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Will be found at night at the Lincoln Hotel.

Dr. A. W. Alexander DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of an anæsthetic...

A call from you solicited.

GO TO BARBER SHOP. Newly fitted up. Work away...

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

E. W. HOKE, Livery & Feed Stables.

Two Blocks west of Hotel Lincoln.

Teams furnished on short notice.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps...

E. M. ANDREWS

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Oak Bedroom suits of ten pieces, from \$20.00 to \$150.00.

Parlor Suits of six pieces, from \$22.50, to 200.00.

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This is a great sale and you make a great mistake if you fail to take advantage of it.

E. M. ANDREWS, 16 and 18 West Trade St., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

SICK-HEADACHE

Makes life miserable. All other ailments are as nothing in comparison.

THE RELIEF AND CURE IS



Many people take pills, which gripe and purge, weakening the body.

Power found in nothing to do the any good until I used Simmons Liver Regulator.

EVERY PACKAGE HAS OUR Z Stamp in red on wrapper.

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Patents and Trademark Applications, and all Patent Business conducted for Moderate Fees.

C. A. SNOW & CO. OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises.

Facts and Figures

The following letter from the happy holder of a Tontine Policy, gives a few facts and figures.

Mr. W. J. RODDEY, Manager, Rock Hill, S. C.

Life insurance under the Tontine Plan of the EQUITABLE LIFE is an investment, not an expense.

W. J. RODDEY, Manager, Department of the Carolinas, ROCK HILL, S. C.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE

D. W. Fuller, Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house.

Dr. King's New Discovery is undeniably the best cough remedy.

Jan. 26, 1894.

THE BAD EDITOR MAN.

CAROLINE STRATTON VALENTINE.

A woman whose years could not have numbered more than twenty-five, and a little girl, sat in a library of a small house in Boston one morning late in the spring.

A low fire burned in the grate although the day was not cold.

The child, whose deep violet eyes and cloud of curly golden hair made a sweet picture, sat on a rug before the fire, and gazed against her mother's lap.

The little one was speaking; she was very small and could not have been more than five years old, but she spoke very plainly.

"When you see all those beautiful stories, Liebchen," she murmured, with a fond upward glance.

"What a jolly time we'll have! The story about the knight and the lady was too splendid! At first I was afraid she wouldn't love—"

It was only a few steps from the front door to the library, but the child was unconsciously long in returning.

"Fredrica," called her mother, with an intonation as near impatience as her voice as she ever used toward her cherished child.

"Yes, mamma, I'm coming!" But it was with slow footsteps that the little maid advanced and reluctantly laid a large, heavy envelope in her mother's outstretched hand.

Mrs. LeCharlton's lips quivered as she broke the seal and took out the contents of the envelope.

She averted her face from Fredrica's anxious gaze, and the child knew she was crying.

She sprang into her lap and put her arms around her neck.

"Dearest," sweetest, don't cry. I know it is lovely, even if that editor don't. He is a bad, cruel man, and I will tell him so!

Then the violet eyes overflowed, and Fredrica's sobs came fast and faster, and her mother forgot her own pain in soothing the child.

When she was comforted and calm again it was time for Mrs. LeCharlton to go out; so, calling Mrs. Johnson, the one help of the household, to see after the child, she kissed her many times and hurried away, promising to return early.

Agnes LeCharlton was a fashion reporter for one of the large daily papers in the city.

She had aspirations and talents far above his work, but that was her main dependence; she could not afford to give up the position that brought the necessities of life while she devoted herself to more congenial literary work.

Death had divorced her from the man whom she had wedded when but eighteen years old.

Agnes looked grave, but found that she knew their address, although she could not tell very accurately how to reach it.

Eric looked grave, but found that she knew their address, although she could not tell very accurately how to reach it.

Bynton halted at a florist's and bought a pretty bunch of roses for her, that sent Fredrica into a perfect ecstasy of happiness.

As she thought about it after her mother was gone, Fredrica came to a sudden, bold determination.

ning to a closet, she took down her hat. Going to the door and opening it softly, lest Mrs. Johnson should hear and stop her, she stepped out and closed the door very quietly.

Almost miraculously the child was saved from accident and pursued her way along the busy streets until a large sign on a building opposite her attracted her attention.

The busy editor dropped his pen full of ink on the half finished page and looked around in astonishment to find the owner of the accusing voice.

Turning in his chair, he saw a diminutive figure before him; a tiny maid with deep blue eyes, with a halo of golden hair that curled around her head, her dainty white frock soiled by the dust of the city streets, stood gazing at him.

The small hands were clasped and unclasped nervously as she felt the keen gaze of the editor upon her.

Her composure was disturbed and her voice quivered, as, making an effort to be brave, she began again: "Why do you send back my sweet mamma's pretty stories and make her cry?"

"Tell me all about it, dear, I'm sure I'm not the bad, ugly man you're looking for," he begged, smiling down on her mother's brave champion.

"I'm not the man who sees the stories, Fredrica," he said, "but we will see about your mamma's story, and make it all right."

"Oh, yes," Fredrica replied, "you just go down to the next corner and the next one, the same alike, and another, and maybe another, and you're there."

"Then go to her, dear, and ask her to bring you and come and live with me, in my great big, lonely house."

The big editor's voice was full of something which Fredrica could not understand; she looked at him to see what he meant, but his eyes were fixed on her mother's face, which was bent low over some flowers she held in her hand.

Slipping from his knee, Fredrica obediently advanced to her mother's side, and repeated his words.

"Agnes," he pleaded, "let the child be my champion, as she was once yours before me. Come with her and fill my life and my home with the light of your presence. My days shall be devoted to making you happy."

As Agnes gave him the answer

A lovely young woman, with an anxious look on her face, opened the door before the bell ceased to ring.

"Fredrica," she cried, "how could you frighten mother so!" she stooped down and clasped the child passionately to her breast.

"Liebchen," she whispered audibly, "I've brought the bad editor-man with me, all except he isn't bad."

"Puzzled and confused, Mrs. LeCharlton arose and looked at Eric Boynton, who stood, but in hand his face softened by the scene of mother and child.

"I must thank you," she said sweetly, extending her hand, for bringing my little Fredrica to me. I had just come home, and had searched the rooms for her to vain, and was terribly alarmed. It is not like her to do anything to distress me."

"Fredrica and I have something to tell you, if you will allow me to come in. It is about a little matter of business your daughter has brought to my notice," said Eric.

Wonderingly, Agnes LeCharlton, bade him enter, and he followed her into the little home that was destined to become a cherished retreat to the busy man of the world.

During the talk that followed, Agnes learned that Fredrica's new friend was an editor, and one of the proprietors of the big evening paper to which she had read the story which was returned.

Other sketches with inward perturbation, and gave them to him. Before he had half finished the first, there was the light of approval in his eyes, and Agnes felt that he found something of worth in her writing.

When Eric Boynton left them, after an affectionate farewell from little Fredrica, he carried the story with him, promising to use his influence in getting it accepted.

It was a simple, but skilfully drawn picture of life in the South, where Agnes had spent her girlhood. It pleased the public who were satiated with the sensational, unreal tales that were flooding the periodicals.

Thanks to Boynton's influence, Mrs. LeCharlton soon became a regular contributor to the paper. Their business relations—or what Eric Boynton insisted on calling their business relations—brought them together frequently.

One day when she sat upon his knee in the little drawing room, Eric said to her, "Fredrica, will your Liebchen do what you ask her to do?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Eric. Why?" asked the child.

"Then go to her, dear, and ask her to bring you and come and live with me, in my great big, lonely house."

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he longed for a wave of happiness swept over her. She felt that the man whose heart was large enough to take in her child and herself would be faithful to the promises he made.

Fredrica considerably left them alone, as she rushed off to tell the grand news to Mrs. Johnson in the kitchen. She wound up her recital with: "And so Mrs. Johnson, mamma and I are all both together going to live at Mr. Eric's house always. Only you must remember, he wasn't the bad editor-man after all; only the very nicest and loveliest man in the whole wide world."

Justice Harry Roberts will get there in a jiffy again once in a while. Yesterday an aged colored couple walked into his office and asked the Squire to marry them.

Well stand there and join your right hands and listen. Then here is the way they were joined:

Isaac, do you this aged maiden take, Your lawful wedded wife to make. Her to honor, keep and love. Till both of you shall meet above.

And he answered, Yes. Elizabeth, will you this man wed. Live with him 'till you both are dead.

Cook his meals and mend his clothes, Go with him wherever he goes.

Well, both of you have waited late. To take unto yourself a mate. To live with all your life; But 'tis better late than never, So let no one this knot sever.

That make you man and wife. Isaac, pull down your vest, turn down your collar; Go down in your pocket and give me a dollar.

—News and Observer

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHAINS. For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fall, and I was greatly reduced in flesh.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A Unique Marriage. A novel story of a romantic marriage comes from Henderson.

Perhaps C. thinks that "dangbng" as it is practiced now, is consistent with a Christian life.

Specimen Cases. C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had running sore on his leg of eight years standing.

John Speaker, Ottawa, O., had a large fever sore on his leg, doctors said he was incurable.

Subscribe for the COURIER.

Letter From Virginia.

Ed. COURIER.—We are not at present living in North Carolina, but still we have no small interest in the welfare of the old home state.

We have been a constant reader of your paper ever since we left N. C., which will soon be three years. It is interesting to us especially because it brings the news from the old home, and also because we get the political and social conditions of the community generally.

But we were somewhat surprised to read in your issue of Feb. 23, the following paragraph in a letter from Maiden: "Mr. and Mrs. Boyd gave a very pleasant party last Thursday night. A dance was given at the hotel, Saturday night, in which the writer was very much interested. A ball will be given to the young people of this and the neighboring towns, at the hotel soon. Maiden is taking much interest in dancing. Less than a year ago (if we mistake not) 'Evangelist' Lee held a series of meetings at Maiden. Much was said in these columns about the success of these meetings. The same writer (if we are not mistaken) of the above letter, could not sufficiently praise, it seemed, the work of this evangelist, and the religious condition of the community in general. His converts were counted by the hundred. Much and lasting good was reported to have been done for this place. And now what do we here? 'That the dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.' Is it possible that the work of this man has been so short lived? Were there really any converts at all at that place? If the above report is true, we are inclined to doubt it very much. We had taken it for granted that your correspondent from that place was one of the converts. And yet he has the face to tell us, in less than a year's time, that he is much interested in the dance, and all of Maiden is much interested in the same. Is it possible that his religion could have died so soon? No, I believe not. If the people of Maiden would have been really converted, they would have been sorry for their sin, which is always true in conversion, they would not so soon have returned to them again. I believe that the statements of C. are false, and do injustice, at least, some of the people of Maiden. I must believe that there are some good people in Maiden. I believe that there are some good old fathers and mothers there, that are sending their prayers up to the throne of God, in behalf of those who are walking the broad road that, so surely leads to destruction.

Perhaps C. thinks that "dangbng" as it is practiced now, is consistent with a Christian life. If so, let him take prayer for his standard. If he can pray in the ball room while he is engaged in the dance, which would be no more than his duty, for we should ask God's blessing upon whatever we do, then he might entertain such ideas. Or who can after he has engaged in the dance till late hours, or allowed the same in his house, get down his family Bible and hold family worship with his wife and children. While many are suffering and dying around us, especially for want of bread of life, shall we Christians give ourselves up to reveling and the lusts of the flesh. God forbid. Let all Christians pray to God that the evils of the ball room be banished from this land of ours. Yours Respectfully, M. L. C.

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If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.