

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

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

NO. 44

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. Pressley,

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 23 '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.

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

An Attractive Combined POCKET ALMANAC and MEMORANDUM BOOK advertising BROWN'S IRON BITTERS the best Tonic given away at Drug and general stores. Apply at once.

Population of N. C.

A press dispatch from Washington, D. C., says the Census Bureau announces the population of North Carolina by races as follows: Whites, 1,049,191; colored, 567,170; 1571; Chinese, 15. Total, 1,617,947.—*W. Star.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold yet you may get a trial bottle free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

THE body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of holes, imperceptible to the naked eye, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the number of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.—*Scientific American.*

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

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the inscription on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid.

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.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY ANNIE RUSSELL.

There are treasures locked and sealed,
Never to the eye revealed;
There are songs whose hidden flow
Mortal ear can never know.

There are flowers whose perfect hue
Seems to shrink from common view,
And a ruthless human touch
Is a death-blow unto such.

There are lives that stand alone,
To the outer world unknown;
Only here and there they find
Kindred spirits in mankind.

Scattered through the crowded street,
One or two we sometimes meet;
What on earth can be so rare
As the love such faces wear?

What in heaven can excel
The serene and magic spell
Found in such responsive love,
Leading us to God above?

New York Ledger.

ON SHROVE-TUESDAY.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?"

Bessie Milward had thrust the last jeweled pin in the elaborate coiffure of Miss Havemeyer, clasped the clumsily set old necklace of diamonds, which was an heirloom in the Havemeyer family, around the rather sawn neck presented for its reception, and now drew back with a little sigh of relief that her task was finished.

It was the evening of Shrove-Tuesday, and Miss Hilda Havemeyer was arrayed for the Mardi-Gras ball.

"How do I look?" she asked anxiously of Bessie.

"Dazzling!" replied Bessie.

The one word of reply was accuracy itself. Hilda did look dazzling, simply that. She rose with a satisfied smile, and regarded herself in the full-length mirror that stood between the lace-draped windows. The reflection therein was that of a tall, erect, well-preserved woman of forty, attired with a youthfulness of shade and style that detracted not a little from the dignity which should have given her years a charm of their own. Her gown of pure white silk might have been worn more suitably by a girl-graduate or a debutante. It contrasted quite unkindly with the portion of brown, skinned arm, visible between the glove and shoulder puff. She had once been handsome. Her features were regular. But a certain rigidity now characterized them, and the lines about the corners of the mouth and eyes were becoming distinct. Her complexion had been artistically applied, but not so artistically that the art was quite concealed. The studied simplicity of her dress was belied by the profusion of jewelry she wore. Bracelets, chains, sprays, brooches, all adorned her person. Indeed it would seem that not one of the famous Havemeyer jewels could have been left within the old silver jewel-case. The pink bloom of her cheeks, the brilliance of her gems, the snowiness of her gown, the glowing crimson of the great bunch of roses she carried, all combined had induced Bessie's pertinent criticism.

"I do look well," she said, with satisfaction, and Harry, dear Harry, always liked to see me in white." Bessie winced. She remembered when her parents were living, and her father, a man of wealth and position, that handsome Henry Lounsberry was a frequent visitor at their house. He was a distant, a very distant cousin of hers, as he was also of Hilda Havemeyer. Indeed, the name of a relationship had been retained more as a matter of courtesy than that it was authorized by kinship. He was much older than Bessie Milward, and, by the way, several years younger than Hilda Havemeyer. As a sensitive and emotional child, Bessie had regarded him as a veritable hero. Why, it would be hard to tell, unless for the womanly and illogical reason that some one must be adored. She blushed now, recalling her admiration, and remembering the

incense of homage she had given him.

"I think I hear carriage-wheels," she said.

Miss Havemeyer put her hand to her heart and caught her breath with an affection of most delicious embarrassment.

"I cannot meet him—yet. Except for our brief interview the other day, when he invited me to the Merd' Gras ball, I have not seen him since he went to India, five years ago. Go down like a good child, and keep him in talk till I come."

"I! Oh, no!" protested Bessie. Hilda turned on her quite a blank and incredulous stare.

"Why not?" she demanded. — Bessie crimsoned. Why not, indeed?

"You remember him, of course," said Hilda. "If I do not mistake he used to visit your father frequently."

"Yes," answered Bessie, vaguely. She was forgetting her position, she told herself, bitterly. She was paid to do what she was told. She was only a dressmaker, who went out by the day to work. Her cousin, it is true, never acknowledged the relationship before her household, and paid her no more than her ordinary charge; but Bessie made herself useful whenever her services were needed, and played maid on occasions like the present, with a dexterity and a skill which Hilda, if she did not requite, inwardly recognized and appreciated.

"Go down, then. I am afraid my complexion is a shade too—too healthy. A pretty pallor is considered in better taste nowadays. Don't you think so?"

"No!" responded Bessie, quickly, "I don't!"

But Miss Havemeyer was anxiously busy with the powder-puff. When she laid it down, she took up her gloves.

"I declare," impatiently, "I almost forgot this awkward ring!" She hastily drew the bauble in question from her finger, and put it on the mammoth slab of her dressing-case. Bessie took it up and slipped it admiringly on one of her slim, white little fingers. She turned her hand so that the stone, a large blue sapphire, would catch the light and sparkle. How delightful it was to be rich like her cousin Hilda, and possess such exquisite things! If she were only rich again! But oh, the tiresome routine of cutting, basting and sewing! She grew so utterly tired of it all. In her reverie she quite forgot the errand assigned to her. Miss Havemeyer's sharp and angry voice recalled her to herself.

"Have you forgotten I told you to go down and entertain Mr. Lounsberry, while I am getting these horrid tight gloves on?" she demanded.

Bessie Milward slipped off the ring, laid it down, turned, and went out of the room and down the thickly carpeted and sizzly lit stairway. The gentleman in full evening dress, sitting in the long, luxurious drawing-room, rose as she glided in. It was with an expression deferential but bewildered that he faced her. When and where had he seen her before, this slender little lady, gowned softly as a shrub, with the pale sweet face and great, timid brown eyes, and soft, dark hair, and gentle, sensitive rose-lips?

Suddenly he remembered. He strode across the room. He held out his hand.

"Is it really little Bessie?" he queried.

The voice, the words, the kind, grave, lofty, forgotten face momentarily wrecked her self-control. Her mouth trembled. For just a moment something hot and blinding shut him out from her. Then, in a few minutes, they were talking away quite gayly. Many memories had they in common. And those that were merry came uppermost. When Hilda sailed into the room, observed their evident friendliness and heard their spontaneous laughter, a steely flash widened suddenly those pale blue eyes of hers. How young Henry Lounsberry looked! Well, no one could call him old. He was at least five

or six years her junior. And a man who spends much of his life in travel and in contact with all that is best in society and art, retains his youth wonderful.

"I shall see you again," he said to Bessie, as he took Miss Havemeyer's wrap and bonnet. "Of course, you live here with your cousin."

Bessie smiled, a queer, faint little smile, that expressed a great deal.

"No," she replied. "I work here occasionally. I go out sewing for a living."

"What!" he cried. He looked inexpressibly shocked. In that moment, Hilda Havemeyer bitterly regretted having made her pretty cousin useful in entertaining her guest.

"We shall be late, I fear," she remarked, at the same time sending a scorching glance toward Bessie. "Come, Henry." And she turned away.

With a few low-murmured words to Bessie, he followed her. Bessie went up to Miss Havemeyer's room, where she had left her hat and cloak. A feminine figure standing by the dressing-case started as she entered.

"Oh, how you scared me, Miss Milward! I thought you were Miss Havemeyer."

And the housemaid withdrew her hand from her pocket, wherein she had hastily thrust it on being disturbed.

"Only I, Teresa. Have you seen my hat and wrap? Thank you."

Ten minutes later, she was out in the street, and walking toward the corner where she was to take her car. The spring night was bright, clear, and almost warm. She felt no sensation of fear. But she had had a tiresome day, and by the time she reached the home of the old nurse with whom she boarded, she was looking very white, weak and fagged.

"You are tired, dearie," Mrs. Butnam said. "This life is too hard for you."

For once Bessie's bravery failed her. She broke down in passionate, womanish crying.

"Yes, it is too hard," she said. But the next day she was her own bright, busy self again. All day long she worked on a dress she was remodeling for Miss Havemeyer, and that evening she took it home. She rang the basement bell. Teresa, who opened the door, stared at her in a frightened, half-resentful way she did not understand. She nodded pleasantly and went on up stairs, intending to carry her parcel straight to the room of the mistress of the house. As she passed the portier's library, however, voices, and the sound of her own name, brought her to a standstill.

"It does seem almost incredible," Hilda's smooth accents ran on, "that with her birth and breeding, Bessie Milward should be a thief! But she was the only one in my room after I left last night. Just before she came down to speak to you she put on the ring and was evidently admiring it very much. Though I have made and have had made the most thorough search, I have failed to see or hear of it since. Bessie must have stolen it!"

That was all and more than Bessie could stand. She dropped the bundle from her arms. She thrust aside the portier's. She flung into the room. Rose-red with wrath from brow to chin, she faced the occupants of the library.

"I a thief!" she panted. "I!"

There was a moment of embarrassment, of the most painful silence. Then Harry Lounsberry crossed swiftly to Bessie's side.

"No!" he said, in a low, intense voice. "The very idea is monstrous. Dear little girl, no!"

His impassioned defense went straight to her heart. All the indignant color faded from her face. She went white as death.

"Who else was there to take it?" in fierce, quivering tones questioned Hilda Havemeyer. "Who else?"

"Me!" quavered the timid voice of one who had followed Bessie up the stairs, and had since been crouching in conscience-stricken

terror without. "Me!"

"Teresa!"

"It was this way, miss. Seen' as how it was Shrove-Tuesday night, me an' the cook an' the coachman had a few friends in for a bite of supper an' some fun. An' cook she was makin' pancakes an' puttin' a ring to see which of us would be married inside a year. An' I lent her the ring to use that the undertaker's young man gave me, miss. An' cook—she says: 'He'll think you've give' the ring away, when he notices you ain't got it on'—meanin' Theophrastus, miss. An' I says: 'I'll make him think I've took up with another gentleman,' I says. 'I'll get the ring mistess never wears when she has gloves on, an' make believe to Theophrastus that I got it from a rival.' An' I did. An' we had pancakes; an' the stone cum out of the ring in the pancakes, and Theophrastus he got the ring an' I got the stone. An' then he knowed his ring and that I was only foolin'. An' we had a lot of laughin' an' a dance. An' I lost your ring!"

"Lost it!" repeated Miss Havemeyer, with a stony glare.

"Yes'm. It must have flew off my finger. But I'll find it, I will, or if I don't, I'll buy you another!"

This assertion was so absurd in view of the value of the trinket in question that Lounsberry roared out laughing.

The outcome of the affair was that Bessie took an indignant departure; that Teresa was dismissed in disgrace, and that Mr. Lounsberry paid no more visits to Miss Havemeyer. One day, several weeks later, Bessie received a note from Hilda.

"DEAR BESSIE: It seems that horrid girl told the truth, for cook found my ring under the refrigerator to-day, where it must have tumbled. I have half a dozen new dresses to make, and no one fits me as you do. I wish you would come and see me about them. Yours sincerely,

"HILDA HAVEMEYER."

This was Bessie's note of reply: "DEAR MISS HAVEMEYER: I am sorry I cannot oblige you, but I am too busy with my trousseau. I am to marry Harry Lounsberry on the twentieth. We shall spend a few years in Europe. You must be delighted at the recovery of your ring. Sincerely yours,

"BESSIE MILWARD."

Earthquakes strike terror to mankind, and cholera brought sorrow to our poultrymen until Gant's magic chicken cholera cure was sold here by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

A Third Party in '92.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—One of the most conspicuous persons in the Senate chamber to day was Senator-elect Peffer, of Kansas, who defeated Senator Ingalls. Mr. Peffer is here to see something of Washington and of the way business of the government is conducted.

Mr. Peffer thinks that there will be a third party in the field in 1892. A conference will be held at Cincinnati next May to consider what steps, if any, shall be taken in organizing for the next Presidential election. "At this conference," says Mr. Peffer, "all the different farmers' organizations of the county except perhaps the patrons of husbandry and all the labor organizations including the Knights of Labor, are expected to be represented. The object is to unite all the working forces of the county. Another meeting will probably be held later and then a systematic effort will be made to organize the whole country. Lectures are out now. Meetings will be held in every State between now and next fall to organize the farmers and laborers, particularly the farmers."

Senator Peffer says he will act with neither of the old parties except as they favor things that accord with his sense of duty and that he will never follow party for party's sake.

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.

Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER.

Rules To Observe in a Printing Office.

1. Walk in and engage the printers in conversation; the paper has to be gotten out on time, but that can be done at odd moments.

2. Carefully examine everything in the office. Pick up type from the cases, and if you put the type back at all be sure to put them in the wrong boxes. Handle galleys, and blunder around over the forms; you may pi several column but that can be set up again provided the copy has not been misplaced or destroyed.

3. Go to the copy hood and take off all the copy and read it; in the meantime making any remark that you may think pertinent to the subject matter under penual.

4. After reading the copy, don't fail to ask every one in the office, from the devil to the editor, who the correspondents are; you will not find out, but do not fail to inquire.

5. You will find the exchanges on the table, pick them up and look at them, and if you find any article that you wish to read, put the papers in your pocket and carry them off with you, the editor doesn't want to read them anyway.

6. Tell the editor that he doesn't publish enough "local news" that only last week Tom Tiddledewink's pet possum ran into the fire and got all of the hair singed off its back, and you did not say a word about it; that Jason Johosephat killed six big rats in his corn crib and not one line concerning it came out in the paper.

We have formulated these six brief rules for the use of our friends who honor us with their presence almost daily, and can assure them that a strict compliance with the same will make the editor's path a bright and shining way, his bed a bed of roses, and will cause him, after having enjoyed the unalloyed pleasure of this world for a season, to bid adieu to the Elysian fields of bliss.—*China Grove Dan.*

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 the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Allow a boy to run about one year in indolence, and you have laid the foundation whereon he will rest his future ruin.

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.

The Democratic heaven seems to be still working in New England. Under the Australian ballot system, tried for the first time in Burlington, Vermont, Tuesday, the city elected the first Democratic mayor it has had in twenty years.—*W. Star.*

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 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, Dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better use Green's August Flower, and no person can use it without immediate relief.

"She sings like a canary."

"Yes only her bill is a thousand times bigger. I had her at my last musicale."

THE FIRST STEP. Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

St. Peter—Who is that young man you were quarreling with, Matthew?

Old 'Un—Oh, one of those consounded-Old Inhabitants!

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.

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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. ACKER, 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., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, 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." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winktop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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