

# The Lincoln Courier.

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## La Grippe.

La grippe is a regular active transitive verb, indicative mode, present tense and disagrees with its nominative personal pronoun: possessive case, first person, I'm gripped; second person, you're gripped; third person, he, she or it is gripped; common gender, and reaches the superlative degree, bad, badder, baddest.

Fig—But I do not see how a minister of the gospel can condemn wine drinking, when it is so well known that the Saviour himself once turned water into wine.

The Rev. Mr. Wilgus—Exactly. And any time you furnish me with a wine made by the same process, I agree to drink all I can possibly hold.—*Terre Haute Express.*

She—I'm afraid papa doesn't like you a bit, George.

He—well, what of it? I've got too much sand to be afraid of the old man.

She (apprehensively)—Yes, but sand is just the stuff to make foot-prints in, George.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Watchman (breathlessly)—The boys' dormitory is on fire, and if they find it out they'll stop to save their footballs, bats and things, and perish.

## 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.

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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 Lincoln, on second and fourth Mondays in each month.

Aug. 2, 1889. tf.

Boarding School Principal (quickly)—Notify the boys that all who are not down-stairs in two minutes won't get any pie.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Foraker nominates Tom Reed for the Presidency, and ex-Speaker Keifer sticks his head out from the cave of oblivion long enough to say that he endorses Reed. When such distinguished corpses rise up to proclaim for him it is evidence that he must have some eminent qualification to head a funeral procession.—*Wilmington Star.*

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said a little girl, referring to an accident on the previous day.

"What do you mean by 'nervous, my dear?'"

"Why, mamma, it's just being in a hurry all over."—*Springfield Republican.*

## UPEEPSY.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. The thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and out the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Upeepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

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Next door to the Racket.

Oct. 4, 1889. Jy.

## When the Children Have all Gone Away.

The house is deserted and silent, The clock seeming softly to say— How cheerless it is and how lonely— For the children have all gone away!

No foot-falls are heard on the carpet, No laugh heard of innocent glee; And their play-things are resting securely,

Where the dear children wished them to be!

How deep and profound is the stillness

That reigns in each vacated room; But the mem'ry of those that are absent

Lingers like some sweet perfume.

As I sit here and think it all over,

I feel it so plainly to-day,

How lonely I'll be in the future

When the children have all gone away.

They're only to make a week's visit

With grandma and grandpa— that's all;

But it gives me a glimpse of the moment

When the mandates of duty shall call,

And they, as brave men and true women,

Must answer and fall into line,

Marching, unflinching, onward

In the pathways the callings assign!

I shall sit in my old-fashioned rocker,

And, rocking and thinking all day,

I fear I'll grow weary and ailing,

My dark locks be turning to gray!

I'll wonder what each one is doing—

And where may each wanderer be,

If any are sick or unhappy,

Or if they are thinking of me.

Then I'll lay down the glove I am knitting,

And look at their pictures once more,

Till each one is covered with kisses,

As I've kissed their sweet faces before.

Then through Memory's hallway re-sounding,

Their light-falling footsteps I'll hear,

But lifting my glad eyes to greet them

No children, alas, will appear!

The house is deserted and lonely,

The clock seeming softly to say,

How cheerless it is and how lonely—

For the children have all gone away!

Mrs. N. A. MONTFORT.

## The Story of Annie Laurie.

The famous song that is sung by all singers of the present day, I am informed, says a writer in the Chicago Herald, is a mystery to the author. I was raised on the next farm to Jas. Laurie, Annie Laurie's father, and was personally acquainted with her and her father, and also with the author of the song. Knowing these facts, I have been requested by my friends to give to the public the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about seventeen years old when the incident occurred which gave rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie Laurie's father, was a farmer, who lived on and owned a very large farm called Tragsledown, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those that he employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman, and while in his employ, Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwellton, and was taken sick the very night he reached there, and next morning, when Annie Laurie heard of it, she came to his bedside and waited on him till he died, and on his death-bed he composed the song entitled "Annie Laurie."

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## AN ORIGINAL VALENTINE.

BY L. A. H.

How it had happened that careless, good-looking Jack Briggs had become so friendly with that queer fellow Fraser was still a matter of astonishment to those who knew them both; and it was true that to a casual observer they appeared utterly unsuited to one another; but it was not so in reality. In spite of Jack's fun-loving nature, which made him a universal favorite, there was a good deal of depth to his character. He was not altogether devoted to pleasure, but was very earnest in his work, fond of books, and had a strong appreciation of Fraser's sterling good sense; while under Phil's stern exterior there was a current of quiet humor, which responded pleasantly enough to Jack's lighter vein. The two had grown to be very warm friends, though Jack had made all the advances towards friendship. But he was as sure of Fraser now (he often said) as of himself. Thus he frequented Phil's room at all times, certain of a welcome. Upon this evening, having no other engagement, he had strolled in and seated himself in Phil's comfortable arm-chair, with a cigar, preparing for a long chat. They had been discussing all sorts of things, and the talk had turned upon books, as it often did (Phil being a great reader), and Fraser picked up the volume he was reading to show his friend a certain passage. In doing so, the "Photograph" slipped from between its leaves and fell face downwards at Jack's feet. He picked it up mechanically (Phil had not noticed it) and held it in his hand while his friend was reading. As Fraser closed the book his glance fell upon the picture. Starting eagerly forward, he would have taken to Jack's hand; but too late, for Jack, not seeing his movement, had turned it to the light. His look of utter amazement was too much for Fraser. After all, though he was annoyed at the mishap, it had a ridiculous side, and he could hardly restrain a smile as Jack, too astonished for the moment to speak, sat staring at his cousin's face. Raising his eyes at last to Fraser, he asked in his most frigidly dignified tone:

"May I inquire how you came into possession of this?"

Fraser could see that he was much annoyed, and did not wonder at it, for he knew how fond Jack was of his cousin and how jealously he regarded her name.

It was a very sore point with Jack that any of his women-kind should be obliged to work for their living, and if it had been possible to persuade his aunt and Milly to allow him to support them, he would have strained every nerve to do so; but neither of them would listen to such a thing.

"No," said Milly, "you are not my brother, and if you were, I should not think of allowing you to bear the burden of supporting the family. We are all poor together, but we ought to be thankful, you and I, Jack, that we can earn our own living; and never fear," she added, with a quick appreciation of her warm heart, "if ever mother and I need anything, we will not hesitate to come to you for help."

So all Jack could do was to secure a lodging in the same house with his aunt and cousin, take Milly about a little in a quiet way, and watch carefully over their interests. He was very fond of Milly's beauty, and had a great admiration for the manner in which she conducted herself, and for her aristocratic ideas which made her somewhat reserved towards his sex. Jack had not a shade of warmer feeling for his pretty cousin than that of brotherly affection. But he did admire and believe her all that a woman should be. To find her picture there in the possession of a man almost a stranger to her not only startled but displeased him thoroughly.

At first Phil was puzzled how to answer him; but he decided finally to tell him the simple truth.

"I am sorry, Jack," he began,

that you should have seen that I

ought not to have left it about so carelessly."

"Never mind that," Jack interrupted him sharply. "How you came by it is what I wish to know." Then half ashamed of his anger, as he caught his friend's look, he added: "I beg your pardon, Fraser, but you know, confound it I don't understand it!"

"No, of course you don't, Jack," replied Phil; "neither do I. I am quite willing to tell you how I came by it; but I hardly think it will give you much information."

Thereupon he related the whole story. Jack listened intently, while the surprise deepened on his face. When Fraser had ended, Jack picked up the "photograph" again and studied it as if he expected to see the likeness change under his gaze.

"See here, Fraser, there must be some mistake. This is a picture of Milly certainly. I have one like it, but as for her having ever sent it to you, why it's impossible you know. Why, what do you take her for?"

"I did not say your cousin sent it," said his friend calmly; "but, as you say yourself, there is no doubt as to whom the picture represents, and, excuse me, Jack, but can you tell me who did send it, if she did not?"

"It is not her handwriting," went on Jack, not noticing the question. "It is not her writing on the envelope."

"No," replied Fraser, "I suppose not."

"I say," cried Jack, struck by the sarcastic tone, "Fraser, you do not for one instance suppose that my cousin sent you that picture? Why she is utterly incapable of such a thing! She is the most timid, modest little girl you ever knew. Why hang it, man! Don't you suppose I know what I am talking about?"

As a slight smile hovered on Phil's lips: "My dear fellow," he replied, "I have not the slightest doubt that Miss Briggs is everything you say. The whole thing is evidently intended only as a joke, and had I only been more careful, I might have spared you this annoyance."

"Annoyance" burst out Jack, "my annoyance is a very small thing when I think what her feelings would be could she know of this. I must sift this matter to the bottom. I cannot allow anyone to hold an erroneous impression of my cousin," he went on proudly. "You will permit me to take this photograph. Fraser— I should like to return it to its rightful owner."

Now this did not please Mr. Fraser at all. He had not the slightest desire to solve all this mystery, if in doing so, or allowing it to be done for him, he must part with the cherished picture. He did not like that term, "rightful owner." Whom did it belong to if not to him? It had certainly been intended for him by some one, and remembering Milly's blushes and downcast face, he could not feel that she was the sender. Still it would never do to let Jack know his feelings, so he answered quietly:

"Why, certainly, Briggs, if you think it necessary to trouble yourself in this manner, do so by all means; but it seems to me hardly worth while. As you say, it will probably annoy Miss Briggs beyond measure, and really the affair is quite safe with me. I should never have mentioned it even to you, had you not discovered it for yourself. You know I am no gossip, Jack?"

"Indeed, Fraser," Jack replied heartily, "I am quite sure of that; but, nevertheless, I am not satisfied to let the matter rest here, so, with your permission, I will keep this." And, suiting the action to the word, he placed "photograph" and "envelope" in his pocket-book.

What more could Fraser say? He swallowed his vexation as best he could, and very soon Jack bade him good night.

However, it was a day or two before he could muster courage to tell Milly his story or attempt to trace the mystery. Thus there was time for another event to occur.

On the morning of the day on which Jack made his visit to Fraser, Ida Munson announced to her

companions that she should leave them at the end of the week. "She was tired of a 'shop-girl's' life, she said, 'and, as there was really no necessity for her remaining, she was going to her home in a distant town, where, she hinted, affairs of matrimonial nature awaited her.'"

It must be owned that the girls evinced a very mild regret at her communication. She had never been a favorite among them, so, though they were all polite enough to her, could not feel that their politeness was rather lukewarm.

"I fancy," said Helen to Milly, that Miss Munson has seen the fallacy of human hopes in your cousin's direction."

Milly laughed her grateful little laugh as she answered:

"I cannot believe she is so absurd as to have supposed he would really become interested in her. I should not like her to know it, of course, but Jack really dislikes her. I am sorry she makes herself so disagreeable. She has been one of us here so long that we ought to miss her very much."

"Don't waste any sympathy on her, Milly. I really do not think she is worth it. She does not care a snap for any of us, and I think she has been especially unpleasant to you."

Milly sighed a little. Possibly one fault in her nature was her desire to possess every one's good will, but Miss Munson's departure could not be a very heavy cross to her. Ida was to leave on Saturday, and on Friday evening Jack made up his mind to question his cousin on the subject of the "photograph."

Milly had been unusually light-hearted through the week, for Mr. Fraser appeared to have quite forgotten to watch her, and thus she was relieved of much of her embarrassment, when she thought of the valentine. She could not know, of course, that he avoided her only because he feared that Jack might have already spoken to her, and dreaded the effect of his story. Therefore, when Jack very seriously requested a few words in private with her, Milly laughed at his sober face and saucily told him that he looked like a Father Confessor with something on his mind.

"I have something on my mind," Jack replied gravely and it has been there for several days. Milly, will you be kind enough to account to me for this?" he added, producing the yellow envelope, and handing it to her.

Milly's color rose, and Jack's heart fell in equal proportion, as they stood looking at each other. Milly was the first to speak.

"Oh, Jack! she cried, 'how did you find out that I sent it?'"

Jack groaned inwardly.

It was true then she did send it, and his pride must have a decided fall.

"Milly, he said severely, 'I did not suppose it possible for you to do such a thing as this. How in the world did it happen? Why,' cried Jack, his anger increasing as he watched her pretty, blushing face, conscience-stricken before him, 'it is utterly unlike you, such a forward, unmaidenly thing to do. I am sure I cannot imagine what Fraser must think of it all.'"

Milly's anger rose to meet his as he uttered these last words, "unmaidenly."

"Jack, what do you mean?" she cried. "How dare you say that to me, or apply it to such a little joke as this, which, though it may be foolish, is quite harmless, and in which I am not alone concerned? As for Mr. Fraser," she went on, growing hotter in her first excitement, "he is more of a stick than we all thought him, if he is so terribly shocked at this!"

"Why, Milly, answered astonished Jack, 'I don't know what to make of you. I beg your pardon if I called this by too hard a name; perhaps I went too far; but surely it is a little of the common course of things for a young lady to give her photograph, unasked, to a man with whom she is very slightly acquainted.'"

The murder was out. Milly literally gasped in her surprise.

"Jack, are you crazy? My photograph! I never gave my photograph to any man but you."

Jack flung up both hands in a transport.

"Well, either I must be crazy, or you certainly are. Milly open that envelope and tell me if that is your likeness, or if you have a double?"

Milly did as he bade her, and drew out her own smiling photograph to the light. In utter bewilderment the picture fell from her hands as she stared blankly at Jack, who had expected to find her overwhelmed with confusion.

"Well," he said, as she did not speak, "now suppose you tell me what it all means."

"I don't know," faltered Milly.

"Don't know?" Jack cried, almost fiercely, advancing close to her. "Milly, did you or did you not send that picture to Fraser?"

Anger again took possession of Milly at this question, and flinging off the hand he had laid on her shoulder, she sprang to her feet and faced him.

"Jack, I will never forgive you! Of course I did not send it! How could you think I would?" went on poor Milly, bursting into tears. "I never could have believed you would think such a thing of me."

This was too much for Jack, who placed Milly in her chair again, and soothed her grief as best he could with great compassion, protesting that he did not believe it, never had and never could, with much irrelevancy. At last Milly dried her tears and became equal to the occasion once more.

"Listen, Jack," she said, "I cannot account for the presence of this photograph in any way whatever; but that I addressed that envelope is quite true, though how Mr. Fraser could have guessed it I don't see."

"It would have been strange if he hadn't," muttered Jack, "as your picture was inside."

"But it wasn't inside," cried Milly, "or that is I certainly did not put it there."

"The plot thickens. Shall we ever know how it got there?" groaned her cousin; "but explain about the envelope, please; let me know what you did do, if possible."

Thereupon Milly related the whole story of the "valentine," adding that she had thought it extremely foolish; but had no idea of hearing anything more about it.

"The amount of it all is," said Jack, after hearing the whole, "that some one substituted the 'photograph' for the 'valentine.' It is our business now to find out who that some one is, and I must set the affair straight with Fraser."

"Oh," moaned Milly, "what does he think; what does he say? Oh, Jack, I shall have to leave the store. I can never look him in the face again."

"Nonsense!" answered Jack, who was more thoroughly angry than he had ever been in his life. "Fraser isn't a fool. When the matter is explained he will be ready to apologize to you for believing you capable of such a piece of idocy. You cannot blame him, Milly," as she moaned again. "He doesn't know you, or much about women anyway."

"Oh, I don't blame him," she sobbed. "It is my own fault I ought never to have given in when they urged me, but they were so persistent, and Ida Munson dared me."

"Oh!" cried Jack. "Miss Munson dared you, did she?"

Then he said no more, but a quiet opinion began to form in his mind as he remembered how often he had noticed Ida's apparent maliciousness toward Milly. His cousin had borne enough for one evening, so bidding her cheer up and he would see that it was all right, he left her to go straight to Fraser. That gentleman received him with ready sympathy, and expressed deep regret for the extreme annoyance; it must have caused Miss Briggs—of whom he said so many pretty things that Jack's feelings were decidedly comforted, and he left him with a heartier liking for him than ever before.

In the midst of his pleasure at the matter being thus cleared up, Fraser could not but feel one regret,

[Continued to Fourth Page.]

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