

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1891.

NO. 37

Professional Cards.

BARTLETT SHIPP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

Finley & Wetmore,

ATTYS. AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.

All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to.

April 13, 1890.

Dr. Will A. Pressley

SURGEON DENTIST,

OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST., LINCOLN, 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.

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, Bolls, 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.

It is estimated that the world contains about six hundred million sheep, with an annual wool product of two billion pounds.

A WONDER WORKER.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was unable to get around. They pronounced his case consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is today enjoying good health. If you have any throat, lung or chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

HONEST PRICES. Listen TO WHAT I SAY. FAIR DEALING.

I begin the New Year determined to create such an advantage that my friends who haven't time to come down to Charlotte and see my immense stock can stay at home and buy as satisfactorily as if they saw the goods on the floor. I have out a complete line of photos of

FURNITURE, PIANOS, AND ORGANS,

which shows up Quality and Styles almost as well as if you saw the goods themselves. I guarantee every article just as represented, and if you do not find it so you can return the goods to me and I will bear the expense both ways and

REFUND YOUR MONEY.

By ordering from me through photos you save paying the big prices smaller dealers charge you, and your railroad fare to Charlotte. Write me for photos of what you want and I will guarantee to both please and save you money.

E. M. ANDREWS,

Dealer in Furniture, Pianos and Organs. 18 and 18 West Trade St.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Killas Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 12th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

CARLOS MARTY, D. D., Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CENTRAE COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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, Cold 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."

The National Framers' Alliance will hold its annual meeting at Omaha January 27, 28.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS.

Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Animals are liable to colds the same as men. See that they have suitable protection.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

The shoot that springs up in a blackberry patch one year bears fruit the next.

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 simple bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold under a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Fruit not only gives a relish to the meal, but health to the body.

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.

Put in varieties enough to have strawberries for six weeks.

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions and do not find our statement correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

A little well rotted manure was never known to injure either pasture or meadow land.

From The Old Homestead.

"AUNT PEN."

WHY, dear me, who are you child—not, no—you never can be little Salome Preston?" cried Miss Penelope Glover, shading her eyes with one hand for a clearer view of the slim girlish figure on the low vine covered porch.

"Yes, I am that unfortunate being. Won't you take me in, Aunt Pen, for mamma's sake? I'll be very good," and two slender hands found their way in Miss Pen's hardened palms.

"But what brought you here?" queried the lady.

"The train," answered Salome saucily. The next instant her mood changed, and tears welled up in the great brown eyes. "It was grandpa, Aunt Pen. Mamma said you were here, dearest aunt, and that if I was ever in trouble to come to you."

"Of course, of course; where else would you go but to her old home?" and Miss Pen gathered the girl in her arms and kissed away the tears.

"Grandpa drove me off, and I will never return until that hateful Tracy Chisholm—"

"Drove you off?" cried horrified Miss Pen.

"Not exactly as you think. You know he wants me to marry Tracy Chisholm, and his high mightiness is coming to see if I will be altogether unendurable as a wife. I am to be put on exhibition like any other bundle of goods. It's an outrage! I will not be thrown at any man's head, so I came here, and I hope grandpa will succeed in uniting our fortunes," and she ended with a little defiant nod that spoke volumes.

"Tracy Chisholm is welcome to grandpa's property—perfectly welcome," she resumed before bewildered Miss Pen could say a word. "I can work for my living; other girls do."

Miss Pen smiled involuntarily, with a glance at the faultless Parisian traveling suit and the dainty loveliness of her niece.

"You need not laugh, Aunt Pen. I can work," said the little beauty.

But Miss Pen did laugh as she carried the girl to her room. The bare idea of Salome Preston working! Salome, who had fed on rose leaves, metaphorically speaking, all her young life, with never a care or ungratified wish! Well, she would keep this wilful child until she tired of the country, and no harm would come of her runaway freak. She would have written to old Mr. Preston, telling him Salome was with her, but the girl begged so piteously not to betray her hiding place that Miss Pen stifled conscience and yielded to her wishes, not even telling her old father why Salome had come so far all alone. Indeed, Aunt Pen could refuse the girl nothing, she was so lovable, so winsome, so like a human sunbeam in the old house. Any fear that she would prove a troublesome guest soon vanished, for Salome might have lived all her days on the farm, so thoroughly did she enter into the spirit of its peaceful life, often declaring it was the very happiest summer she had ever known.

A month went by. Then one evening Miss Pen, coming home from the village, found a hack standing before the gate, and a young gentleman in a light summer suit, plentifully powdered with dust, walking up and down the shaded lane. He stated that, chancing to pass by Hill Crest the previous day, he had been charmed with its lovely views and evident quiet, and learning that she took summer boarders, had called to know if she could accommodate him. References? Certainly, and to Miss Pen's amazement he gave her the name of Salome's paternal grandfather, and completed the matter by announcing himself as no other than Tracy Chisholm, the ward whom the girl had left home to keep from meeting.

Miss Pen's eyes twinkled with suppressed merriment. "My niece married Mr. Preston's son," she said.

"Yes," assented Tracy Chisholm,

"I knew you were a family connection."

"Your guardian is well, I hope?" "Quite well, thank you."

"And Salome?" hazarded Miss Pen. The genial light died from his eyes and something very like scorn curved his lips.

"I—the—truth is, I only spent a couple of hours with my guardian, Miss Glover, and I did not have the pleasure of seeing Miss Preston."

So, thought Miss Pen, with a keen appreciation of the situation, he has followed the child's example without knowing it and run away too from that awful old man.

Austere and grim, as all spinsters are supposed to be, Miss Pen had a genuine vein of romance in her composition; besides there was every reason why these two young persons playing at cross purposes should like each other. Salome was her grandfather's heiress, but he was determined to leave her penniless if she refused to marry his ward, and by the injustice of his father's will Tracy Chisholm could not marry against his guardian's wishes without forfeiting his own princely fortune—that is before the ripe age of thirty.

If only she could introduce these obstinate young people without their suspecting each other's identity, what was more probable than that they would fall in love and be happy. It would be such fun, too, that Miss Pen could not resist, and Tracy was duly installed in the large, airy room over the parlor, with its quaint furniture and delicious coolness. Miss Pen, inwardly trembling at her own temerity, introduced the pair of runaways across the supper table.

"My niece, Mr. Chisholm," she said, pronouncing the first syllable of his name so low that Salome believed she had said Holmes; and he, for reasons best known to himself, did not correct the mistake, while Salome became Miss Glover, just as her wily aunt meant she should.

The beginning of Miss Pen's little drama was all she could ask. No man heart-whole could sit opposite that vision of witching beauty and not become her victim. Perhaps it was pleasant to see a young face from her own world, but certainly Salome had never appeared so charming even to Aunt Pen's partial eyes.

Tracy Chisholm, watching her in a sort of maze, marveled at her perfect ease of manner and the exquisite modulations of her flute-like voice. He almost trembled lest the spell should be broken when they went into the parlor and she took her seat at the little upright piano. The last five years of his life had been spent in travel. He had heard the best singers of the day, and he was fastidious to a fault on the subject of music. Could this little country girl, lovely as she was, know anything of that divine art? He might have spared himself the question, for never had a voice more sweet and clear fallen on his ear.

She sang "Bonny Doon," and the "Mocking Bird." There were tears in his eyes when she finished, and Miss Pen, watching him, said to herself:

"It is a clear case of love at first sight, if I ever saw one. If I can just keep them both in ignorance. Queenie"—her pet name for Salome—"is actually blushing."

For some time she had things her own way. No two young people ever proceeded to fall in love more surely than these. They walked, rode, and sang together. Tracy was the girl's very shadow, and the two followed Aunt Pen into the kitchen and dairy like a pair of children. But at last the awakening Miss Pen dreaded came. They were under the scuppernon arbor hunting the first ripe fruit, when the boy came up with the mail. Salome took the bag and began looking over its contents, merely, as she affirmed, to teach her companion patience.

"Aunt Pen's 'Observer,' grandfather's 'Journal,'" she read aloud, "and, what is this?" staring at the innocent letter as if it had been the Gorgon's head.

"My letter," said he, forgetting

for the moment that she called him Mr. Holm.

"Yours? Your letter?"

"Yes," he assented, staring in a preoccupied way at the letter.

"Then you are Tracy Chisholm," she said, in so low and concentrated a voice that he must have known something was wrong, had not his mind been absorbed with the unwelcome news he knew this letter brought.

"I really wish I were someone else just for a time," he said slowly.

"I will take the papers and leave you to read your letter, Mr. Chisholm," and the next moment he was alone.

"Aunt Pen," cried Salome descending like a small avalanche on that lady, "we have been deceived all these weeks—shamefully deceived. This boarder of yours is Mr. Tracy Chisholm, grandfather Preston's ward. Just think, the wretch! I do not believe he stayed one day in New York, and I have made a friend of him—almost. You will send him away, Aunt Pen, won't you? I would die of mortification if he should learn my real name. I never can meet him again."

Salome's voice faltered and some emotion darkened her eyes.

"Well, dearie; yes, I'll see about the matter," stammered Miss Pen, too much upset to decide upon any plan of action. "There he comes now."

Salome took refuge in her own room, and when Miss Pen came in to tell her that the mischief-making letter called Tracy Chisholm to the city at once she held up a small hand and begged to be spared all mention of that obnoxious name; so Miss Pen, thinking she would relent when the first shock of discovery was over, left her.

"He must go away; I cannot see him ever again," Salome was saying to herself for the twentieth time when it flashed into her head that Aunt Pen was counting on Tracy Chisholm's board to finish paying off a mortgage of long standing. No, she could not ask for him to be sent away, that was clear, but she could go herself and make a long-promised visit to a dear old schoolmate in Virginia. She would remain until the summer was quite over and Tracy Chisholm gone, and hastily slipping on her traveling dress Salome stole from the house and took her way across the fields to the station. Miss Pen was mixing cream muffins in the pantry when her boarder came in with the sad intelligence that there had been a collision just above the station and quite a number had been killed and wounded.

"Dear me!" fluttered Miss Pen, putting her muffins to rise; "I'll go tell Queenie," and off she went. Tracy met her in the hall a moment later; her face was ashen in its palor.

"I've killed her!" she moaned; "I've murdered the poor motherless child! Oh," thrusting a crumpled sheet of paper in his hand, "do you think she is on that train?"

"What is it, Miss Pen? Whom are you speaking of?" he asked.

"Queenie. God forgive me, she is on that train; see," and this is what he read:

DEAR, DARLING AUNT PEN—I know you would send Mr. Chisholm away to please me, but I know you need the money so much, and so I am going to visit Alma Hughes. I will return when he is gone. I could not see him again after knowing he is T. C.; so, for fear you might object, I am going on this evening's train. Please forward my trunks. Your loving

SALOME PRESTON.

"Salome Preston!" he cried, "is she—"

"Queenie? Don't you see she is running from you?" wailed Miss Pen, too distracted to be lucid altogether. "For heaven's sake, help me get—"

But Tracy was remounting his horse and off like the wind. He will never forget that mad ride or the horrible fear of that hour. If only she was not dead. Queenie, his beautiful darling, to think she was Salome Preston, the girl he had so misjudged. He found her lying a little apart from the wreck with one arm stretched out on the grass broken, her white face upturned to

the summer sky, mercifully unconscious of her surroundings and pain.

"Queenie!" he cried, lifting the still form in his arms; "Queenie!" She opened her eyes.

"Darling, did you think you could go so far? I could not find you!"

There was a look of entreaty in her sweet eyes, the white lips quivering, but no words came.

"Yes, I know—you are Salome Preston; my Salome forevermore."

With a little sigh of content she turned her face against his breast and relapsed into unconsciousness. That was their betrothal; never another word of explanation. Miss Pen, full of thanksgiving that Salome escaped with only a broken arm, always comforts herself by saying:

"It was not so bad anyway, for nothing less than being brought face to face with death would have induced Salome to marry Tracy Chisholm, and after all it was fate."

MARAH,

Monticello, Ga.

The Speed of Insects.

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flight. House-flies frequent the inside of our windows, buzzing sluggishly in and out of the room. But what different creatures are they when they accompany your horse on a hot summer's day. A swarm of these little pests keeps pertinaciously on wing about the horse's ears; quicke the pace up to ten or twelve miles an hour, still they are there; let a gust of wind arise, and carry them backward and behind—the breeze having dropped, their speed is redoubled, and they return to their post of annoyance to the poor horse even when urged to its fastest pace.

But this example gives only a partial proof of the fly's power of flight, as following will show: The writer was traveling one day in autumn by rail at about twentyfive miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the car-window. They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train, so much so, indeed, that their flight seemed to be mechanical, and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a kind of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this notion was soon disproved. They sailed forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of thirty or forty feet, still keeping pace, and then returned with increased speed and buoyance to the window.

To account for this, look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the blood-vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably six hundred strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about twenty-five feet, but a seven-fold velocity can easily be attained, making one hundred and seventy-five feet per second, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race horse. If a small insect like a fly can outstrip a race horse, an insect as large as a horse would travel very much faster than a cannon-ball.

N. Y. Ledger.

How the Indian Problem Should be Solved.

The recent disturbances among the Indians of the Northwest have compelled attention to the necessity of a radical change in our Indian policy. There is no doubt that we have much to learn from the Dominion of Canada as regards the rigorous prevention of encroachments by white men on Indian reservations, and the scrupulous observance of treaty stipulations concerning supplies of food and clothing. But changes for the better in these directions, though they are indispensable, would only be palliatives, not remedies, of the existing difficulties.

The true method of solving the red-race problem is to be discovered by a study of our past dealings with the Indian, in which the arrangements that have failed should be carefully distinguished from those that have resulted in the red man's becoming civilized and prosperous.

Why is it that the Delaware, the Wyandots, the Pottawattamies and the Shawnees have made such notable progress and are now for the most thriving and contented? An analysis of the facts will show that in almost every instance where these satisfactory results have been attained the Indians had been persuaded to abandon their tribal relation and to allot their lands in severalty. In this way their nomad instincts became gradually extinguished, and the stimulus supplied by individual ownership begot industry and a relish for the usages of civilized life. We ought to profit by this experience and make a renunciation of the tribal relation and a distribution of lands in severalty essential conditions of all future treaties with the Indians.

When the red men insist upon maintaining the old treaties, under which the lands reserved for them are to be held in common, we must, of course, conform to them. But experience has shown that if we win the confidence of the Indians by treating them with punctilious justice, they are amenable to reason, and can be persuaded to replace the old treaties with new ones, providing for individual ownership of land. Give the Indian something to work for, and the examples of the Delaware and the other tribes mentioned demonstrate that he will work and raise himself in the scale of civilization.—N. Y. Ledger.

WHO OWN THIS COUNTRY?

How Class Legislation Creates Millionaires and Paupers.

Mr. Shearman's statement, reducing to tabular form the amount of wealth in the hands of persons worth over \$500,000 each in the United States, was about as follows:

200 persons at \$20,000,000	\$4,000,000,000
400 persons at 1,000,000	4,000,000,000
1000 persons at 5,000,000	5,000,000,000
2000 persons at 2,500,000	5,000,000,000
6000 persons at 1,000,000	6,000,000,000
15,000 persons at 500,000	7,500,000,000
Total	\$31,000,000,000

This gave for the whole country a total of 9600 millionaires. It also gave the startling result—as the aggregate wealth, according to the highest estimate, does not exceed \$30,000,000,000—that less than 25,000 persons possess more than one half of the entire national wealth, real and personal, of every name and nature. There is no region on earth where class legislation and the control of government by the money power are having a more injurious effect upon the masses, by the concentration of wealth in a few hands, than in the United States. As things are going, and have been going for thirty years, instead of being "the land of the free and the home of the brave," we shall be "the land of the rich and the home of the slave."—Jackson, Mich., Patriot.

A Remarkable Case.

Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with various veils, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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