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IN AFTER DAYS.

MAUD MEREDITH.

"Tell me the story of your life," I asked a friend, one sultry summer day.

We had been old time friends and confidants, as the word is understood among ladies, for years; but I had never even guessed at the secret of her life—the reason why she stood today fair and mild and sweet—so utterly alone in the world.

My friend glanced up at me quickly, then turned her face away, while the soft, red color surged over her neck. I had not thought to wound her.

"Pardon me, dear," I said, "if I should not have asked you, but it seemed to me that I might share your trouble with you."

"It is not a very little story," she said, smiling sadly. "I think one might laugh at it, but—well, it has been my story after all."

"You were not afraid of ridicule from, Janet?" I asked.

"Not ridicule; but I thought you would feel that I had been foolish, perhaps. When I was a child almost as far back as I can remember, I had a small boyish sweet-heart, who was always my cavalier and defender. As we grew old together the friendship deepened and after the war broke out he enlisted. At that time there had been no definite promise between us, yet I think we both felt that our future lay together. In fact I had never thought of any other possibility and do not think Lucien had. There were stirring times when the new recruits were hurried rapidly to the front. On the evening before the departure of the company Lucien came up to spend the time with me.

"I have something very serious to say to you tonight," he said to me in a low tone, when he noticed my father and mother preparing to retire. Just then a team drove up to the door with a crash and rattle, and a voice called:

"Fall in! Lucien Herold, fall in!"

We all rushed to the door, only to learn that orders had come to move immediately, and teams had been sent out to collect the men. With one clasp to his quickly beating heart one farewell kiss, and my brave boy was gone, and the sighing of the wind through the shade trees drowned the rumble of the departing wheels, now far down the dusty road.

"They are to meet at Montville tonight," my father said, turning from the door, and the regiment will leave there tomorrow afternoon. I have to go there tomorrow, to deposit some money; if you want to ride out with me, Janet and take a look at the boys you may go along."

"Montville was the county seat, situated about eighteen miles from Jaysburg, and on the morrow we were up and stirring long before light and well on our way when the early morning sun threw long fire needles of light over the top of Bald Mountain. Just what an agony of regret anticipation and impatience I suffered as we rode along I can never express.

"The money deposited in the bank, we set out to the camp. After hours of regret and patient waiting we learned that Lucien Herold had gone home on leave of absence that morning and was not expected back until time for the train to leave. I crept away stunned and disappointed. At the station we waited patiently again for one last glimpse of him. He saw us as we marched aboard the train, and attempted to fall out for a last word; the bell rang, the conductor shouted 'all aboard,' and Lucien darted to my side wrung my hand with a low 'good by, dearest,' and then bounded on board the moving train.

"It was late and dark when we reached home that night, and to our queried mother replied that there had been no one there that day except Helen Bethel. Her father had seen us drive by at such an

early hour that she had run over, out of curiosity, to know the reason.

"I told her that you had business that would take about all day, and that Janet had gone part way with you to visit one of her friends," mother said, smiling at the thought that she had mystified Helen rather than satified her prying nature.

"We were living in a country town, about three miles from the nearest post office, and as I for our neighbor hood was often brought by some of the neighbors and left at St. Holden's, at the cross-road about half a mile below Mr. Bethel's house. Here I went for my mail, day after day waiting for the promised letter from Lucien, but none came.

"Helen told me that she received letters from him almost every day, and at last, in great confidence, showed me a ring and told me that she and Lucien were engaged; that was his reason for coming home on leave of absence the day after he started. As I had never told any one that we went that day to Montville, or that he had been absent, I felt that she must be telling me the truth, else she could never have known. Further than this, Helen showed me a number of letters addressed to her in his familiar hand.

"From that day to this I have never spoken his name. Father and mother grew aged, and died without knowing what had happened between us. At the battle of Bull Run he was reported killed. Perhaps I had been very foolish, but (the soft, blue eyes filled with tears, and the lips trembled) "I lost interest in many things then, and I have never met any one that I cared for since."

"I am glad you told me this," I rising and folding my sewing. My hands shook, and my cheeks flamed up into my eyes like small furnaces. Crossing the bit of space between us, I stooped and kissed my friend.

"Why, dear," she said catching my fingers, "did I lay my burden on you? Your hands are like ice."

"No, no; I am only a little nervous. I'll move around a little; and that will set the circulation right," I said, preparing to leave her.

Upstairs I went, bounding breathlessly. Once in my den, I pulled out pencil and paper and wrote:

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—You need not be surprised when I say you must drop your pen and come here immediately. You must trust me implicitly, and start as soon as this reaches you. You need not be detained an hour, unless you so desire. More than ever your

"INKYFINGER."

Then I ran down to the post-box and dropped my letter in.

After glancing hastily at my mail on the following morning, I went out on the cool, west porch where Janet sat among the clustering flowers of wisteria.

"I've glad news this morning," I cried, triumphantly. "You have heard me speak of my dear pen friend, Anderson John?"

"Indeed, I remember now that you are an ardent admirer of his writings. In fact, now that I think of it, you went out and bought a second volume of his 'Story of the War,' fast to have it always in your room. Well, it nothing unforeseen prevents, he will make me a visit within the next few days. I am so glad that it is vacation, and that you did not go to the lakes, because you can help me entertain him. We will put fresh flowers in the guest-chamber, and I believe I will make a fruit cake, and we will have whipped cream for strawberries. He told me once there was no fruit to him like the strawberry."

Janet started slightly and clasped her white hands together. "Had some one else said the same thing in the old days?"

I ran down the walk and came back with a handful of dewy roses, a cluster of which I pinned at her throat and one I fastened in her hair.

"I should want a second copy to keep."

I laughed at her reference to the book on her table, and turned the conversation. Gradually I came around to the talk of the day before.

"Did you ever think that there might have been some mistake, or some deception?" I inquired.

"No," she answered slowly. "I thought Helen showed me proof enough. I sometimes feel ashamed of myself for clinging to a love for a man who so discarded me, but I cannot help it."

"I suppose I ought not to set strange thoughts into your head after all these years, but I believe that Helen met the soldier boy on her way home from the camp on your mother. I think she told him some yarn about your absence, rode back with him to her house, hailed her father who corroborated her statement that you were absent. That she somehow got old Si, (was that his name?) to destroy his letters to you; that he wrote to Helen, as being your nearest neighbor for information; that she wrote him that you were false, and I believe if he lies under the sod at Bull Run that he died believing you false to him. No, no, don't protest! I can see just how it all was from your story, and I believe I am right."

Janet had risen and come hastily to my side.

"Could—such—a—thing—be possible?" she said her face quivering with emotion.

"I feel certain that it was just as I say."

She buried her head in my lap and sobbed violently. At last she raised her face, brushed away her tears, and smiling in a dim, wintry way, whispered:

"Pardon this. We will bury the whole matter, now and forever." And then she went swiftly down the veranda and up to her room.

For the next three days I wandered about the house, dusted, arranged every article of furniture, and filled again and again every vase in the house with fresh flowers. A telegram had reached me saying, "I start at 6:30 to-night," and, counting the distance, I said to Janet:

"Anderson will be here on the seven o'clock train of Thursday night. We must put on our gala dresses to meet him."

As the time for his arrival drew near, I sent James to the station with the carriage. "Leave him at the side entrance," I gave directions, and taking up my post on the little side porch, I waited anxiously.

A rumble of wheels, the familiar click of Goldie's feet, and my dusty traveler was whirled up to the door.

"And is this my own old Inkyfinger?" he said, bounding up the step.

"And this is Anderson!" I clasped hands, and without a word I led him quickly to the guest-chamber.

"I will wait here until the dust is off," I said, pausing in the hall. In an incredible short time he reappeared.

"I am destroyed with conflicting emotions," he said. "I am so delighted to really meet face to face one who has been my best friend so long, and I am wild to know what brought me here."

I hurried him into my den, closed the door, and pointed to the big, lounging chair. He threw himself into it with the half weary, half dizzy air of a traveler just off the wheels.

"You wrote me once that you were a prisoner in Andersonville prison during the war."

He nodded.

"Once you wrote that your sweet-heart jilted you cruelly, and that you had never since taken any interest in women."

"Always Mrs. Inkyfinger expected."

"A truce to compliments," I cried, nervously. "And you spoke of her as Nettie, did you not?"

"Nettie; yes, her name was Janet."

"Precisely. Well, did it ever

occur to you that she might not have been untrue; that Helen B. (that might have acted dishonestly?)

"My God!" he cried, bounding to my side and catching my hands. "You don't mean to say that little Nettie was true to me, and that you know where she is?"

"You wrote me once that your name was Lucien Herold."

"Yes, yes; tell me what you know."

"Then I know that Nettie was true to you; that she has been true to your memory all these years."

"And is—"

"In the parlor waiting to meet my literary friend, whose writings she so much admires—the noted 'Anderson John.'"

"Come," he said, pulling at my hand, with fingers, suddenly grown shaggy and cold.

Silently we hurried down to the parlor. The western sun threw long, golden web-veils across the parlor floor, and the evening breeze, heavy with the perfume of roses, swept through the open windows.

"Janet," I said, "this is 'Anderson John'; Mr. John, Miss Nettie-worth."

Then I stepped back and watched the faces of these, my two friends. His, eager, quivering; hers, quietly genial.

"I am happy to meet you," he said, as he stepped as possible for him to do.

Janet withdrew her hand, stepping slowly backward. Her face grew ghastly white in the fading sunlight, and her eyes dilated until they took on an unearthly look. I sprang to her side, as she pressed her hand to her heart.

"Janet," I whispered, have you met him before?" But she did not seem to see or hear me.

"Speak to her, Anderson," I cried, for there was something about her face that frightened me.

"Nettie, don't you know your soldier boy? It was all Helen's evil work. I believed you false to me."

"Lucien!" she gasped, holding out her arms.

He caught her as her head drooped forward. She had fainted. I brought water and restoratives, and "Mr. John" held her close to his heart, the tears running down his cheeks, while I bathed her temples and chafed her hands.

He brushed the tears away briskly. "I have not shed a tear before since the night I received the letter from Helen saying my little girl was engaged to Joe Ball," he said, as though needing to apologize.

"How—how did it all happen?" Janet inquired, as soon as consciousness had returned.

"Anderson had once told me his real name, although in all the years I have known you I never thought to tell you of it, and when I begged for your story the other night I remembered the name, and I knew just enough of his history to be sure that it was the same man, that your Lucien was not killed in the battle, but wounded and taken prisoner, and living a bachelor and a cynic because his little Nettie had proved false to him."

"How did I come to know Inkyfinger?" Mr. Herold said, smiling.

"Oh, I fell in love with a little piece of hers, learning her address and wrote to her. Old isn't it? She had been my only confidant for ten years or more."

"Did you ever go back to the old home?"

"No, never. Mother was dead, and I believed you married."

Janet sent her resignation to the school board, there was a quiet wedding in our south parlor, and after a tour of Yellowstone Park and the northern lakes, the newly-wedded pair settled down in their eastern home.

"How odd!" I mused, alone, after their departure, "that Janet saw nothing of the boyish face in the man past forty; but the moment she heard his voice, the ghost of the past rushed out upon her." Do our voices remain recognizable long after our faces have lost their identity?

Now is the time to take your county paper, the COURIER, \$1.50.

MAY REVOLUTIONISE.

THE PRESENT TREATMENT OF EPILEPSY.

And Upset all the theories of the disease.

New York, January 12.—It is just as unwise to condemn a thing because it is old and has gone out of favor, as it is to confine ones if to an old thing because it has been proved of value, and exclude the idea of improvement. Venesection is almost universally condemned, and yet there are people who will declare that their lives have been saved by having been bled in some particular disease, and their many old physicians who practiced in the times when the lance and the leech were the first things used in every case, and who will testify to the efficacy of the treatment, but who have given up the practice in obedience to the dictation of the schools, rather than act in accordance with their experience, and be called quacks, eccentric and notional. There is no doubt that there is some virtue in every plan of treatment that has been rejected by the schools as well as there are many defects in the systems which are advocated by them. There are no doubt that venesection went into disuse because of the ignorance and unskillfulness of those who practiced it.

Back in the rosy days, before diplomas were filed in a place on record a physician was necessary to make a patient was to hang up a sign. Training and experience were unnecessary. In this way barbers and blacksmiths became professional blood letters and by the indiscriminate use of a good thing it came

INTO DISREPUTE.

No attention was given to the nature of the disease, the velocity of the heart's action, the condition of the pulse, the appearance of the blood and the quantity removed; and it is no wonder that people were murdered in the name of science and a howl of indignation went around the world. That venesection is of value when properly done as well as the despised magnet in the treatment of epilepsy, will appear in the following case.

Jennie Wardman, a beautiful woman of twenty eight years was admitted to Mount Sinai Hospital about three months ago. Her home is at Saratoga. She has suffered since early childhood from epilepsy. The intensity of the convulsions increased with years and long before she came here for treatment she was known in medical circles as having the most remarkable case of epilepsy on record.

One of the most interesting features in her case is that for a time after the paroxysm she remains conscious and has a full knowledge of what she is doing. In describing her sensations she says no words can fitly present them in all their

HORROR AND AGONY.

and she is thankful when she reaches the stage of coma.

All the fits come on in the same way the only difference being in the time it takes to develop them which averages from five to twenty hours. She first becomes quarrelsome and answers questions in an insulting and oft-times vulgar manner which is foreign to her real disposition. Pain first begins in the shoulder blades and extends over the body the feeling being as if nails were being driven into the tissue. An anxious expression gives way to a ferocious look, and she becomes taciturn and is unable to articulate distinctly. The pain leaves her body speedily and she becomes limp and helpless. She either will not try or cannot raise any portion of her body and seems to have lost control of her muscles. Her skin becomes dark and muddy and emits a peculiarly unpleasant odor. Then a chill comes on.

IT IS TERRIFIC.

It starts with a slight tremor in the abdomen, which spreads in the course of half an hour over the entire body. The tremor increases to

perfect waves of shaking, that fly so swiftly over the muscles that their number cannot be taken. The flesh near the surface twists and jumps upward with great force, and it seems as if it would tear the skin to ribbons. The agony suffered by the patient during this rigor cannot be imagined. Opium is given to relieve her have no effect. She has to endure it all. This condition is followed by the convulsion, which commences in the left corner of the mouth, which is drawn down until it is enlarged double, and then all the muscles are attacked in a few moments. The patient invariably remains conscious until the paroxysm has passed into a deep coma with both her eyes open.

On several occasions when the paroxysm was at its height the force of the contraction was so great that it snapped some of the muscles in the arms and legs the same as if they were made of paper, and once

TWO RIBS WERE BROKEN

in the same manner. It is hard for any one, to understand, who had never seen the patient in a convulsion, why all the muscles and bones were not broken. One common contention was drawing her head so far backward that it rested between the hips. The power in this was certainly sufficient to break any thing in the human body. The strain upon the skin was so great that it not infrequently happened that blood was forced through the pores resembling water coming from the fine nozzle of a garden-sprinkler.

The fits usually lasted several hours. They came in batches of from ten to twenty every fifteen days. As it took the patient several days to recover from the shock about the time she began to feel well she was prostrated again.

Her case for a long time stood as an open confession of the inefficiency of medicine and surgery. The operation of trephining was tried twice upon her skull without good result, and she had taken enough medicine to convert her into a drug store.

At the hospital she was placed in charge of Prof. Gulick. She had an attack of epilepsy immediately after her admission to the Hospital. It was one of the worst she had ever had, and the blood poured from her skin. Prof. Gulick in his large experience in this country and Europe had never seen any thing like it, but it did not take him long to act. After the patient had reached the comatose state Prof. Gulick

OPENED A LARGE VEIN

in the arm. The blood was slow in coming, and was black and about as thick as molasses. The arm was rubbed vigorously, and the blood came faster and slowly assumed its fluidity and color. Twenty ounces were removed, and the patient was greatly relieved and restored to consciousness inside of three hours after the fit ended, something that had never before happened in her history.

Upon the following day Prof. Gulick had a light armor of magnetic plates made to fit the patient's body. A battery was employed to increase the power of the magnets, and the current of mineral magnetism is kept flowing through the patient's body all the time. She thrived upon it, and said that she felt better than at any time within her memory.

At the end of fifteen days, when in accordance with the regular course of the disease it should have appeared, the patient was bled again from the arm to the extent of thirty ounces. Instead of the fits, the patient had twenty distinct attacks of vertigo, some of which were mild.

The magnetic treatment was kept up and the patient was bled again when the epilepsy was due. Her condition improved without hindrance, and there were only seven vertigo attacks and no fits. Ever since, after the usual interval between the fits, the patient has been bled, and there has been no recurrence, either of the vertigo or of the fits. It is one of the most remarkable cases of the century, and will have a tendency to revolutionise the treatment of epilepsy and upset

all the theories of the disease.

The patient is still at the hospital for observation and will also be kept after the armor has been removed and the bleeding stopped to see if the cure is permanent. She feels perfectly well and all the functions of the body are performed naturally.

EUPESY.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. The thousands are searching for it daily and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may obtain this bliss. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Eupesy, if used according to directions and the user persists in, will bring you Good bye sleep and out the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupesy. We recommend Electric Eupesy for Dyspepsia and all Diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

Curing a Drunkard.

None of my lady readers will be likely to need the following, but they may be so unfortunate as to be connected with some one who does. The tincture of capsicum is a strong tincture of African cayenne pepper in alcohol.

According to an article in the British Medical Journal, it has been found by Dr. Ringer that the tincture of capsicum in ten drop doses is the best remedy to counteract that craving for alcohol which is the cause of all inebriations, preventing their return to rational conduct. This remedy has been tested by other physicians, and they report very favorably in regard to it. They give several instances of various men of all ages who, half-maddled, hung around low drinking saloons, or at home, and who, when the liquor saloon shut up, would pick the lock, or when their money was taken from them, would tipple on credit whenever there was a chance.

The best way to administer this remedy is to commence with five drops in a little syrup of orange peel before meals, increasing the dose of capsicum to twelve drops. In one month most of them became quite different men, changing from half idiots to men who attended to their business and took an interest in all that was going on the world.

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach, of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right, if you are troubled with heartburn, dizziness of the head, coming up after eating, biliousness, indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's Anisee Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

The Yellow Fever Epidemic

A large part of the last report of Dr. Hamilton, U. S. Surgeon Gen. is devoted to the recent yellow fever epidemic in Florida with maps, illustrations, etc. It covers the epidemic in N. Y., 20, last and the investigation shows that the disease was brought to Key West by a family named Balivo, who kept a hotel in Havana and moved across while that at Tampa was from Key West, by a fruit dealer named Burke. As to how the fever reached Jacksonville, Florida, and Jackson, Mississippi, could not be discovered. Dr. Hamilton urges all States to have state boards of health to co-operate with the marine hospital service and he believes the epidemic in Florida could have been checked sooner if they had had a board of health.

A SCRAP OF PAPER SAVES HER LIFE.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of Consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her more. Bought another and now better just continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial Bottles of this wonderful Discovery free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.