

LINCOLN COURIER.

J. M. ROBERTS. EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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LINCOLN, N. C., OCT. 20, 1891.

HOW THE MATTER STANDS

The Statesville Landmark, in an editorial on the work of the late Democratic meeting held in Raleigh, closes with the following:

"It is not lawful to disclose the secrets of the meeting, but there is one thing we are going to tell because it ought to be known: Mr. E. C. Beddingfield, like the honest and candid man that he is, told the committee that there will be a Third party ticket in the field in this State next year and that this fact had just as well be looked squarely in the face."

We trust that that committee of ten will get together and decide whether they will place in the Democratic platform, in the committee's opinion, the Democratic platform of 1890 or the Ocala platform, comes nearest containing the true principles of Democracy. We want them to define true Democracy in clear, distinct and unequivocal terms.

Men have been chosen (because they are supposed to be able to judge) to define and to declare to the people what true Democratic principles are and to suggest a plan of warfare for the purpose, if possible, of making a successful defense of those principles.

EVERY TIME SAM JONES holds a meeting in Wilmington he sits up strife and unpleasant, if not unkind feelings among many good men of that city. Sam Jones will call men dogs and poisonous polecats of hell, and compare ministers of the gospel who cannot agree with him to mosquitoes, and otherwise treat them with insolence and then at the wind up of his meeting will stand up before the people and declare that he had not expressed an unkind word about anyone and did not entertain an unkind feeling towards anyone!

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and Sister Lease Also Totes a Pass.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19, 1891.

Your recent editorials about Polk and his passes have been read with much interest here. I suppose that gentleman is flattered by the notion of the Landmark, News and Observer and other leading papers take of him. He assuredly never received so much consideration, and from such sources, before. In your last week's issue your editorial on the would-be Third party apostle and some of his henchmen was almost pathetic.

"A tall, angular-looking woman walked up to Conductor Joe Collins, of the Southern Kansas road, at the Union depot yesterday and attempted to board the train. 'Let me see your ticket, mam,' said the conductor, in his characteristic polite manner."

"I don't travel on a ticket. I have a pass," exclaimed she loftily, and again she attempted to pass.

"Well, you haven't sense enough to tell whether it's a pass or a ticket, I guess."

was issued to Mrs. Mary Lease, denouncer of monopolists, female orator, the oracle of the Farmers' Alliance.

The persistent and oft-repeated efforts to obtain an endorsement of the Ocala platform from the Georgia Legislature ended in complete failure. The resolutions to this effect could not even make their way through the house in which they were introduced.

The Ocala resolutions were introduced several weeks ago. An effort was made to rush them through under whip and spur. It failed. On several subsequent occasions the watchful guardians of the resolutions tried to spring them on the House at what were supposed to be opportune moments for their passage. They were defeated every day.

On the eve of the adjournment a desperate dash was made by these importunate champions of the sub-Treasury and land loan schemes, but they were again cut off. They determined to make a last supreme effort in the dying hours of the Legislature and for this purpose they rallied their full strength. Their old fate fell upon them again and the Ocala resolutions went down, probably never to rise again in a Georgia Legislature. The sub-Treasury and the land loan were fairly whipped in a body which could have been absolutely controlled by Alliancemen on any line which they had agreed upon.

of their adoption. In their stead were passed resolutions of a general character requesting such Federal legislation as will best conduce to relief of the people from evils which are permitted to exist.

This was all right. The adoption of the Ocala resolutions by a Democratic Legislature would have been all wrong, for the Ocala platform contains some things which are as far from Democratic doctrine as the north pole is from the south.

The Legislature did well so sit down hard on the Ocala resolutions every time they were presented.—Atlanta Journal, 16th.

The Situation at the White House.

New York Sun. "I am perfectly well."—JAMES G. BLAINE.

"Then I am very sick."—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The Sun Cooling Off.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, L. L. D.

We are not driven to the necessity of summoning exaggerated and imaginary agencies to the destruction of the earth. There are hostile powers reserved for the final conflict that will not be content with directing toward us merely "Quaker guns."

The sun, we say, affords us thirty-nine fortieths of all the warmth which we enjoy, and we feel quite unconcerned about the alleged slow cooling of the earth. To the sun we owe the numberless activities of the organic and inorganic worlds, and we feel quite independent of the warming temperature of this dying ember which we call the earth.

The amount of heat dispensed by our solar orb is truly something the contemplation of which overpowers the imagination. The rays which fall upon a common burning glass, converged to a focus, speedily ignite a piece of wood. The heat which is received by a space of ten yards square is sufficient, as Ericsson states, to drive a nine horse power engine. The amount of heat which falls upon half a Swedish square mile is sufficient to actuate 24 000 engines each of 100 horse power received annually by the earth would melt a layer of ice one hundred feet thick. As the solar heat is radiated equally in all directions, it is easily calculated that the total emission of heat from the sun is 2,300 millions of times the whole amount which reaches our earth.

Such an enormous expenditure of heat is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the sun two and one-fifth degrees annually. During the human period of 6,000 years, the temperature would have been reduced more than 19,000 degrees. At such a rate of cooling it is obvious that the sun must speedily cease to warm our planet sufficiently to sustain vegetable and animal life. But it is certain that the sun's high temperature has been maintained during almost countless ages anterior to the commencement of the human era. Those titanic reptiles which could luxuriate only under tropical warmth flourished a hundred thousand years before the world was prepared for man; and those rank, ambrageous ferns, whose forms we trace upon the roof-shades of a coal mine, existed before the reptile horde, and purified the air for their respiration.

What unseen cause has perpetuated, for a million of years, these solar fires? Ceper asserted that the firmament is as full of comets as the sea is of fishes, and Newton conjectured that these comets are the fuel carriers of the sun. Alas! we only know that the wandering comet, though flying in tantalizing proximity to the sun, but accelerates its speed and hurries onward, as virtue hastens past the vortex of ruin. Is it a chemical action which maintains the solar heat? The most efficient chemical action for this purpose is combustion. Now, if the sun were a solid mass of coal, its combustion would only suffice for the brief space of forty-six centuries to replenish the solar system with its vivifying influence. Is it the effect of the sun's rotation on his axis? Such rotation could generate no heat without the resistance of another body. Even if that other body were present, a calculation based upon the sun's mass and his rate of rotation shows that the heat generated could only supply the expenditure for the space of one hundred and eighty-three years.

These exist, nevertheless, as means of recuperation to the solar energy. It is not an exhaustible

resource, but it prolongs materially the period of the sun's activity. Though no comet has been known to fall into sun, it is now generally admitted that comets are falling down upon the sun from every direction.

Besides the planetary and cometary bodies which revolve about the sun, it is now demonstrated that the interplanetary spaces are occupied by smaller masses of matter, from the size of a meteorite to particles of cosmic dust. These all are flowing about the sun in a circling stream, but forever approaching nearer and nearer, until they are gradually drawn into the solar fire. The showers of meteoric hail which pelt our earth at certain periods of the year are merely cometary bodies that have been diverted from their path in certain parts of her orbit. That faint cone of light which streams upward from the setting or the rising sun, near the time of the equinoxes, is but a zone of planetary dust illuminated by the sun's rays—a shower of matter descending upon the solar orb, and rendered visible to us, like the rain sent down from a summer cloud and projected upon the clear heavens beyond.

The conviction cannot be resisted that the process going forward before our eyes aim directly at the final extinction of the solar fire. Helmholtz says: "The inexorable laws of mechanics, show that the store of heat in the sun must be finally exhausted." What a conception overshadows and overpowers the mind! We are forced to contemplate the slow warning of that beneficent orb whose vivid light and cheering warmth animate and vivify the circuit of the solar system. For ages past unbounded gifts have been wasted through all the expanding fields of space—wasted, I say, since less than half a billion of his rays have fallen upon our planet. The treasury of life and motion from age to age is running lower and lower. The great sun which, stricken with the pangs of dissolution, has bravely looked down with steady and undimmed eye upon our earth ever since organization first bloomed upon it, is the pelting rain of cosmical matter descending upon his surface can only retard, for a limited time, the encroachments of the mortal rigors, as friction may perpetuate, for a few brief moments, the vital warmth of a dying man.—Methodist Magazine.

Table Customs of Our Ancestors.

A thousand years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the tablecloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: 'I feed people with many kinds of food. First I am a quadruped, and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also.' The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-eater," and the lady of the house was called a "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstitious of the cook marked with a cross, to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but unfortunately deep drinkers. The drinking horns were at first literally horns and so must be immediately emptied when filled, later when the primitive horn was replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a daring top while tapering toward the base, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught. Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who had dreamed of them, when Nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled

meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to cut the meat on, thus preserving the tablecloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown upon the stone floor for the dogs which crouched at their master's feet. At a later date it was put in a basket and given to the poor who gathered at the manor gate. During the latter part of the middle ages, the most conspicuous object on the table was the salt cellar. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the center of the long table, at which the household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests, being at one end and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in regard to the salt was a test of rank—the gentlefolks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomanry below it. In the houses of the great nobles dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians, followed by the steward bearing his rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and profusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christmas, 1254. This included thirty-one oxen, one hundred pigs, three hundred and fifty-six fowls, twenty-nine hares, fifty-nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty-six partridges, sixty-eight woodcocks, thirty-nine plovers, and three thousand eggs. Many of our favorite dishes have descended to us from the middle ages. Macaroons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favorite winter breakfast, griddle cakes, has come down to us from the far-away Britons of Wales, while the boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II., more than five hundred years ago.—Scientific American.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas. "Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va. "In 1856, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fever, and cold. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hark, Judsonia, Ark.

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Respectfully,

J. L. KISTLER, Propr.

Sept. 18, 1891

THE

LINCOLN

COURIER

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—BY—

J. M. ROBERTS,

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