

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 13, 1891.

NO. 40

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 18, 1890.

Dr. Will A. Prossley,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,

LINCOLN, N. C.

July 11, 1890.

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.

Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.

Jan 25 '91

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.

Jan 25 '91

Henry Taylor, Barber.

If you feel weak and all worn out take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Bill-Yard.

The game of billiards was invented about the middle of the sixteenth century by a London pawnbroker named William Kew. In bad, stormy weather, when trade was slack, this pawnbroker was in the habit of taking down the three balls of his sign, and, with a yard measure, pushing them about the counter, "billiard" fashion, into boxes fixed at the sides. In time the idea of a fenced table with pockets suggested itself. A black letter manuscript of 1570 contains the following in reference to the game and its originator; "Master Will Kew did make an (one) board where a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Paul's; hence one of ye strokes was named a 'cannon' having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. The game is now known by ye name of 'billiard,' because William, or Bill Kew, did first play it with a yard-measure. The stick used is now called a 'cue,' or 'kew,' in memory of Mr. Kew, who has been dead some time."

It is easy to understand how "billiard" has been modernized into "billiard" the transformation of "kew" into "cue" is equally apparent.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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.

Sorrow remembered sweeten present joys.—*Pollak.*

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.

ALL AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

A VALENTINE STORY.

BY ELSIE SNOWE.

COMPTON MOORHOUSE was heir to a fine estate, and to a rent-roll of fifty thousand pounds a year; therefore he went into the best society of the country, and though people smiled in an indulgent and often pitying manner when he was named, he was generally noted as a good, harmless fellow, and a lucky catch for some girl. Had he been born in a different class, and obliged to earn a living, he would have been called "a sooty," and his lines would seldom have fallen in pleasant places, unless he had taken up the profession of a fisherman, for he was a skillful angler. He was also a good shot, an excellent sportsman when he chose, for he really disliked "killing things," as he said himself, and all dumb, helpless creatures loved him. For the rest there were people who said he "wasn't at all such a fool as he looked, don't you know?" and that sort of negative praise was the highest pitch of enthusiasm ever reached, even by his best friends.

But he was modest, gentle, and kind; and it he understood the opinion entertained of him by the majority of people, he probably considered it just, and having no vanity, his *amour propre* did not suffer keenly. Was it, then, an intentional bit of satire on his part, or just the irony of fate, that he should choose to fall in love with the beauty of the season—the prettiest girl in Northumberland?

"What a fool I am! Oh, it is worse than folly—it is madness!" thought Compton, when the fact dawned on him; for his was the worst kind of love, the fiercest, most irresistible—love at first sight, and he was fathoms deep in that fiery maelstrom before he had even suspected it. "She will never look at me, and I may as well blow my brains out, for I can't live without her!"

Miranda Dalton was too handsome for a poor girl, as some one in the set in which she moved had said of her, for so much beauty was utterly thrown away, since romance was dead, and now-a-days all the great catches expected as much money as they brought to the matrimonial market; but all the same, the season that Miss Dalton was presented, saw her the reigning beauty, and on the second season it was the same, and it promised to be the same for many seasons to come; but still she might have sung with the humble heroine of the song:

"Nobody coming to marry me—
Nobody coming to woo."

The most indifferent person in the Dalton family on the subject of her marriage was Miranda herself—next to herself the next most indifferent was her father, who was so fond of his daughter that he had no wish at all to see her married; after Major Dalton came the servants, who didn't want to lose the gentle presence of their young mistress; but of the personage known as the final member of the family it could not be said that she was indifferent at all—in fact, the most ardent wish of Miss Meredith's heart, next to her own settlement in life, was that of the charming Miranda.

Lucille Meredith, properly speaking, was not a member of the Dalton family at all, though she was in the habit of calling Miranda her sister, and often referred to Major Dalton as "dear papa," as she had always referred to Mrs. Dalton as "dear mamma." As a matter of fact she was a daughter of Mrs. Dalton's first husband by a previous wife, and as her stepmother had been left the guardian of her small fortune, as well as herself, the child quite naturally came to be included in the family of her stepmother; and then as the relationship was somewhat complicated, after Mrs. Meredith became Mrs. Dalton, it was seldom explained except to very intimate friends. Mrs. Dalton had been a great beauty in her day—as great a beauty as Miranda, and Major Dal-

ton had been madly in love with her; and though Lucille was only her step-daughter, he bestowed a part of that affection on the dark-browed little girl, and was pleased to be called "papa" by the same lips that were privileged to call his lovely bride "mamma," and even when his own fairy-like daughter came he felt no disposition to make any change, so that Lucille in the most natural way began calling the new comer her little sister. She was ten years older than Miranda, and sincerely attached to the lovely child to her way, and although there was the utmost distastefulity between them in every respect, especially in their appearance, it was not until Miranda began to be spoken of as the beauty of the country that Lucille looked at her with any state of envy or bitterness. Her chance of marriage had been eliminated before, but now she felt that while Miranda remained unmarried no man that came to the Grange would even look at her, and no managing mother ever worked for her daughter's settlement in life more ardently than Lucille Meredith for the happy and prosperous marriage of her "sister."

With quick instinct she divined the secret of Compton Moorhouse, and she was equally quick to perceive that while others admired, perhaps even loved the beautiful Miranda, Compton was the one who wished to marry her. She took pains to encourage his visits, and when the family left town at the close of each season she managed that young Moorhouse should know whether they went abroad, and where, and when they returned to the Grange. Major Dalton had never been rich, and now he began to feel that his means were slender indeed, and the greater part of the year was spent in Northumberland where he was at least under his own roof as yet, though the place was so heavily mortgaged that he began to entertain serious fears about holding it.

He was still comparatively a young man, proverbially hospitable, and fond of the company of his own sex, and there were always two or three men invited for the shooting, and later in the season for the hunting, and often for a quiet, old-fashioned Christmas; in short, for anything that would lighten the winter season and brighten up the old house; and for every festivity of any sort Lucille took care that Moorhouse was invited. Miranda and the Major began to observe this obvious attention to the young man, and looked at each other and smiled, while outsiders laughed and openly ridiculed the efforts of "Old Maid Meredith" to carry off Moorhouse and his fifty thousand a year. But Compton never for a moment misunderstood her. From the first he saw that she had divined his secret, that she encouraged what he scarcely dared to hope, and that she gave him a hundred opportunities to see Miranda, which otherwise he never could have compassed, and he was grateful. Indeed, he loved Lucille, truly—as a sister—and feeling that they quite understood each other, their confidence and intimacy was easily mistaken by Miranda, and was the cause of her own kindly manner toward Compton. But though her radiant smiles and low, sweet tones when they were alone together often made him dizzy with hope and happiness, he had never yet summoned up courage to risk his present bliss by asking for more.

"You will lose her," Lucille said to him once; she had beckoned him to her as he was going out on a shooting expedition with the rest of the men. "You have more than one rival, but I happen to know that no one has yet spoken, and I know Miranda well enough to be quite sure that not one of them possesses any special attraction for her. She is not the least bit in the world in love with any one—never has been—but she likes you, and if you choose to take a friend's advice you will make use of your opportunities before some one gets ahead of you."

"I cannot—I dare not!" said Compton, with a sigh of despair. "It is presumption for me even to

think of her. I feel myself so unworthy of her best look that every time I have tried to put my feelings into words my voice dies away, and the beating of my heart nearly suffocates me—"

"Nonsense! Must I tell you for ever and ever that such a faint heart will never win any woman, at least, if she should know it. Now there is, to a girl like Miranda, a certain charm in such excessive modesty—at least there would be if she knew it. But if you can't even summon up courage to tell her how much afraid you are even to lose her, I'm afraid she'll never find it out for herself. Some other man will get ahead of you, and you will have lost your best chance, that of being first in the field, and I have told you again and again that with girls like Miranda that is a very important consideration."

"Lucille, you are my best friend, my sister—oh! how I wish you were my sister! By jove! I'll try—I really will—I'll speak to Miranda to-morrow!"

"That's right!" exclaimed Lucille, encouragingly. "Remember, 'faint heart never won' anything, fair or otherwise, and my best wishes go with you."

And as Compton hastened away to join the rest of the party who were waiting for him, and making feeble jokes at his expense, to the effect that he was lingering for a few tender words with his sweet-heart, Lucille looked doubtfully after him.

"If he didn't look such a simpleton; if he could only pluck up a little courage! He's really almost handsome when he's very much in earnest; he has fine eyes, too! and such a rent roll. I hope Moorhouse hasn't any sentiment; but I never understood her in the least. But she does like Compton, she always listens with a smile when I praise him, and her manner toward him is quite encouraging. She never seems so pleased to see any man that comes here; oh dear! I wish it was over. I wish she was married and settled."

It was impossible for his most kindly disposed friend to compliment Moorhouse on his shooting that day; in fact, he aimed so widely, and missed so constantly, that his companions ceased joking him, and rather seriously advised him to return to the house before he should blow his own head off or some better man's.

Compton took the advice in good part, glad enough to be by himself; and having brought himself to a kind of Bob Acres' courage, regarding Miss Dalton he longed to get into her presence, and fire off his proposal without an instant's delay, since "valor will come and go," and, like Bob, he feared that he was far more likely to "go" than to come again.

Fate favored him so far as to give him an immediate opportunity. He found Miss Dalton alone in a little sitting-room where only privileged people were allowed to seek her; but he felt himself to be one of these from the fact that he had often been received there, and because she now bestowed on him her customary smile of welcome as he entered.

Compton spoke at once, and although Miranda's look of amazement, slowly changing to an expression of repressed merriment, might have warned him to desist, he would not accept the warning, but poured out the torrent of emotion that had been seething within him since the morning, and ended by making her a formal and some what old-fashioned proposal of marriage. The effect, coming after his impetuous and almost incoherent declaration of love was irresistible, and the young girl could no longer repress her merriment. She laughed immoderately, shocked at herself for doing so, and the expression of anguish on her suitor's face only served to increase her sense of the ridiculous.

"Sit down, Compton; pray, sit down," she said at last, "and forgive my rudeness; but you see you have made such a blunder—of course you came in here expecting to find

Lucille, and in your excitement you did not find out your mistake. I tried in vain, again and again, to stop you, but nothing could stem the torrent of your eloquence, and I simply could not resist the fun of it. Don't be hurt. I know it will be alright. I'm sure Lucille is fond of you. In fact, she quite raves about you to me, and I thought you were engaged long ago, and have quite wondered that she had not taken me into her confidence and told me all about it—"

She paused suddenly, struck by the expression of keen suffering on the face of her listener. He was as pale as if he lay in his coffin, and a look of despair that gave strength and a certain tragic dignity to his common-place features, almost startled Miranda. Every trace of merriment left her thrill of pain and terror.

"I have never thought of Miss Meredith in the way you mean," said Moorhouse, "she has never for a moment made the mistake of supposing that I did. I don't think she has thought any more than I have that any one else had made that mistake. I have never loved any girl but you Miss Dalton. I never shall—of course, I don't know how to tell you of it, for I am only a poor, plain, stupid fellow. I never meant to have told you, or any one about this, for though I know how absurd it is for a fellow like me to think of winning a girl like you, my love for you is too sacred a thing for me to bear to have it turned into ridicule. Miss Meredith guessed my secret. I don't know how she did, for I tried to conceal it as well as I could, but women are quick about such things, and when she told me that you rather liked me, I suppose I must have lost my head, for somehow with her continually before me that you were not altogether indifferent, and then the valentines; besides, I was just mad enough to keep thinking and hoping till I came to think it was impossible—"

"What valentine?" exclaimed Miranda, as soon as the meaning of his words had reached her brain. "I never sent any one a valentine in all my life—a valentine! How perfectly ridiculous!"

Poor Compton! it was not possible for him to grow paler, but an expression of almost grotesque horror came over his face, and Miranda was again nearly overwhelmed with an hysterical desire to laugh, but she repressed it.

"You never sent me a valentine?" he asked. "Then I am without any excuse, for that, alone with Lucille's encouragement, was my only ground for hope—see!" and he drew from his breast pocket a large sized envelope which had evidently seen wear, for he had carried it about with him, always as near to his heart as he could get it, since the February before.

Miranda mechanically put out her hand and took the envelope, for Moorhouse held it toward her, and casting her glance on it she saw that it was indeed, addressed in her own handwriting. A warm blush crimsoned her face, and she said: "This is, indeed, my writing, Compton, but I never sent it to you—oh this is too bad! I never thought, Lucille could have done such a thing! I remember all about it now. This is how it was—she was addressing envelopes for the maids, and she jestingly asked me to address one to you; thinking that you and she understood each other, and that she was going to play scurrilously jest, I did as she asked me, and never even remembered it again till this moment. Even had I thought of it, believing you to be engaged to each other, I never could have dreamed of any misunderstanding."

While she spoke she had drawn out the enclosure, which she saw to be of the usual heart and dove and love character peculiar to the fourteenth day of February; but in the centre of the paper were pasted four lines of poetry, cut from some magazine, and so marked as to have a specially personal and encouraging effect.

[Concluded next week.]

The Benefit of Rough Experiences.

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or, if not all, certainly nineteen twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplussage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than themselves, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes that it be knocked out of them. A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level.

The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; but no man can either be truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous or overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social status, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely, the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet and arrived, though by a rough road, and at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WE CAN AND DO
Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Purifier, 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.

Power of Will.

The influence of a powerful will in arresting or retarding the progress of a disease apparently fatal is one of the most wonderful of all mental phenomena. A person of feeble frame, but of a determined and hopeful spirit, sometimes keeps death at bay for weeks, months, even years, and finally, in defiance of the physicians who have sat in judgment on his case and pronounced it utterly hopeless, recovers and returns to his customary vocations. On the other hand, a man of strong physique not unfrequently withers and dies under a comparatively controllable ailment simply from a lack of the mental energy which enables the strong-willed weakling to repel the Destroyer.

ANDREW JACKSON, when physically a wreck and carrying lead enough in him to kill a weak man, was able, by the force of his will, to triumph over disease and at the same time hold a regiment of mutinous soldiers in check.

With a cheerful disposition, indomitable resolution and courage and a firm trust in the Being who helps them that help themselves, it is astonishing to what an extent the gravest physical evils may be ameliorated, and how often they may be overcome.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A CHILD KILLED.
Another child killed by the use of opium 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 Sooter. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

The people that have to practice what they preach seem somehow not to preach such disagreeable things as other people do.

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 headaches and all Liver Troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not gripe. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

HONEST PRICES. Listen FAIR DEALING.

To What I Say.

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.
16 and 18 West Trade St.

SEYMOUR'S SHEARS AND SCISSORS
CUT THE EASIEST
STAY SHARP
NOT KEPT BY STORES
INSIST ON YOUR STOREKEEPER GETTING THEM FOR YOU
SEYMOUR CUTLERY CO. Box 210, HOLYOKE, MASS.

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. ALCORN, 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 MARTY, D. D.,
New York City,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills 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."
ERWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.