

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

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NO. 23

## Superstition About Sunshine on Wednesday.

"There is an old superstition about the weather which I find very few people know of, although I have heard it from childhood, said a gentleman a day or two ago.

"It is that, however gloomy and dull it may be on Wednesday, the sun is sure to show itself, if only for a few minutes, as Wednesday was the day on which it was created.

"Whenever I have noticed it has been so, and it is certainly a curious coincidence."

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE  
Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Mabel—"A lot of us girls have established a secret society, Jack."

Jack—"What are the objects of it?"

Mabel—"Why, to get together and tell secrets, of course."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SPECIMEN CASES.  
C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of electric bitters cured him.  
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.  
John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of electric bitters and one box of Buckle's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

## He Doubted

Edwin—And you'll always be true to me, Angelina?  
Angelina—Why, do you doubt me, Edwin?  
Edwin—Oh, you're too good to be true!—*Life.*

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.  
Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Inconsistency.  
"Yes, sah; bit do beat my time."  
"What's the matter, old man?"  
"Boss, does you see dem niggers gwine loog de road out dar? Dem hyperlatin' ornery coons is gwine to chu'eb."  
"Well, what about it?"  
"Hit's jes' dis way. Dem niggers'll wuk out'n de harves' fiel' in er July sun all de week widout eny hat. Den w'en Sunday comes dey'll b'list er \$2 umbreller over er 50 cent suit uv cotes. Dat's what mek me say w'ut I does."—*Chicago Herald.*

BUCKLE'S ARNICA 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.  
ADVERTISE IN THE COURIER RATES are reasonable. Try it one year and see if it does not pay.  
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## KEEP HOEING AND PRAYING.

"Faith without works is dead."—*Bible.*  
Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone, "To his good old neighbor Gray, 'I've worn my knees thro' to the bone, But it ain't no use to pray."  
"Your corn looks twice as good as mine, Though you don't pretend to be A shinin' light in the church to shine, An' tell salvation's free."  
"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times, Far to make that 'ere corn grow; An' why your'n beats it so sn' climb? I'd gin a deal to know."  
Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones, In his easy, quiet way, "When prayers get mixed with lazy bones, They don't make farmin' pay."  
"Your weeds, I notice, are good en' tall, In spite of all your prayers; You may pray for corn till the heavens fall If you don't dig up the tares."  
"I mix my prayers with a little toil, Along in every row; An' I work this mixture into the soil, Quite vig'rous with a hoe."  
"An' I've discovered, though still in sin, As sure as you are born, This kind of compost well worked in Makes pretty decent corn."  
"So, while I'm praying I use my hoe, An' do my level best, To keep down the weeds along each row, An' the Lord he does the rest."  
"It's well for to pray, both night so' morn, As every farmer knows; But the place to pray for thrifty corn Is right between the rows."  
"You must use your hands while praying, though, If an answer you would get, For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe Never raised a big crop yet."  
"An' so I believe, my good old friend, If you mean to win the day, From plowing, clean to the harvest's end, You must hoe as well as pray."—*Iowa State Register.*

## The End of the Lawsuit.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.  
WHAT OLD lawsuit! Every one had heard about it. It seemed likely never to end. Meanwhile, the great Gumbleton estate was without an owner; the Gumbleton mansion empty; the Gumbleton furniture stored in the garrets, for the most part upside down, and wrapped in paper or hay; the Gumbleton family portraits staring at the streaks of light that fell through the holes in the shutters, and the Gumbleton diamonds in some safe-deposit company's hands. Legal gentlemen were cutting nice slices for themselves, and there was eternal quibbling in the courts of law concerning that abominable flaw in the will of Giles Gumbleton, Esq., which had caused all this trouble. Meanwhile, little Rose Thorne, who was one of the possible heirs-at-law, taught a little country school at Oakford, and James Jasper, the other possible heir, would have given a great deal to be sure on Monday that he would be able to pay his board on Saturday; sometimes he was, and sometimes he was not. There might have been a more pleasurable kind of excitement. James Jasper had fancied that a reporter's life was more promising in a pecuniary point of view when he entered into it.  
The two who were fighting each other by proxy had never seen each other, but each had a preconceived idea of the enemy. Rose, who was eighteen, spoke of James Jasper as "that dreadful, mean old man;" and James, who was twenty-five, alluded to Rose as "that mercenary old maid." He thought that she was fifty-odd at least, with a long, red nose, high cheek-bones and green spectacles. She believed that he was an elderly person in a mahogany-colored wig, with a countenance marked with a thousand wrinkles, the mean, little mouth of a miser, and a nose and chin that met.  
She used to draw his portrait sometimes on the covers of her copy books, and it was a great comfort to her to do it. As for James, he often imagined that he sat opposite to his rival in cars or omnibuses, and many an unprepossessing female wondered why that young

man seemed to regard her with such disfavor, when James was all the while simply making up his mind that he had at last actually beheld Miss Thorne.  
"Rose, indeed! Affected old creature!" he would add, as if people could help their names; and as, if one happened to be christened "Daisy" or "Posy" or "Pearl," as a baby, she would not be obliged to have it written in her obituary notice if she died at ninety. They hated each other heartily, these two people, who had never seen each other in all their lives.  
A million, all but the lawyers' fees, awaited one of them, when the bitterest of winters fell upon them. Rose had boxed the ears of Trustee Thompson's little boy for jabbing a pin into poor little Lettie Saurel, and Trustee Thompson, his wife, his mother-in-law and his sister-in-law were now Rose's deadly enemies. They persecuted her constantly. They declared she had "broken school rules," and deserved public reprimand. Mrs. Trustee Thompson declared that she "hadn't no education whatsoever." And Trustee Thompson was sure that she "didn't keep no discipline." Forgetful of truth, as of grammar, the family abused the poor girl on every occasion. Trustee Thompson having removed his own boy, "contrived to diminish the supply of wood, so that the teeth of teacher and pupils chattered audibly on cold days, and careful mothers kept their little ones by their warm fire-sides.  
Then "Attendance is diminishin'," said Trustee Thompson. "I calkulate the seley'll hev to be lowered." And lowered it was. Poor Rose wondered sadly where her shoes and bonnets were to come from, and changed her comfortable boarding-house for that of poor Widow Spicer, who charged only three dollars a week, and had "biled bread," with molasses by way of sauce, for breakfast, meat dinner one day, and hash the next.  
Poor little Rose. She sat beside the school-house stove one bleak winter's day, after the scholars had gone home, and wondered whether life was really worth living. There was no charm in poor Mrs. Spicer's humble home to tempt her to seek it with alacrity. Now the boys and girls were gone, she had, at least, solitude; and some child had brought her a big apple, and there was a book that she wanted to read. Rose thought that she would sit by the fire until it went out, and by that time the snow that had been falling slowly since morning might stop. At least, there would be less time for Mrs. Spicer's long narration of the uninteresting life and adventures of the two other boarders, old Mr. and Mrs. Chubler, or the new reports of what "Mr. Thompson is a-sayin' about you;" which every day was sure to bring.  
After all, Rose was only a girl. When she had huddled herself in her shawl, bit into the apple, and turned a few leaves of the book, she forgot her sorrows.  
It was a romance that she was reading. A good one by an author of repute, but who lived before even novel writers felt obliged to become cynical in order to preserve their self-respect. He believed in love—this man—and in wonderfully beautiful women and astonishingly brave men, and in constancy and self-sacrifice and purity of soul for his good characters. And his wicked people were very bad, indeed, and poetical justice was done to all hands in the most satisfactory manner, in the last chapter. It was the sort of book a girl naturally likes, and Rose read and read and read, until looking up she found that when her eyes returned to the page she could no longer see the letters that seemed plain enough a moment before, and that there was but one glowing bit of wood in the rickety stove before her, and on that the apple-core was roasting with a most delightful smell.  
"How late it is," said Rose, and caught up her hat and ran to the door. As she opened it, a great drift of snow tumbled in, and she

looked aghast upon snow spread far and wide, and still drifting, drifting, drifting. It was such a storm as she had never seen before. She dared not face it over the long, dreary path to the village, and, with a little sigh of despair, she went back to the stove, and, rather for light than warmth, threw in a little stick of wood. The blaze shot up in a few moments, and Rose sat down near it.  
"What a situation!" she thought, being one of those women whose thoughts naturally turn to tramps and burglars, or even to something white in a dark corner. Could she fasten the door safely, and should she freeze or be frightened to death that night? Even poor Mrs. Spicer's usual weak tea with its accompaniments of heavy home-made bread and dried-apple sauce seemed tempting now, that there was no prospect of it, and finally the poor girl began to cry softly to herself from pure loneliness and misery. She sat at the teacher's table, and rested her head upon it, and the pine boards, with many an ink-blot upon them, were washed with her tears.  
"Oh, I beg pardon," said a voice at that instant. "I didn't know any one was here. May I come in—or, as I am in, may I stay until I'm a little warmer. This is a terrible storm."  
Rose jumped to her feet. A young man had entered the door and stood near the stove, and had already increased the blaze considerably by putting more wood on. By the light she saw that he was handsome, black-eyed and just the height she liked. He certainly was not a tramp, and a human presence was a comfort.  
"Oh, certainly," said she, "sit down, please. It is a terrible storm," and she came closer to the blaze, and her own fair beauty was quite visible to the stranger.  
"I'm the teacher," she added, simply, "and I was reading and forgot how time passed. Do you think there is any chance of my getting to Oakford to-night?"  
"Not on foot," said the stranger; "but surely some wagon or sleigh will come by to give you a lift."  
"Not down here. There is nothing in the hollow but the school-house," said Rose. "The school-house, the church and the churchyard," she added, shuddering. "No one comes near us, except on special business. The road on the other side of the hill is so much better."  
"Well, you have no need to be frightened," said the young man, reassuringly. "I can go to the other side of the hill, after a while, and hail the first sleigh that passes. Meanwhile, I have a proposition to make: Let us have supper."  
"Supper?" laughed Rose. "I'm afraid that is an impossible luxury."  
"Not at all," replied the young man. "I am upon a long journey—a professional one. I'm a reporter, and I felt that it would be convenient, as well as more economical, not to depend entirely on hotels. In my valise I have a little coffee-boiler, coffee, condensed milk and sugar, also some crackers and some cheese. I am sure, if we are to make our way over that snow, we shall need the strength food will give us. Always with your permission, I will see about preparing it."  
"I think I should be very silly not to give permission," said Rose. Accordingly, having recklessly crammed into the stove a large quantity of the wood provided by the school board, the stranger set himself to work to concoct a pot of coffee.  
Meanwhile Rose ruminated.  
"Highly improper," she said to herself; "but circumstances alter cases. I cannot help being caught in the storm. I could not help this young man seeking shelter in my school house, and to be decently civil to him will not make matters any worse." So, drawing the table toward the stove, Rose spread a clean towel which was stored in her desk upon it, washed the two school cups and her own tumbler with

some of the melted snow with which her guest had already mixed his coffee, and was ready for him.  
Rose thought it was the most delicious coffee she had ever tasted, that he poured into the tin cups, and by the light of a flaring pine-knot torch they fell to talking about everything, about nothing, about school and newspapers and poverty and riches, the old schoolhouse and the new Queen Anne house some one in New York was building, until suddenly the stranger cried out:  
"And to think that I should be able to build a Queen Anne house myself if it were not for a spiteful old maid who is fighting me for my fortune. Somehow my grandfather's will left matters so that it is possible for her to do it. She'll fight me all her life, I suppose, and in the end it will be the old lawyer story of the monkey and the piece of cheese."  
"How funny!" said Rose. "I would be an heiress, too, but for something of the same sort. A terrible old man is fighting me—rolling in gold now, no doubt; a hideous creature in a wig, with a face like that on the old knocker. I hate him. Oh you ought to see the dear old house, the orchard, the lawn—and lots of money, but I shall never get it. Old James Jasper has his clutches on it."  
"Who did you say?" asked the young man.  
"His name is James Jasper," said Rose. "Oh, dear! dear!"  
"What is the matter?" cried the young man.  
"We've done it now; we've set fire to the school house!" screamed Rose.  
So they had. The old stove was not used to so much fuel, and the pine had given way, and the roof was ablaze.  
There was no help for it. Rose caught up her hat, the stranger his and his valise. They rushed out together, and, climbing the hill, saw the red tongues lick up the boards as though they had longed to do so for many and many a year.  
"Young lady, it's to be hoped your commissioners will give you a better building," said the young man.  
"I suppose there will be a new school," sighed the poor girl, "but its teacher's name will not be Rose Thorne."  
"Then?" cried the young man.  
"When I tell you my name is James Jasper, you'll excuse me for asking if you are the other heir to the Gumbleton estate?"  
"I am," cried Rose, "and you are my dreadful old bachelor with the wig and the wrinkles!"  
"And you my avaricious old maid," said James Jasper. "Hark, the fire has brought you help: here are sleigh bells."  
Truly, the Oakford engine had arrived, and so had sundry residents who desired to make sure whether church or schoolhouse was burning down in the hollow; and Rose was taken home to the Widow Spicer's, and James sat on the seat beside her, and told some fibs about the way the conflagration began, and for he mentioned a tramp whom he had seen running over the fields with a box of matches.  
However, Rose made no denial of the fact that the stove pipe set fire to the roof, and Trustee Thompson found himself forced to the conclusion that "culpable carelessness on that there school-me-am's part caused the destruction of that there valuable buildin'," and Miss Grimes was voted in, and Rose was voted out. But it did not break her heart for on that very day James Jasper whispered in her ear:  
"An old lawyer told me one day that there was one very easy way of stopping the Gumbleton lawsuit; namely, if the heir male should marry the heir female, for then neither would have any one to fight with; but I did not want to offer myself to my avaricious old maid."  
"And I'm sure I wouldn't have married the miserly old bachelor," said Rose.  
"But you don't dislike me quite as

much, do you?" asked Jasper.  
"Oh, no," said Rose.  
"Because I love you so dearly that it would be hard to bear," said Jasper.  
So the Gumbleton case is at an end, and the lawyer's suggestion has been followed. The "Rose" has lost her "Thorne," and is now Mrs. James Jasper.  
Retrograding Journalism.  
The demoralization which seems to pervade what is known as the Metropolitan press is becoming appalling. Is it as a whole pandering to the vitiated taste or demands of the people, or do the items embellished and given such prominence, simply represent the debased ideas of the editorial heads of the journals referred to? Matters of great public interest, which have a tendency to enlighten the people, and improve their moral condition, are made subservient to space given extensively to sporting affairs which are made to cover the brutalities of the prize ring, and gambling at race courses. Scandals are topped off with great display headings, interwoven in which are the most obscene reference to what is to follow, and so on, the editors dash out the unpalatable food for the youth of the country. A grave responsibility rests with such newspapers, and the only progress they are making in the journalistic field is that towards the demoralization of the generation which is preparing to assume the sovereign duties now performed by us. What will the harvest be?—*Charlotte Democrat.*  
We are proud of the Caldwell county Alliance. It has become famous not only in North Carolina but all over the South and enjoys the distinction of inaugurating that great conservative movement in the Alliance that bids fair to sweep the South and to place the Farmers' Alliance upon a firm and impregnable platform. The "Caldwell Plan," starting in our grand old county, has been taken up and endorsed by the State Alliances of Virginia and Missouri and has received the practical endorsement of the Alliance of the State of Texas. Hon. S. B. Owen, President of the Kentucky State Alliance, and editor of the State Organ, who was formerly an enthusiastic supporter of the sub-treasury plan, has repudiated it and is a convert to the "Caldwell Plan." Daily accessions are being made to the advocates of this wise, patriotic and conservative course. We congratulate the Alliance-men of Caldwell county upon the distinction they have achieved and the lustre they have reflected not only upon their order in the county but upon the county itself. The whole county is proud of them. The credit for this great work, which is destined to stand as the firm foundation of a permanent Alliance, is due to the great body of the Conservative Alliance-men of the county. No one man and no small set of men could have accomplished this great work, whose beneficent results are being felt all over the South. Among the men who took no small share in the labor of promulgating this plan and of placing it before the outside world, where it is becoming so popular, may be mentioned Dr. R. L. Beall. On the first page is to be found, copied from the *Progressive Farmer*, Dr. Beall's masterly argument in favor of the "Caldwell Plan." Read it. Dr. Beall has been good enough to give us the following notes as bearing upon some of the points made in his articles:  
"Without the negro vote Rhode Island, New York, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and possibly Michigan would all be for Tariff Reform."  
"Without the negro vote in the last election Cleveland would have had 10,631 majority in New York and 10,266 majority in Ohio."  
"A vast majority of the white men in the United States voted to the Democratic party and vote that ticket."  
"Without the negro vote Cleveland would have had a popular majority of 1,367,438 over Harrison."—*Lenoir Topic.*  
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## IMPORTANT!

LOOK, Get Prices and Photos, READ, FROM E. M. ANDREWS, Before you buy Furniture. It will pay you. I want to call the attention of all the readers of this paper that my stock of FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS is now larger and more complete than at any time since I have been in the business. I have just received a car load of nothing but Antique Oak and Sixteenth Century Suits, ranging in price from \$26.50 to \$75.00. These were bought at a bargain and are the very newest styles. I have made a large deal in Parlor Suits also. Listen at these prices; Plush Suits of 6 and 7 pieces I am offering now for \$32.50 to \$100.00. Plush Suits in Walnut and Antique and 16th Century that I sold for 10 per cent. more money last year. I have a well selected line of Divans Plush Rockers, Book Cases, Mantle Mirrors and Novelties in Furniture. I have scoured the country this year for bargains, buying in large quantities for cash to get the best bargains, my object being to give my customers this fall the most and best goods possible for the money. I make a specialty of furnishing residences and hotels complete from top to bottom. I am anxious to sell you all your furniture, and will do it if you will only allow me to quote my prices. Long time given on Pianos and Organs. Write me for prices and terms. E. M. ANDREWS, Charlotte, N. C.

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# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.  
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of the good effect upon their children."  
Dr. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass.  
"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."  
Dr. J. F. Kitchin, Conway, Ark.  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
E. A. Asher, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
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