

The Lincoln Courier.

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Professional Cards.

BARTLETT SHIPP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

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.

Dr. Will A. Pressley,
SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE IN COBBE BUILDING, MAIN ST.,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

July 11, 1890.

GO TO SOUTHERN STAR BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

A Puzzling Dilemma

The Republicans don't know whether to go ahead with their Force bill or let it die quietly. They remind us of the Irishman who had swallowed an egg without breaking the shell. He was in a terrible state of mind, because if he jumped round he might break the egg and the shell would cut his stomach, and if he lay still the egg would hatch and he would have a Shanghai rooster clawing his insides.—N. Y. Herald.

DIAPHRY.

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

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 percent 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 the 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.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep 'Castoria' within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beautiful results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

PRONOUNCED HOPELESS YET SAVED.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Graton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Drug Store, regular size 50c and \$1.00.

See that frost is excluded from your cellar.

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.

Too much water ends in bog or swale grass.

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS

Is the complaint of thousands 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.

Spain has issued a decree increasing the duties on articles of food.

A DUTY TO YOURSELF.

It is surprising that people will use a common ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick headache and all Liver Trouble. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not gripe. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

If you do not have running water try a windmill to work the pump.

WE CAN AND DO

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 syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

The cheapest feed is that which gives the biggest return for the cost.

Who Is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with heartburn, Bile, and thoroughly builds up after eating. Bile, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better use Green's August Flower, sets no person can use it without immediate relief.

Godey's Lady's Book. A GOLD THIMBLE.

BY HEATHER BELL.

NEARLY all the morning the three girls had spent in Agnes' little parlor, and Sibyl Dagon was lying on a sofa, reading.

She had evidently, however, been listening to the conversation of the other two, and she had learned for certain a fact which before she had only suspected.

"Clarissa, will you hold this skein of silk for me? It will only take a few minutes," Agnes said, and her little friend had come forward with both white hands outstretched to receive the silken threads.

"Oh, what a pretty thimble you have on!" said Clarissa, bending to admire the bright, golden thimble on Agnes' finger.

"Yes—I was stitching the border of this purse I am making. It is pretty, and a gift from—somebody!" She gave a soft laugh, and her fair face looked as if it had borrowed some of the crimson from the silk she was winding. Had she not been so occupied she must have noticed the almost deathly pallor of the face before her, for Clarissa Vernon was a simple, innocent, dove-like little creature, who had not yet learned to mask her emotions from observation.

"To tell you the truth," continued Agnes, "it would fit your little hand better than mine. It's a tiny bit small for my finger, but I think it will wear smooth, and so I would not trouble Alec to change it."

"Alec!" said Clarissa, sharply.

"Why, yes! I told you it was a present from Alec Thorndyke, didn't I?"

"You said from 'somebody,' and, of course I thought you meant—"

"Well, he is somebody and everybody to me now, you know! I have promised to marry him very soon, Clara dear!"

The skein of silk fell from Clarissa's fingers in a soft mass on the floor, in much danger of a tangle.

"Oh, excuse me! How awkward I am! But I always thought it was—"

"Who, for mercy's sake?"

"Why, Robert Hayford, of course!"

"What, Bob? Oh, no, indeed! Bob is a dear fellow, and has always been like the best of brothers to me, but I have no further claim upon him, I assure you!" And she gave a merry laugh as she took the last round of silk from Clarissa's hand.

Thus released, the girl turned to resume her seat in a frame of mind bordering on ecstasy, her surprise and happiness were so great.

She had forgotten all about Sibyl Dagon, and now encountered her gaze fixed upon her with an expression both peculiar and startling.

"I know your heart's secret," it seemed to say, "and I am concerned in this matter. You love Robert Hayford—so do I. Beware how you cross my path!"

She was certainly a more dangerous rival than the sweet and gentle Agnes, though Clarissa had never before thought of her in that character.

She was a beautiful woman, with fine dark eyes and rich, oriental complexion, but with a sinister, thin-lipped mouth that had always made Clarissa mistrust her, though she could hardly have explained the feeling. She was too true and simple-hearted herself to understand duplicity in others.

As Robert came into the room, Sibyl rose from the sofa and walked over to the fire. She leaned on the mantel, with her long white hand buried in the luxuriant masses of her lustrous black hair, while the soft folds of her cream-colored morning-gown fell around the tall, slender figure in graceful, undulating lines. Of course, she was posing for effect—had she not reason?

"I move that we go for a sleigh-ride after luncheon!" she said, suddenly. "It is a positive sin to waste such a heavenly day by staying in the house!"

"I second the motion," said Robert, and there was no dissenting voice heard. "Carried without op-

position," he laughed. "The sleighing is splendid, and the horses will be proud to carry such fair freight." He looked at Clarissa, and smiled as he spoke.

Sibyl Dagon tapped the fender impatiently with her slippers, but she was far too wise to show any displeasure.

"The horses shall be gratified," she said, lightly. Suppose we dress before luncheon, so that we may be all ready to go after!" and she went towards the door.

A little exclamation from Agnes stopped her:

"I can't find my gold thimble any place!"

"Any place but the right place, which is not far off, I'll wager," laughed Robert.

"You saucy boy, you know I never mislay my things."

"When did you have it last?"

"But a few minutes ago, when Clarissa and I were winding this silk. I can't think what I did with it after that."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! We must find it," said Clarissa.

"I've looked into every vase, box, or basket in the room where I might have dropped it. Where can it be?"

"Oh, it has only rolled into some corner, and will be sure to turn up, dear," said Clarissa, sympathetically. "No one was in the room but ourselves."

"Yes, the boy was in to take away the ashes," cried Agnes, "and if the thimble rolled under the fender, he would have taken it up without noticing it."

"I will go at once and have him search the ashes, said Clarissa, running from the room.

"I hope she will find it. There was no one else in the room, except Sibyl and Clarissa."

"And they are above suspicion," laughed Robert, jokingly.

Sibyl had come back into the room, but had not spoken. A strange lurid light smoldered in her dark eyes, but she waited in silence until Clarissa should return. In a few minutes she did, looking disappointed, vexed, and down-cast.

"The man had just come and emptied the ash-barrels," she said, regretfully.

Robert burst into a peal of laughter.

"Aggie, dear, it's going to be one of those mysterious disappearances that will never be explained," he said.

"You would not joke if you knew how much I valued it," said Agnes, coming back from a fruitless search under tables and chairs. Tears were in her eyes, and she left the room as she spoke.

"Oh, the dear girl! I forgot the trifle was a gift from her sweetheart," he said, remorsefully.

"Yes, and, of course, she values it threefold on that account," said Clarissa, earnestly. Then she looked up and met Robert's eyes bent upon her with an eager, questioning look in them that brought a vivid blush to her sensitive, child-like face, and she hastily followed Agnes from the room.

"Temptation is a strange thing," said Sibyl, musingly, when left alone with Robert.

"Yes, and a terrible thing," he said. "But why suspect the boy at all? True, he may have fallen a victim to cupidity, seeing the little thing was gold, but the chances are even that he never saw it, and that it will be found much nearer home than poor Jake's pocket!" and he, too, left her.

Miss Dagon was suddenly seized with a spasm of energy and desire to find the lost article. She overturned cushions, moved furniture, and darted about with eager sharp-sightedness.

"Ah, if I could but find it, I would even yet wrest him from her! He loves her! She has won his heart; but separated from her surely I could win it to myself! Oh, he must, he shall be mine—the only man I have ever loved!" She threw herself down in a chair, most miserable, but passionately vindictive.

"Childish superstition! And he looks at her when I am by! Surely, man, not woman, is the incomprehensible being! Could I but find that ban-

ble I would secrete it among her things, so that she could not escape! I would find the key to her jewel case, or her private drawer, and place it where no one but herself ever goes. It would entrap this innocent angel so that no denial, no explanation could clear her—so that the strongest belief in her perfection must be staggered by such evidence and proof! But, if I can't find that means, I will find some other to wring her heart as she has wronged mine!"

The holidays were now over, and Clarissa was about to return home. Sibyl was going to stay some weeks longer. Clarissa had said good-bye and was waiting in the drawing-room for the carriage to come round to take her to the station, when Sibyl came in.

"Oh, Miss Vernon, I am just in time to say good-bye. I had almost missed you."

"Why, I thought you brought good news, you came in so suddenly," said Clarissa, almost disappointed.

"Oh, about the thimble! I fear it will never turn up! Mr. Hayford exonerates the boy from all blame, and thinks it much more likely, since you and Agnes had it between you, that its loss has a very different explanation."

"Why, what can he mean? Agnes could have no object in losing her own property!" And she smiled in some perplexity.

"Oh, Agnes! Of course not!"

Clarissa looked at her with wide open, wondering eyes.

"Miss Dagon, I can't think what you mean!"

"I don't mean anything! I simply repeated Robert Hayford's words, 'If the thing is ever found, it will be much nearer home than poor Jake's pocket,' was what he said."

"Do your words imply that Robert Hayford insinuates that I might account for the loss of Agnes' gold thimble? That I—that I could explain its disappearance?"

"Sibyl shrugged her shoulders.

"It seems stupid and absurd, of course, but I can't undertake to regulate Robert's thoughts, you know, nor account for his suspicions."

Clarissa looked at her with a quivering face, from which all color had fled, then turned and walked out to the waiting carriage without another word.

Sibyl watched her from the window, with a malignant joy in the pain she had given.

"Presumptuous, pale-faced creature!" she muttered. "If I can't have him, at least she shall not! She could never speak to him on such a subject, so I am safe."

And Clarissa? She felt as one stricken to the very earth!

"Is it possible that he could have said that? And I thought—oh, heavens! That, then, was the cause of that strange, intent look that I interpreted so differently! Oh, fool, infatuated and blind, ever to have thought of one so unworthy—one who could be small-minded enough to so misuse me! And I loved him so—yes, even when I thought he belonged to another. Ah, what shall I do? How shall I bear this shattering of my heart's hopes—this bitter, cruel insult?"

Poor girl! she little thought how thorough an actress her rival was, nor how utterly unscrupulous in carrying out her plans.

Agnes was much engaged in the preparation of an elaborate trousseau for her approaching marriage. Both Sibyl and Clarissa had promised to be bridesmaids, but Clarissa had tried earnestly to escape, since Robert was to be the groom's best man. However, Agnes threatened to be both hurt and offended if she failed to keep her promise, so she wore her pretty dress of gauzy white tissue reluctantly. More than one remarked upon the change that a few months had wrought upon the girl's appearance. In truth, the experience of grief had developed her from a thoughtless, confiding child, to a reserved and self-contained woman, bearing her trouble in secret, with no outward sign.

Many a guest looked at her with

admiring eyes, even while the bride swept by in her robe of satin and lace. Robert never took his glance from her, but she bore his gaze with a haughty, indifferent grace, though the sapphire eyes glowed in a face of marble whiteness.

The bride had gone. All the traditional offerings of good luck had been hurled at the bridal carriage, and the horses had not taken fright.

At the ball that night, Clarissa had no lack of partners, but she refused to dance. She was sitting in an alcove alone, when Robert came up to her.

"Will you not give me this waltz?" he asked. "But no, you are tired. I should not ask for such a favor."

"I am not at all tired, Mr. Hayford," she answered coldly, "but I do not care to dance."

Robert bit his lip, her words were so evidently intended as a rebuff. Then he sat down on the sofa beside her.

"Miss Vernon," he said, softly, "you seem displeased. At times I have even thought that you avoided me. Have I offended you? Oh, pray, pray, tell me how, that I may remedy the fault at once. Believe me, nothing would grieve me so much as to think—"

She turned, and looked him full in the face. Then—why was it? The blood rushed to her own in a torrent! Over her white throat and pearly ears, to the golden rings of her shining hair that clustered on the forehead, it surged in a tell-tale blush. Her eyes fell, and she trembled beside him.

It was all false, she felt that it was. That woman had lied to her! He loved her! She saw it in every line of his face, heard it in every tone of his voice. Ah, it was she that had wronged him!

Robert hardly comprehended the sudden change, but he seized the auspicious moment.

"Clarissa, I love you! Darling, if you will let me love you; if you will be my wife, I will spend a lifetime atoning for the fault, whatever it be!"

Clarissa slowly raised her eyes. They met those of Sibyl Dagon, who, as she played the dance music in quick, true time, gazed at Clarissa with a contemptuous smile on her cruel lips. "So," they seemed to say, "proud as you are, you can yet love the man who thinks so meanly of you!"

Slowly the color ebbed away from Clarissa's face. Surely this woman had cast an evil spell over the girl, depriving her of the power to use her own judgment.

She turned to her lover with an icy haughtiness.

"Mr. Hayford, you have not offended me. That, I think, would be impossible!" with a scornful curl of the lip, "but you have misunderstood me. I have given you no right to speak such words to me. I have no—no regard for you!"

Robert was thunderstruck. He dashed violently, but when he left her Clarissa thought she never before had seen a man so pale.

He rose to his feet.

"Miss Vernon," he said, quietly enough, though his voice shook, "you are quite right—I have misunderstood you!" And, with a slight inclination of the head, he walked away.

The dancing ceased. Sibyl finished her playing with a series of brilliant runs and chords. For the present Clarissa's foe was triumphant, and she knew it.

Two years passed away. Robert had gone abroad on business for his father's firm, and had but lately come back.

Clarissa had kept up her friendship with Agnes, who lived near her old home. One evening she had come to stay with her, as she often did, and was surprised and secretly distressed to find her old lover there.

"See, Clarissa," said Agnes, taking up a silken ball from which she had been knitting, "this is what is left of the very skein of silk we were winding the day I lost my thimble. How odd that it should never have come to light! It must have disappeared in the ash-barrel, for I'm sure Jake was honest. See, I'm

making a pair of stockings for baby of this—won't they be sweet?"

She let the ball fall to the floor as she spoke, and it rolled away.

Clarissa looked furtively at Robert, but not the slightest change of expression showed that he had noticed the reference to the gold thimble, though he had been listening, for he smiled at Agnes' last remark.

She changed her needles and pulled her thread. What was that sharp clicking sound against the frame of an ottoman? Agnes gave a delighted cry, and darted down upon the floor.

"Oh, look. It is my gold thimble! It has been in the ball all this time! You remember, Clara, dear, I had it on my finger, and never missed it from it. How funny?"

And she held up the little shining thing to her two hearers, so darkly fateful!

Robert put it on the top of his little finger.

"A tiny thing to cause so much trouble!" he said.

"You may have it now, Clarissa! It has come too late for me. My finger has grown much too plump!" And she ran up stairs to tell the story of its discovery to her aunt.

Clarissa and Robert were alone for the first time since her scornful words had parted them. She rose hastily to leave the room.

"Stay, Miss Vernon; do not be disturbed. If you wish it, I will leave the room."

She stood still a moment, neither moving nor speaking. Then she yielded to a sudden impulse.

"Mr. Hayford, this 'tiny thing' has caused more trouble than you are aware of," she said.

"Indeed? What more is it responsible for?"

"Oh, I know now I was all wrong. Sibyl Dagon told me you had said—had insinuated that I—that I had taken this thimble when it was lost!"

He looked at her like one stupefied.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Oh, do not try," she said, coming towards him with clasped, imploring hands. "Only forgive me. Say that you forgive me. I must have been bewitched—dazed."

"Do you mean that I believed—that you believed I had ever said—"

He looked at her with a growing horror in his still bewildered face.

"It was the cause of all my horrible and insane treatment of you," she said, burying her face in her hands.

He was silent for a time. Then he came to her side, and gently drew the hands from the tear-wet, remorseful face.

"Then you do love me, after all," he whispered.

"Ah, so dearly I love you—have always loved you," she said between her sobs. "But, oh, Robert, if you really love me as you say you do, never make me speak of this dreadful mistake again. Oh, dear love, I am so sorry, so ashamed. Tell me you forgive me!"

"I do, darling; and you shall on'y speak of what you please, and only when you choose." And he folded her in his arms and laughed kindly into the troubled face.

She raised her lips to his in mute gratitude, and what lover could have wished for a more eloquent substitute for speech?

People may laugh at Hon. Jerry Simpson, the sockless Congressman elect of Kansas, but there's method in his eccentricity. A Jersey City hosiery manufacturer, learning that Jerry wore no stockings, sent him a fine outfit, but the gift was declined in the following terms: Sir—Our forefathers refused to drink tea because it was taxed 3 per cent., and held a tea party in Boston for the purpose of getting rid of the stuff. I have just finished figuring up the tax upon those stockings, and I find that it amounts to 70 per cent. I will wear no socks till the tax is taken off. Hurrah for Sockless Jerry!—E. R.

The only positive cure for cholera ever yet discovered is Garter's magic chicken cho'e-a cure. It has never failed, but, perchance, it should, it will cost you nothing. It is guaranteed by Dr. J. M. Lawing.