

The Lincoln Courier.

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LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 14, 1890.

NO. 40

What nonsense it is to say that a man is "inclined to be bald!" When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.—*Boston Transcript.*

Prof. Octave (kissing his pretty pupil)—Pardon me, I could not help it; have I offended?

Pretty Pupil (blushing)—Da capo.—*Philadelphia Press.*

About 190,000,000 cubic feet, or nearly 6,000,000 tons of rain have fallen in Eureka so far this winter, estimating the area of the city at 24 square miles. And still it rains.—*Humboldt (Cal.) Times.*

Mamma—Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday school to-day?

Nellie—That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give twenty cents to buy a present for the superintendent, and—that Noah built the ark.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"You've done a nice thing," said the editor of the *Republican Kazoo* to the foreman.

"Done what?"

"You've put my article on 'Why Wanamaker Was Appointed' in the puzzle column."—*Puck.*

Subscribe for the *COURIER*, \$1.50 per year.

To the Public.
We have sold out our interest in the Lincoln Iron Works and will hereafter devote our attention to the *COURIER* and to the job office.
All those indebted to the Lincoln Iron Works up to the first of January must make immediate settlement with the undersigned.
Respectfully,
J. M. ROBERTS,
January 1st, 1890. tf.

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 \$500 and upwards, on low time and easy terms. Will meet clients at the Alexander House, in Lincoln, on second and fourth Mondays in each month.
Aug. 2, 1889. tf.

The Editor's Appeal.

An editor who had been pounding away at his delinquent subscribers for some time, finally brought them to their sense of duty with the following poetical parody.

"Lives of poor men oft remind us honest toil don't stand a chance; more we work we leave behind us, bigger patches on our pants. On our pants once new and glossy, now are patches of different hue. Then let all be up and doing; send in your mite, be it so small, or when the snow of winter strikes us, we shall have no pants at all."

Mudge—I hear that you said I had a head like a mule. Now, I hardly think that was the right thing for you to say that about me.

Yabsley—Perhaps it would have been more grammatical to say that you had a head like a mule's.—*Terre Haute Express.*

A New York Republican organ turns its batteries on Gov. Hill, and exclaims "the one-man power" must be broken. Since our esteemed contemporary has enlisted in this cause suppose it hurl a shot or two at autocrat Reed, down in Washington.—*Wilmington Star.*

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Grubs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiffles, Sprains, all Sore Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of 1 bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist, Lincoln.

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Oct. 4, 1889. 1y.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth;
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search this wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in yon hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long-lighted vistas the bewildering view.

Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in yon church, with its cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the aisle, see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of the worldly estate;

Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to the moneyless man.

Go to the Judge, in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak, and smiles on the strong
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;

Where juries, their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go to the banks, where mammon has told
His hundred and thousands of silver and gold,
Where, safe from the hands of the stealing and poor,
Lies piled upon pile of the glitter ore,
Walk up to the counter, ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hairs turn grey;

And, you will find at the banks, not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel, no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel you poverty lost;

Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of life's little span,
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.

Mr. Harrison has been at pains to pack the courts with partisans who stick at nothing—"true and tried" Republicans who are not squeamish; whose consciences cause them no qualms; and these pack juries to carry out his "judicial policy" and his "Southern policy"—which in Indiana or in Florida means the shielding of Republicans and the persecution of Democrats. The fraud and false pretense which permeates his party gave him his seat, and it permeates alike his character as a man and his administration as a President.—*St. Louis Republic, Dem.*

Subscribe for the *LINCOLN COURIER*, \$1.50 a year.

AN ORIGINAL VALENTINE.

BY L. A. H.
"I dare you to do it!"
The speaker was one of a group of young girls gathered round the button counter of a large retail establishment during the early morning hour before the rush of business began. Shop girls, every one of them, yet as bright and pretty in their carefree youth as any circle of the fairest society belles. The floor manager, Mr. Fraser, had just passed them with a grave inclination of his dignified head, and a formal "Good morning, ladies," and the conversation had turned instantly in his direction.

"What a cross face that man has," said one of the girls. "Was he ever known to smile, I wonder?"

"Oh, I don't think he is really cross," replied one of her companions, a bright, piquant little girl, with large brown eyes overflowing with merriment. "He is a Scotchman, and I fancy they are always a little stiff and awkward."

"Milly always stands up for everybody," way the reply; "but I never expected to hear her arguing in favor of the redoubtable Fraser."

And there was a general chorus of laughter at Milly's expense, who, nevertheless, did not seem at all disconcerted, but answered, gaily: "I hate to be too hard on people, and everyone does seem to dislike Mr. Fraser so much; everyone but my cousin Jack, and he declares he's one of the nicest men he knows. He is quite intimate with him. But as for me, why, you know, girls, I don't think him any nicer than you do, though he is so polite. By the way," she added, "to-morrow is Valentine's day. What do you suppose Mr. Fraser would think if anyone sent him a valentine? Oh, do you suppose that anyone ever did?"

Then it was that Ida Munson said, in her superior manner: "I dare you to do it."

Milly turned and looked at her. She and Ida were not the best of friends, although there had never been any real trouble between them; but somehow Milly could not like Ida. She had tried her best to do so, being of a lovable disposition and a general favorite among her companions, but Ida would respond to none of her friendly overtures. Milly would not, perhaps, have noticed her remark now had not the other girls taken it up as a good joke.

"Oh, do, Milly," they cried. "What fun it will be to get a rise out of stately Fraser. Do send him one; oh, you must."

"I don't see any special fun in it," Milly answered rather gravely. "We should not know how he received it, even if I sent him one, and I don't think I shall. Why should I be the one to send it more than the rest of you?"

"Oh, because you always can manage those things best. None of us could do it half so well, and of course, he'll never know who it comes from. Come, Milly, we'll all help select it; but you must direct it."

"No," said Milly, "I think it would be a silly thing to do. I cannot see any point in it at all, and I do not like to run the risk of offending Mr. Fraser. Jack says he is very shy and sensitive, and he might be annoyed, even if he did not know who sent it."

"Why, Milly, I do believe you are afraid," said one of the girls teasingly. "and I never thought you could be afraid of anything, much less Fraser."

Here Ida Munson's sarcastic voice broke in: "Haven't I just said that I dared you to send it?"

Now Milly had plenty of spunk in her composition; and with a fair amount of temper, and this was quite too much for her.

girls feel that she was very much annoyed.

"Don't do it, Milly, of course, if you really would rather not. We only thought it would be a good joke."

But Milly caught a glimpse of the half sneer on Ida Munson's face, and answered quickly: "Yes, I have said that I would send it. We'll select it when we go out to lunch, Helen, and I'll post it to-night."

Then she turned quietly to her work. Ida Munson moved away to the father end of the counter, where her duty placed her. Her soul was full of venom towards little Milly Briggs. Why was it? Because Milly was so popular (which Miss Munson certainly was not), or because she dimly realized that Milly had divined her (Ida's) secret liking for Jack Briggs, Milly's handsome cousin? Whatever it was Miss Munson heartily disliked Miss Briggs with a dislike almost amounting to hatred, and had it in her mind to annoy her when she dared her to send the "valentine."

It so happened that the two girls boarded in the same house, and had frequent opportunities of observing each other. Thus Ida knew that, under all Milly's gay and sometimes careless manner, was hidden a very sensitive nature; and had also heard her say that she detested practical jokes. Ida chose to fancy that it was Milly's influence that prevented Jack Briggs from showing her attention (whereas the young man had not the slightest desire to show her any), and had resolved to punish her in some way if she could.

In suggesting the "valentine" plan her intention had been, if possible, to entrap Milly into sending it, and then, in some way, to allow the fact to become known to Mr. Fraser. In selecting him, she had thought only of some one who would be most annoyed by such a joke. Mr. Fraser, being manager of their department, and his attention drawn to Miss Briggs in this foolishly unpleasant manner, might make her position disagreeable to her in some way, or, if not, she could trust to Milly's feelings being cruelly wounded when she knew herself to be found out, as Miss Munson fully intended she should know. But how to make it apparent that Milly was the sender of the "valentine" was the question. Mr. Fraser would not, of course, recognize her handwriting, and Miss Munson could not see her way clearly to telling him the joke outright; therefore she was puzzled. But fortune favored her. The morning mail brought a package to Miss Briggs from the photographers. At first she left it unnoticed, lying at her elbow, as the rush of business kept her at her post; but at last she found an opportunity to open it.

"Look Helen," she said to her friend, attracting Miss Munson's attention with the words. "Here are my photos. See if you think they are good."

Good they certainly were. The pictured face wore Milly's brightest expression, and Helen was loud in her praise.

"You will give me one, Milly, of course?"

"Oh, yes," replied Milly, carelessly. "I shan't know what to do with them all. I only had them taken to please mother, and she is the only person I know of who wants one, except yourself; so you are welcome to it."

"I don't believe your pictures would ever go begging," answered her friend, with a caressing touch on her shoulder, "if you would ever let anyone have a chance to ask for them. I know two or three people who wouldn't consider it a punishment to have one," she added, with a sly laugh.

Milly blushed slightly, as she replied: "I do not believe in bestowing them on men? Well, I think you are quite right."

"I know I am right," answered Milly. "That sort of thing only

cheapens a girl. I do not know a man, except my cousin, to whom I would give my picture."

Ida Munson heard this conversation as she stood near, quite unnoticed by the other girls, and instantly her fertile brain conceived a neat little scheme. Could she but in some way secure one of those photographs, and change it for the "valentine" Milly was to send Mr. Fraser, her revenge would be complete. That was what she said to herself, as she moved softly away from the girls; but how to accomplish this. It would not be easy, as Milly might seal the "valentine" and mail it at once; but, again, she might bring it back to the store to show the other girls, thereby giving Miss Munson an opportunity to put the picture in its place. She wished the envelop to be directed by Milly's own hand, otherwise it would have been a very simple thing to have possessed herself of one of the pictures, and sent it to Mr. Fraser. Miss Munson's sense of honor was anything but acute, but she had no wish to be discovered in her little game; therefore the picture must be sent by Milly herself.

When Helen and Milly went out to lunch, the latter left her package of photos lying under her cash book, very near Miss Munson's corner. As the two girls who were left at the counter were both occupied, Ida soon found an opportunity to withdraw one of the pictures and conceal it.

Thus far all had gone smoothly; but the difficult part was yet to come. How could she get it into the envelope destined for the valentine? but Miss Munson knew how to wait, and again fortune favored her. On her return from lunch, Milly brought with her the valentine—a dainty little perfumed trifle, altogether too pretty, the girls declared, as they gathered round her to look at it, Miss Munson among them. But Milly insisted that she would send nothing else. She would not violate good taste, even in fun. But she also said that she should enclose it in a yellow business envelope, so that he would think it a bill.

Having undertaken the piece of mischief, Milly entered into the spirit of it; for she had argued with herself that if it was foolish it was quite innocent amusement, and that Mr. Fraser could never discover the perpetrator of the joke, and was half ashamed of her former annoyance. Therefore, there was a good deal of fun on the addressing of the envelope, which Milly accomplished in a bold, dashing hand.

"It does not look like my writing, does it, girls?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not a bit, they all cried. None would ever guess it to be yours."

"Well, then," said Milly, "we have only to seal it;" but, as she spoke, several customers came to the counter, and Milly ever attentive to her duty, sprang to attend to them, as did the others, leaving the envelope unsealed. Now or never was Miss Munson's opportunity. She, also, had turned to her work, but was almost immediately released, and was careful not to attract attention when she hurried back to the desk where Milly had been writing.

Drawing the photograph from its hiding-place, she glanced quickly around to be sure that none noticed her, and taking the valentine from its cover, she laid the photograph in its place, enclosing the whole in the yellow envelope and putting the valentine in her pocket. It was all done so quickly that it was quite impossible for any of her companions to have seen her, and her only fear now was, that Milly might chance to open the envelope again; out this did not happen. They were very busy all the afternoon, and Milly seized the only unoccupied moment she had to seal the envelope, without examining its contents. Could anything have happened more delightfully! Ida congratulated herself heartily upon her success.

The next morning the girls waited eagerly for the arrival of the postman. Of course it was highly improbable that he would happen to come in just as Mr. Fraser made his

visit to the counter, but there was a chance, and as they had hoped, he really did appear a moment after Mr. Fraser had paused at the counter next theirs. Among two or three letters which he received, the girl's sharp eyes discovered the yellow envelope. He was talking with one of the clerks when the letters were handed to him, and therefore held them unopened for several minutes; but greatly to the girls' delight he did not move away, and finally they saw him prepare to open them. He glanced at them carelessly until he came to the yellow envelope, which he studied closely for a second, as if puzzled by its appearance. Then he tore it open.

The girls of course could not see its contents, only the expression of his face, which, much to their astonishment, he at once turned towards them, causing them to drop their eyes and turn away—all, that is, except Miss Munson, who was interested to see what he would do next. She alone could understand his glance at them, or guess his amazement upon drawing out the photograph and she delighted inwardly over the success of her scheme, as, with a searching look at poor Milly, who, however, did not notice it, he moved hastily away. No sooner were the girls aware that he had gone, than they drew together in dismay.

"Why, girls!" cried Milly, "did you see him look at us?"

"What did that mean?"

"How can he suspect us of sending it?"

"Oh! I don't know," answered Helen, excitedly. "I never was so surprised in my life! Who would have thought of his turning on us? But did you see his face? Wasn't it funny, such utter amazement?"

"Fanny!" quoth Milly, in disgust. "it will not be funny if he has found us out."

"Oh! but, Milly, how could he?"

"Well," remarked Miss Munson, coolly, "it will be remarkable if he does not suspect us, when he caught us all watching him."

"That is true," said Milly. "What can we do, and what can he have seen about that wretched envelope to make him think of us? Girls!" she went on, in tragic tones, "what shall I do? He will never forgive such a silly joke."

"Oh, never mind," said Ida, soothingly. "He probably does not suspect you more than the rest of us, and, though why he should have thought of us at all passes my comprehension; still he will have to visit his anger on all of us."

Milly received Ida's consolation gratefully. She could not understand what made her so nice all at once, though she fancied it might be because Ida had dared her into sending the "valentine," which bade fair now to prove a source of trouble.

The girls all laughed it off, and declared Mr. Fraser to be a surly creature, if he could not take a little fun pleasantly; although, somehow, the fun had not been all they had anticipated. In the meantime, Mr. Fraser, quite lost in astonishment at the receipt of the photograph, was racking his brains to find some possible reason for its having been sent. At first he fancied there must be some mistake; but the address on the envelope was quite clear. "Mr. Philip S. Fraser" stood out in the large, bold handwriting, giving not the slightest possibility for an error in the name. As he looked at it, he smiled involuntarily, thinking how absurdly the attempted masculine hand contrasted with the little woman, whom he supposed must be responsible for it. He scarcely knew Miss Briggs; not at all, in fact, beyond the recognition that business and politeness demanded. Although, as she happened to be the cousin of his only intimate friend, he had noticed her rather more than the other young ladies. But Phil Fraser was not at all a ladies' man. He had never had anything to do with ladies, and knew absolutely nothing about them. An orphan, without any near relatives, he had lived for ten years a very solitary life, working steadily at his business until he had been promoted

(Continued to Fourth Page.)

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