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ONLY THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY GENIE ORCHARD.

From Woman's Work.

"How many miles to Buena Vista, my good man?"

"Five miles about, far! and if you see on your way that my gal Millet, say to her that Dick Darling is waitin' at the gulch for her to come and not keep her pa waitin' for her all night."

"Certainly, I will, but how shall I know your girl Millet?"

"Know Millet? Why surely you must be a stranger in these hills—every man and every kyote even far miles about, knows Millet, or learn tell of her! why she's a beauty! and can shoot a burk as well as the best of us; but sir, she's wild and mighty self-willed, but if gold can tame her and make her a lady, she'll be one sure. Yes, sir, Buena Vista you'll find about five miles in them tall hills over yonder. Tell Millet I'm waiting."

"Thank you, we will send Millet to you—that is if we find her."

The speaker was Macon Eager, who was in company with Frank Manson, both men on a tour of pleasure through the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. They had left New York a month previous, and had traveled mostly on horse-back, through intricate parts of the mountains, where only the Indian, or the enterprising engineer dared go.

The day was near its closing. The whole western sky seemed melted into a sea of gold, that plumed and writhed in waves of burnished light, catching in its billows the peaks of a thousand mountains whose snow-crowned brows caught the prismatic glory of the setting sun.

Mount Pinacone one of the highest peaks of the Rockies towered grandly, like the warrior clothed in snow, with a hundred launces of gold within its rugged arms, while beneath and around, the lesser heights rose like a marching host. With every second the view changed; from brassy warmth, and clouds of rose, into brown and grey, with stern shadows and richest porphyry tints.

For several minutes the men rode on in silence, when suddenly Eager halted and pointed beyond and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "There is a view that surpasses the Yosemite, or anything in the Alps! I'd rather pitch my tent right here in the valley of the Arkansas, than spend the rest of my life in the Parisian courts."

"It's easier for a man to be true to his nobler instincts, here amid all this natural grandeur. 'Tis easier to believe in a Deity—believe in Eternity, here in this forest of rock, where each canyon is like a passage way to a soul's destination."

"Amen!" sarcastically cried his companion. "Eager, stop your cranky sermonizing, and come on. I'm freezing, man, and a view from the summit of Pisgah into the New Jerusalem could not stop me now," and drawing close his collar about his face, he rode briskly forward. The two men were congenial friends of years standing, were however different in temperament and character. Manson was cold, selfish and satirical, while Eager was impulsive, generous, and enthusiastic. This dissimilarity, was a wedge that strengthened their attachments, forming a friendship seldom of long duration, among those of mutual aspirations and interests.

"We must not forget Millet, however," said Manson, "it would be just like you to go through the whole country seeking the girl, just to please the old man. Hurry up Eager, my boy; I'm in earnest now. I'm numb with cold," and he shook his hands to renew the circulation. Just then the air rang with a voice clear and strong, like that of some wild bird.

"We stole the Red Man's horse— And a Tommy hawk big has he— Trail! trail!"

"That's Millet's—listen!" cried Eager.

And scarcely had he spoken, than

there above on a projecting ledge, stood a young girl, tall and erect, with a cloud of dusky hair floating about her. The buckskin jacket and crimson skirt seemed suited to the rustic beauty of the girl, as she poised, like some wild, graceful animal, above the precipice. She saw the two strangers, and would have made a retreat but the earth beneath her feet gave way, and she came scampering and trembling almost to the feet of the horse. In a moment Eager was off his horse, and had the girl in his arms. "Poor child! are you hurt?" cried he gratefully, catching her slender wrist, from which drops of blood had begun oozing—"This is Millet, is it not?"

The girl broke into a merry, ringing laugh, as she stood erect. "Well, sir," she cried, "this beats all. How'd you know I was Millet, stranger? Every body knows me, that's what Jim Blay and Pa says but they mean all the folks in the gulch, and in these hills and at the mines, but you two ain't them sort." Much amused, Eager listened to the rustic language of the girl, and taking her arm, he gently wound around it his soft silk hankerchief, as she rattled on in her innocent, ignorant way. "Eager, come on!" cried Manson, who had gone on for some distance, and grown impatient as he saw his companion lingering. "I am freezing, and you are making yourself a fool over only a rancher's daughter. I'll wait no longer," and surely he rode along. Millet struck an attitude of insulted dignity, and looking at the retreating form of Manson, pointed at him with the scorn of a tragic queen. "Only the rancher's daughter!" she mockingly said. "And who is he? Some weak-hearted pale-faced coward, I guess. I would give the Indian yell and scare him to death, if he was not your friend. Whew! how he would run!" and she laughed the same ringing laugh that made the mountain echo, and that Eager thought the most beautiful music he had ever heard.

"Do you mean that it is because you like me; that you will not make him think an Indian is pursuing him with a tomakawk?" and Eager pressed the little hand gently, that he still held, and looked with genuine admiration into the upturned face of the girl. Millet looked him full in the face, and with innocent candor replied. "Why, yes, I do like you. It is just about five minutes since I first saw you, but I don't think I ever did like any one as well in all my life. You look so brave. Your eyes have a light in them like the blue in the sapphire when you hold it up to the sun, and your hands are so smooth and white; but it is not because you are so beautiful that I love you, it is because you were not too proud to get from your horse and catch me when I fell, and bind up my bruised arm with those same white hands. I am only Millet—a wild mountain girl, but remember that my heart is not too rough to be touched by your kindness. My father owns mines and cattle. I can buy and sell again, I guess, the proud fellow with the pale face, who called you a fool for noticing me. If you ever want nuggets of pure gold, or ruby rock, or stones that your eyes are the color of, if you ever want cattle, or the finest horse that you ever rode, just come to the gulch and ask for Dick Darling's cottage, and I'll be there and I'll divide with you. You can take 'Black Bess' if you like her. Now, will you come with me?"

What at first had amused Eager, now touched his heart with emotion that made tears gather in his eyes, and awakening an admiration that he could not classify.

"My noble girl, your words touch me! your generous gratitude is more beautiful than anything I have ever found in the polished worldlings who would scorn you! I will not accept your offers now, Millet, for I have wealth; but my little girl should you ever need a friend, call on me; this is my card. Good-bye and be caught both little sun-burnt hands in his own, and kissed them. She took the card and read the name.

"Macon Eager, 44, 5th Avenue, New York City."

"If I ever go there I will be sure and go to see you," she said, "but I never will, for I would not leave these hills for all the great cities except, to see you!"

"Millet! Millet!" and the air echoed with the name, as a sturdy figure emerged from the canyon in the grey glow of twilight. "Yes, Pa, I'm coming!" cried the girl and quickly catching Eager's hand she kissed it, and darted away like a phantom in the shadows.

Eager stood for some moments before mounting his horse and looked until the girl was lost to sight.

"Well!" said he "she is a combination of simplicity, generosity, ignorance and courage. She is a medley of contradictions, and with all the most bewitching little beauty I ever met. I may be, as Manson called me, 'a fool'—but I swear I hate to leave the child," and he slowly mounted his horse and rode on, almost forgetting his companion's anger, in the thought of the wild beauty and candid innocence of the girl. When he overtook Manson a few miles from Buena Vista, Eager was silent and his companions sneering allusion to the 'wild girl,' grated on him. Had it not been an act of madness and folly, he would have turned back and followed the little figure with her crown of mid-night hair and starry eyes. But he dared not. In his dreams that night, he saw her mounted on her prancing 'Black Bess'; that she so willingly had offered him—racing through forests, chasing the antelopes over the plains, and as she neared a precipice he awoke with a cry. That night and many more, he saw in the mists of dreamland, the sweet oval face, and the little bruised arm, and felt the quick, warm kiss on his hand, but as the years passed, he ceased to dream, and the dissipation of his former life allured him on, and he was launched in the current of a worldly career that is sure to petrify the heart, and darken the soul.

The gay social season was at its height in New York. The year was near its close, and the wealth and fashion of the city were in a state of rivalry. Frank Manson was at most of the brilliant gatherings, courtly and polished in learning, he possessed a fortune that allowed him to entertain in princely style. He and Macon Eager had been called 'Damon and Pythias,' and other names denoting a devoted friendship of years standing, but it was noticed that Manson was alone now. He sought new companionships. It was rumored that the handsome Macon Eager had staked too high on a game, and lost. In a short period of a few months, he drifted from wealth into obscurity, and in the vortex of fashion he was a lost star, soon forgotten, no one heeded, but the great world went on, while Manson moved into the upheaving waves of prosperity, and popularity.

"By jove! of all fellows, Mason is the most fortunate," exclaimed one of a group at the Opera of Fra' Diavolo, where the most brilliant crowd of the season was gathered, and a dozen jorguetts were leveled at the box where sat Frank Manson, who was bending, in evident admiration, over a woman of marvelous beauty. She reclined in graceful abandon, and her dark languid loveliness, was enhanced by a dazle of jewels, that blazed about her like icebergs under the sun. "Who is she?" cried voices every where, and in a moment this beautiful stranger who had shot like a meteor into the very heart of the gay, social world, was the object of attention. "She's too dark," said one woman. "She has a languid abandon that is vulgar," said another. But the men in unison uttered the verdict, that she was the most marvelous beauty who had ever dazzled the metropolis. From that night she was the rage. Millet Darling—the cattle king's only daughter, and the heiress to millions, became the queen of so-

ciety. Her original vagaries, her dashing demeanor, her utter disregard for social amenities, were all pardoned beneath her beauty, and her wealth. Behind a pair of jet black goggles, she could be seen driving through the park. While again she would plonge at Mazeppe-like speed through the public drives. Yet her name was never sullied, even by the most envious. Men worshipped her, and in vain bowed at her shrine; she smiled on all alike, and held in the tendrils of her magnetism, all who came beneath the influence of witchery. It was said that Manson was the favored one. He, who had never before acknowledged the power of any woman, openly avowed his adoration for this dark mountain beauty—"Star of the West" as she was called. One evening while Manson was in company with Millet, she suddenly exclaimed, "If you would prove your love, find my friend for me—this is his card, I have treasured it since I was a child in my far Western home. I have constantly asked those I met if they knew him, but they gave me no satisfaction. Will you Mr. Manson, help me to find him?" And as she handed Manson the card, his face suddenly changed color. "Macon Eager," he exclaimed, "where did you know him? Once he was my most intimate friend and associate, but he became reckless and worthless, so we have drifted apart, and he is only a Bank clerk now. You have often heard me speak of my tour through your loved Rockies. Well, Eager was my companion then, and the most enthusiastic man he was. He raved over everything he saw, from the sly Kyote, to the wild mountain maiden. Why, one evening he spent an hour in consoling an ignorant, awkward girl, because she fell and scratched her arm. His soft, weak heart was his ruination. Be we waste time, my beautiful Queen. Tell me, will you marry me, and falling upon his knees he caught the jeweled hand of the woman he adored, and implored her by every phrase of affection and idolatry to return his mad mastering passion. A new light seemed to dawn over the face of Millet. "Oh I see now" she exclaimed, almost inaudibly. "It is so plain—now—I remember!" and with sudden dignity she towered higher, it seemed, in her pride and beauty. A look of scorn came into her face, as she laughingly and mockingly exclaimed, with a wave of her arm, "Rise Frank Manson, you are making yourself a fool over only the rancher's daughter."

"Go!" she exclaimed, "my revenge is sweet and complete. When I was an innocent ignorant child in the cabin near the gulch of the beautiful valley of the Arkansas, when I fell wounded at your feet, you scorned me, and passed on in your pride and selfishness. The heart that was so venerated with worldly garish, was so unmanly, so contemptible as to desert the humble girl of the Ranch, in unworthy to touch the hand of the 'Star of the West,' the cattle king's only daughter. And with the same silvery laugh, that had often made the canyons echo, and the wild beast calm, that same laugh rung down the curtain of destiny over the life of Frank Manson, and as he left the presence of the only woman he ever loved, he went out into the darkness with a crumpled pride and a broken heart."

The winter was almost over. Millet Darling after a season of triumph that far surpassed her wildest dreams was making preparations to leave the city, when, she accidentally read in the morning's Herald these lines, that made her heart cease beating and her head reel.

"The one brilliant and popular Macon Eager, has been arrested for embezzlement. The banking house of Lyons & Son, in whose employ he has been for a year past, prosecutes him for the amount of eight thousand dollars. His failure to pay the amount will condemn him to imprisonment etc., etc."

An hour later, a tall, veiled woman entered the banking house

of Lyons & Son, and handing a check to the astonished Cashier, said, "Accept this in payment of the shortage of money, of which you accuse Macon Eager. Have him at once informed of his freedom from debt, and please deliver him the receipt with the enclosed."

Writing on a slip of paper these words:

"The little scar remains on my arm yet, and the memory of that noble manly act, of five years ago, is still fresh in my heart."

"The Rancher's little daughter. A The Gulch."

With this note she enclosed a check equal to that amount which she had left with the banker.

"That might a peace and joy stole in her heart that all the conquest of her brilliant career had not given."

The eyes with their sapphire light, had aroused the first aspirations to a life that had never known tenderness before.

The manly soul that is seen in small acts, as well as in great ones, met his reward. And who can tell but that these two lives that met so lightly on a ripple of fate may not at last have floated on life's current into a uniting wave of eternal love.

MORE ABOUT KICK-ING.

BY M. QUAD.

"In kicking against what you know to be a fraud and an imposition isn't mankind apt to set you down for a crank?"

So queries a congressman in referring to a former article on the subject of kicking. Mankind is not only apt to do that very thing, but dead certain to do so. Hence the brazeny to raise a row. Hence the reason that fraud and imposition flourish and grow rich. For instance, at a railway junction station in New Jersey one hot day last summer there was not a drop of water in the cooler in the waiting-room. There were twenty-seven of us waiting for the train, and there were seats for only seventeen. Everything was covered with dust, not a time piece nor a time table in sight, and after a look around I found the station agent on a truck down the platform talking baseball. Of the twenty passengers fourteen were men. I called their attention to the facts I have given, and suggested a kick. It might not benefit us, but it would those who came afterwards. The reply of each and every one was, in substance:

"Yes, this is an infernal shame and ought to be well exposed, but I don't want a fuss. They'll call me a crank if I kick."

Not one single person dared raise his voice against the neglect and imposition, and I was all alone when I walked down to the agent and asked:

"Do you know that the water-cooler is as dry as a bone?"

"I ain't hired to fill it," he replied.

"Do you know that the waiting room hasn't been swept and dusted for a week?"

"It's not my business."

"Is it anybody's business to look out for the convenience of passengers here?"

"I dunno."

"Well I will make it my business to find out."

I took the names of half dozen of my fellow travelers, wrote directly to the superintendent of the road that night and two weeks later, as I stopped over for another change, I hardly knew the place. There were seats for fifty; there was a clock, a lot of fresh timetables, a water-cooler full to the brim, with a new cap, and a station agent was bustling around and cheerfully answering all inquiries.

"What's become of the other man?" I asked.

"Got the bounce last week."

"What was the trouble?"

"Oh, he let things run down."

"How long had things been as they were two weeks ago?"

"All of two years."

"Did some one complain?"

"Yes. A crank came along and made an awful kick: a d the superintendent stirred up the whole line."

While roaming around Pail Penn, I came upon a menagerie or exhibition in a store. There were signs out reading that they had a boar-constrictor twenty-two feet long, and an African giant eight feet high, and various other things. I concluded to see the snake and the giant. Twenty-two feet of serpent and eight feet of giant making thirty feet of living curiosity, is cheap at ten cents. This is three feet for a cent. When I got in I failed to find the two curiosities and I made inquiries of the man with the deep bass voice and the big watch chain.

"Sorry to say that the giant is sick and the snake got away last week," he replied.

"But I paid to see them." I protested.

"Well how are you going to do it?"

"If they are not here I want my dime back."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, sir! I take you for a sharp! Now then return my money and take down the two signs or I'll go to the mayor!"

He told me to go and be—be—you know what, and I went. It cost me about four dollars for hack hire and messenger boys but he had to refund my money and remove the signs under the penalty of having his license revoked.

The owner of the show said he would mop the earth with me if it cost him \$1,000, and that he would lay for me until one or other of us died, and when I come home of an evening without keeping both eyes open.

I stood one evening at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, New York, of Grand Rapids, whom I happened to meet. The hour was 10 o'clock and there was but little travel. We had on there three minutes, when patrolman No. 748 came along and roared out:

"Now then move on! Its the last time I'll tell you!"

"Are you speaking to us?" I asked.

"You bet I am! This is the third time I've told you to move on, and now you'd better get!"

Excuse me but this is the first time we have seen or heard you. You are two suspicious fellows!"

"Then it is your business to arrest us."

"So I will!"

So he did, and ten minutes later we brought up at the station. From the odor and talk I believed the officer was tight. As soon as we got in where I could see him plainly I said to the captain:

"Captain, take a good look at this officer. Is he drunk or sober?"

"Why, Bill, you blamed fool, you can't see straight!" roared the captain.

"They wouldn't move on!" shouted the patrolman.

"But why should we, captain? There were only two of us, and but few were passing. He said we were suspicious characters. Here are our cards."

We got an apology and the officer was relieved from duty. Next day we went to headquarters to file charges, but No 748 had resigned.

On a certain railroad running out of Detroit the company retained an old palace car until it was a little better than a cattle car. Had the fare been to match there could have been no growing, but they were charging extra fare for a seat in the car. I road in the car four times and then kicked to the conductor,

"I don't run this railroad," was his reply.

"Well, somebody does, and I'll find him out." I went to the line superintendent and he sent me to the division superintendent of a parlor car company.

"Have you been inside the 'Asterick' lately?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you know that it is old, dirty and out of repair?"

"No, sir."

"Hasn't any one kicked?"

"Not that I know of."

"But I've heard fifty complaints!"

"The conductor has made no report to that effect."

He promised to investigate, and he did investigate. He found the car with twelve people in it and every one was kicking. He found the train conductor ready to affirm that the old car ought to be dumped into the river. He found bad things in the seat dust a cow and a dog and almost every seat needing repairs. The car conductor who reasoned as many officials do, "they will grow anyhow and let them take it out in growling," got the bonnet, a new car was put on for the very next trip, and the superintendent was pleased to say to me:

"I'm glad you kicked—thrice glad. Do it again whenever you see imposition."

And within a week he was personally told by overtaken travelers that they had determined to take another route if the old car remained—A thousand people had been imposed on and swindled and yet none dared claim his rights. Not one even dared ask for justice or a hearing! One gentle kick brought a new car and comfort to a hundred. The kicker may be a crank but the man who lets the public walk over him without protest is more to be pitied.

SEVERE CASES OF BLOOD POISON.

Thousands suffer from blood poison, who would be cured if they gave B. B. B. (Bottle Blood Balm) a trial. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of wonderful cures, that contain the most skeptical. It is sent free.

J. O. Gibson, Meridian, Miss., writes: "For a number of years I suffered untold agonies from blood poison. Several prominent physicians did me little if any good. I began to use B. B. B. with very little faith, but, to my utter surprise it has made me a well and hearty person."

Z. T. Hillerton, Macon Ga., writes: "I contracted blood poison. I first tried physicians and then went to Hot Springs. I returned home a ruined man physically. Nothing seemed to do me any good. My mother persuaded me to try B. B. B. To my utter astonishment every ulcer quickly healed."

Benj. Morris, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I suffered years from syphilitic blood poison which refused to be cured by all treatment. Physicians pronounced it a hopeless case. I had no appetite, I had pains in hips and joints and my kidneys were diseased. My throat was ulcerated and my breast a mass of running sores. In this condition I commenced a use of B. B. B. It healed every ulcer and sore and cured me completely within two months."

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Jesse Middlewert, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dr. J. M. Lawrence's Drugstore.

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