miss Vane don't you? And we've such a day's work of shopping before us."

And the happy young couple vanished into the glitter and sparkle of Broadway, leaving Philippa Vane sitting alone before her expensive cup of coffee in the great brilliant restaurant.

Dying! And all alone? Philippa's mind went back to the old days when she had half fancied that she liked the stalwart young Apollo of the woods; when she had secretly thought he must be like his prototype in Scripture, "goodly, and of a fair presence." It was true that for a year past she had hated the very thought of him; but was that his fault? And now he was dying—and alone!

Christmas Eve again! Christmas Eve, with a violate sky all sown with glittering points of silver, and the river that traversed Chester Farm bound in sleety armor of ice. While through all the leafless woods the icicles tinkled softly, and the beautiful snow lay shining all over the wintry world.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."
These were the sweet old words which Philippa was reading to herself by the shaded light in David Chester's sick room, when she came conscious, by some inward magnetic thrill, that he had opened his eyes, and was looking at her with the glimmer of reason once more in those orbs.

"Philippa Vane!" said he slowly.
"Hush!" she said, gently, while the pulse of a great joy leaped up within her heart. "You must not talk now."
"Why are you here?" he asked, as if he had not heard her words. "To nurse you; to take care of you."
"Why did you come?"
"Because I am your natural nurse and guardian. Because," speaking the words with an effort, "I am your wife."

He turned his face to the pillow with a groan.
"No," said he; "that is not enough."
She leaned over him softly so that her fragrant breath touched his cheek.
"Because I love you, David," said she. Because I am never going away any more."

For in those hours of delirium she had read his heart and she had read her own. God, in His mercy, had spared him to her, and in the peaceful silence of the starry Christmas Eve a newer and happier life had risen up to them both.
"On earth peace, good will toward men." And where is there such a peace as the peace of love?

"If I should tell you, dear," he said, "that my love for you had grown cold, that I had ceased to care for you and that the happy time when I shall claim you as my own—well, never, never, would it really be a trial to you, darling?"
"Yes, George," shyly admitted the girl; "it would be a breach of promise trial."

Shall the Negro Vote?

Within the past forty-eight hours there has been a decidedly new complexion placed upon the fight against the force bill. It will be remembered that last Saturday both Senator Spooner and Senator Ingalls made the direct charge that the South was enjoying a large representation in Congress based on a suppressed vote. This charge, while not a new one, has attracted a great deal of attention among Southern Senators and members, one of whom, at least, proposes to put the matter to a test in the Senate. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, said yesterday to a Post reporter that he intended at the first opportunity, and before the debate on the force bill was closed, to ask the gentlemen on the Republican side if they will vote for a joint resolution depriving the negro of his right to vote. If by so doing the Southern representation in Congress is relatively reduced. "I shall tell them," he said, "that they will not dare vote for such a measure, and I shall also tell them that I, on the contrary, will give it my hearty support."

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, was emphatic when he said that the South would not hesitate one moment to give up any representation based on the negro vote if by so doing it could forever eliminate the negro as a political nonentity. "This," he added, "I am certain, is the universal sentiment of the Southern people."

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, is not favorable to the proposition. He says that the whites are numerically the stronger in the Old North State; that the races are living peacefully together, and that the whites have nothing to gain by abridging the negro's right of suffrage. "As an abstract proposition," said he, "I oppose it also. The result would be to inject into our body politic a large class of citizens who can neither vote nor be voted for. They would constitute an element of political as well as social pariahs. They would be an incubus upon our material prosperity. They would have nothing to appeal to their better instinct. They would lose their manhood. They would be without responsibility, and as such a dangerous element in the community. We of the South are gradually working out this race problem to a happy solution. A few years more and we will have solved it completely. As the negro acquires property he becomes a better citizen. His interest is identical with the white man, and with this community of interest he is quite as desirous of good government as his white neighbor is. I don't know how it may be in other States of the South where the negro numbers the whites, but in North Carolina we are entirely satisfied with the existing social and political conditions."

In the House there are many Southern Representatives with outspoken views on the subject. Representative Stockdale, of Mississippi, said to the Post reporter that he would be glad to see the negro question taken out from politics in the South, "even," he added, "if this resulted in my losing my seat in Congress." Representative Catchings, of the same State, said that to eliminate the negro and accept the reduced representation would be a happy solution of a vexing problem. Representative Oates of Alabama, said two-thirds of the South are in favor of reduced representation in Congress and the Electoral College if, on the other hand, the negro population is taken out of the apportionment calculation.—Washington Post.

[So long as the negro is a citizen of this country he should have free political privileges, even if he does use them amiss.—Ed.]

It was announced in a matter-of-fact way in a recent dispatch from Indianapolis that the new reaper and binder Trust will on January 1 discharge several thousand men from the factories and offices throughout the country. Yet the people did not understand the workings of the new tariff.—Phil Record, Dem.

Will Form A New Party.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec. 31.—Captain O. A. Power, of this city, who was active at the recent meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance in Ocala, Fla., in preparing the call for a convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 23, for the purpose of forming a third party, has reached home. He says that despite a report to the contrary the Cincinnati Convention will be held; that it will be largely attended, and will formally launch the new party. Captain Power says: "It is true that an attempt was made by a few persons at Jacksonville, on December 14, to suppress the call, in which General Master Workman Powderly and a few others who did not sign it participated. It is not true that General Rice issued the call from Topeka on his own responsibility. It was issued by Chairman Chase, of the people's party, of Kansas."

"Mr. Chase has already issued a call for the election of delegates from Kansas to the Cincinnati convention. The Citizens' Alliance of Kansas has called a State convention for January 13 to act in line with the call. Capt. J. H. Allen, of this city, chairman of the people's party of Indiana, has already issued a call for meetings to be held January 20 for the purpose of selecting delegates from this State."

"We do not propose to pay any attention to Mr. Powderly, as he never lifted a hand to help us in the Kansas fight or elsewhere. He marches too far in the rear. In addition he is at swords' points with some of the leading men in labor organizations, which injures his capacity for leadership in a union of labor organizations to work in line with the Farmers' Alliance movement. In fact, many of us think Powderly is heading for the Democratic camp in 1892."

"You may say that our doors will be opened at Cincinnati on February 23 and our friends from every section will be welcome. A platform will be adopted and the new organization named."

Harmony Established.
The entente cordial has been established and perfect harmony and good feeling reign among all our people, inside and outside of the Alliance. Mutual forbearance, concessions and compromises upon immaterial issues have done their perfect work and the skies are bright in North Carolina for a consolidation of the masses of the people in the great fight of the masses against the classes. The means adopted to bring about this simple and uncomplicated plan of accommodation is the old-fashioned, time-honored North Carolina rule of the majority. If the majority of the people of North Carolina want anything and express their want through the Legislature, they ought to have it. If the Legislature can't get it for them. We are more than willing to stand that test. No member to the Legislature who is fit for the place and has common sense will fail to vote for a measure that he knows is regarded favorably by the majority of his constituents. It is well known that the Topic does not think much of the Sub Treasury plan, which has been talked about so much that it has assumed an importance that does not belong to it essentially. We never regarded it important in any other sense than as a stalking horse and, now that that use no longer belongs to it, it will be measured by its merits. As we have before said the hard-headed American people will never set the seal of their approval upon a bad law. Let the Sub Treasury bill pass under their scrutiny. If it is a good thing—which we very much doubt—we want it. If it is bad, we want none of it. Peace reigns.—Lenoir Topic.

Grip As Bad as Yellow Fever.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 23, 1890.—The weekly report of the city's mortality shows 238 deaths—the largest number during any one week recorded here save when yellow fever prevailed in epidemic form twelve years ago. This large death rate is due, in the opinion of prominent physicians, to the prevalence of the "grip," of which there are nearly 30,000 cases under treatment