

The Lincoln Courier.

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LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1890.

NO. 35

It Makes You Hungry



Paine's Celery Compound

It is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that ruffled health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and indigestion, physicians prescribe it \$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 bantered the nerves all fagged out. The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—the Spring medicine of today—does all this, as nothing else can. Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. E. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

LACTATED FOOD *Infants babies perfectly. The Physician's favorite.*

FORCED SALES.

In order to reduce my large Stock of Cashmeres and Jeans, which embraces the best assortment in all grades. I have decided to "Cut the Price" to a mere INCREASE OVER COST. This includes the entire line, and it will prove a "big bonanza" to large families who have not yet made their winter purchases. On any and all Dress Goods, I will sell at a reduction of from 10 to 25 per cent. Dress Buttons, about 1500 dozen, worth from 10 to 20 cents per dozen, shall all go to the uniform price of 5 cents per dozen. My Stock of Clothing exceeds anything in the county, and the fact that I sell double the amount of any other house is the best assurance that my prices are the lowest. Any style and quality for Children, Boys and Men, constantly on hand or will be supplied at short notice. A new lot of Overcoats has just come in and I am ready to supply the wants of Men and Boys.

Special sale of Carpets at 15 cents worth 25 cents. Business will be generally suspended on Thanksgiving day and my store closed.

Come and see what a quantity of goods you can buy for a little money.

I now have a small quantity of Plaids for the benefit of customers. Respectfully, JOHN L. COBB.

WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL IS NO LONGER AN EXPERIMENT BUT A DECIDED SUCCESS

AS TAUGHT BY G. P. JONES.

If you want to learn to write beautifully, and stay at home, now is your time.

TWELVE MAMMOTH LESSONS, COVERING A PERIOD OF THREE MONTHS FOR \$3.00.

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WRITING FOR 15 CENTS.

One dozen or more ways of signing your name for a Silver Quarter. A sheet of elegantly combined signatures 20 cents. One dozen handsome cards with name on 25 cents. Sample lesson in writing 35 cents. Send me an order and be convinced that my work is all I claim for it.

For 50 cents I will send you some of the best writing you ever saw. Write for circular enclosing a 2 cent stamp.

Your writing is excellent, you are destined to become a grand penman.

H. J. WILLIAMSON, President "Pen Art Hall", Florence, Ala. Specimens of Card writing to hand. They are models of grace and beauty. Your writing is superb. W. D. SNOWALTER, Editor Pen Art Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Prof. Jones is not only a beautiful writer, but an excellent, and successful teacher. D. MATT THOMPSON, Principal Piedmont Seminary.

The cash must accompany each order.

G. P. JONES, PENMAN.

Prin. Business Dep't. of Piedmont Seminary, Lincolnton, N.C., Nov. 8, '89, 1y

S. G. FINLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Prompt attention to all business. Practices in all of the Courts.

Also, Money to Loan on Real Estate Security, in sums of \$200 and upwards, on long time and easy terms.

For particulars call at my office at the old Post Office.

July 5, 1889. 1y.

L. L. WITHERSPOON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

NEWTON, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Catawba, Lincoln, and adjoining counties.

Money to Loan on improved farms in Catawba and Lincoln counties in sums of \$300 and upwards, on long time and easy terms. Will meet clients at the Alexander House, in Lincolnton, on second and fourth Mondays in each month.

Aug. 2, 1889. 1y.

NOTICE!

HAVING qualified as Administrator of Margaret Carpenter, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them before Dec'r. 23, 1890, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This the 14th day of December 1889.

DAVID YODER, Adm'r.

Dec 14, 1889. 6l. pd.

Piedmont Seminary,

MALE AND FEMALE.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

THIS IS

An English, Classical, Mathematical and Commercial School.

It is thorough and practical in its work and methods. It does not assume to itself the claims of a College, but is thoroughly Academic, Location healthy, and of easy access by railroad. Penmanship and Business Department in charge of Prof. G. P. Jones. Spring Term of 1890 begins the 8th of January.

For Circulars, etc., send to D. MATT THOMPSON, Principal, Lincolnton, N. C. Jan. 3, 1890.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning-glories.

BESSIE.

Daniel Monroe was a farmer in fertile west Tennessee. His dwelling was located in a small country town, while his goodly possessions were scattered about in the way of broad fields and stately forests. He was, to use the vulgar expression, a rich man. His quiet home in Bloomfield was an ideal one—that is, to the eye of the poet, to the eye of one who could commune with nature, could revel in the beauty of God's humblest creation, it was an ideal home. The house itself was built on the southern plan—a low, L-shaped building, almost surrounded by a shady veranda, the depth of whose shade was much increased by numerous vines climbing and winding over lattice frames.

Before the house lay stretched a beautiful lawn, shaded by a few primeval oaks, than whose cooling shade none is more delightful. Scattered about beneath the protecting arms of these giant grays of the forest were rustic benches and chairs. The whole scene was one of contentment. The May-day sun then sinking in the west threw its golden gleam on shrub and flower, a gentle breeze slightly stirred the leaves of the trees and caused the flower-laden rose bushes to beckon at each other and nod to and fro. The scene was really one which a poet could behold and, gazing upon it, dream that he was transported mind, body, and soul to the "land of fancy free," to the Hills delectable, wherever they may be, And far beyond the moon-down, the sun-down, and the mist.

For awhile the quiet scene was undisturbed by the presence of human being. The streets of the small town were deserted; not even the storied small boy seemed alive—everything was a happy dream.

But this romantic sleep of fairyland was broken when there descended from the veranda of the quiet villa two young ladies—mere girls—Bessie Monroe and Evelyn Lanier. They were of about the same age,

Standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river meet Womanhood and childhood fleet. Gazing with a timid glance On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse.

Although they were cousins the girls were as unlike in appearance and at heart as May and December. Evelyn Lanier, although two months the older, was not as tall as her companion. She lacked also a certain grace and elegance with which Bessie Monroe was, it was evident, unsurpassedly blessed. Evelyn was a blonde—not one of those "beautiful blondes" who generally figure as angels or devils, as the case may be, in novels, but an ordinary blonde, with comely, yet not beautiful, features. Her eyes, large and blue, plainly spoke of an intelligent mind, yet they seemed to lack that intense glow which spoke so plainly of a profound mind in her companion's eyes.

Bessie was a beauty. Tall and graceful, of faultless form, with features perfect—features that would defy a Raphael to imitate—with black, wavy hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, and with eyes from whose mysterious depths seemed to flash the burning fires of poetry and love. A goddess could well have envied her.

As they walked to and fro through the avenue of oaks their conversation, with their hearts, turned to love and loved ones.

"But, Bess," said Evelyn, "how can you love that awkward Ernest Lamartine? He is neither handsome nor rich."

"Neither handsome nor rich!" replied Bessie with warmth, a slight blush tinging her fair cheek: "perhaps he is not handsome to your eye, and of course he is not rich. Who cares for riches? I don't. I have told you many times, Evelyn, that I despised riches. Ernest is handsome, he is true and noble, his mind runs in a deeper channel than towards the vanities of a vain world. Why, he is a poet."

"A poet!" sneered Evelyn; "I

dare say he is a poet! His garb is so poetic! A jeans suit is very poetic! And that old straw hat that flops down over his face, isn't that poetic? Ha! ha!"

"Evelyn Lanier, you need not speak that way. With me poetry does not consist of the manner in which the poet dresses. From the heart springs poetry, and be that heart hidden beneath a ragged coat or a silken vest the poetry is as genuine. Evelyn, you are vain. The world has for you a glitter and glow which attracts your entire attention; but, my dear cousin, you, though a little older than I, cannot see life as it really is. You are a mere babe in mind. You see the gold and tinsel of life mixed in one confused mass, and seize upon the tinsel because of its glitter. Ah, cousin, you will learn better when it is perhaps too late. Tinsel tarnishes, gold never."

"Well, Bess, I thank you for your sermon, but I will be as happy as a queen with John Weston while you will be the slave of a poor man with a tender, simpering heart, a poet."

"John Weston! Why, he drinks."

"Well, what if he does? He is rich."

"Riches take wings, honor never. I wouldn't countenance John Weston."

"Nor I Ernest Lamartine."

The two cousins parted, each feeling wounded at the other's remarks.

Daniel Monroe and his wife sat alone upon the veranda dreamily passing away the twilight hour.

"Wife," said Mr. Monroe, and a shade of anxiety passed over his face, "I don't know what to think of Bess; she is a queer girl."

"Yes; but a better daughter mother never had," replied his wife.

"Yes, yes; but she is getting to an age when—er—when—you know they must be kinder watched, you know. You are aware that along about their sixteenth year they form attachments—er—in short, they fall in love. It's their nature, and I think Bess is natural. I think she is in love."

"Why, father," replied his wife, smiling, "upon what do you found your suspicions?"

"Oh, nothing particular; only she's always singing those same old songs you sang when we were young."

"With whom do you think she is in love?"

"If with any one it's with young Ernest Lamartine; he who writes sonnets to spring and silly love verses."

"Hush! You don't think she can think of loving Ernest Lamartine? Why, he is poor and she is rich; and, then, who knows his origin? He came here, but eight months ago, whence no one knows. We must put a stop to that. Now, young John Weston, the son of a banker Weston, from Hillsburg, has asked me if he could not pay his addresses to our daughter and I refused him, saying that she was too young to think of love."

"I am glad you did. John Weston is as much too rich as Lamartine is too poor. Our daughter mustn't marry rich. She must marry a well-to-do farmer, honest and industrious—"

"Yes, and be a farmer's slave like I was. No, she must marry rich."

It was finally decided by the old folks to send Bessie away to a famous female college, where she might have an opportunity of seeing life as the world sees it.

Bessie entered a famous and fashionable seminary, with imposing buildings, extensive grounds, and celebrated professors. Here she was to learn the ways of the world.

She was an industrious pupil and grew in body as well as in mind. Around her were thrown the many temptations which beset the way of the unprotected. Fashionable life was shown up to be a golden dream; but Bessie, with a poet's eye, saw beyond the glitter and glow of the butterfly existence, saw the nothingness of society. Hypocrisy clothed in the garb of an angel was what she saw on every hand. Deceit was underneath the tender words which she heard from the lips of every one. Inwardly she resolved to

scorn the world for its giddiness, and to love only the true, the beautiful, and the good. She choked down the weeds of vanity that persisted in springing up in her heart, and in their place grew the flowers of a golden hope.

Bessie graduated and returned to the quiet home in west Tennessee. Her heart was as pure and noble as when, three years before, a mere child, she had left her parents' side. Now she was launched upon the society sea. She was the belle of the village. Her peerless beauty attracted attention far and near. Wealthy young men came for miles around to pay to her their addresses. They told long tales of love, of their riches, and promised nothing but happiness if she would be theirs. But Bessie scorned the bubbles of vanity, and yet loved the true and the good.

Ernest Lamartine had disappeared from Bloomfield as suddenly as he had appeared. People who had noticed the calm, quiet youth, generous to a fault, and honored him for his peacefulness, soon forgat him, and among these were Daniel Monroe and his wife.

When Bessie returned from college young Ernest Lamartine had passed from the memory of all. He was as a drop from the ocean of life. The waves beat as high as before he left; the world was as happy and life was as gay.

Ernest Lamartine, in his proud yet gentle manner towards Bessie when she knew him, had told her that he loved her. By the same means she had repaid. Neither dared an open confession; neither wished such a confession. When Bessie left for school she left at home with the humble poet her love.

Bessie had been absent but a few days when Mr. Monroe sought an interview with young Lamartine.

"Ernest," said he kindly, for Daniel Monroe was not an unkind man at heart, "for a long time I have been aware of the mutual love which you and Bessie enjoyed; but let me warn you, my dear boy, before it is too late. Your station will not permit of your ever being more to Bessie than a distant friend. Understand me, I do not wish to ensure you for the love which you have for her now, but I do wish to warn you against that snare of desperate love which is so fatal to happiness. I do not chide you—you are acting from the impulse of nature—but I wish to warn you of an impending danger. Ernest, you have life before you. Do not ere your happiness by loving one whom you cannot hope to win. Take my advice."

"Mr. Monroe," replied the young poet, and the tone of voice was a tone of heroism, "your advice is timely. I am poor, yet my heart is rich. I never loved Bessie with the selfish love of the world—no, I love her too much to ever think of drawing her bright life down to be hidden by the clouds that encompass my existence. I shall never cease to love her, to revere her, and my highest hope is to see her supremely happy—the wife of some honest man. Farewell, Mr. Monroe; I look upon you as a friend."

As the young poet disappeared in the distance, Daniel Monroe looked after him saying, half audibly:

"He will make a man! A bad move on my part, that. Bessie would be fortunate in getting such a husband—but, alas! my poor wife, how proud and vain!"

When Bessie returned home all trace of the whereabouts of Ernest Lamartine was lost, yet despite the fact that he was lost to her, with a heart of purity she loved him and revered his name.

During the years that succeeded Bessie Monroe communed with nature—pure and innocent nature. The birds and the blossoms by which she was continually surrounded were her companions, and each day instilled into her heart a deeper, more divine sentiment. From the light and sentimental she advanced to the deep and profound. She saw far beyond the outward appearance of things into the mys-

tic. In the life of each dower she read of innocence. Through that innocence she saw love, and through that love she beheld God, draped in robes most divine. She then drew nearer each hour that she studied the multifarious wonders of nature to the divine originator—to the king of the real, the realization of the ideal.

Bessie read—and wrote. She was a poet. From her pen fell diamonds of thought that served to illumine the darkness wherever they fell. She wrote of life and of death and of that more than life beyond the mystic. With her pen as a medium these beautiful and sublime thoughts with which her young breast was filled were given to the world. They strengthened the step of the faltering and guided the erring to better ways.

Yet she was unsatisfied. Her spirit tugged at the golden chain which bound it down, endeavoring to rise. She had won fame—the greatest minds of the world looked up to her with reverence. Ah! fame—what an empty bubble! How vain!

Suddenly there came before the public the works of an author unknown. With a greed seldom shown by earthly minds, his works were seized, read and re-read, criticized, and complimented. All the world went wild over him. "The unknown" was upon the tongue of everyone who drank at the deep fountains of sublimity. The beauty of his thought was unrivaled—the strength of his wisdom undenied. He was truly great.

Bessie read his volumes one after the other as they came from the press, and as she turned the soulful pages she saw stamped indelibly upon each idea the picture of a plainly clad orphan boy, with a soul of yearning truth, and never lessening love—she saw the caricature of Ernest Lamartine. She tried to drive the vision from before her eyes, but in vain. "Ernest Lamartine" was stamped upon everything that was true and noble. And Ernest Lamartine was the celebrated author.

A year passed and they met. Lamartine, the soulful, the honored master of divinest philosophy, and Bessie Monroe, the true—the portrait in living letters of the sweetest and holiest lessons of nature. Through each soul burst the golden rays of love more strongly than of yore. The two hearts which had long known love as a passion ideal, now knew it as a passion real.

The reunited were to never be separated. As Bessie Lamartine, the sweet singer of west Tennessee, strove to make plainer to the practical world the beauty of the visionary world, to draw all hearts nearer to the highest love, Ernest Lamartine enjoyed, not his fame alone, but the love of a true and noble wife, who was his alone through the years of separation, and who was now restored to him—her heart's own love.

JO. A. PARKER.

Dr. Holmes says: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or a maid, there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I got a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house, and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real heart love than for whole ship loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

A Famine in the Button Market.

An advertisement in a city paper reads: "Wanted, a girl to sew on pants." There may be a man here and there who is willing to have his pants "sewed on," but he must have a deuced bother getting them off when he is in a hurry to get into bed. Is there a famine in the button market that pants should be sewed on?—Norristown Herald.

One Hundred Thousand Cases of the Grippe in New York.

A special dispatch to the Baltimore Sun from New York says: Although the board of health has not officially declared that the grippe is epidemic in this city, it is fully admitted by the officers and physicians of that body that such is the case. Dr. Elson said this morning that he was satisfied that there were fully 100,000 cases of grippe in this city.

The number of deaths reported at the bureau of vital statistics for the twenty-four hours ended at noon to-day was 196. This is an increase from the average of quite a hundred per cent. The increase is in deaths from pneumonia, bronchitis and especially from consumption.

Another Big Crowd of Exodusters.

Eleven car loads of colored people from the eastern part of the State passed through Charlotte to-day in charge of Agent McClesky for points in Mississippi and Kansas. It was the biggest crowd that has yet passed through, and it was a sight to see them. The cars were not only well filled, but they were packed, so that it was difficult to pass along the aisles. There were men, women, boys, girls, and babies galore, and they kept up a chatter that drowned the noise of the exhaust from the engine. There were over 1,000 head, as cattlemen would say, in the crowd. They all appeared to be happy, and were in good spirits over the prospects ahead of them in the promised land.

Still another big train load of emigrants is expected through in the next few days. McClesky and Williams are very materially reducing the Republican vote in North Carolina.—Charlotte News, Jan. 2.

Saleratus Baths.

When a patient is suffering from fever, and the skin is hot and dry, a saleratus bath is often found to give at least temporary relief. This bath can be given to the patient in the bed, without removing the bed-clothes, or his own clothing.

Have the water as hot as it can be borne, with saleratus dissolved in it, in the proportion of perhaps one half cup to a quart of the water.

Wet a sponge in this, and then squeeze it so dry that there will be no danger of dripping. Bathe the face and hands first, and then dry them instantly with a soft towel.

Then, putting your hand and arm beneath the bed-clothes, hold them up bridge-like to keep the clothes from the sponge, and, at the same time, push back the nightdress or undershirt of the patient so that with the other hand you can pass the warm, damp sponge over his body.

Take a limited surface each time and dry it quickly, before attempting the next. All this is done beneath the bed-clothes so that no air can get in to chill the body. Push up the sleeves so as to bathe the arms in the same way.

It is slow and careful work, but not difficult, and the relief and comfort afforded, even if not permanent, will repay the effort. These baths may be given once a day, or in some cases at morning and at night.

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 rashes, 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.