

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1894.

NO. 38.

## Professional Cards.

### J. W. SAIN, M. D.,

Has located at Lincoln and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country. Will be found at night at the Lincoln Hotel.  
March 27, 1891.

### Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

### Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.  
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of an anesthetic applied to the gums. Positively destroys all sense of pain and causes no after trouble. Guarantee to give satisfaction or no charge.  
A call from you solicited.  
Aug. 4, 1893.

**GO TO BARBER SHOP.**  
Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.  
HARRY TAYLOR, Barber.

### E. W. HOKE,

Livery & Feed Stables,

Two blocks west of Hotel Lincoln.

LINCOLN, N. C.

Teams furnished on short notice. Prices moderate. Patronage solicited.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Look on human and animal ailments and male cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

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### C. A. SNOW & CO.

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**INVENTION** has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started from out this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

### FOUR BIG SUCCESSES

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, teething eruptions, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

## An Olf Told Tale.

BY ANNIE E. TYMAN.

"Now Charity," said Widow Gray. Unto her daughter fair, "Haste thee, and don thy cap and gown, And smooth thy tangled hair; For, as Aunt Prudence and myself Must stay at home tonight, Thou'dst better start to meeting now While yet the road is light. And, as when thou art coming home 'I'll dark and lonely be, Join neighbor Browney and his wife They'll bear thee company."

Soon, Charity walked down the lane With air demure and prim, Her gown was made of sober gray, Her cap was neat and trim; She paused beside the meadow gate To view the sunset scene, Then turned and hastened down the road.

And crossed the village green; She stopped a moment on the steps, Before the house of prayer, And gave a gracious bow and smile To those who lingered there, Then glided down the narrow aisle, With pretty girlish grace, And in her mother's high-backed pew Took her accustomed place.

She turned the pages of her book, With pensive little smile, Quite conscious that some fine dark eyes Were watching her the while; For Isaac Rodgers loved this maid, So dainty and so trim, And she though no one knew of it, Was very fond of him.

Obedient to her mother's wish, When services were through, She sought beside the vestry door; Old Squire Browney's pew; And when she found to her dismay, The Squire was not there, She looked the congregation o'er, To find the worthy pair.

Then, Isaac hurried to her side And said, with inward glee, "The Squire isn't here tonight, Let me go home with thee." She smiled and said 'twas very far, But if he wished, he might; And so they crossed the village green, Beneath the stars soft light, And turned about the winding lane By which the flowers grew.

And breathed the fragrance of the fields Made sweeter by the dew, They heard the frogs in distant swamps Chink dimly and long, And far away among the trees, The whip-poor-will's sad song.

"It's quite a pleasant night," said he, Not knowing what to say. "Yes, quite pleasant night," said she, "It's been a pleasant day."

"But very warm this afternoon," With earnestness, he said. "Yes, very," answered Charity, And tossed her pretty head, For she couldn't keep from thinking As they walked along together, That he might have talked of something else.

Beside the pleasant weather. But this you may have noticed—It's a most peculiar way—That people always say the least, When they're the most to say; So, though the stars shone softly down, And though they were alone, There was no trace of tenderness In Isaac Roger's tone; And though all nature seemed to try To help him with his wooing, He let his opportunity Slip by, without pursuing.

Twice thus they reached the garden gate, The long walk being done, And found themselves, just where they were, Before they had begun.

"Good night," she said, with pleasant smile, But strangely troubled mind, "See, they have left the candle lit, The light shines through the blind."

She paused—"I thank thee, Isaac, For coming home with me, The wick's a lone and lonely one, When I've no company."

The dilatory Isaac, now, Resolved, they shouldn't part Till he had told her of his love That filled his loyal heart. But ere his resolution Could be put into effect, An interruption happened, Which his fond hopes quickly checked.

From a broad vine-clad casement, That o'erlooked the garden gate, Her mother's quick, gentle voice Called, "Charity, 'tis late! The new merino thou hast on Thou know'st is very thin, So, thou hadst better bid thy friend Good-night, and hasten in."

They parted in the moonlight, With sadly troubled hearts; And down the long and silent lane The vanquished lover starts; While, as the maiden turned away, "He loves me not," sighed she, "Or he'd have told me of his love, While coming home with me."

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She took the lighted candle, She climbed the narrow stair, She knelt beside the window, And quaffed the evening air, She looked upon the starry sky, She watched the rising moon, And breathed the dewy fragrance That fills a night in June.

And though the scene was grandly calm That stretched out everywhere; Though bright the moon that night in June, And calmly clear its light—Naught but the shadows of the scene Were borne upon her sight.

Next evening when the summer sun Had sunk behind the hill; When the noises of the daytime Had ceased, and all was still, Young Isaac drove his father's chase Up to the widow's door, And Charity felt happiness Within her heart once more.

Now, though his opportunities Were very poor, and few, He made the most of all of them. As every one should do; And when he drove the old brown mare Adown the silent lane, A feeling of intense delight Filled both his heart and brain.

Then Charity her candle took, She climbed the narrow stair, She knelt beside the window, And quaffed the evening air, She looked upon the starry sky, She watched the rising moon, And breathed the dewy fragrance That fills a night in June.

"He loves me," then she murmured, He loves me much," said she, "And wishes me to marry him—How happy we shall be!"

New York Ledger.

## THE MISTAKE OF CAPTAIN BARTON.

BY RUFUS HALE.

Captain William Barton, of the ship *Kingfisher*, had but one great fault—a violent temper.

His young wife, who had accompanied him for a voyage to Java, often begged him to control himself, declaring that such a temper would lead him to the perpetration of some deed he would bitterly repent of.

Not that he was ever otherwise than kind and gentle to her. It was against his men that he sometimes became enraged. They all liked him, notwithstanding; for except when they made some blunder, he treated them like brothers. They also liked and respected his good wife—a beautiful brunette wife of twenty. The health of this young woman was perfectly, and she was as strong and active as a deer.

Having been brought up near the water, she could handle an oar with surprising skill, and her husband had been heard to say that she was an expert swimmer. He was a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with an arm like a blacksmith's, a ruddy cheek and a clear eye. His wife loved him deeply, and whenever she saw him angry with his men, she would hover about him

endeavoring to soothe him.

Her own brother, Jack Wilton, a youth of seventeen, was cabin-boy. His relation to Mabel, however, did not prevent his sometimes being the object of the captain's wrath.

One evening, on an occasion when Jack was slightly ill, he stumbled against a bucket full of tar, spilling the latter all over the deck.

"Confound you, youngster!" roared the skipper. "I'll make you atone for your awkwardness."

Mrs. Barton pleaded with him. She had sat up most all of the previous night nursing her brother, and she was sure he had not slept ten minutes during that time. It would, therefore, be cruel to make the poor boy, who was not yet quite well, remain awake so long.

But, although susceptible to his wife's influence, there were times when she could not move him. He now resisted all her appeals, and at last made little Jack get into the long-boat and there seat himself, to keep a lookout.

"And mind that you keep a good one!" said he. "Don't let me catch you dozing!"

"Have you put Jack on the lookout?" inquired his wife, when he joined her in the cabin.

"Yes," "Cruel!" she cried, putting the tears shining in her eyes. "What! You are not angry with me?" he said.

He put his arm around her lithe waist, drew her to him and kissed her. "Bluebeard!" said she. "I ought to pull your hair!"

She nestled in his arms, coaxed him and pleaded with him about Jack, but in vain.

Then she became very still and thoughtful. All at once a singular expression flashed in her dark eyes. She half started, rolled around in his arms like a ball, but said not a word.

A few minutes later, the captain retired to his apartment adjoining that of his wife. He soon fell asleep, but awoke three hours later, and went on deck.

It was a dark night, and the wind was blowing almost a gale. The captain looked leeward, but through the gloom he could see nothing of an island the ship had been approaching when he went below. On making inquiries of the officer of the deck, however, he learned that the island—one of the Feejee group—bore about a mile off the lee quarter.

He now walked toward the long-boat, in which he had stationed Jack Wilton to keep a lookout.

"If I find him vigilant and wakeful, I will let him have his watch below!" he muttered, gently, the dark pleading eyes of his wife haunting his mind. "Hallo! He is asleep!" added the skipper, as he approached the form seated in the boat.

In fact, the head of the "lookout" was bowed, and the deep breathing that saluted the captain was indicative of profound slumber.

Barton's quick temper was at once aroused. He sprang toward the dimly revealed form in the boat, climbed into the vessel, and rushed at the sleeper, intending to seize him by the shoulder, and give him a merciless shaking. But at that moment the ship panged heavily and, in his haste, the captain caught his foot against the boat-mast, rolling it half out of the craft, and falling almost prostrate in the boat.

As he fell, his outstretched hand struck violently against the back of the slumberer who, thus pushed over the gunwale, struck against the mast, which at once dropped into the sea. The young lookout went with it, pitching, head-foremost into the dark waters.

her fore and aft. An attempt was made to lower the boat, but it was dashed to fragments against the ships' side.

The wind blew great guns. It shrieked like a hyena in the quivering shrouds, and the roaring sea became white with foam and spray.

No boat could be lowered now. "Lost! The boy is lost!" groaned the captain. "What will she say, when she hears of it—that I pushed her brother overboard?"

He had not the courage to tell her. Hours passed, and he walked the deck like a madman. By this time the storm had abated. For a few minutes the moon shone; then it was hidden by clouds, and darkness again fell.

"I cannot tell Mabel—I cannot wake her yet! She will learn the dreadful truth soon enough!" muttered the wretched man.

Not long after, the dim light of coming dawn struggled through the gloom. A solemn look rested on the faces of the sailors. Every eye was turned toward the miserable captain.

All at once, from the steerage, emerged a slender youth. Then he started back with a terrible cry. It was Jack Wilton he saw—the cabin boy whom he thought he had pushed overboard on the previous night.

We rushed up to the boy and caught him by the arm, while the astonished seamen all came thronging aft.

"What does this mean? Speak! Speak!" he gasped. "I pushed you out of the long-boat into the sea, and here—"

"What? Oh, Mr. Barton! What?" interrupted the youth, turning as pale as death. "You don't mean—"

"Speak out! Speak out! Speak out, I tell you!" roared the skipper, trembling in every limb. "I say I thought I pushed you overboard, you were asleep, as I thought, there on the lookout, and—"

"I—I—" stammered the youth. "No, it was not I. My sister came and said she would take my place! She insisted, and putting on my hat and cloak, so that no person might guess it was she, she sat down in the boat and sent me below to sleep. You said you pushed her into the sea, but, of course you are jesting. You do not mean it."

"What have I done?" screamed the miserable man, almost frantic. "I see, now! It was my own wife I pushed overboard!"

He leaned against the rail for support. He wrung his hands and tore his hair.

"But she is not lost! No, no!" he shrieked, almost beside himself. "Mabel, Mabel, come back to me!" he added, in despairing voice, stretching out his hands over the wild waters.

"He is going mad," said the mate. But at length the captain became calmer, although his face was as ghastly as that of the dead. He wore ship and retraced his course toward the island. When within a mile of it, he ordered a boat lowered.

He had it manned and pulled to the beach. A group of wild islanders stood there.

"I want my wife!" cried the captain. "Wife! What mean?" inquired one of the savages, who could speak little English.

"She fell overboard last night, but she was a good swimmer, and I think she must have reached the beach," said the skipper, confidently.

He could now talk in a rational manner about his wife. "She is lost! Lost! But I shall soon join her," he said mournfully. "I am not long for this world."

His conscience gave him no rest. His hand it was that had sent her into the dark waters! True, it was an accident; but it was his violent temper that had caused it.

In due time the ship reached Java the port of her destination.

The vessel was not long anchored, when the skipper went below and took from a pantry some prussic acid, with which he intended to put an end to his wretched life.

He mixed the poison in a cup, and was about raising it to his lips, when a light beautiful form descended the companionsteps. He turned, still holding the cup, to behold a most unexpected vision.

For a moment he stared wildly, as if looking at a ghost.

It was his wife—his own beautiful wife—he saw before him.

A wife cry escaped him, and the two rushed into each other's arms, then from the deck there rose a cheer that made a vessel shake from keel to keelson, and seemed to split the very skies.

The crew had seen Mrs. Barton when she came aboard from a shore-boat, and were now expressing the wild joy that thrilled them all.

Explanations were soon made by the happy wife.

The moment she struck the water on that when she fell overboard, she had waked, and, instinctively throwing out her arms, she had clutched the boat-mast, which had fallen with her.

To this mast she clung. Her skill as a swimmer assisted her in keeping her position.

She was carried past the island by that time the storm had subsided and the moon shone. Ahead of her, approaching, she beheld a small schooner. It passed so near her that, by shouting, she attracted the attention of crew. A boat was lowered, and she was picked up, half senseless. As soon as she could speak she told her story. But she could not make herself understood by the wild crew, who were natives of some neighborhood island and did not understand a word of English.

They were evidently traders in coconut oil, and were bound to some port not far distant. At dawn she looked about her, but, owing, probably, to an intervening headland, she could not see her husband's ship.

The schooner kept on, and, in a few days, arrived at Rennell's Island.

There, to Mrs. Barton's joy, she found a small steamer bound for Java.

She took passage aboard of it, and thus arrived at this port forty-eight hours before her husband.

A happy day for the captain! For Jack Wilton, too, who again and again embraced his noble sister.

From that hour, Barton was never known to give way to a nasty temper.

be so more class legislation in this kind of a tax than there would be in the other kind, nor as much but as the latter encourage a smaller number of people, the political managers in the State are not so much afraid of it.

To an outsider the Court proceedings at Jacksonville in the case of Mitchell and Corbett look like a put up job, in which the indictment on which the arrests were made were drawn by the job, and so drawn as to defeat the intent of the law.

The articles of agreement referred to in the affidavit on which the warrant was issued provide for a "scientific glove contest with gloves allowed by law." The inference from this and the intent is to convey the impression that there are gloves allowed by State law while it is doubtful if the State of Florida has any law prescribing the kind of gloves to be used in the contest of this kind, when it has laws which were passed with the main, if not the express purpose to prohibit such contests.

As the case now stands the point to be decided under the habeas corpus proceeding, which will next be tested is whether under the statutes of Florida such a contest is a "fight." There is enough in these "scientific contests" to bring them within the range of the law in New York, Louisiana, Mississippi and other States, and it will be somewhat remarkable if legal cunning make a rent big enough in the law of Florida to let the fighters through.

—Wilmington Star.

Why should Mr. Carnegie say that he is forced to cut wages or close his mills because of the Wilson bill, when he can transport steel billets to Liverpool and under the English manufacturers in their own markets? It is evident that what the manufacturers are trying to do is to keep up the tariff so that they can get \$23 a ton for a product which they can and do sell in the English market, after paying the freight, at \$17.60 a ton. Does not this instance show, beyond all question, the necessity for a tariff such as is proposed in the Wilson bill?

—Savannah News, Dem.

**Clark Comes to the Penitentiary Today.**

DANVILLE, Va., Dec. 20.—J. T. Clark who killed Rev. J. R. Moffet in November of last year and was convicted of manslaughter in February and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, will be taken to that institution tomorrow. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and pending a decision by that court has remained in jail here since his conviction. Some weeks ago the Supreme Court sustained the verdict of the lower court. Clark will now enter upon his term. Six other persons convicted of various crimes at the last term of the Hastings Court will be taken to Richmond at the same time.

One of the daintiest of the New Year calendars is that issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will fully satisfy every expectation as to beauty and utility.

"Sweet Sixteen" is the head of a beautiful girl, the lovely pictures being lithographed in many delicate colors. The past harmonizes with the exquisite array of color above, while the dates are easily read Hood's Calendar may be obtained of your druggist or by sending 6 cents in stamps for one or 10 cents for two, to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**What a Man Eats in a Lifetime.**

A man who lives in the limit of three score years and ten, if fairly good health and average appetite, will have eaten in that time about 13,000 pounds of meat, and vegetables about 25,000 eggs and 5,000 pounds of fish, chicken and game. He will also have consumed about 13,000 gallons of various fluids, or enough to make a lake covering four blocks in extent and two feet deep. In other words, he will have eaten fourteen tons of solids and drank 300 barrels of liquid refreshment.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.