

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 4

Notes.

Butter, like fresh vegetables, should go into consumption at once. "Management." This one word has more meaning on the farm than is generally suspected.

The number of horses in Massachusetts is 63,838. New York State has 678,950 and Texas 1,350,344.

It is estimated that over \$700,000 worth of clover is devoured annually in New Hampshire by the woodchuck.

Great destitution is reported among the negro settlers in Oklahoma. They raised little last year and have no seed to sow.

Cleanliness is especially essential about the poultry yard. The yard should be raked and the house thoroughly cleaned at least twice a week.

England's best butter is made in Denmark. It commands top prices in the British markets. This butter is all made from soured or ripened cream.

Give your farm credit for furnishing you a home rent free and for a thousand and one necessities and luxuries which you would have to pay cash for in a city.

The New York Milk Union announces the following price list for the summer months:—May, two and a half cents; June, two cents, and July, two and a half cents.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is said to be in the counties of Webb and Dimmett in Texas. It contains as many as 400,000 acres, and generally pastures 800,000 sheep.

Illinois farmers are refusing to make reports of the condition of the crops to State authorities on the ground that they are used for the benefit of Board of Trade speculators.

Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska farmers are complaining bitterly of hard times. With the most abundant corn and other crops they cannot pay expenses or even sell their crops.

If there are any potato bugs this season they will do you less harm if your potatoes are planted before the corn is in. That is our experience. It is the early potato that beats the bug.

Last year there were received in New York 5,747,558 cans of milk. As each was a forty gallon can New York received more than 200,000,000 gallons of milk, in addition to 4,460,000 gallons of cream and a large quantity of condensed milk.

The May report of the Michigan State Department shows that of the area seeded to wheat last fall ten per cent in the Southern, thirteen per cent in the Central and one per cent in the Northern counties will be ploughed up because of winter killing. The condition of wheat was but little improved during April, and is seventeen per cent below that of one year ago.

BUCKLE'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 riles, 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.

From God's Lady's Book.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

BY MARY IMELT TAYLOR.

"Where sea-gulls scream and breakers roar, And wreck and sea-weed line the shore."

THERE was a heavy fog out at sea; but the sun shone brightly on the beach, a little cove formed by a wide cleft in the gray cliffs. The sun shone brightly, though the ocean was rolling heavily and the fog was creeping in.

The shore was an almost unbroken line of rugged cliffs, and the light-house looked out to sea from the grim head of a gigantic rock: on either side yawning gullies threatened mariners with death, like jaws of some monster of the deep, and the jagged rocks were teeth ready to tear the strongest bark to atoms. When these cruel waves, that hungrily licked the cliffs, rose in a storm, they flung their white spray high up, dashing it over the light-house itself. More than one ship lost headway in those irresistible tempests and broke on that reef. Men standing on the cliffs had seen their fellow creatures perish and been unable to raise a hand to help.

It was a scene of rare beauty. The meadows sloping down crowned the cliffs with green; far back was the peaceful line of woodland, forming a dark, quiet background. Not a sea-gull winged its flight across the waters; the larger gulls, the fishing smacks, were safe in Portland harbor. It was well, for the wind had risen, and the waves were breaking in white crests. The fog was rolling in!

It was veiling in fleecy vapor the little house situated a quarter of a mile west of the light-house, and which was so diminutive and lonely that it reminded observers of a hermitage; the name it really bore. Presently, over the bare cliffs that lay between it and the light-house, two figures could be discerned walking rapidly; engaged in earnest conversation: a tall, erect man of about thirty and the slighter form of a girl. His large, soft hat was pulled over his brow and his clothes were rather rough, but he walked with a graceful, easy gait, unlike the common fisherman; his face was tanned and the clear-cut features were an expression of settled melancholy. The girl—an unusually pretty girl—was evidently, from her dress and appearance, one of the city beauties who regularly rusticated every summer at the hotel up on the crags. As they neared the light-house, a sailor, standing at the door, touched his cap to them. The young woman smiled a greeting, and the man called out, pointing towards the sea:

"Looks like bad weather, Jack." "Ay, sir. Hear that moan; it doesn't bode much good, I'll wager." They listened a moment to the roar of the now angry waters and the ceaseless wail of the fog-horn. The girl looked up with a shudder.

"I wish we didn't have that horn; it's terribly melancholy." "True enough, miss," rejoined the sailor, "but it's saved many a life, I reckon."

"I noticed a sailing-vessel out at sea before the fog came in; she didn't look like one of our ships and was heading this way, bound for Boston, I suppose. If the captain isn't acquainted with the coast, and fails to lie out there, there will be trouble."

"Ay, I guess so," responded Jack, "but it's not likely; them horns is steaming away bravely. I reckon she'll lie out. But look over yonder how them clouds do roll in! Foul weather that means. Will you come up and stay hear to-night, Mr. Lee?"

"I think I shall. It looks threatening; I don't like those light clouds against the dark ones. The fog is very heavy."

"It looks bad, sir, very bad! I reckon we'll have to put out our top-light sooner than usual to-night."

"I must hurry you home, Miss Stewart," Lee said, turning to the girl who had been listening with an anxious face.

"Yes," she replied, looking up at

the threatening sky. "I'm afraid, it will rain immediately. Good-afternoon, Jack."

ternoon to you miss."

"I'll be back very soon," said Lee, and they turned and started for the hotel at a brisk pace.

"Why do you go back there? You are always putting yourself in danger," she said, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"What other use have I for my life?" he answered, recklessly.

Miss Stewart's face grew grave.

"Mr. Lee," she said, earnestly, "it is very, very wrong to talk so. Our lives are not given to us to throw away the moment we weary of them."

"An argument on the value of life from your lips ought to convince me," he returned; "but a settled habit of cynicism has made that well nigh impossible."

"I know you think me impertinent," the girl went on; "but I wish you would give some sort of reason for isolating yourself and living in such a lonely place as this."

His face became so stern that she half-regretted her words.

"I could tell you—I feel that I ought to tell you, but haven't the courage to risk your abhorrence," he said.

"For shame! Not the courage! You who have faced death more than once to save life." He visibly winced at this.

"Yes," he answered, in a low, strained tone. "I am so weak that I would rather face death than lose your good opinion. I haven't the strength of purpose to listen to my judgment from your lips."

"How do you know that they would pronounce it?" she asked.

"I will tell you," he said, with a sort of gasp, "for it may be that I shall meet my death to-night in those black waters. I will tell you if you promise not to speak my sentence. I beg of you to hear me to the end in silence."

"I will give you that promise willingly."

"Then know," he began, bitterly, "that I am a marked man. I stay here in that forlorn little house because I can't go publicly to any more notable place without peril."

My father, as I once told you, was not a wealthy man, and, at his death—I was then but twenty-three—I went west and found employment in a bank whose president was an old friend of my father's. His name was James Thorne. I occupied a responsible place and was a favorite with him, but not so with his son, Albert; a young man of about my own age, who, from the first, was antagonistic. Time went on, the bank sustained a serious loss. A large sum of money could not be accounted for."

Jasper Lee paused, and the girl at his side waited with a white face. A terrible dread had taken possession of her.

"The suspicion lay between myself and the cashier, one John Eastman; he went on in cold measured tones, 'and Albert Thorne accused me of the theft, in the presence of the directors.'"

Marion Stewart uttered an exclamation of horror.

"The president didn't believe him," Lee continued, "but one of the directors did, and my indignant wrath only confirmed them in their suspicions. The next day—to make a long story short—the investigation began, and that night Eastman died with some more funds, clearly proving my innocence."

The girl gave a gasp of relief, but he put up his hand.

"Listen to the sequel; I was young, bitterly proud and fiery, and couldn't forgive my accuser. It burnt like hot iron to think that the breath of so foul a suspicion had been upon my fair name. I swore to get a full and public apology from Albert Thorne. I had some difficulty in meeting him, for he was a coward—Would to Heaven, he had succeeded in eluding me; but it was not to be. One evening, at dusk, I met him outside the town on a lonely road. Will I ever forget that day? It was the twenty-sixth of June, just seven years ago to-day. I was going out of town and he was coming in. I re-

member him so well; a slight, young man, wiry and active, but with half my strength of muscle and shorter by half a head. We met, and I barred the way, demanding what was my right, an apology. He refused to listen, scoffing at my demand and—in short—there were hot words, my blood rose, and we fought."

"You know the old story," he went on, bitterly, "Cain and Abel. I was Cain, for he was slither, less dexterous. There was no doubt about the issue of that struggle. We fought breast to breast and foot to foot: I killed him!"

They stopped short and looked at each other.

"You killed him?" she repeated with white lips.

"I murdered him."

"Oh! no, no," cried the girl, "not that—there was an equal fight."

"It was not equal," he said, with stern self-condemnation. "I had strength and skill on my side. I can see his white, rigid face before me now as plain as if it had happened yesterday. For seven years that face has followed me, sleeping and waking, like an avenging fate. It is my punishment, worse than death!"

"How—how did you escape?" she spoke, because silence was unbearable.

"I fled—fled like a common criminal—and left my victim by the roadside. I went to San Francisco and took ship to New Zealand. Since that time till now, I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. The sole of my foot has never rested! At last, I could endure it no longer and making my way to England sailed for New York. On the way I thought of Cape Elizabeth; in the happier days of my childhood, I came here on a visit—and it has ended in building that little house, and for a year I have found something nearer peace than ever before! I have often wondered that pursuit was not keener, for I have not disguised myself nor changed my name. I never looked at but one newspaper after the deed, and that was on my way to California; it contained a full and hideous account of the affair. After that, I could not bear the sight of a printed column."

Marion did not answer him; her face was turned away, and he regarded her a moment in silence. Suddenly, he heard a little suppressed sob.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for calling you by that name. You are weeping—I am not worthy of these tears!"

"I see," he said, bitterly, as she was silent, "you condemn me in spite of your pity."

"I am sorry for you," she answered with quivering lips. "Heaven knows how sorry!"

"And Heaven bless you for it," he responded in a deep, low voice.

They turned and walked up the path toward the hotel; the wind was so high that she was glad to cling to his arm, and the storm came on so fast that there was no time for more words until he left her at the door. The eyes that she raised to his were beautiful with the light of a great pity for this man who had ruined his own life.

"You do not despise me, then?" he said, as their hands clasped.

"I pity you with all my heart," she answered, in an almost inaudible tone. "I shall always be your friend."

Her emotion choked her and she turned and went in abruptly.

Jasper Lee stood for a moment on the deserted piazza, looking up at the frowning heavens, and then went down the cliffs.

This man had not the character,istics of an avowed murderer! Looking at him, no one would have supposed him capable of killing another, even in the heat of passion; but he was thirty now, and was but twenty-four when he wiped out the insult offered him, in the slanderer's blood. Since then there had been more than sufficient opportunities for repentance. The crime committed in the moment of uncontrollable wrath smote him with horror when he beheld its consequences.

His friendship for Marion Stewart, which had ripened into devotion, served to heighten this self-condemnation, and the motive which prompted this confession was purely unselfish. He could not conscientiously allow this girl to regard him as other than he was, a man burdened with the memory of a crime. Miss Stewart was the only person at this summer resort who treated him with uniform kindness. She was an orphan, in the charge of a spinster aunt who did not wholly approve of Lee; but was willing that her niece should show courtesy to the solitary stranger. And to the lonely man, this friendliness was dangerously dear. Wilfully blind to the consequences, he sought her whenever an opportunity presented itself, which, to be sure, was not often; for she seldom strayed far from the hotel, and he shunned the crowd of summer guests, who regarded him with curiosity. Still the chances for meeting were sufficient to allow their friendship to grow, and, finally, by an untoward accident, he discovered that she was not entirely indifferent to his devotion. Then, for the first time his unhappy situation was revealed to him. He determined to undeceive her, to expose his own culpable conduct, rather than disturb her peace by recollections of an attachment that could never end in anything but sorrow for both. It was not so easy as he supposed to disabuse her of her fancy for this hero, about whom she had woven the fabric of a romance. He was destined to remain a hero to her. This man, by birth a gentleman, leading a rough life, and famed already for his heroic courage, was an ideal figure to her imagination. Jasper Lee, not knowing this, was embittered by the thought of the love that might have been his. He walked along the cliff with bowed head—the burden was increased a thousandfold.

The fog had grown so thick that the figure of the sailor at the light house door was like a great black shadow in a cloud.

"Ah, Jack, this is pretty dense," Lee said, rousing himself as he approached.

"Hark!" cried the other. "What is that?"

They both listened. Above the roar of the waves and the wail of the fog horn came a deep, sullen rumble—once—twice—and the sky and gray waters were illumined by lurid flashes—the tempest had broken. "Come in, sir," Jack exclaimed, his voice hardly audible. "It's been coming mighty slow, but it's here at last—look sharp!"

The two young men sprang quickly back from the edge of the cliff into the building; a moment sufficed to put on rubber coats and rush out again. They were welcomed by a sheet of blinding spray, mingled with rain, that stung their faces, and deluged them with water. It was not yet five o'clock, but they could only see the white foam dashing up over the rocks. Beyond, the fog hung like a dense veil.

"The bell, the bell!" shouted another sailor, an old man, who was Jack Forsyth's father. His son was already there, and soon the warning notes of the great bell rolled out over the fury of the waters.

All through that lonely, fearful night, when they could scarcely hear each other speak, the men in the light house watched and waited in strange anxiety. There were four of them, the two Forsyths, Lee and a young fellow from Portland, who was trained for the life saving service. They had passed such nights before, but never experienced such a feeling of almost fear, men who scarcely knew the name. They did not lie down, and once, at midnight, when the ceaseless roar of heaven's artillery lulled for a moment, they thought that they heard cries. In the dense darkness of the night, the lightning showed them a seething sheet of foam beneath, but nothing more.

Towards morning the tempest rose and the wind seemed ready to tear the lighthouse from its rock foundation. Would daybreak never come?

At last, as Jasper Lee went to

the window for the twentieth time in half an hour, he could see the white glimmer of dawn in the East.

"Jack!" he called suddenly, in a low, agitated voice, and then, as the young fellow approached, he pointed to a dark object lying in the water just below. "What's that?"

And it was true. It was light enough to see, lying below the crags, the hulk of a vessel. The men rushed out, the necessary implements were close at hand, but there was little chance of saving life. They could not distinguish much, but "a flash revealed human beings struggling in the flood. The vessel lay on her side on the reef; her masts gone, and being rapidly beaten to pieces. Four figures were counted clinging to the wreck. It was a strange scene, and one of fearful majesty. The morning was dawning at last, and the first gray light began to shine on the wild ocean. Above, the clouds were flying before a heavy gale and the rain fell in torrents."

It was a work of great difficulty and danger to connect the wreck and the cliff by shooting a hawser across. Fortunately, one of the castaways was able to aid by securing the line to the beams of the ship. After that the passing down of the heavier cables was comparatively easy. At last the whole apparatus was in working order, and the basket, a circular arrangement made to hold one person securely, was ready to be let down to the hulk. But it was no light thing for a man to go down and stand on that breaking vessel until the men were hauled up one by one. No light thing, when any moment the water might wrench the hawser loose and cut off all communication with terra firma, all hope of life!

"Who will go?"

"I."

It was Jasper Lee who stood forth, stripped of all extra weight and clad only in his close-fitting woollen jacket and trousers, bare-headed, and with the light of a splendid resolution on his face. There was a general protest. A member of the regular crew ought to go; this was no common peril.

"You lose time," cried Lee, springing into the conveyance. "I am ready; let her go!"

There was no chance for further dispute. The volunteer was swiftly lowered into the jaws of death. It was a terrible thing to look on and see the young fellow standing there on that tottering vessel, fighting with the waves for the lives of his fellow-creatures. One at a time was secured in the basket and hauled up. At last only one remained. Then came the tug of war, the sea and the dauntless rescuer fought hand to hand. And when the castaway was finally on the cliff, the men felt that Lee himself would be swept out before the little conveyance could be sent back. The vessel was breaking and the waves had thrown him down; he was clinging to the spar. At last the basket shot down the ropes and he managed to reach it. Only the deep boom of the waves was heard. The spray covered Jasper. Moments seemed hours. The men above could see nothing. Then the water rolled back and he emerged from the foam. A shout burst from the group, a wild, heartfelt cheer. The basket quivered and rose, and then the sailors could count the waves, eight had broken and the ninth—the death wave—came rolling and leaping in; higher than the others, it swept over the little craft, and swinging it in broke its mooring from the wreck and dashed it to atoms. The nearly-rescued man was struggling in the sea. A cry of horror broke from the watchers as Jasper was swept out.

"Lost!"

Oh, the anguish of that cry in sorrows of the deep! So helpless—so comprehensive—so crushing—one little syllable of infinite woe—lost!

"The rope! See how it swings—there's some one on the rope!" Jack cried. Haul in!"

With renewed hope, they pulled. The next moment there was a cry

[Continued to Fourth Page.]

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