

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

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NO. 22

## Courtship.

Hearts cannot always be taken by storm. Wooing may be too hasty and precipitate, as well as too slow. A man who offers himself to woman before he has made sure of her affections is very liable to receive "No" for an answer, when, with a little delay and assiduity combined, he might have made it "Yes." There is an instinctive pride in woman which makes her rebel against the idea of being too quickly and too easily won. She naturally thinks he must hold her love cheap who supposes it may be had by a comparative stranger for the mere asking. Even in the case of mutual love at first sight, she does not willingly forego the pleasures of the delightful period of courtship. The wild bird woos his mate with long and melodious song; and woman feels it her right to exact homage before marriage.—*New York Ledger.*

## WOMEN AND DOGS

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilis, poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

"We are the Republican party" said the negroes in their recent State Convention.

"And we are a part of you," is what every white man will say who votes for Upchurch or Rogers or Adams or Purcell or any of the white Radicals nominated by the Wake county negro convention.

## HAPPY HOOSERS.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store."

## A Suspicious Question.

Col. Hooker—Well, Pete, I offered \$5 reward for the return of the dog; and, as you've brought him in, here's the money. Pete Jacksing—Thanks, boss; an' say—if de dawg dun got stole—dat am, lost, agin, would yer offer de same reward agin, sah?—Light.

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

## E. M. ANDREWS, FURNITURE, PIANO AND ORGAN DEALER.

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.

I sell 90-inch reversible frame MOSQUITO ANOPIES with all the fixtures for hanging for only \$2.00. E. M. ANDREWS, Charlotte, N. C., 16 and 18 West Trade St.

## Finley & Wetmore, ATTYS. AT LAW, LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.

All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to. April 18, 1890.

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 Hall & 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.

Superior to all Substitutes for raising and making Light Digestible Biscuits, Bread, Tea Cake, Pie, Filling, Waffles, Johnny cake, Corn Bread, Short Cake, Pot Pie, Dumplings, Fried Puddings and Biscuits. Sold by Country Merchants. Brew Manufacturing Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

## Why a Jury is Composed of 12.

The jury of twelve was adopted because the prophets were twelve, there were twelve Jewish judges, twelve pillars of the temple, twelve patriarchs, twelve tribes of Israel, twelve stones in Aaron's breast-plate, twelve gates of Jerusalem, twelve signs of the Zodiac. When juries were first established the judge took the juries around with him in a cart until they agreed upon a verdict. If they did not agree they were fined and imprisoned.—*News-Observer.*

## HUC KLEN—ARNTA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Uncultivated people are pretty apt to generate feuds and keep them up for their neighbors to gossip about, but it is uncultivated parentage that produces such a sad result. If the mother and father are cultivated and refined the child will grow up so too, because he patterns after them. I am aware that this is a very unwelcome doctrine to very many, especially so to those whose children have not developed as they should; but it is a truth which, acknowledged, will enable such parents to have more kindly feelings and more forgiving hearts toward the erring ones. It is a truth which all young parents should thoughtfully and prayerfully digest—the little child will be your imitator. Do you speak the Anglo-Saxon? He will soon learn to lisp mamma. Do you smile and have a pleasant, cheerful countenance? He will, too, and vice versa. Do you scold him and the other children on every trifling occasion? He will think it manly to frown and scold and storm when little things trouble him. Are you calm in judgment, composed in manner, gentle of touch, sweet in tones of voice? I assure you he will be so too. Do you love the children and manifest great interest in their welfare? They will love and take an interest in one another now, while I am sure they will do so in after years when they have tasted some of the sorrows of life.—*Old Homestead.*

## JANET'S SPEERING.

BY C. M. HALLOWAY.

MR. FRASER'S clerk, if you please, Mrs. Faulkner, and Mr. Robert wants to know if he will direct Sandbourne to close up the auld pits?" Mrs. Faulkner looked up from her paper.

"Excuse me a moment, Janet?" to the tall, golden-haired girl absentmindedly trifling with her breakfast. At the mention of Mr. Fraser's name she looked up quickly and a faint flush had come into the delicate cheeks.

"Certainly, auntie," and Mrs. Faulkner left the room, returning in a few moments. "That is settled," she said, "but I really don't see why Robert never comes himself. Have you noticed it, Janet? I don't think he has been here a half dozen times since you returned from Edinburgh. I mean to ride over this afternoon, give him a good lecture, and bring him back to dinner."

Miss Carr looked up hastily in genuine apprehension. "Don't, auntie. The fact is, I have refused Mr. Fraser, and he knows it would be unpleasant for either of us to meet."

"Refused Robert Fraser? Why, Janet, it was only last winter you said he was worthy a king's daughter. You must be mad, bairnie."

"Not half so mad as if I had accepted him. You know the old French: 'King I dare not be, prince I would not be, Roban I am?' Well, auntie, I know the Fraser's are 'comfortable people,' but I cannot forget that Robert's grandfather was a steward of mine, nor that I am a Carr."

Mrs. Faulkner sighed. She knew it was useless to argue with her niece, whose indomitable pride was the one defect in an otherwise perfect character. "At any rate, Janet, you will not marry Hugh Blair?" "Why not, auntie? He is young, handsome, high-born, rich—in short everything the old ballads sing."

There was a bitter ring in the vibrant voice, which went to the motherly old heart.

"But you do not love him," she said, gravely, "and, forgive me, but I thought you did Robert."

Miss Carr rose impatiently. "This is too much," she cried, petulantly. Mrs. Faulkner looked after her, then, unbending her dainty breakfast, fell into a reverie. When old Donald Carr died he left his only child all the family possessions, including the family pride. Not too much of anything except the pride. Mrs. Faulkner his wealthy widowed sister, had consented to care for the lovely little girl, and, under the skillful management of Robert Fraser, Carr's Nest, with its dozen of farms, its meadows and lime pits, had more than doubled its former rental. Mrs. Faulkner had watched, with secret approval, the growing attachment between her niece and the frank, handsome, young lawyer had early won her respect. True, Robert's ancestors had been faithful survivors of hers in the days when the Carrs had almost royal wassail in the now half dismantled halls; but the arbitrary laws and distinctions of caste had no weight with Mrs. Faulkner's pure and lofty soul. She had aided and abetted him in the long, hard struggle and many a house had opened its doors to the clever young barrister through her kindly offices. Heaven set its signet of nobility upon Robert Fraser, she said to her friends and her niece.

But a few years previous, Donald Carr's youngest sister, a wealthy, fashionable lady, betrothed herself of the young girl up in the barren Scotch hills, and swooped down and bore her away from the homely, old-fashioned, mother-heart. And Janet learned from her the full value of birth and wealth. Mrs. Faulkner had been sore grieved when in place of the frank, ingenious, light-hearted girl, there returned to her a cold, proud, self-absorbed woman.

Yet still she counted upon Janet's native nobility of character; but she had refused Robert, whom she loved,

and when Mrs. Faulkner thought of Janet's pride in her grand old name, and her boast to be a worthy daughter of the proud Carrs, she shook her head despairingly.

Meanwhile Miss Carr had donned a jacket and cap, and slipped quietly out. She felt uneasy and angry with herself, and longed to be alone with her own thoughts. She crossed the lawn to the back of the old house. Upon this side it faced upon a precipitous cliff, down whose face a narrow path ran to the beach below. It was dangerous; but Janet was in the mood to court danger. She safely accomplished the difficult descent, however, and, wrapping her sealskin closer, sauntered aimlessly along the wet sands. The day was in harmony with her mood. A dull, gray, October sky bent over the gray, drearier waste of rocky stubble; the sound of the waves was like a dirge's monotone, and, with a shiver, Janet retreated inward; and, seating herself on a rock, thought over her aunt's words.

She did love Robert Fraser, and remembering the grieved surprise which he had received her refusal, she wondered, with a hot flush, if her secret had been patent to him too. It had been a shock to her, this declaration that he aspired to the daughter of the proud Carrs, though, thinking of the thousand acts of humblest devotion to her most trivial wish, she said to herself she must have been blind not to have understood. Yet, since that September morning when, in a few hard words—how cold and heartless they seemed now—she had shown him the impassable gulf between him and a daughter of the Carrs, it had come to her with sudden and overwhelming force that something had gone out of her life that she had trampled upon a priceless treasure. Knowing the strength and force of his character, she felt that already he must have learned to despise the proud, heartless woman who had so insulted him. But why should the knowledge give her so sharp a pang? Had she not resolved to marry Hugh Blair, and thus secure for herself the advantages to which her birth and beauty entitled her?

At the thought a shudder ran through her frame.

Just then something cold touched her hand, and with a slight scream, she sprang up.

"It is only Gyp," said a voice, as a young gentleman jumped down beside her and nimbly captured the sparrow leaping upon her. "Well, Miss Carr, are you upon suicide bent that you sit here, in the wet sand, with that heavy fog blowing in upon you?"

She turned to him with a half-mocking smile.

"Really, Mr. Blair, I never knew you to make so long a speech before. You are positively eloquent."

"Yes? I am afraid you will regret that you discovered it, Miss Carr, for it was solely to give you a sample of my eloquence that I risked my neck."

"Oh, dear!" she said, "you weren't so venturesome as to come down the cliff, were you? It is so steep that I, surefooted as I am, rarely attempt it."

"I am not sure that I would not risk it over again if it would win such an expression of interest from you."

"I should feel the same anxiety for a perfect stranger," she replied, coldly.

"Not very flattering, but knowing Miss Carr's generous heart, I deem it highly probable."

"She bit her lip. "Let us return; we will go around by the road." She was nervously afraid of a tete-a-tete, and began talking with a feverish rapidity, hardly knowing what she said, and becoming more embarrassed at her companion's abstracted silence, or half coherent replies. "What are those men doing? she asked, suddenly glancing across at a field where a group of laborers was busily employed.

"Closing up the lime pits, I believe, Janet!" he burst out vehemently, "I must speak. You must cease trifling with me. You know

that I love you, and yet you keep fencing me off every time I try to tell you so. Janet, won't you be my wife?"

They were standing still, and he seized both her hands and held them. At touch of his hot palms, she shivered in positive repulsion, and sought to free herself.

It had come at last, and now a dread, a leathing filled her very soul.

"No, oh, no!" she cried, "let me go, Mr. Blair."

"Don't say that," he interrupted. "I will wait. I did not expect to urge you. I am willing to give time."

Why should she not accept him? Wealth, station, devotion, all would be hers. But her true womanhood conquered pride and ambition. She wrenched her hands free, and stood calmly and gravely before him, a votary queen among women.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Blair," she said, firmly, "but no length of time can change my friendly regard for you into love."

He breathed hard. "Think, Janet," he urged, "as my wife you would be the greatest lady in the county. You should have your town house—"

She turned on him with magnificent scorn. "I really cannot imagine what I have done that permits such language. No, Mr. Blair, I would not marry you were you a king and I a beggar-maid, simply because I do not love you."

"Then you do love that beggar, Fraser?" he coarsely ejaculated.

He was putting the question, when a horseman turned the bend, and reined up beside them. He raised his hat courteously, while he seemed to take in the situation at a glance.

"Good morning, Miss Carr; good morning, Mr. Blair."

Janet flushed scarlet, while Blair answered rudely: "I suppose you are going up to the Nest, Fraser! Don't let us detain you."

Robert Fraser was a tall, compactly-built man of thirty. His fair, noble face, flushed with exercise, had a peculiarly winning expression, and there was a calm dignity and conscious strength about him which marked him a man among men. Janet glanced from one to the other. Good heavens! how could any one prefer Hugh Blair, with his coarse, animal beauty, to this son of a steward? She shot an indignant look at Blair, as she said, a little unsteadily:

"On the contrary, Mr. Fraser, we would be most happy to have the honor of your company."

"Thank you," lifting his hat, and answering as though he were the merest acquaintance, "but I am called to Abernethy on important business, and cannot delay a moment more. Good morning."

Janet gazed blankly after him. Was this the man who had so passionately pleaded his love!

"Really, Miss Carr, I must retort upon you, and say you have immense possibilities for the stage," Blair's face was livid, his eyes blazed with fury. "I see why you refused me. You love that upstart, Fraser. You cannot deny it!"

"I deny nothing," she answered, proudly. "Stand out of my way, Mr. Blair."

"Curse him," he foamed. "It is not the first time the beggar has stood in my light. But he shall rue it, I swear!" He sprang after her, and caught her arm. "I tell you, I am not to be frightened by looks. That beggar shall not triumph over a gentleman!"

"Who can threaten a lady," she finished, and walked swiftly away, his wild threats filling her ears.

II.

It was time for dinner when she reached home, and throwing herself on her couch, burst into tears. She dried her eyes hastily, and, wearing dressing, went down. The meal progressed in almost unbroken silence. Mrs. Faulkner would not talk, and she could not. She was glad when it was over, and she was at liberty to return to her chamber. She moved restlessly about, unable to fix her attention upon anything. At length, she esconced herself in a chair by the fire and tried to read,

but Robert Fraser's cold, indifferent face kept thrusting itself between her and the page. She love him. She would have given the earth to behold him, to throw herself at his feet and ask his pardon. Yet it was too late, for if he had not banished her from his heart could he have regarded her so coldly, when the sight of him had sent a tumult of joy through her being?

Suddenly she became conscious that Nannie, her maid, was hovering around, anxious to prefer some request.

"Well, Nannie," she said, kindly. "If you would spare me, the evening, Miss Janet. There's to be a great gathering at Sandy Maepherson's, and I was bid to it. Hallow-e'en it is, and Sandy and his wife are so full of folk lore that it will be a merry time."

"Certainly you may go, Nannie. What are some of the games?" in idle curiosity. Flattered and delighted, Nannie launched forth into a long account of the lads' and lassies' games, ending with:

"But the surest is the lime-pit, though nobody'd try it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Miss Janet, ye steal to an auld lime-pit at midnight, and ye drop one end of a clew of yarn down till somebody gives it a clutch, and ye ask the name and the answer'll be your true love; but, gude Lord say so, it might be auld Clootie himself that'd speak, as happened to Peggy Burns."

"Then you have no faith in it?"

"I have the greatest—in somebody else trying it."

"I shall not need you again," Janet said, passing out and hastening along the corridor to the housekeeper's room. It was empty, and, hastily securing a huge ball of yarn, she ran back, laughing to herself over the strange escapade she had resolved upon.

She waited impatiently until the clock struck twelve, then, wrapping herself in a dark cloak, crept down and out. She felt a little frightened as she groped along in the pitchy darkness.

"Robert will be coming back now along the highway, and, anyway, it is less than a quarter of a mile to the lime-pits if I cut across the fields."

She had nearly traversed the whole distance, when she heard a slight rattle in the hedge at the right, then a suppressed oath.

Janet quailed with terror, and held her breath. What had possessed her to engage in such a foolish and dangerous errand? Doubtless the hedge was filled with cut-throats. Every second she expected they would spring upon her. But when full five minutes passed without a sound, her courage revived.

"I must be almost there, and it's just as bad going back; anyway, I will finish, as I've begun."

She had taken another step forward, when she heard the steady tramp of a horse's hoofs. Her heart bounded.

"It is Robert. I will wait until he goes by."

Nearer came the rider, and suddenly there was an ominous click. Janet tried to scream, but her tongue would not obey her.

There was a report; a man's yell of angry surprise; the dreadful cry of a wounded animal, and the horse bounded over the hedge and into the fields. There was a second shot; then a man dashed past, almost brushing against her.

The mist cleared away from Janet's brain, and she stood and listened. The horse was dashing through the stable; then there was a terrible crash, a sharp, agonized cry, and silence.

"They have both fallen into the pit!" exclaimed Janet. She darted forward, a strange instinct guiding her steps. She heard a stifled moan, and threw herself upon her knees, groping cautiously with her hands. Oh, for a gleam of light! Ah, she felt the edge of the loose boarding thrown over the pit that very morning.

"Robert, Robert," she cried. No answer.

"Oh, perhaps he is crushed and mangled in that dreadful hole!

Robert, Robert, oh, my darling, answer me! My God, it is too late!"

Was that a moan? She held her breath. It was her name!

"Robert!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "Thank God! Are you badly hurt? Did the ball strike you?"

"No, but my poor Queenie. I am between her body and a side of the staging."

"But you aren't hurt badly, Robert?" in womanlike persistence.

How the tender tone thrilled him. "There is great danger that the staging will give way and Queenie fall on me as we go down. I'm pretty well squeezed as it is."

"Oh, Robert! Do you think you can wait while I go for help?"

"I think I'll have to," he said, with almost a laugh. "Carr's Nest is nearest, Janet; but I am afraid that dastardly assassin may be lurking about."

"Hark!" she exclaimed, springing up, then, remembering the danger of a mis-step, she tried to be cautious as she backed away. Yes, she was right. A party of Sandy's merry-makers were passing on the highway.

Her shouts soon brought them to the pit, and Janet rapidly directed them to bring ropes and lanterns. The stout peasants worked with a will, and in an incredibly short time Robert was extricated from his perilous condition. Janet looked at him reproachfully.

"Well, I don't think I am badly hurt if my arm is broken, considering all things," he answered, with a faint smile and a look that made her blush furiously.

Mrs. Faulkner was greatly astonished when she was roused from her honest sleep to be confronted by the strange cavalcade; but when Janet, stammering and hiding her face on her breast, gave her a brief account of the night's adventures, she caught her in her arms, and hugged her like a bear, exclaiming: "You are a dear, good girl, and I always knew it."

"There, there, auntie dear; send Aleck to Abernethy for the doctor."

Under the ministrations of the good doctor, Robert rapidly recovered; but he shamelessly and ungratefully asserted that the knowledge that he had at last won Janet's love was the great pouce which cured all his sorest wounds.

"The only thing I regret about my stay here," said he, teasingly, as he lay on a sofa and watched Janet's charming face with intense, undisguised admiration, "is that nothing has been done concerning that dastardly assassin. Do you know, I am sure it was Blair."

"I know it was," said Janet, quietly. "He has fed the place, Robert, and for the sake of his mother promise me to let the matter go."

"I can afford to," he said, with an expressive glance; "poor fellow, he did me a good turn."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Faulkner. "If it hadn't been for Janet's speering, there wouldn't be any wedding for us this Christmas; eh, lassie?"

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Mamma—I hope my little boy while dining with friends remembered what I told him about not taking cake the second time! First the boy—Yes, mamma, I remembered, and took two pieces the first time.—*Chicago Post.*

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS

Is the complaint of the invalid suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25 cents and 50 cents. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Horace Greeley said "Go west, young man!"—but we suggest that everybody who raises chickens get a bottle of Gaunter's magic chicken cholera cure. If it fails your money will be refunded by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS