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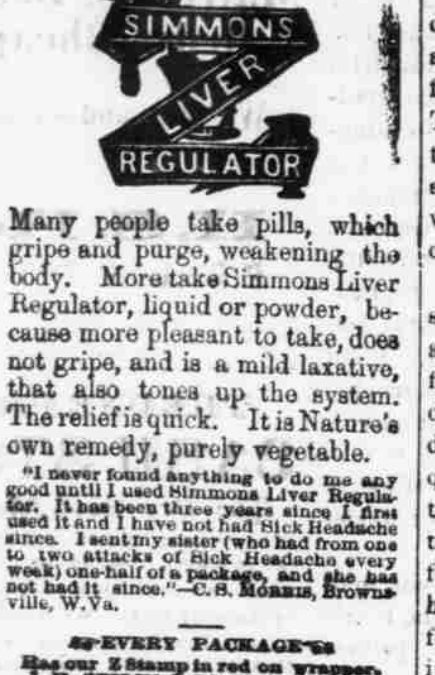
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TWO WESTERN GIRLS. A Story of Pluck and Independence. BY "NEBRASKA."

It was in the early morning of a dusty summer day that I entered a Pullman car a Chicago, bound for New York, by limited train. There were but three passengers in the car when I entered, one man and two young ladies.

I soon learned that one was from Kansas and the other from Nebraska, and that their acquaintance was only an hour's length, since meeting in the depot. They knew all about each other's State, had travelled over nearly the same ground an different parts of the world, and had read the same books.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

mark. He is dearer than a brother. We then can continue to be friends with no disappointments on either side. "No, it is not money that I am looking for. Had I met a man who filled the bill, years ago, without a dollar, I would have married him and trusted to four willing hands and two loving hearts for success; but now, of course I shall marry, if at all, a man about my own age, and he must have laid by at least as much as I have, or I will not marry him. I never could love or respect a drone or a spendthrift, and if he has not laid by anything at twenty-five or thirty he never will. I can support myself, and my savings invested are worth four thousand dollars, but I never will support a man for the sake of having a husband.

Yes, I met one man that I did not show the lock for. I could have reciprocated his love, but circumstances separated us, and we have not met for years. I suppose he had a friend, or has found one since, dearer to him than a sister. I still have a desire to meet him again. I had rather look for a diamond all the days of my life and never find it than to load up with common dirt the first day of my search.

The story of the dark haired girl was more pathetic. She had had an offer, had been engaged, and was really now under engagement. "When I was at Wellesley," she said, "I spent my last vacation with a chum in New York. There I was introduced to a man, and really fell in love with him, as the story goes, and I love his very image yet. I believe he loves me. He was intelligent, handsome, and rich. I found by his own talk that he knew all about me, and that some intimate acquaintance of mine had posted him. That I did not care about, but at the same time it suggested to me to do the same thing. This was about three months before our set wedding day. I went to my old pastor, told him my story, and asked him to assist me. He cheerfully volunteered to take my case. Years before he had lived in New York, had many acquaintances there, and could get at the bottom of matters. Afterward I felt almost guilty, for it implied doubt toward the one I loved.

My pastor wrote several letters and received several, but nothing resulted excepting clear avasions on the part of two or three writers. At last, bottom facts came. My expected husband was a moderate drinker and addicted to occasional drunken sprees. He never had come into my presence with the least taint of either liquor or tobacco on his breath. It was then only a little over a week to our wedding day, and the invitations were out. I decided to lay the letter before him, and act afterward. So I telegraphed him to come the day before. He came and I laid the letter before him. He read and re-read, blushed, bit his lips, his hand trembled, the paper shook so that it rattled. It was more than five minutes—seemed an age—before he raised his eyes. "What do you plead?" said I. "Guilty," said he; the letter is true every word of it. "Then," said I, "our engagement is broken. I never can marry a man who tipsles. I know the fearful danger and sad consequences. My father was a drunkard. Is there no way of bridging over this chasm?" said he, as for the first time he looked me squarely in the face. "None whatever, now," I answered, "but come five years from to-day. My hand shall be free, and if you can then say that not a drop of intoxicating liquor has passed your lips during that time, and will give me your pledge for the future, we can be married." "He returned to New York on the next train. He writes me occasionally, and I answer his letters with equal coolness. Do I

love him yet? Yes, I love him as I do my eyes, but not well enough to become a drunkard's wife. Do I believe he will come back? Yes, if he loves me as I love him, and if he don't love me I don't want him to come. You don't catch me marrying a man just through fear of his marrying some one else. Do I believe he will keep his pledge? Yes, as sacredly as his life or honor. He will continue to tell me the truth."

About this time a dozen or more of passengers entered the car, and the drama ended. Who either of these girls were, or their names even, I have no knowledge of, but from their talk I judged them to be teachers.—THE VOICE.

Women Blacksmiths. A woman blacksmith is an anomaly that probably does not exist, even in this age of woman's achievement. The nearest thing to it, however, says the N. Y. World, can be found in the shape of four pretty, buxom girls, daughters of Jas. Doris, a practical horseshoer, now deceased. Nearly all of their lives these girls have lived in a comfortable little frame house at No. 632 West Forty-eighth Street, in the rear of his father's blacksmith shop.

While they do not actually shoe horses themselves, they know enough about business to do so. At all events, ever since their father's death they have carried on his business successfully, and have made a comfortable living out of it. Their mother, who came nearer to being a veritable woman blacksmith than do her buxom daughters, died a year ago. Even since they have conducted the business alone.

Twenty-two years ago Jas. Doris brought his wife to the little frame house on Forty-eighth St. To be near her and babies, of which there always seemed to be a new one, he built his shop in the front garden of the little house. Jas. Doris and his wife were an ideal married couple, even if their love making was done amid such humble surroundings as a blacksmith shop. And it usually happened that his wife was in the shop with him. As for the children, they practically grew up in the shop with him. As for the children, they practically grew up in the shop. It was their play-ground as children, when they had delighted to "watch father make the sparks fly." But Jas. Doris had one disappointment. All his boy babies died in infancy. And like many men of greater wealth, he regretted having no son to take up his business.

Mrs. Doris was her husband's "right hand man," as he used to fondly express it. He did the work while she kept the books, did the savings and managed generally. In fact when James was ill or away she carried on the business quite as well as he did.

So it happened that when James died, about five years ago, leaving his widow with four daughters, the business went on just the same. Jas. Doris' jovial face was missing, but a capable man had taken his place at the forge. Gradually the customers many of whom had been patronizing Jas. Doris for a dozen years or more, became accustomed to the idea of a woman blacksmith. They soon forgot the uniqueness of seeing a woman at the forge. And instead of patronizing Mrs. Doris because she was Jas. Doris' widow, as they had done at first, they patronized her because she was a good blacksmith. Although she rarely shod their horses herself she was always around to see that satisfactory work was done.

Several years after her husband's death Mrs. Doris became ill. From that time until the date of her death she was unable to look after the shops. A year ago she died. Then something happened which proved how futile had been all of Jas. Doris' regrets that

all his hoped-for sons had been girls. Just as naturally as a duck takes to water did those four girls take hold of their father's business. Never for a moment did they think of disregarding their mother's wishes, that the business should go on after her death just the same as before.

The oldest daughter, Mary, or "Mollie," had relieved her mother so much during her illness that naturally the principal responsibility fell on her. Without doubt, many a horse has been shod in Jas. Doris' shop because its owner hoped for a few minutes' chat with the pretty blacksmith.

About 3 o'clock one morning several weeks ago a fire broke out in the shop. The shop was burned to the ground. The splendid new one, which is in process of building on the old site, is of brick.

Mollie is a pretty young woman of 25. She has big blue eyes, fair hair and a round plump figure. She was also appointed executrix of her mother's estate. About a year ago she married Thos. Bambrick a policeman. Shortly after her mother's death relatives advised her to give up the shop and move further up town in a more stylish neighborhood. The reason The reason they gave was that the girls would get better husbands.

Her very sensible answer was: "My sisters are good girls and they don't need to live in a stylish neighborhood to get husbands. The right kind of men would go after them if they lived in a band-box. The others can stay away."

The three unmarried girls are Katherine, Margaret and Sarah, but they are nick-named by their friends, Katie, Maggie and Sadie.

Katie is next to Mollie. She is a pleasant-faced girl about 23. Her accomplishments are by no means confined to grossly useful. And while she can superintend the shoeing of horse, beat up the lightest biscuit, or iron a shirt-bosom until it rivals the product of John Chinaman, she can also play the piano and speak German.

Maggie comes next to Katie. She is a decidedly good looking girl of 21. She sings in a clear mezzo-soprano voice, is a dress-maker for the family, and that is saying a good deal for the Doris girls are the arbiters of fashion for that part of the town.

Sadie is the youngest, and the prettiest and her sisters say affectionately, "the least useful in the lot." She is 18 years of age, is very light of foot in a dance. There is always a rivalry among her numerous beaux to secure her as a partner at a party.

Lincoln's Boyhood Chum. Austin Gollaher, a playmate of Abraham Lincoln, is 88 years old. He lives near the top of Muldraugh's Hill, a few miles north of the town of Hodgenville, and though suffering from great age and the rheumatism, is still cheerful and ready to talk with any visitor, says the Louisville "COURTES JOURNAL."

Austin Gollaher, in spite of his unique claim to remembrance by the world at large, has been little heard of. When Ficolay and Hay published their life of Lincoln in the CENTURY MAGAZINE they referred very briefly to his existence and published his portrait. Gollaher was then, as now, living with his son, Thomas Gollaher. When he was a playmate of the martyred President he lived on a little farm three miles south of Hodgenville. They moved there when he was only 6 years old, their farm adjoining the Lincoln homestead. Being older than Lincoln, he can easily recall some circumstances of their boyhood days, though his conversation is rather barren of details, and it is probable that he has confused things that he has heard of with things that has really happened. He was rather garrulous, but diverting, and always returned to theme that he loved so well to speak about. As to his first acquaintance with Lincoln, he said: "In 1712 my father settled near the Lincoln (Lincoln) place. In a few days Abe and his mother came over to see me and my mother. At first sight I must say I didn't like Abe one bit. His appearance was not taking, and I was sullen like, and had little to do with him. In a few days more me and my mother goes over to see them. Then I was thrown with him a good deal, and began to like him first-rate. Abe was three years younger than me, but we became fast friends after that. We played in the woods together, fished and hunted together, and when school took up in the little cabin over on South Fork Creek we went there. Then next year we went to another school house further on the other side of the creek. Abe was a great learner. He ciphered on everything around and read everything he could find to read. The fence corners were full of big iron weeds, and he'd gather them by great piles to throw on the fire at night to make a big blaze so he could see to study."

"I have heard that you saved his life once. How was that?" "Oh, yes!" and his face brightened. "It was when we was a fishing one day the creek was up and we had to 'coon' it across on a log. Abe slipped and fell off, and I being the biggest got a sycamore limb and fished him out. The histories all say that Abe was 7 years old when he left for Indiana, but he must have been 11. They weren't there, and they can't be expected to get everything correct."

"Are there no other of Lincoln's early school-mates now living?" "No; none but me now. There was one living over here near E'town some years ago, but he is dead as far as I can find out."

Mr. Gollaher is a very devout Christian. There is a little Baptist Church on the Louisville and Nashville Pike, near the top of Muldraugh's Hill, where he holds his membership. It is a small frame building, unpainted and unpeeled. He is sometimes distressed him that they cannot finish it. He is an upright and pious man, but can not endure the sanctification craze that is strong in his community.

The Man in the Moon. According to Pratorius, the man in the moon is the Patriarch Isaac, carrying a bundle of sticks which were to be lighted to sacrifice his own body on the mountain top. Dante believes him to be Cain, carrying a bundle of thorns, the meanest offering his land afforded, as a present to God. In Iceland the people claim that they can see the face of Adam in the moon and that of Eve in the sun. Among the Frieburgers there is a superstition which says that the marks and spots on the moon's face are the outlines of the traitor Judas Iscariot, holding his hand over his face while sneezing just prior to hanging himself. This last belief accords with the old Frankish legend, which says that there was no spots on Luna's bright face until after the crucifixion of Christ. Still another story tells us that in the time of creation God threw and offending angel against the face of the moon, while another is to the effect that the moon witnessed the creation of Adam and Eve and took an impress of their features on his surface, intending to peep his own land with similar beings. When he assayed to imitate God's works, he made nothing but a slimy serpent, which since that day has continued to fold and unfold its mighty coils in full view of the descendants of the God created beings.—ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

Sub or for the COURIER. Sub or for the COURIER.