

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 17

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would keep denying they were old enough to vote until they got to be too old to take any interest in politics.—*Humboldt (Tenn.) Messenger.*

"To stay at home is best," wrote Longfellow in one of his beautiful poems. It is also the cheapest in the majority of cases.—*Summerville Journal.*

"He was awful," said Chappie indignantly. "He said if I opened my mouth again he'd put a head on me."

"Why didn't you accept his offer?"

Jack—Do you remember old Lord Grumby? Maud—No. He died before I was born; but you remember him, do you not, Edith?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

DISCONSUMPTION INURABLE!—Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Arkansas, says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and now on my third bottle and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the best medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewert, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of Lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

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PIANOS—Chickering, Mathushek and Sterling Pianos are too well known to the people to require any introduction from me. Every one of them are guaranteed, if they do not please you, you need not keep them. There are no lower prices, nor easier terms offered by any one than those offered by me.

ORGANS—What are you going to do about that Organ you promised your wife and daughter? Buy nothing but the Celebrated Mason and Hamlin or Sterling Organ, and you are not always having them repaired. Sterling Organs for only \$50.00 and Mason & Hamlin's for only \$98.00. Write me for descriptive price list.

FURNITURE—Never before since I have been in business was my stock of Furniture so large and complete in every line as it is today, and prices were never lower. I keep right up with styles, and represent everything just as it is. If you buy anything from me and it is not as represented return it and I will pay your money back. Who could do more? Who could ask more? Write for my prices.

17 I sell 90-inch reversible frame MOSQUITO ANOPIES with all the fixtures for hanging for only \$2.00.

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April 18, 1890. 15.

DEEP SEA—Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE! Prices reduced. Every family now can have the best Automatic Sewing Machine in the market at reduced price. For particulars send for our new Illustrated Circular with samples of stitching. Our Illustrated Circular shows every part of the Machine perfectly, and is worth sending for even if you have a Machine. Kruse & Murphy Mfg. Co., 453 and 457 West 25th St., N. Y. City.

Sweetam—She smiled on my suit, Robbins, old boy. Robbins—Well, I think she might. The wonder is she didn't go into hysterics.—*Boston Herald.*

Beware of the good deacon who begins to smile on you at this season of the year. Ten to one he wants to borrow your children to take to the circus.—*Elmira Gazette.*

One of Zeb's Jokes.

Senator Vance made a splendid arraignment of the Republican tariff last week. In reply to the argument of the protectionists that the farmers got benefit from the tariff, Senator Vance said the nature of the bargain between the protectionists and farmers was like that which one small boy proposed to another: "Jim, if you'll give me your big red apple, I'll show you my sore toe."—*State Chronicle.*

ELECTRIC BITTERS. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Blisters, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

A Modern Cinderella.

OLIVIA PHILLIPS.

"Oh! Grace, did you notice the stranger in Mrs. Williams' pew this morning? Wasn't he perfectly crushing! Such eyes! Such a perfect nose! And such a beautiful olive complexion! He didn't seem to notice any one. Wonder who he is? Where he came from? Is he rich, or is he poor? Saint or sinner, I adore your manly strength and beauty."

"Maud Winthrop," said Grace, "do stop your foolishness, and I'll tell you what I know about the new comer. Ma told me in church. He's neither a lord nor a count. He is both saint and sinner. All men are. He may be rich, or poor. That he's handsome, I confess; but, in all soberness, he is the brother of old Mrs. Williams. Can you believe it? There were eleven children in her family. All are dead but the oldest, Mrs. Williams, and the youngest, who is the hero of the hour. He has been in India for about ten years. Ma thinks he must have been twenty-five years old when he went away."

"Grace, you're a daisy! Such information is refreshing. Now, listen, here it is in a nutshell: 'The new arrival—large in stature, strong of limb, eyes undimmed by years of grief, mouth too sweet for anything, and his age is thirty-six; Of course, he must be rich. Eligible in the extreme: Won't the girls be mad to think they stayed at home from morning service, when I tell the news? They'll all turn out in full force at vesper service. And then, oh! won't we have fun? Another race will begin. I wonder who will win?'"

And so these young ladies talked on until they reached their homes.

Maud Winthrop was the youngest of four daughters, a fair and lovely blond. Her fresh young face was good to look upon.

She had just graduated from a fashionable boarding-school. She could play a little, sing a little; could say "Où Monsieur!" and "Non ma cher!" and rode well.

Her three sisters were all fine-looking girls, showing the wear and tear of society's demands, perhaps. Having nothing special to do in the world, they walked a little, rode a little, studied the latest styles in tidies, laces, fancy work and feminine attire.

They were not entirely to blame. From parents and instructors they received the impetus in childhood, and inertia carried them now to the chief end of existence—a few years of balls, parties, public charities, theatres, operas, high living, a brilliant marriage, wealth indispensable, morals and manliness of little moment, then a gradual sinking into oblivion, joining the great throng of nobodies, and giving place to a new lot of debutantes.

The Winthrop family consisted of Pa and Ma Winthrop, the four fashionable daughters, and a niece of Mr. Winthrop's, the only child of his dead sister.

Two years ago, at the death of her mother, Annette Lyle had come to live with her uncle. During her mother's life-time they had lived in a small place in the suburbs of Boston.

Mrs. Lyle had given her one child the tenderest care and attention.

In early childhood, Annette had shown some talent for drawing, and Mrs. Lyle had chosen the best masters for her instruction, and all the energies of the young girl had been devoted to the one great talent.

When her mother died, and she found herself alone and almost penniless, she gladly accepted her uncle's invitation to come to New York and live with him.

"Come to us, little Annette, and you shall be my daughter, too. I'm sure the girls will make it pleasant for you."

Dear fatherly man. Little did he think to what a life he invited her. When Mrs. Winthrop and her daughters heard of the plan they were very indignant.

"Another girl on my hands to

chaperone and care for," said the mother.

"Oh, horrors! A country cousin. Some dowdy, little, old-maidish thing, who will roll her eyes at our slang, and look pious," said Maud.

"What room will she have? I won't give up mine for any country girl," said Adele.

"Oh! anything will be good enough for her—fourth story back, or the nursery will answer; that will be better than she's used to," said Blanche.

The stately Julia looked in silent contempt.

When, in due time, the country cousin arrived, they all gazed in silent wonder and admiration.

No dowdy, old maidish country lassie met their vision, but a tall and beautiful girl, whose soft and mournful eyes told of worlds of thought and feeling, and whose finely chiseled features might be the delight of any artist.

The mother and daughters congratulated themselves that Annette was in mourning, and could not enter society for two years at least, for they feared her many and self-evident charms.

For two years now Annette had been a member of the Winthrop household. Her uncle did his best, in a man's way, to make her feel at home and happy.

The aunt and cousins lost no chance of annoying her, and in every way she was made to feel her dependence.

It had grown to be quite the custom now for Annette to do the family sewing and repairing. The seamstress was discharged, and Annette filled her place.

The cousins did not hesitate to call upon Annette for the many services which a hired seamstress expects to perform.

Do not think Annette devoid of courage in submitting to such indignities. She tried to possess her soul in patience. She knew it would be only for a young girl to start out alone in New York until she could establish her own independence.

She insisted upon taking two mornings in each week to pursue her painting, and, although her aunt and cousins sneered, she worked steadily on.

One might see the fair, young artist hard at work at the Metropolitan Museum some days, copying from the famous paintings, and utterly unmindful of the admiration she inspired in many visitors.

She had found ready sale for some of her work, and lived in daily hope of soon leaving a home which was so uncomfortable for her.

Mrs. Winthrop, for some weeks, had been suffering with typhoid fever. During the dangerous period of the fever a trained nurse had been employed. But as soon as all danger had passed, Annette had been installed in her place.

The position of a nurse to a convalescing patient—be he ever so sweet in disposition, is not an enviable one—but to be the daily companion of Mrs. Winthrop required nothing short of a heroine.

Annette remembered her mother's patience and unselfishness in her last sickness, and was often hurt and shocked at the treatment she received from Mrs. Winthrop.

Her own children would not remain long in their mother's sick-room, so cross and irritable was she at all times, and as she was not willing to be alone for a minute, Annette remained with her night and day.

Maud, having bade Grace "good-bye" rushed like a whirlwind into her mother's room.

"Oh! ma, we must go to vesper this evening! There was the most elegant man in church this morning, Mrs. Williams' brother; fresh from India! Been gone ten years! Dark eyes! Perfect nose! Such a kissable mouth! Rich! Unmarried! Unencumbered! Truly eligible!"

"Pa can't go to service this evening for he has had a bad headache."

"Why can't we take Annette as chaperone. I'm sure she looks

old and faded enough, any one would look so cooped up in this hot room for so many weeks."

"Anything, anything, Maud, if you'll only be quiet and leave me alone. Where you ever got your loud, hoyedieb ways I can't see. Do be quiet and lady-like or you'll never get a husband."

Annette was only too glad to escape from her labors, and willingly consented to chaperone the young ladies, smiling to herself as she remembered that the oldest cousin was two years her senior.

Despite her shabby morning she walked demurely and contentedly to evening service, following the gay butterflies, decked out in fashion's latest masterpieces.

Seated at last in church, all earthly things were forgotten, as the soothing and beautiful service began.

"The Lord in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before him."

Annette's trials were ended; her heart at rest, her soul on high. Her face was Madonna like, reflecting heavenly peace.

Harold Williams had noticed the wonderful face as soon as he entered the church, and as he gazed upon her eyes, which seemed looking into heaven, and her perfect mouth uttering heart-felt responses, she seemed a being too pure for earth.

When the Bishop pronounced the solemn blessing,

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God," it seemed as though her spirit must flee to heaven, and he was hardly surprised to see the lovely mortal fall to the floor like one dead. In a moment he was bearing her from the church in his arms.

Annette's strength had been overtaken by her long watching with her sick aunt, and she had fainted for the first time in her life.

As consciousness returned she opened her wonderful eyes, and for a moment gazed straight into eyes so tender and heard a low and manly voice say, "She is better now. Accept the use of my carriage; can I be of further service?" and all seem dark again and life so hard.

The following Monday Harold with Mrs. Williams called on the Winthrops, and while his sister went upstairs to see Mrs. Winthrop in her sick room, he was entertained in the parlor by the daughters of the house. Of course he inquired for the young lady who had fainted in church:

"Oh, she's better!" said Adele.

"Annette is ma's companion, or our seamstress in times of hurry and rush, such as you know, must come when the wardrobe for five ladies is concerned."

Mrs. Williams, having remained a short time with the invalid, was ready to depart. She could scarcely control her indignation until she entered her carriage.

"Harold Williams, you could not believe such heartlessness existed behind the sweet faces of those Winthrop girls."

"It is simply shocking the way they treat their loving cousin."

"Cousin?" said Harold. "The young ladies spoke of her as 'ma's companion and their seamstress.'"

"Companion! seamstress!" cried Mrs. Williams. "Why Annette Lyle is the only child of Mr. Winthrop's sister. Mr. Lyle was one of Boston's wealthiest and most respected men. He lost his money in the war—war killed suddenly, in an accident, leaving a delicate wife and one child. Two years ago the mother died leaving Annette alone and penniless. Mr. Winthrop is a kind fatherly man, but what can he do for a poor orphan, with such a wife and daughters?"

Mrs. Williams stopped for want of breath, and Harold gave a prolonged whistle.

He called many times on the Winthrop ladies, with one thought and wish—that of seeing the lovely Annette—but all in vain.

One dreary, drizzling, slippery day, it was late in the afternoon

and the lamps were lighted, he was crossing the streets near Union Square, when he heard an exclamation of trouble, and, turning, saw Annette looking in despair at a parcel which had slipped from her hands and fallen into a puddle of water.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"If you only will," said Annette. "My painting has fallen into the water. I'm afraid it's ruined. I had just finished it, and it was sold to—" Annette then looked up for the first time and recognized Harold Williams.

"Oh! I beg your pardon—you always find me in trouble: It is nothing—thank you—I will take the picture."

"Miss Lyle, I believe," said Harold. "Pray, allow me the pleasure of helping you—I do insist—with your box of paints, the painting and umbrellas, you certainly need assistance."

"Thank you; you are very kind. I have not far to go. Good-evening," and Annette vanished, but not before Harold caught a glimpse of her as she hurried into an art gallery.

"So, my little Cinderella is an artist, and paints pictures, and sells them, does she? By Jove, it's tough. If I dared to I'd follow her—I'd tell her that I loved her—but what nonsense I'm indulging in. I'll go home and take a dose of common sense."

Harold in some way, discovered that Annette spent many hours at the Metropolitan Museum painting. He tried not to annoy her by his attention, but he must see her sometimes, and he found himself watching anxiously for her, as she passed back and forth to her labors. He had certainly lost his heart, and no one could wonder. One day, in the early autumn his sister said:

"Harold, I always give a little party to my Sunday-school class every year about this time. They are young children, and I'm getting too old to entertain them. I'm thinking of asking Mrs. Winthrop to let Annette come to help me. She'll be provoked because I don't ask Blanche, but it is of little consequence if Annette will only come."

"Oh, sister mine, what an angel you are! And I'll stay at home all the afternoon and help entertain," cried Harold.

"No, no; that would spoil every thing. But I'll keep Annette to dinner, and you shall help me entertain her when the children have gone home. I shall deliver the invitation in person, and give Mrs. Winthrop no chance to refuse," said Mrs. Williams.

The following day a lot of merry little girls spent a delightful afternoon at their teacher's house.

The old lady gazed lovingly on and watched Annette as she directed their games and kept them always amused, and she signed to herself, "Dear heart. She's nothing but a child herself. What a hard life she has, poor child with those four naughty daughters and their cross mother."

The children had departed. The dinner was ended. Mrs. Williams had left the room to give some orders to the servants. Harold and Annette were alone in the library.

"Miss Lyle, you're tired, I'm afraid. So many children have kept you busy and given you not a moment of rest," began Harold.

"No, thank you. I'm not in the least tired. I've really enjoyed it as much as the children, and more, I think," answered Annette.

"Dear girl, you don't have much enjoyment, I know. Annette, I must speak to you. I pitied you but I love you now. Be kind in your answer, for I love you as I never thought a man could love. I will care for you and cherish you so tenderly. I will make your life as happy as a mortal can, if you'll only let me. Annette, let me call you darling? Can you love me just a little?"

And he took her hands in his, while she raised her eyes to him, and his heart gave one big bound for her eyes had told it all.

And as he took her to his great

heart, and enfolded her in his arms, he said:

"Will you try to learn to love me, darling?"

Annette clasped her arms around his neck, and her alone heard what she whispered—

"I will learn to love you dearest, and it won't be hard to learn, for I love you truly now."

Mrs. Williams entered the room. Annette blushed, and tried to escape, but Harold held her in his arms, and his sister was very happy to know that two young hearts would be so happy in each other, and, as she kissed the blushing Annette, she said: "You deserve a noble husband, and you will find him to my brother."

The Winthrop ladies were indignant beyond words when the engagement was announced. Annette's life at the Winthrops lasted but a few weeks. Mrs. Williams insisted upon a speedy marriage. She said Annette needed an immediate change to recover the health and beauty which she had lost during those two unhappy years with her cousins, and so the two were married, and started immediately on a European trip to be gone for many months.

Death as a Compensation.

The more intimately I enter into communion with myself—the more I consult my own intelligence—the more lightly do I find written in my soul these words: Be just and thou shalt be happy. But let us not base our expectations upon the present state of things. The wicked prosper, and the just remain oppressed. At this consummation takes umbrage, and murmurs against its author; it murmurs, "How hast deceived me!" Who has proclaimed this to thee? Is thy soul annihilated? Hast thou ceased to exist? O Brutus! O my soul! Soit tout; thy noble life by uniting the two bands against it. Leave not thy hope and thy glory with thy mortal body on the field of Philippi! Why dost thou say, virtue is nothing, when thou goest to enjoy the price of thine? Thou goest to die, thou think'st; no, thou goest to live, and it is thou that shall fulfill all. One would say, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God ought to require their virtue in advance. Oh! let us be good, and afterward we shall be happy. Let us not exact the prize before the victory, nor the wages before the labor. It is not on the course, says Plutarch, that the conquerors in our games are crowned—it is after they have gone over it. If the soul is immaterial, it can survive the body, and, in that survival, Providence is justified. Though I were to have no other proof of the materiality of the soul than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that spectacle alone would prevent my doubting the reality of the life after death. So shocking a disharmony in this universal harmony would make me seek to explain it. I should say: "All does not finish for me with this mortal life; what succeeds shall make evident of what went before."—*Rousseau.*

She gave Him the Doubt.

He—Oh, do say you will marry me! Why don't you answer?

She (hesitatingly)—Er—Er—Er—

He—Why, any one would think I had asked you to sing.—*Life.*

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Croup or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Boschee's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

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