

The Lincoln Courier.

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\$2,000 DAMAGE

Against Elliott and Marsh, the Furniture Manufacturers of Charlotte.

Wm. Lowe, who lost a leg some time ago by an accident in the furniture factory of Elliott & Marsh sued the firm for damages. The case was tried in Catawba Superior court Thursday. The jury rendered a verdict giving the plaintiff \$2,000. The defendants appealed to the Supreme Court.

R. J. Shipp is counsel for plaintiff. The defendants are represented by L. M. McCorkle and Frank I. Osborne.

Johnny—Mamma, what's the use in keeping the whip you use on me behind the motto, "God bless our home?"

Mamma—Can you suggest a better place?

—"Yes; put it behind the motto, "I need thee every hour."—New York Herald.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad than all the other blessings the world can give.

Not Deaf Enough for the Occasion

A short while ago while Judge Marshall J. Clarke was swearing in petit jurors, one man stepped up and, with his hand to his ear, said: "Your Honor, I am very deaf and cannot serve as a juror."

"You say you can't hear well?" asked the judge.

"Eh?"

"You say you are deaf?" asked the judge in a loud voice.

"Eh?"

"You can go," said the judge, in a low tone of voice.

"Thank you, sir," replied the fellow, as he started toward the door. "Stop!" cried the judge; "guess you had better serve."—Exchange.

Professor:—"Why does a duck put his head under water?" Pupil—"For divers reasons." Professor—"Why does he go on land?" Pupil—"For sundry reasons." Professor—"Next. You may tell why a duck puts his head under water." Second pupil—"To liquidate his bill." Professor—"And why does he go on the land?" Second pupil—"To make a run on the bank."

God never inspires mortals with any sort of selfishness, not even with religious selfishness.

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The Saddest Tears

I think, sometimes, that the tears unshed

Are the saddest tears of all; They press on the heart with a heavier weight,

Because they must not fall. Must not, lest they grieve the watchful love

That would sadden at our pain; Must not, because that we know and feel

Their falling were worse than pain. Crushed down to their cells by a noble's pride,

That must rouse to do and dare; Held back that another's burden of woe.

Our stronger souls may share; Unshed though the heart may quiver and ache

With anguish fierce and deep, Lest they hinder some duty that calls us on,

And there is no time to weep. God will wipe the tears from sorrowing eyes

In the restful home above, And bring to the wan, worn face a smile,

In His infinite, tender love, So will He not give the 'busy ones' rest,

And pillow each aching head, And soothe from the tired, worn heart

The tears that were never shed? —Emma S. Arheart.

ONLY A STORY.

From the old Homestead.

CHAPTER I.

Rose closed her tired eyes, and, nestling her head comfortably on the pillow, wooed the god of slumber to come and ward her thoughts into dreamland by his magic touch, but he would not be won. A bar of bright light falling through a missing slit in the window blind rested upon her closed lids and seemed to pierce them, reaching the sweet eyes beneath. She moved her head about restlessly, still that persistent light defied slumber. Finally she changed her pillow, and, with a sigh of content, dropped asleep. Into the strange world of dreams glided her thoughts to sweetest harmony. When she awoke the western sun was throwing his light into her room and a dying beam played upon her face.

"Oh, how late it is!" she cried, running across the bare old room, and, throwing wide the blinds, let in a flood of golden brightness.

The sun was just sinking behind the hills, touching the tree tops into a weird greenness where his last smile rested. The sweetest of sweet pictures Rose unconsciously made as she stood at the window, framed by the old figured curtains which fell from heavy gilt cornices. The wealth of her hair falling below her waist in waves of darkened gold crowned a pure brow with a few soft strands caressing it. One shoulder was half revealed, but she had no fear of being seen in this quiet place.

After a few moments of contemplation she brushed her tresses, and them into a soft knot on the back of her head, dressed hurriedly and ran down the oaken stairs. The sitting-room possessed no living occupant and the hall was vacant. Continuing her search for somebody she went out to the vine-covered back porch, and on a shelf found a basket of shelled corn ready for feeding the chickens. Taking it up she went out and began to call in her clear, sweet tones, and in a moment they came flocking from all sources until there was an enormous number picking up the corn greedily.

While engaged in a pleasant duty of feeding the hungry fowls a lady came up from the orchard, laying her hand on Rose's shoulder.

"Anty, why did you let me sleep so long?" asked Rose, with a smile.

"Well, I knew you were out late last night and an afternoon nap couldn't hurt you. Come and tell me about your picnic. I was so busy this morning I didn't have time to listen."

"Oh, Anty, I just had the best time!" clapping her little hands en-

thusiastically as they went on the front veranda. More than once Rose's laugh rang clear and sweet as she related some merry incident which took place at the moonlight picnic she was describing.

"Ah, there is Uncle James!" she exclaimed, breaking into the middle of a sentence, as she discovered a buggy halting at the foot of the magnificent avenue of elms which led up to the house. "I will get his chair," running into the house she soon returned with a straight-backed, green, most uncomfortable contrivance ever made for sitting on.

"I didn't see him at all, or if I did I didn't know it," was Rose's reply, as a pitying light stole into her eyes and quiet settled upon the group.

Away down the dim old avenue the moon could be seen just raising her jolly face, and in a short while she rose higher, more majestic and queenly, as a laughter-loving child grows to thoughtful, generous womanhood. Soon the old place was bathed in the moonlight, which imparted an enchanted air to all and touched each commonplace article into weird beauty. The great house, with its encircling veranda and magnificent grove of trees so dark, was enough to awake wild thoughts in a stranger's breast and cause uncanny feelings to play upon him—also with a desire to explore farther and see what hidden mystery those walls guarded. He would have seen a trim little figure clad in white sitting on the steps, a longing expression on her face and a sad, dreamy light, which would creep there unawares, in the beautiful eyes. But he would also have seen the face bright and all traces of sadness disappear when her uncle said:

"Lucy, time for lights, is it not?" He often called her Lucy. He said she looked as if that ought to be her name, and she told him he might call her that if he wished.

"Yes, sir; this moonlight is so beautiful I forgot everything else. I love it, though it makes me sad."

CHAPTER III.

Rose, in a letter to a friend at her old home, said:

"I love the southern customs. There is no formality here in this quiet old town, just a mile from my new home. All is warmth and brightness here. Everyone has been to see me. The girls ride or walk out as often as they wish, and frequently take me back to spend a night. I have no regret. I long to see you all, but in my big old southern home I am happier than I would be where I have experienced so much sorrow. Like many of my friends in New York, I believed Georgia to be a perfect bed of fever in the summer. How happily disappointed I was to find such a delightful climate. A delicious breeze plays through these large rooms and wide hall. The grandest avenue of elms I have ever seen leads from the house to the road. Oh, how I wish you could be here to help me enjoy my hammock, which anty has had swung between two of the trees out there. You could not help loving this dear place. My dear aunt and uncle are as good and kind to me as my own parents could be, but in spite of it all sometimes I feel that my heart must break, though I am more cheerful than when I came down here."

Elms clasped time in his jealous embrace and sped away, leaving Rose faster to Col. Ferard and his wife than even they ever dreamed she would be. The house was rarely silent. Little slipper heels clattered up and down stairs, sounds of laughter were often heard, the piano stood open half its time, and a canary hung on the veranda singing unceasingly it seemed. Boys and girls walked out from the village once or twice a week, the way was so sweet and cool, and pretty little words of love came so readily to young lips 'neath the enticing shade of the old elm avenue.

Then, when the house was reached, would follow such rounds of merriment as that old had not witnessed since its builders childhood had scattered far and wide. The orchard was ransacked, cupperong vines and fig bushes stripped of

their luscious fruits. It was voted by everyone to be the most charming place for miles, and when the colonel would hear of it he would say, laughing, though well pleased too:

"Oh, well, give a crowd of boys and girls the reins, and plenty to eat, and they will say they have had a good time."

He and his wife seemed to grow younger with this merry throng about them so frequently. It was a source of amusement to Rose to watch her aunt and uncle at times.

Both were well settled in their distinctive ways before marriage, and could not be changed at such a late day. Each had his or her likes and dislikes, individual tastes, and were even members of different churches. Still they lived on happily together, too sensible to aggravate each other, as a younger couple might have done. Their discussions relating to different religious beliefs were not at all frequent, but when they were mentioned in the quiet manner habitual to each, underneath the calm exterior ran determination and conviction too strong to be described.

One day at dinner the conversation glided into matters relating to religion, and the colonel said:

"Lizzie is a hide-bound Methodist," and in almost the same breath exclaimed: "I came as near as anything saying 'amen' in the Methodist church not long ago."

Rose was tempted to smile, but only looked into her plate demurely.

Col. Ferard hated dogs, yet made his wife a present of a tiny rat terrier, because he thought she might like it. The bright little eyes of her pet knew the colonel from afar, and knew his hour for home-coming also, but at times would forget it.

After kissing his wife, his next duty was to go to bed, and he would be into her should she be in the house. Often she would run upstairs to take a nap in an unused room. The colonel seemed to know when she occupied it, too, for a few minutes after his return from town would find him armed with a strap, which hung conveniently near, creeping up the stairway in search of his antipathy. Only a few moments, and then the sound of the strap, accompanied by a howl of pain and the glimpse of a scared little dog with in-curling tail tumbling down stairs, with only one idea in her small head—that to get away.

Down would come the colonel behind her, though more composedly, a complacent and knowing smile bearing evidence to the state of his spirits, while by his side swings the strap with diabolical glee.

CHAPTER IV.

"I like you and want you for a friend," exclaimed Margaret Bass, as in the twilight she and Rose promenade up and down the avenue.

"Well, I love you, and will give myself to you as a friend," replied Rose, with eyes full of tears and a tightening of her arm about Margaret's waist.

"Do you know," went on Margaret, in her warm southern manner, "you are so noble and good I don't know how to talk to you? And—"

Here a merry laugh broke from Rose's lips.

"Margie, don't think that. I try to be good, but utterly fail. You do not know me, dear. Please do not be afraid to talk to me just as you wish, and if I don't care to hear it I'll say so."

"I believe you will," assented Margie. "I didn't like you at first. I thought you were a stock-up little yak, when you were so far my superior I couldn't breathe even the same atmosphere comfortably."

"Oh, you put it in the past tense. I was your superior, but now?" mischievously.

"We are more nearly on an equal footing. For, don't you see, I am a great deal 'gooder' than I was when I first knew you?" with an arch glance.

"There is the tea bell—now for a race." And both the girls rushed up the steps and almost pell-mell over the colonel, who had come out to tell them tea waited.

"When I go north I shall have

my tea served just like anty's," exclaimed Rose as they took their seats.

"When you go," said the colonel, as he tucked his napkin into his vest and folded his hands for grace; "we are not going to let you go," positively.

Tears born of gratitude at the kindly words sprang to her eyes, and with a smile about her lips she said, simply:

"I do not want to go, but may have to some day."

Anyone would have been tempted by this dainty supper, prepared by an ante-bellum trained negress. Broiled chicken, rolls, waffles, butter sweet and fresh, peaches and real cream, coffee for Col. Ferard and his wife, with iced tea for the girls, all served in dainty gilt banded china on the snowiest of linen.

"Margaret, who is your own bright particular star now?" jocosely inquired the colonel after they had gone to the veranda, he fighting his cigar and leaning back his head for the enjoyable scratching Rose invariably gave it after tea.

"I have none. It has set," mournfully. "Never more will it shine across my pathway bringing to light the mad holes and rocks which lie therein. I reckon the remainder of my life will be spent as the children's in 'Great Expectations,' who were always falling over their mother's footstool. What was her name? Oh, yes, Mrs.—Mrs.—shucks! I can't think of it." (Margie, sometimes indulged in strong words such as you have read.) "Anyway, their lives consisted alternately of tumbling up and falling down, he said—otherwise Dickens"—said Margie, not in the least disconcerted, because she proved herself rather fox

"Why, where is Eb?" giving his wives had an extra squeeze.

"He has found me out. And then you know I could not bear him. Who would love a boy who said 'Bless Margaret,' just like he had a cold in his head all the time?" with righteous disgust.

"You should have taught him better."

"I tried time after time, for he was good looking, but all to no avail. 'Call me Daphne, call me Chloris, call me LuLu or Druis,' I said to him once, and, do you believe it? the boy, much to my astonishment, finished for me—'only, only call me thine'—and I told him he was a conceited villain; that I didn't want him to call me 'thine,' and off he stalked, and hasn't been seen in these parts since," with tones full of wicked enjoyment.

"You are rather fastidious, aren't you, Gret?" came Rose's soft tones, full of laughter.

"Don't know. I am going to be a spinster. You know there is a vast difference between old maid and spinster, or at least between an old maid and a spinster. Rose and I shall reject a hospital for erected young men—men—" stopping suddenly as every one broke into hearty laughter. "Now, wasn't that brilliant of me? We will erect a hospital for rejected young men. Now, I reckon that is all right. Wouldn't my dear parents be shocked if they could hear this conversation? Come on, Rose, and sing some sweet song for me. It'll subdue my spirits more quickly than anything save magic," briskly rising.

Soon the girls retired to Rose's room, laughing as they prepared for slumber. Through one of those treacherous blinds came a bar, like a piece of the dusky summer night imbued with life. Round and round the room he circled, until Margaret caught a glimpse of him.

"Good gracious!" she squealed; "there's a bat!"

"Where?"

"Don't you see? Get a broom! There he is—knock him flat! Now! Ouch! Ow!" as the hated thing swooped close to her head, and she flew to the bed, wrapping up in the clothes with a rapidly wonderful to behold. "Fy, for the avenger pursueth thee!" she sang in muffled tones, and eyes just peeping out

[Continued to Fourth Page.]

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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.

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THE CASE MUST ACCOMPANY EACH ORDER. G. P. JONES, PENMAN. Prin. Business Dep't. of Piedmont Seminary, Lincoln, N.C., Nov. 8, '89, 1y