

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. II. LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1889. NO. 44

NOTICE

Having qualified as Executor of the Estate of Sallie Rudasill, dec'd., late of Lincoln county, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said Estate to exhibit them to the undersigned, on or before the 18th day of January, 1890, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Eliza Heaven, deceased, late of Lincoln county, all persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 18th day of January 1890, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

NOTICE

By virtue of a mortgage made to me by W. J. Boggs and wife, E. A. Boggs, bearing date Feb. 15, 1878, and duly registered in the office of Register of Deeds of Lincoln County, N. C., in Book 51, page 108, I will sell to public sale for cash, at the Court House door, in Lincoln, N. C., on Monday the 4th day of March 1889, 1 tract of land joining the lands of John A. Wood and others.

NOTICE

Having been appointed and qualified as Standard Keeper of Lincoln county, all persons are notified to bring their weights and measures to be tried and adjusted to the undersigned.

NOTICE

By virtue of authority given in a certain mortgage deed from J. F. Speck and wife F. C. Speck recorded in Book 56, Page 39, in the office of the Register of Deeds, for Lincoln county, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Lincoln, N. C., on Tuesday the 2nd day of April, 1889, at 12 o'clock, the land described in said mortgage deed, to wit: One House and one Lot, situate in the Southeast square of said town, and designated in plat of said town as lot No. 29.

NOTICE

By virtue of a decree of the Superior court, of Lincoln co., made in the case of Thomas McConnell, wife and others, viz: Wm. Fisher, wife and others, I will sell at the late residence of F. R. Howard, deceased, in Catawba Springs township, on Thursday, 28th Feb., 1889, all of the real estate belonging to the estate of F. R. Howard, dec'd., consisting of about 250 acres and adjoining the lands of J. H. Howard, E. M. Howard, and others.

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A MASKED MARRIAGE

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

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"You cannot mean this! How could Clarence cause the accident? Your own injury has turned your brain, and you imagine wild things."

"You think me harsh, Mr. Carson, but if you had lost your eyes, you would not consider your millions worth much, or your life either."

"Noel's manner was calmer as he said these words than it had been since he entered the Carson mansion, and Mr. Carson, who was a man of kind heart, was touched deeply by the old man's severe affliction."

"I will have you taken home in my carriage," said Mr. Carson, "and under the care of your family and a skillful physician, I trust you will speedily recover and forget your present delusion."

"It is no delusion, sir," said Noel, "I came here to accuse your nephew of his crime." The voice of the speaker was growing louder, and it was evident to Mr. Carson that he was becoming much excited again.

"Be patient, man," said Mr. Carson, laying his hand in a friendly way on Noel's shoulder, "and let me send you home in my carriage."

"I'm patient, sir," said Noel, still trembling with excitement, "and I will go, but not in your carriage."

The blind man stretched forth his hands as if trying to find the door, then suddenly raising them above his head, he exclaimed in a wild paroxysm:

"I see it all again! The flaming converter, the flash of molten steel, the face of Clarence Carson as he stoops to do the dreadful deed. Great heavens, man, stop! Don't destroy every life in the door!"

Noel Edwards trembled like a leaf in a breeze during this ordeal. Philip Carson was spell-bound, and the group of girls stood at the door looking on with white and frightened faces.

"I knew the man was mad," whispered Zeida to her companions. "All is dark again!" continued Noel, "and I hear the voices of the dying accusing Clarence Carson of the fearful crime."

whom he was about to curse with all the bitterness of his soul, he was surprised and disappointed to find that the young man had disappeared as speedily as he had come upon the scene.

CHAPTER VI. IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

HE struggles of Edith Edwards to answer Ned Newcomb when he called her name with such passionate earnestness in the darkness, deserted shanty adjoining the gambler's den, were speedily cut short by Dick Dawson placing his hand upon her mouth and hissing at her to be silent, as he carried her swiftly along the corridor through which the startled party escaped.

To the terrified girl who had been snatched from the flood by a short time before, and whose senses were still dazed as if some horrible nightmare had possession of her, when her voice was stilled and she felt herself carried away in the dark by some superior force, the whispered threat intensified this feeling and thrilled her with fear.

"She has set her mind on going, Dick. Her father was blinded in the mill today, and she is just dying to see him. The poor thing says she was looking for him when she fell in the river."

"I don't make any difference; she cannot leave here now," said Dick, "or any other time, unless she is blindfolded and chloroformed, and don't know where she is. We ain't sentimental folk, I hope to let ourselves be betrayed by a mere girl. What would you think if the police stepped in here to-morrow and arrested the whole outfit? To-night, above all other nights, we must be doubly careful, as that mechanic chap will be prowling about."

This speech of Dick's chilled the ardor of Dame Dawson's sympathy and so she said: "I suppose you are right, Dick, but I do feel in my heart for the poor thing, and I must hurry and get her a warm drink of coffee."

"A drink?" "Yes." "Bring it to me," said Dick, "on your way to the girl's room, and lose no time, because I want you to look your best to-night. We are going to have a bang-up game, and I expect to make a strike that will enable us to get out of this rat-trap without delay. You must play your best card. Quick, bring me that drink."

"Don't do anything wrong, Dick." "Nothing. I simply mean to protect ourselves, my tender-hearted chick." It did not take Dame Dawson many minutes to get the drink for Edith. Dick met her in the hall and took it from her hand.

"What do you think this poor girl needs most?" he asked, with a Satanic grin. "Sleep," was the significant reply. "And that she'll have without delay," he said, as he emptied something into Edith's coffee and stirred it.

Harden as Dame Dawson was, she trembled as she took the cup again from Dick's hand, and looked steadily in his placid face. "You are sure you made no mistake?" she said.

"None whatever; go ahead," he answered, without moving a muscle, and the dame went forward to give Edith a drink that might possibly plunge her in the sleep of death. She found Edith about to leave the room.

"I was afraid you had quite forgotten me, and was about to go," said the girl. "How could I forget you?" replied the dame, with a show of kindness. "I took time longer to prepare the drink than I expected, but here it is, and I know it will do you good."

Edith took the cup from her hands, never for a moment suspecting anything wrong, and drank its contents. "It's delightful," she said, "and I thank you ever so much for your trouble. Now, I think, I am able to go home."

"I would like very much to have you wait a few minutes until I return," said Dame Dawson. "My son wishes to see you on a little matter, and I want to tell you something before you go, my dear."

Edith, of course, consented to remain a few minutes; she could not do less for one who had been so kind, although her heart ached with the thought that she might ascertain what had become of her father. Dame Dawson hastened off, and Edith seated herself in a chair, near the stove, to await her return.

This was satisfactory. Dame Dawson never found fault with Dick's strategy, but she was sometimes in mortal fear lest some of his bold undertakings should lead to their capture and ruin, and the resultant breaking up of their comfortable home.

"They had many a narrow escape, but they always managed to evade the law, and make friends and customers of the very men who were sworn to uphold it. 'This is the night that either makes or breaks us,' said Dick, as they turned away unconcernedly from the room where they left Edith sleeping.

"I had almost forgotten it," said the dame. "But I hope you will not forget to play well your part. You are to be my sister to-night, and help me to entertain our guests," replied Dick.

"As you wish. The transformation had better be made now," said the dame, "as the hour is getting late."

Saying this, she disappeared to her dressing-room, and in half an hour a beautiful and superbly dressed woman came out of the door in which Dame Dawson entered. For the time being Dame Dawson had no existence. She was the more ethereal from which this dazzling, glittering, all gorgeous with satin, lace and diamonds, emanated.

"Capital!" exclaimed Dick, in admiration, when he beheld the enchanting apparition of lovely womanhood that stood before him in the hall. "I declare, Alice," he added, in a somewhat tender tone, "you make me almost fall in love with you again. But I suppose there is no more romance for us. Your father made me realize hard facts when he sent the bullet that made this scar plowing through my forehead, and he raised the heavy mass of jet black hair which half concealed the wound on his temple, and added, 'Alice, you can always claim me by this mark. It is your lawful brand.'"

"Don't think of it, Dick," she said, restoring the rumpled tress of hair, and then gently stroking it over the scar. "What victory, what fortune, what conquest are we to win to-night?" she asked.

"Anything from fifty thousand to a cool hundred thousand dollars," he replied. "I feel it in the air. This is the first time you have been introduced to my friends as you are. Hitherto they have known you as Dame Dawson, the wrinkled hag. Now they will see you in your glory. You are my sister, on a visit from California, you understand, and when the wine dazes them, then I'll fill your hand with cards that will take a fortune. Young Carson is coming, and we have banker and a judge. Each of them is worth a half million at least, with the exception of Mr. Carson, and I don't know how much he has in his own name, but it will be a great night, or else I am no good as a plotter."

The scheme worked well. Dick Dawson's hair was never so bright or so attractive before, and his guests were intending to beseech each other in a friendly way. Clarence Carson, full of the excitement occasioned by the stormy scene at his uncle's house, was a trifle late, but he managed by a supreme effort of will power, to hide his agitation, and helped himself liberally to a dash of brandy at the most seductive and attractive features of Dick Dawson's club room. In addition to those who usually attended, came a United States Senator, who was vouchsafed for by the judge, and who took part in the night's enjoyment.

The game moved on slowly and without excitement until supper time. The winnings and losses up to that time were common-place, and there were no unusual clamors or depressions.

The supper was served by a colored servant in Dick Dawson's employ, who was well paid for his services and his discretion. Just as the gentlemen with well whetted appetites were about to begin the meal, a beautiful woman, superbly dressed and sparkling with diamonds glistened softly into the room on the pretext of correcting some trifling mistake of the servant's. Instantly all eyes were upon her. She did not seem to notice this attention, but moved about noiselessly, with modest, downcast looks, and was about to leave the room again, when Dick Dawson, speaking up, as if he had forgotten something, said: "Pardon me gentlemen, but permit me to present my sister, Miss Alice Dawson, of San Francisco, who is making me a little visit."

The gentlemen rose simultaneously and bowed low, and the judge, with a touch of gallantry suggested that Miss Alice might favor the company with her presence at supper.

"Just as she pleases," said Dick. "Of course she is at home here, like the rest of us, and if it is agreeable to the company and she desires to remain, it will be all right. She is now visiting her mother and myself for the first time in five years."

The party was just in the mood to enjoy Alice's company, and after a little show of reluctance, she remained. Her part in the feast, however, consisted in saying bright things in a modest way, and inspiring the company to indulge liberally in the wine, of which there was an abundance.

Clarence Carson was dazzled and delighted with her winsome ways, and when Dick suggested that she favor the party with a little song toward the close of the supper, Carson was the most urgent member of the company to secure her compliance.

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"None; the sleep will do her good, by making her forget herself and her troubles for a few hours."

THE INAUGURAL

Address of President Benjamin Harrison.

There is no constitutional or legal requirement that the President shall take the oath of office in the presence of the people, but there is so manifest an appropriateness in a public induction into office of the chief executive officer of the nation that from the beginning of the government the people, to whose service the official oath consecrates the officer, have been called to witness the solemn ceremony. The oath taken in the presence of the people becomes a mutual covenant. The officer covenants to serve the whole body of the people by a faithful execution of the laws, so that they may be the unfailing defense and security of those who respect and observe them, and that neither wealth, station nor the power of combinations shall be able to evade their just penalties or to wreathe them from their beneficent public purpose to serve the ends of equity or selfishness. My promise is spoken; yours unspoken, but not the less real and solemn. The people of every State have their representatives. Surely I do not misinterpret the spirit of the occasion when I assume that the whole body of the people covenant with me and with each other today to support and defend the Constitution and the union of the States, to yield willing obedience to all laws and each to every other citizen his equal civil and political rights. Entering thus solemnly into covenant with each other, we may reverently invoke and confidently expect the favor and help of Almighty God, that He will give to me wisdom and strength and fidelity and to our people a spirit of fraternity and love of righteousness and peace.

This occasion derives peculiar interest from the fact that the Presidential term which begins this day is the twenty-sixth under our Constitution. The first inauguration of President Washington took place in New York, where Congress was then sitting, on the 30th day of April, 1789, having been deferred by reason of delays attending the organization of Congress and the canvass of the electoral vote. Our people have already worthily observed the centennials of the Declaration of Independence, of the battle of Yorktown, and of the adoption of the Constitution, and will shortly celebrate in New York the institution of the second great department of our constitutional scheme of government. When the centennial of the institution of the judicial department by the organization of the Supreme Court shall have been suitably observed, as I trust it will be, our nation will have fully entered its second century.

Our people will not fail at this time to recall the incidents which accompanied the institution of the government under the Constitution, or to find inspiration and guidance in the teachings and example of Washington and his great associates, and take courage in the contrast which 38 populous and prosperous States offer to the thirteen States, weak in everything except courage and love of liberty, that then fringed our Atlantic seaboard.

We have not attained the ideal condition. Not all of our people are happy and prosperous. Not all of them are virtuous and law-abiding. But on the whole the opportunity offered to individuals to secure the comforts of life are better than are found elsewhere and largely better than they were here one hundred years ago. The surrender of a large measure of sovereignty to the general government, effected by the Constitution, was not accomplished until the suggestions of reason were strongly reinforced by the more imperative voice of experience.

"A MORE PERFECT UNION." The divergent interests of peace speedily demanded "a more perfect union." The merchant, ship-master and manufacturer discovered and disclosed to our statesmen and to the people that commercial emancipation must follow the political

freedom which had been so bravely won. The commercial policy of the mother country had not relaxed any of its hard and oppressive features. To hold in check the development of our commercial marine; to prevent or retard the establishment and growth of manufactures in the States and so to secure an American market for their shops and a carrying trade for their ships, was the policy of European statesmen and was pursued with most selfish vigor. Petitions poured in upon Congress urging the imposing of discriminating duties that should encourage the production of needed things at home. The patriots of the people, who no longer found a field of exercise in war, was energetically directed to the duty of equipping the young republic for the defense of its independence by making its people self dependent. Societies for the promotion of home manufactures and for encouraging the use of domestics in the dress of the people were organized in many States. The reversal at the end of the century of the same patriotic interest in the preservation and development of domestic industries and the defense of our working people against injurious foreign competition is an incident worthy of attention. It is not a departure but a return we have witnessed.

THE PROTECTIVE POLICY. The protective policy had then its opponents. The argument was made as now that its benefits inured to a particular class or section! If the question became in any sense or at any time sectional it was only because slavery existed in some of the States. But for this there was no reason why the cotton producing States should not have led or walked abreast of the New England States in the production of cotton fabrics. There was this reason only why the States that divide with Pennsylvania the mineral treasures of the great southeastern and central mountain ranges should have been so tardy in bringing to the smelting furnace and to the mill the coal and iron from their near opposing hillsides. The mill fires were lighted at the funeral pile of slavery. The emancipation proclamation was heard in the depths of the earth as well as in the sky. Men were made free and material things became our better servants. The sectional element has happily been eliminated from the tariff discussion. We have no longer States that are necessarily only planting States. None are excluded from achieving that diversification of pursuits among their people which bring wealth and contentment. The cotton plantation will not be less valuable when its product is spun in the country town by operatives whose necessities call for diversified crops and create a home demand for garden and agricultural products. Every new mine, furnace and factory is an extension of the productive capacity of a State more real and valuable than added territory. Shall the prejudices and paralysis of slavery continue to hang upon the skirts of progress? How long will those who rejoice that slavery no longer exists, cherish or tolerate the incapacities it put upon their community? I look hopefully to a continuance of our protective system and to the consequent development of manufacturing and mining enterprises in States hitherto wholly given to agriculture as a potent inducement in the perfect unification of our people. The men who have invested their capital in these enterprises, the farmers who have felt the benefit of their neighborhood and the men who work in the shop or field will not fail to find and to defend the community of interest. It is not quite possible that the farmers and the promoters of the great mining and manufacturing enterprises which have recently been established in the South may yet find that the free ballot of the workingman, without distinction of race, is needed for their defense as well as for his own!

THE BLACK MAN'S VOTE. I do not doubt that if those men in the South who now accept

[Continued to Fourth Page.]

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, 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.