

The Lincoln Courier.

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Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike off my name yet;
You know how times are stringent;
And dollars hard to get;
But I'll tug a little harder
In what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.
I can't afford to drop it,
I find it doesn't pay
To do without your paper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say—"but mean it—"
Why don't you have your own?
You can't tell how we miss it:
If it by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late,
Then all is a babble,
All things go all awry,
And printer, if you are married,
You know the reason why.
The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious too,
At first to glance it over,
And then to read it through;
And I to read the leaders,
And con the book reviews,
And scan the correspondence,
And every scrap of news.
I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
My neighbors all take it,
And printer, so must I;
I too must keep myself posted
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A foggy simpleton.
Then take it kindly, printer,
If payment be somewhat slow,
For cash with me is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know,
But I must have your paper,
Cost what it may to me.
I'd rather dook my sweet sugar,
And do with out coffee and tea,
So printer, don't stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here is a year's subscription,
And credit it right down;
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring to us weekly
Its welcome denison,
For which we'll "tender thanks."

THE BRIDE'S DIAMONDS.

Diamonds big and bright—unseen diamonds that shone and gleamed and changed to all manner of colors as Mr. Mulford moved the velvet tray about before his customers. They were sitting at a table in the little room at the back of the store, the jeweler and rich Mr. and Mrs. Carberry. Mr. Carberry had bought his wife's wedding-ring of Mr. Mulford the day he opened the store twenty-five years before, and had been a regular customer ever since, and a successful broker may be a very good customer indeed. As for the store, it was much finer than it was in those days. It had larger windows and better stock—more carriages stopped before the door. Neither of the men had anything to complain of as far as fortune went. "Well," said Mr. Carberry at last, "I think we've settled the matter. The stones are chosen and the settings selected, and I fancy Bessy will have as pretty a wedding-present as need be. We want to please her; she has pleased us, and daughters don't always do that." "No they do not, Mr. Carberry," said Mr. Mulford, with a little sigh. "You don't mean that your little girl—" began Mr. Carberry, and stopped short with: "I beg your pardon?" "Oh, no excuse," said Mulford, blantly. "You've known my Esther since she was a baby, and you know she has no mother to advise her. Esther is a dear girl, but I had ambitions for her. I wanted her to marry well—there was young Vinton; why, he went wild over her." "Any man might," said Carberry, "I always think of the Turkish saying: 'She must be a jeweler's daughter, for she has diamond eyes,' whenever she looks at me." "Yes, Essie has her mother's eyes," said Mulford, "and is a good

girl. But there is a young man in the store—the light one with the small mustache who brought us the book of designs, you know—she has taken a notion to him. Well, you know a man don't usually pick out a clerk in his own store for his daughter." "After all, I don't see why not," said Carberry, "if he is otherwise a fine fellow—carry on the business and all that—you've no sons of your own. What sort of a boy is he?" "Oh, he is very well," said Mulford, "gentlemanly, excellent credentials, but I don't know him yet. It's just a dark girl and a light boy admiring each other, as far as I can tell. I'm not sure they are suited to each other, or that he will make her happy. It may be that he thinks it would be good for him to marry my daughter. It would please me so much better to have Esther marry some one above such suspicion." "I should like it, I think," said Mr. Carberry. "He'll not carry your daughter away, and you have only one." "Very true," said Mulford, "I'm too ambitious, no doubt. Still, I can't help it, it is my nature. At all events, I've told her that they must not think anything settled for a year or more. I won't give my consent until I know young Cummings better." "That's only your duty," said Carberry. "Well, I hope it will end well. And when the diamonds are set let the young fellow bring them over, so that I can talk with him a little. I'm a pretty good judge of men, I fancy. I'll give you my opinion of him." "So will I," said Mrs. Carberry; and then the three parted, the Carberrys entering their carriage and driving to their residence, which was quite outside of town. It was not quite to Mr. Mulford's liking to find his Esther in the store, and young Cummings neglecting a customer who wanted to look at eye-glasses, for the sake of her broken bracelet, which she had made an excuse for running in; but his girl was so pretty, she gave him such a smile and love-pat, that he could not resist her. And there was this order of the Carberrys to talk over. It was a valuable order, and a pleasant event; and Esther was full of bright speeches. "After all," Mulford said to himself, "Carberry was right." He did not want to lose her, and Cummings turned out all right, why, he could carry on the business, and in his old age he himself could take his ease, surrounded by his grandchildren. "It is certainly a splendid set," said the jeweler one morning; "necklace, bracelet, ear-rings, buckle and comb. They ought to be exhibited some where. I knew Carberry was rich, but I did not know he could quite afford this. It's a pretty penny in my pocket, too. The sooner Mr. and Mrs. Carberry see them the better." And Mr. Mulford telegraphed to the effect that the diamonds would be before them at five o'clock that afternoon. And at three, after making a suitable toilet, Cummings left the house, carrying the cases in a russet leather portmanteau. He took his way toward the cabstand while Mr. Mulford watched him from the door turn the corner. "I think I shall like the boy, after all," says the jeweler to himself, as he returned to the store. Esther running in a few moments later, found her father in excellent humor, and felt that the course of their true love was very likely to run smooth. "Charlie is awfully nice, isn't he, father?" she asked rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve. "Now, say, isn't he?" "Wait until we see whether he runs away with those diamonds. Essie," said the jeweler, and of course Esther was in duty bound to laugh immensely at this paternal joke. It was long before she laughed again after that merry fashion. She waited dinner for her father that night until the soup was cold and the roast a cinder, and when he came his face looked pale and

punched. It was eight o'clock, and young Cummings had not reported himself. The only comfort he had was in remembering that Carberry said that he would talk to him and find out what sort of a man he was. Still, nothing would keep a clerk who had as much sense as Cummings had a moment longer that was necessary upon such an errand, and when nine o'clock came the jeweler was quivering with anxiety, while Esther paced the floor repeating, "Something has happened, to him," at intervals. At ten o'clock, Mr. Mulford himself took a cab and rode out to the Carberry place. He found Mr. Carberry on the piazza. "Ah," said that gentleman, advancing to meet him, "you have brought them yourself, eh? Always glad to see you, and as Bessy has gone somewhere with her intended, we have a better chance to look them over. Come in; Mrs. C. is in the library." "You do not mean to say that young Cummings has not been here cried the jeweler. "No he has not. Of course I expected him, your telegram reached me, but he is not here yet." "He will never come," said the jeweler. "What a fool I was to trust him." "He may have met with an accident," said Carberry. "At all events we must not judge him until we have proof of his guilt." The police were notified that night. The one whose post included the cab stand had some information to give. "Your clerk came down to the stand, Mr. Mulford," he said, "I know him very well to bow to. I came here and stood a moment. Just then a cab came around the corner—one that does not belong here and a girl jumped out and spoke to your clerk." "She may have said a dozen words, and then she stepped into the cab again, and he got in, too, and they drove away. They sat on opposite seats, and looked out of the window as they drove off. I thought nothing about it until the story began to get about, and I did not notice the cab particularly. The girl had a nice little figure a very small waist, and wore a gray suit tied over her face. Lots of ladies wear them so, but I think she was dark." "You are sure it was Cummings?" said Mr. Mulford. "I am sure it was your clerk," replied the policeman. "I will swear to that." "You see my darling," said Mr. Mulford to his sobbing daughter, late that night. "Chas Cummings is a rascal. He has almost ruined me by this theft but I am thankful that he had not yet robbed me of my child. At least you are safe from him my Essie!" "But Essie kneeling before her father and holding his hands in her hands made answer. "No, father, no. Charles Cummings is no thief. He has fallen a victim to some one who knew what he carried with him. He has been robbed, perhaps murdered. The truth will out some day." "And how about the pretty young woman he met, Essie?" asked the old man. "She was in the conspiracy," said Essie. "Have common sense, Esther," said the father. "He entered a cab with her in broad daylight. She was his confederate, no doubt and he has gone abroad to share his spoils with her. He had an ample time to take on ocean steamer, and did, no doubt. A bad woman, and a chance such as I gave that have led many a one to the destruction." "Charlie is good and true," persisted Esther. "You will know it some day and I will maintain it always, if all the world besides should doubt him." And to this she held while the papers painted her betrothed in the light of a rascal who had betrayed a trust confided in him, and no one but herself believed him innocent.

Night after night as she paced her bedroom floor she strove to find some means of discovering the fate of the man she loved. The talk about the diamonds had all been held in the reception room of the jeweler's establishment; no one learned of it there but how was it at the Carberry establishment? One morning she arose full of a new idea and went to Mrs. Carberry. The lady received her in motherly fashion. "We kept the gift a secret from every one but my maid, Hannah Earle," she said and was as anxious to surprise Bessie as we were. I remember when the telegram came, I asked her to read it because I could not find my glasses, and she was quite delighted. Oh, no, she told no one." "Where was she that afternoon?" asked Esther. "At home, when the telegram came, of course," said Mrs. Carberry; she was doing my hair. She went out to see her mother, who is ill, she says after that. But she was at home all the evening. Oh, she would not gossip. Besides, sick old women couldn't be in league with robbers. My dear, you must give that young man up. There is no doubt of his guilt." "Will you call on your maid a minute please?" said Esther. Mrs. Carberry smiled, but rang for the girl. She entered, received the command which was an excuse for her summons and went away—a little dark woman with a very small waist. "She is very respectable," said Mrs. Carberry, "and engaged to her cousin, who already owes one cab of his own and earns money by driving people about—means some day to have a livery stable. As it is, he is getting on very well, she says. His stand is on the corner yonder. His name is Garvey. She is to be married soon. Why, child what ails you?" "I cannot tell you," said Esther who was trembling from head to foot. "But you too will one day believe my Charlie innocent." She hurried away meeting the maid in the hall, and observing her closely. The girl wore a grey dress with a dark stripe in it, and her belt was fastened with a curious silver buckle. Either went straight to the policeman who had seen the girl speak to her betrothed. "You would know her if you were to see her again?" she asked. "I'd know that waist said the policeman. "If she had the grey dress with the black stripe in it, and the funny silver belt buckle, like a door lock, I'd know that too." That night Mr. Mulford sent for the detectives, but it was not he who spoke to them it was his daughter. She stood before them with an air of one who is speaking of what she knows, and uttered these words: "You are entirely wrong. You are looking for Charles Cummings, believing him to be a thief. Look instead for those who robbed him, and for his dead body. I will tell you who beguiled him away—Mrs. Carberry's maid, Hannah Earle. She was the only one who knew that the diamonds were expected at that hour. The driver of the cab is the one she is to marry. His name is Garvey. He keeps a single cab his stand is on the corner of the little triangular park at —street. I accuse them of the theft and demand their arrest. Officer—has described Hannah's dress to me and a buckle that she wears, as the woman who took Charles Cummings away in the cab." Later the policeman having gone to Garvey's stand declared that he could swear to the man's face, and Hannah and the driver were arrested at the same moment, without having been given any opportunity to aid each other. The woman assumed an air of injured innocence that touched all hearts, but Garvey—an arrant coward—went down on his knees at once. "I knew nothing of the diamonds," said he. Hannah asked me to

drive her that day, and I did. We took up a young man with a bag, what was in it I don't know. Some that was no kid!" I just left her two of them at a place Hannah asked me to leave them. A decent house, a fine place intirely. I seen no more of them—Hannah bade me not to wait. The house?—oh, yes its the gray one, with the fence about it, and big trees—I am told its an asylum. I dunno." He willingly led them to the spot and after some parley the detectives succeeded in extorting from the proprietor of the place the fact that he entertained a few nervous gentlemen, and a search warrant was produced. The doctor rubbed his hands and bowed. "Could I have been imposed upon?" he cried. Oh, yes. They should see the young gentleman who had, as he believed, raved about diamonds and in five minutes more Chas. Cummings entered the room and was clasped in the arms of his betrothed. The story he told was this: As he was about to take a cab, a young woman had just stepped from one which had just turned the corner and exhibiting Mr. Mulford's telegram to Mr. Carberry had said that as she was coming into town on an errand Mr. Carberry had asked her to stop for the messenger with the diamonds and seeing him leave the store she had intercepted him. Of course he had no such suspicion of any trick and never having seen the Carberry mansion entered the mad house quietly. There the woman was assisted by two keepers who forcibly took the bag from him and gave it to her. He fought with them in vain—she had represented him as her husband, and all his protestations were as naught as they always are in such a place. However, all is well that ends well. When Hannah found that her lover had turned traitor she knew all hope of escape was over, she declared that the whole plan was Garvey's and that she had only been his tool, but produced the diamonds which she had hidden in her mattress. The bride received them on her wedding eve, and shortly after Mr. Mulford atoned for his unjust-suspicion of Charles Cummings by accepting him as a son-in-law. Family Story paper.

A Caustic Letter to Wamamaker.
Wade Hampton tells him, Very Politely Indeed, He is a Liar.
COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 13.—Two weeks ago B. F. Clayton was appointed Postmaster for Columbia, vice Hampton Gibbs, a gentleman of high standing in the State. Mr. Clayton is an independent. Mr. Wamamaker had promised not to remove Mr. Gibbs until his term had expired. The following letter from Senator Wade Hampton, now hunting on his plantation in Mississippi, will be published to-morrow:
"GLEN ALLEN, MISS., Nov. 8.
"The Hon. John Wamamaker.
"SIR: The enclosed extract from a South Carolina paper has caused me great surprise, for perhaps you may remember, if your memory is not treacherous, your assurance to me a few days ago that Mr. Gibbs should not be removed until the expiration of his term in February next.
"Not only did you do this, but you voluntarily assured me that inasmuch as Columbia was my post-office, you would, when a successor of Mr. Gibbs was to be appointed consult me. It is a matter of small importance to me who takes the place of Mr. Gibbs, but as I informed him in passing through Columbia of the promise you had made, you may perhaps understand how your action has placed me in a false position.
"But it is fortunate for me that Mr. Gibbs will know that I at least told him the truth, though I was grievously deceived in believing what was said to me. I shall know better in future what reliance to place on statements emanating from the same source. The newspapers state that besides managing the

great department over which you preside you are running a Sunday-school in Philadelphia, and it seems to me that you might, with profit to yourself, select as the most appropriate subject of a lecture to your pupils the instructive story of Ananias and Sapphira. This would give you a fine field for your eloquence in explaining to your young charges the importance of confining themselves to the truth, except when some fancied advantage might be obtained over a political opponent. "I am your obedient servant,"
"WADE HAMPTON."
One On Mahone.
Messrs. Chas. E. of Indiana, and Brum of Pennsylvania were invited by Gen. Mahone to stump the State of Virginia in his interest. They had an appointment at Cumberland Court House in Cumberland county which has a very heavy negro majority; and the Democrats made no attempt to meet them supposing it would be a hopeless case to make any contest there. So the two Republicans alone addressed a very large negro assembly discussing at length the intricacies of the tariff and other questions of national importance and went on to speak in the highest terms of General Mahone his Republicanism his friendship for the negro and how much he had done to elevate them and help them assert their rights. A negro in the audience by the name of Hughes before the meeting adjourned requested that he might be permitted to reply to the two gentlemen from the North and referred to Mr. Chas. E. as Mr. Beale, and Mr. Brum as Mr. Brum sarcastically likening them to the names they represented. After discussing others matters agitated in the campaign, he finally took up the question of Gen. Mahone's love for the negro, saying he would illustrate how much the General loved the negro by repeating a dream he had the night before. "I dreamed that I had gone and died and after I was dead I found out I didn't have any wings and I loved I'd walk to Heaven and when I fetched up at the golden gate I knocked and the gate keeper came out and asked me how I got way up there to the golden gate, and I loved to him pointedly that I come all the way on foot. The gatekeeper he says: You ain't come in here to day for I am not admitting no body now except they is on horseback. So I was turned away from the golden gate. When I was coming back to you all again, I met General Mahone right on the same road, and I says, says I: 'what you going Mars. Billy and says, says he: 'I'm going to Heaven stand aside! I told him you can't get in that, Mars Billy, 'cause they aint taking nobody in less they is mounted on hoss back. Then General Mahone said: 'You get down on your hands and knees, you black rascal and we'll ride in together. So Mars Billy he climbed up on a stump and got onto my back and we entered no to the gate and I loved I'd knock again. The gate keeper he come out and he says: 'Who's that?' I says: 'Mars Billy Mahone.' The gate keeper he says again: 'Is he mounted or on foot?' I told him, 'He's on hossback of course, for he's Mars Billy Mahone of Petersburg, the friend of the cullud man. Then the gatekeeper he bellowed out loud he did: Gen. Mahone tie your hoss on the outside and come in!' And I jest laid back and loved to myself: Nig-gab, sold again! And that is the way Mars Billy Mahone wants to ride you into the Republican party. The sequel was that this county of Cumberland, which had previously given 800 Republicans majority, was carried by the Democrats by about 150, and the first time they had carried it in 20 years.—National Democrat.

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.

Homicide Near Morganton.
From the Morganton Herald, we get the following: At Joe Bangarner's corn shucking, in Brindletown township, near the Rutherford county line, Monday night, Charlie Lane was killed by Bill Butler. There were a number of men at the gathering, and several of them were in liquor. A fight ensued between Berry and Charlie Lane on the one side and Bill Butler and five of his confederates on the other, in which sticks and rocks were freely used. The Lanes, who are powerful men and hard fighters, seemed to be getting the best of the fight against great odds, when Bill Butler seized a rail and dealt Charlie Lane a deadly blow on the back of the head, and felled him to the earth. Charlie Lane seeing his companion fall, fought with the ferocity of a tiger, and his opponents gave way and fled. Lane then went to the house of Lafayette Lane, the father of the murdered man, and gave the alarm, and a party was at once made up to go after Butler and his associates but up to the time our informant left home nothing had been heard from either the pursuers or the pursued. The Lanes are wild with rage, and our informant says it is not believed around Brindletown that Butler will ever be brought to trial if he is caught. Charlie Lane lingered until Tuesday morning when he died. He leaves a wife and four children. He was about 30 years old, and Butler is about the same age.

HAPPY HOOSIERS.
Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store."

Mercurial Poison.
Mercury is frequently injudiciously used by quack doctors in cases of malarial and blood poison. Its after effect is worse than the original disease. B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) contains no mercury, but will eliminate mercurial poison from the system. Write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of convincing proof of its curative virtues. A. F. Brittain, Jackson, Tenn., writes: "I caught malarial in Louisiana, and when the fever at last broke, my system was saturated with poison, and I had sores in my mouth and knots on my tongue. I got two bottles B. B. B., which healed my tongue and mouth and made a new man of me." Wm. Richmond, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "My wife could hardly see. Doctors called it syphilis. Her eyes were in a dreadful condition. Her appetite failed. She had pains in her joints and bones. Her kidneys were deranged also, and no one thought she could be cured. Dr. Gilliam recommended B. B. B., which she used until her health was entirely restored." K. P. Jones, Atlanta, Georgia, writes: "I was troubled with copper colored eruptions, loss of appetite, pain in back, aching joints, debility, emaciation, loss of hair, sore throat, and great nervousness. B. B. B. put my system in fine condition."

The question lately dead-end in Virginia was not tariff reform so much as white supremacy as opposed to negro domination. Mahone was endeavoring to fix upon Virginia the policy inaugurated by Harrison. Harrison has been sticking negroes into every hole he could find throughout the South, especially on the postal routes and in the postoffices. Mahone wanted to give backing to this biggarity policy in Virginia. It slipped up. Salisbury Truth.

REMARKABLE RESCUE.
Mrs. Mitchell Curtin Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store, large bottles 50c and \$1.00.