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## AN OLD MAID

Of course I was an old maid, anybody in Maple Ridge could have told you that, and a good many would have said I was several years older than the old family Bible affirmed.

I felt all of my three and thirty years, and knew that dark little face that looked back at me so soberly from the cracked mirror showed them beyond question. But, what of that I had other things to think of than that I was an old maid—many others.

There was poor Susie, our pet, the youngest of us all, who would marry handsome, reckless Noll Dasher, who, after a wild life of only a few years, ended it in a drunkard's grave and left poor Susie and her two babies to me.

Nor was that all, for Fred, our eldest, the pride of our old father and mother's hearts, must marry, too—which was well enough, only after one brief year in his city office, he, too, grew sick and died—but, oh so peacefully, so nobly!

"You'll take care for my wife and baby, Mary?" he said pleadingly, and I answered: "Yes, Fred, always."

So it isn't much wonder I looked old, since only my little dressmaking shop stood between us all and starvation.

Father and mother had become so feeble they could only sit on either side of the fireplace and talk of their trials and sorrow.

Susie took upon herself the care of the large household, and I've shed many a tear at night thinking how wan and white she was growing, our beautiful little Susie!

What did Fred's wife do?—that is a sore subject; no one ever said anything, but I've seen Susie shut her lips in a strange way when "the lady" swept into our simple meals and never offered to soil her white hands even to wash her own dishes or clothes.

"She's never been taught to work I suppose," I thought; "poor thing!"

Then I bent lower over my sewing and sat up a little later.

Things had been going on this way for nearly a year, until one night when it was growing very late Susie came in and shut the door of my shop carefully.

"What is it, my dear?" I said cheerfully, for there was a look on her face that troubled me.

"Mary," she said sinking down at my side and laying her pretty golden head on my knee, "my poor Mary!" and then she began to sob so pitifully.

I had but little time to spare for I knew that Mrs. Gratehouse must have her new dress by the next evening and I dropped my needle and took her in my arms and whispered:

"What is it my darling, tell me, won't you?"

"Oh, Mary, so good, so unselfish. I can't bear it. You are working yourself to death for me and mine. I have thought and thought and planned, and there's only one way."

"I don't understand how hot your cheeks are! You are going to be sick."

"I am going to die. Don't look so startled, I am very wicked and foolish, but I can't see you kill yourself nor my precious children starve. I am only going to get married, desperately."

Then I felt her whole body shudder.

"Yes, darling, but who?"

"I am going to marry Mr. Caleb (ellingwell)"

"Susie you are mad!"

No, he proposed tonight as I left the store, and I accepted him, that is all, why don't you congratulate me?"

"Because I can't for I know—oh, my darling! for I know you do not love him!"

"Love? I loved once and got a sweet reward. Yes, I'm in love with the old miser's money; that's honest."

"Hush! Never mind, sleep on it, pet. We'll talk about it tomorrow. I must finish this dress now."

"Mary, do stop and rest, you unselfish housekeeper! Your burden

shall be lightened, I am not half as miserable as you fancy."

But I knew what she had suffered and I sighed, for things had come to a very bad state. What with poor father down with the rheumatism and Susie's children suffering for shoes and none of us too warmly clad, unless it was the "lady"—that is what Susie had called Fred's wife to me more than once; but I could only sigh and remember that they were her old gowns.

Nevertheless it did seem hard that she and her baby should have the one spare room and fire, and coal so dear. But, law, me, I had promised. Such a rosebud as that little cooing baby was. If I'd time I'd have coddled it by the hour, and strange to say she had called it "Mary." She never said it was for me, and I often wondered, but never asked her—for somehow all of us simple folks were a bit afraid of the lady.

It was one dull, rainy evening in February when poor Susie came to me with her pitiful story of sacrifice she had resolved to make, I remember very particularly, because Mrs. Gratehouse was to have a party the 25th, the next night, and I was hurried with her gown.

She came in quite early for it, but the rich silk was finished. I trembled a mite as she scanned it closely, but she found no fault whatever, and paid me the \$5 for it promptly. Her last words were:

"You are looking far from well, Mary; brother Tom would hardly know his old sweetheart if he could see you now. You need rest, my dear do take some," then she passed out.

"Good advice—excellent," said Susie in a hard voice, and I was glad she had not noticed what Mrs. Gratehouse said about her brother.

"I wish you had charged her fifteen dollars instead of five. The dress was worth it."

"Yes, I know," I answered drearily, but that would not have paid all the bills," and for the first time in Susie's presence I broke down and cried.

Even as I wept softly and Susie tried to comfort me, "the lady" entered the little shop and bending above Susie and me dropped a letter in my lap—a great big funny looking affair.

"A letter! Oh Mary who would have sent you a letter?" said Susie.

"The lady paused a moment in the shadows of the room and I tore off the envelope, and their fell in my lap a great lot of bank bills.

"Money!" cried Susie; money! who what does it mean? Oh, here's a note, listen:

"Dear Mary—Accept a little present from a loving friend.

That was all. We looked at each other stupidly.

"Who could have sent it? Oh, Susie it is a mistake!" I gasped.

"No, it is not, the letter is sent to you and it is for you. I find it is just \$100. I'm so glad.

I kept the money I needed it so sorely and they all said it was mine but I felt uneasy all the time, and wondered and wondered, for we hadn't a rich relation in the world.

But even that hundred dollars could not last forever and by and by I saw Susie looking over her old things and trying to make up her mind that the time had come when she could tell her betrothed husband she was ready. Poor, poor little Susie.

"I've set the day at last," she said. "It's to be next Tuesday," then she began to sob.

Once more "the lady" entered and dropped in my lap another letter and a book.

This letter was not so bulky but when I opened it I found that it contained two bills of \$100 each.

"What—what? I began vaguely as before, when once more "the lady" bent over Susie and me, and winding her white arms around our necks fell into a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh, my sisters she sobbed, when she could speak. "Do you think me blind as well as heartless? Do you think you are to do all the work and me none? Dearpatient fingers! and to our astonishment she kissed

first my needle pricked hand, and then Susie's chapped and toil-marked.

"There's the book read it when you can. I began it when my husband was first taken ill. I fancied I could get it done in time to help him, but I couldn't. Yet he knows he must know how glad I am to help those so dear to him."

"Florence," I said in wonder. "What are you talking about?"

"Why my book; it is there in your lap, as well as the money for it—a portion of it I always scribbled more or less, but in a careless manner, until I saw the great need, and then I found I could write even better than I dared hope. I never told because I wanted to surprise you. Susie little sister, don't dream of that disgraceful marriage. I was so afraid it wouldn't come in time to save you. And Mary, gentle one, I've something for you even better than gold. I—forgive me! I found out all about your sad love story, of the quarrel long ago, and the lover in the West, and I sent a little bird with a message of your faithfulness, your noble life, and the answer came. (Oh, the West is not far away) I'm coming."

I wondered why Susie, with such face of peace and joy as I had not seen her wear for years, should look startled and step back, while "the lady"—oh, such a lady—stood between me and the door.

Suddenly she bent and kissed my hot cheek, and dextrously snatching the comb that had held my curls so very primly—as I deemed most becoming—a staid old maid—she fled with Susie into the next room and closed the door.

I knew then why she had held herself so persistently before me, for standing on the outside of the door stood a tall man tanned and bearded.

"I could not speak. I would have fled, too, but I could not move.

The tall man smiled and approached me, took me in his arms and whispered:

"Is it my own little Mary?"

And somehow in his sheltering arms I found my tongue and answered boldly: "Yes, Tom!"

We call her "the lady" still, sometimes, for she is now famous and rich, and Susie and her children live with her. The old folks have found a better home with Fred, and I cannot help but think they told him how we loved his wife and the happiness she brought us.—*The Old Homestead.*

## The Drummer's Ruses.

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days trip into the country, and the stableman refused to let him have it on the ground that he was a stranger. There was much discussion over the matter, and finally the drummer said:

"What is your team worth?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"If I pay you that some for it, will you pay it back again when I return?" asked the customer and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he put up the cash. Ten days later he returned, he alighted, and entered the office saying, "Well, here is your team and now I want my money back."

The sum was passed to him and he turned and was leaving the place, when the livery man called out, "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team?"

"For what team?" asked the drummer, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back?"

"Well now," drawled the drummer, "you aren't fool enough to suppose that I would pay anyone for the use of my own property, are you?" and he shook the dust of the place from his feet.—*Bangor Commercial.*

Johnny had been carefully raised; anybody could see that. One day he sat upon his father's knee in a crowded street car. A lady entered. "Madam," he said, as he rose to his feet, "take my seat."

## Is It an Important Medical Discovery or a Humbug?

Since the announcement was made by the Herald to the American public that Dr. Brown Sequard, of Paris, claimed to have discovered a treatment that would in a measure rejuvenate the human system the subject has been one of popular interest and discussion in general as well as medical circles.

In both the reported discovery has been received with a great deal of incredulity and scepticism, and even a little ridicule. Many laymen have made light of it and many physicians of high stand have not hesitated to declare that the thing is a nostrum and a humbug and that Dr. Brown Sequard must either be under a delusion or in his dotage.

This scepticism is but natural. It is the scepticism that often greets the first announcement of genuine discovery or invention as well as the first announcement of what turns out to be a gigantic fraud or humbug. The human mind is not prone to believe in a new thing that seems impossible. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, Jenner's vaccination theory and other important medical events met with this fate when first announced. Who could believe until demonstration and practice had routed incredulity that physical pain could be robbed of all its agony and terror by ether and chloroform? The march of science has encountered the same scepticism. What was deemed impossible a few years ago has been turned into a matter of everyday life by the marvellous achievements of electricity.

No wonder, then, the world received with incredulity the report that a simple means had been found for restoring to age and infirmity the strength and vigor of earlier manhood. That sounded very much like saying the fountain of youth had been discovered for which Ponce de Leon had searched in vain. Yet it is a physician of world wide reputation, never regarded as a quack or humbug who informs the world that he experimented upon himself the most astounding results. Radical and remarkable changes for the better were produced in his mental and physical condition. The infirmities of the man of seventy-two gave way to the health and strength of earlier years.

No one has questioned the honesty or doubted the sincerity of Dr. Brown-Sequard. No one charges that he has not truthfully reported the results of his experience as they appeared to him. Was he under a delusion? Is he in his dotage?

His conclusions were corroborated by the results of experiments made on different old men by Dr. Variot of Paris. Were that physician and his patients also under a delusion or in their dotage?

Now comes a cloud of American witnesses. Physicians in all parts of the country—Cincinnati, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis and other cities—have tried the experiment on numerous subjects in various conditions. In exceptional cases the reported effects are slight or unappreciable; in a few they are but moderate; in most they are remarkable and correspond to those announced by Drs. Brown Sequard and Variot.

It is to be noted that this evidence comes from many independent sources and leads to a common conclusion. It is hardly to be prophoohed away and leads little to the theory of crackers, delusion or dotage. It appears to be at least sufficient to claim for the new idea fair consideration and experiment.

What a thorough test will demonstrate remains to be seen. The treatment may be shown to be a discovery of value or it may prove to be useless or even injurious. Not even its discoverer claims that by it youth can be restored or the grave robbed of its victory over age. But can infirmity be transformed even partially and temporarily into strength? Can the remedy be made efficacious in treatment of disease? Is it but a powerful stimulant whose good effects will soon disappear?

Above all, will its use be followed by a reaction or other injurious effects, so that the patient is left worse than he was found?

These are problems which only time and experience can solve. But whatever there may be in it, the new idea has evidently taken hold of the medical as well as the public mind.

## Her Death Sentence.

The trial that ended at Liverpool with a verdict of guilty and a sentence of death on Mrs. Maybrick has hardly a parallel in recent criminal annals—English or American.

Prisoner and victim were Americans—the poisoned husband a merchant and a man of means; the accused wife a woman of education, travel and accomplishments.

That she had been unfaithful to her marriage vows she herself confessed in court, and that fact led to the terrible sentence pronounced upon her, for it disclosed a motive for wishing to be rid of her husband. That she deliberately poisoned him to gratify her wish is the verdict of the jury. But it is a verdict that never would have been rendered by an American jury.

The prisoner may be guilty—probably she is. But no American jury would do a woman to the gallows on the evidence produced in this case. The doctors differed as to whether death was due to poisoning or natural causes. The arsenic found in the vital organs was hardly sufficient to kill. Its presence might have been accounted for by the fact that the deceased had been an habitual arsenic eater. The traces of the drug found in the apparel and the apartments of Mrs. Maybrick might possibly have been due to her avowed habit of using arsenical preparations as cosmetic.

This conflicting evidence did not establish the innocence of the accused woman. Nor did it clearly prove her guilt. It left the question in doubt. American law declares that the accused shall have the benefit of a doubt, and an American jury would give a woman especially that benefit.

This case suggests another interesting difference between capital trials in England and in this country. Mrs. Maybrick was not allowed to take the witness stand in her own behalf, but she was permitted by the judge to tell her story from the dock without being sworn or subject to cross-examination. Here a prisoner would not be allowed such a privilege, but the witness stand is open to him if he wishes to take it. In that case he must testify under oath and is subject to cross-examination.

While Mrs. Maybrick has been convicted and doomed to the gallows her fate is not yet settled. She may still look with hope to the chances of appeal and the clemency of the pardoning power.

## What Did Vanderbilt Say About the People?

Black Mountain is the name of a postoffice in Buncombe county, N. C., among the peaks of that Black Mountain range which is of late years becoming so popular with tourists. The office has been in charge of a young white woman, who has performed its duties with entire acceptability. Assistant-Postmaster-General Clarkson recently removed her, appointed as her successor, "in the regular routine," at the demand of the local Republican machine, "not knowing the facts," a negro who can neither read nor write. When a person calls to make inquiry for mail, the postmaster says he doesn't know whether there is anything for him, but dumps the entire mail of the office in front of the applicant and invites him to see if there is anything addressed to him.—*Evening Post.*

## He was Convinced.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better-half was in a shop several miles away where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it he walked boldly up and shouted, "Hello Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire, and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried, "that's Sarah every inch."

The law in this State now requires the removal of the property of white people to be kept separate from that of the colored. This plan furnishes an easy means of ascertaining the relative amount of property owned by the two races, and the taxes paid by them.

## THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

When Mrs. Murry invited Linda Desmond to make the tour of the continent with her as companion the young girl, who had never been a dozen miles from her native town, felt that she was the luckiest of mortals.

Had she known the sorrows that awaited her, she would not have started out on her tour with such a gay heart.

Mrs. Murry and Linda reached Paris after a long round of visits to the art centres of Europe.

Everywhere the beauty of the young girl had excited universal admiration. In the gay French capital they made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, Raymond Vincent. It was the old story. The young couple constantly thrown together fell in love and became betrothed.

The news of their engagement reaches the young man's family in England before he had time to acquaint them of the step he is about to take.

So it happens that one morning Linda receives a call from "Lord Vincent," her lover's father. When she encountered the cold, contemptuous gaze of her visitor's proud eyes, she sees that his errand is not a kindly one. But if the naughty English Lord thinks to intimidate the young girl, whom he stigmatizes as "a scheming adventuress," he counts without his host, for Linda's pride is equal to his own.

"Do not be afraid," she says, in a voice vibrating with intense feeling, in which scorn is uppermost and for the time drives away pain. Were your son to come to me on his benighted knees I would not be his wife."

"Oh, Mrs. Murry! take me away!" is Linda's cry a while later. "I must never see Raymond again. Should he plead I could not resist him; and sooner would I die than meet again that cruel man!"

Four years have elapsed. During the last, soon after their return to America, Linda's kind benefactress had died. In one of her sudden fainting attacks her spirit had fled from its tenement of clay, never to return. In her will all of her fortune, which was large, was left to her young friend, Linda Desmond.

Thus we meet our heroine again. But, although it would seem that fortune had poured all her richest gifts at her feet, though youth, beauty and wealth are hers, it is easy to see that Linda is not happy. She is seated this morning by the window, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, the embryo-dry, with which she has sought to beguile the time that hangs so heavily, unheeded.

"Was there ever any one more alone than I?" she muses, bitterly. "My parents, my lover, my dear benefactress, all taken from me. I have nothing to live for."

Just then comes an interruption to her sad thoughts, as a servant knocks to inform her that a gentleman wishes to see her.

"It's a lame gentleman, and he sent no card, ma'am," the girl answers to her mistress's inquiry.

"A lame gentleman?" No one among her acquaintances answers to that description. And so, never imagining for an instant the surprise that awaits her, Linda goes down to the parlor. As she enters the room a tall form rises slowly with the aid of a crutch from a chair and advanced to meet her.

With a cry of startled pain, Linda springs forward, to shrink back as suddenly. Can this pale, crippled man be the lover who had combined in his one person all the beauty and grace of manhood?

Raymond notices and interprets her demeanor wrongly. An expression of sadness crosses his features.

"I do not wonder that you shrink from me, Miss Desmond," he says. "Do not for a moment suppose that I have sought and found you to take advantage of our former relations that were severed so long ago. I came in obedience to the request of my dead father. He was taken ill three months ago, and during his last illness I learned for the first time that it was his hand

that so ruthlessly dashed the cup of my life's happiness from my lips, and that all these years I had been wronging in my mind one who, instead of being a hard-hearted coquette, as I had deemed her, has been as cruelly injured as myself. He had kept his secret well; even during my own sickness, when I had come back from the war, with the savage Zulus, almost a wreck, with but little chance and less hope of living the year out, he did not disclose the truth. But in his own last moments he remorsefully told me all, and begged me to promise that after his death I would seek out the young girl whom he had wronged and tell her of the repentance for the harshness that had blighted two lives. I have no extenuation to make for my father." Raymond concludes, "save this: That he was proud and overwhelm- ingly fond of me, his only son; and he had mistakenly thought that, in preventing my marriage with a girl whose goodness and beauty were her only dowry, he would further a matrimonial scheme he had long had planned in his own mind."

Raymond pauses, but as Linda does not speak, he goes on: "You must wonder how I discovered your whereabouts. A friend in this city who had known of my engagement wrote me of your arrival here and Mrs. Murry's death. But pray, believe me, that as I am now, though my love for you is still the strongest passion of my heart, had it not been for my promise to my dead parent nothing would have induced me to intrude myself upon you."

Now Linda finds her voice, and, though it trembles with agitation, an unmistakable ring of joy thrills through its low, soft tones. "As you are now?" Oh, Raymond, a love would be worthless indeed that time could cure, or a hero's scars terrify!"

It is three years later. Upon the velvet lawn, before an elegant English mansion, are a group of three, a lovely woman, a tall distinguished man, and a toddling, golden-haired child. It is Lord and Lady Vincent and their two-year-old son.

They have only been at Vincent Towers a short fortnight; for among the physicians of his wife's native land Sir Raymond found one whose skillful efforts had restored to its usefulness his injured limb; and though longing to show his bride his beautiful ancestral home, he had remained in America until a cure had been effected.

Such a joyous home coming as that had been! Such a time of affectionate greetings and warm well-wishings!

And thus, happy in the love of her husband and child and surrounded by hosts of friends, we bid our heroine farewell.

## What the Big Investigation Cost.

There have been heard now and then queries as to what was the cost of the great Grissom investigation to the State. At its beginning, the Board of Directors decided that the mileage and expenses of all witnesses should be paid from the funds appropriated to the institution. This, of course, makes a deficiency in the amount given for the maintenance of the asylum which the State must make up.

A reporter made some inquiries this morning and learned that the per diem, mileage and general expense of each member of the board, during the investigation, amounted to about \$200. This would make the aggregate expense of the directors alone \$1,600. It will be remembered that many witnesses from all sections of the State were summoned and examined. The mileage and per diem of these exceed \$1,000. All told, it is probable that the cost of the investigation to the State has been \$3,000. Besides this, the private expense may be reckoned. It is known that the prosecution paid out over \$800 for counsel fees and incidental expenses. It is not known what expense was borne by the defense.