

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 20, 1891.

NO. 45

Professional Cards.

BARTLETT SHIPP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891. 1y.

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. 1y.

Dr. Will A. Pressley,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,

LINCOLN, N. C.

July 11, 1890. 1y

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 28 '91 1y

GO TO SOUTHERN STAR

BARBER SHOP.

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

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

Baby Carriages, \$7.50
Baby Carriages, 7.50
Baby Carriages, 7.50
Baby Carriages, 7.50

E. M. ANDREWS,
FURNITURE
PIANOS & ORGANS.

Parlor Suits, \$35
Parlor Suits, 35
Parlor Suits, 35
Parlor Suits, 35

I made the largest purchase of BABY CARRIAGES this season since I have been in business. Bought over

75 CARRIAGES

At one single purchase: I can sell you a beautiful RATTAN CARRIAGE with wire wheels at \$7.50. Did you ever see any of those \$12.00

Silk Plush Upholstered Carriages

Of mine? Think of it! Silk plush at \$12. I have something new to show you this season. They are beautiful styles in Rattan carriages, finished 10th century, for from \$15 to \$25. The BAMBOO is something new also, and is having a big run. I can furnish you CATALOGUES of all my styles, and I guarantee to sell you carriages from 15 to 20 per cent. less than any other dealer in the State.

Parlor Suits.

I have an endless variety PARLOR SUITS to suit all tastes and a verybody's pocket. I can sell you anything from the Wool Plush Suit of Opera, in Walnut Frame, for only \$35.00 to the handsome Suit of 5 pieces for \$250.00. This is a suit that retails in New York City for \$325.00. My stock is more than complete in every respect.

PIANOS AND ORGANS!

Of the finest, most reliable make sold at lowest prices for cash or on easy payments. Write for my new CATALOGUE.

E. M. ANDREWS,
Charlotte, N. C.

14 and 16 West Trade St.

SEYMOUR'S SHEARS AND SCISSORS
STAY SHARP
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. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

"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 MANN, D. D., New York City. 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 beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

THE VAN DUZENER PRIDE.

BY JOSEPHINE GATES.

HARRING an occasional bill or advertising circular, George Mortimer's mail had, as a rule, consisted mainly of certain darling little notes which sweetly thanked him for flowers or candy; or told him that the writer would be delighted to accept his invitation to the theatre; or, else, that she had a cold and couldn't go, so would he "come around," instead. Fancy, then, his dismay, one "misty, misty morning," as the nursery rhyme goes, upon finding beside his breakfast plate in the shabby boarding-house dining-room a letter addressed, in a feminine hand, to be sure, but not at all the hand which had penned the darling notes above mentioned. When Mr. Mortimer had mastered its contents, he was so upset that he forgot to eat his breakfast, but set forth down-town to the office where he enjoyed the proud position and slender salary of assistant bookkeeper, with a mind full of conflicting emotions. The account's must have done themselves that day, for Mr. Mortimer has no recollection of rendering any assistance whatsoever. And when night arrived, he got through his dinner with a speed that was simply frightful, and started for the abode of his heart's treasure in a violent hurry.

"If only Bella's grandmother," he thought, as he walked along, "could have held on to that bit of property just a little longer, they might have presented quite a respectable appearance in the eyes of Aunt Van Duzener; but as the old lady has gone broke, and Bella insists on going to work, I'm afraid things will look rather rusty to my proud relation."

In a short time Mr. Mortimer was seated in the shabbiest, costliest little sitting-room in town, pouring into the ear of the girl of his heart the most crazy, incoherent account of the contents of the letter that could possibly be imagined. Finally, he wound up with:

"It's insufferable, now, isn't it, Bella? Bella's pretty face looked anxious.

"If one could read it for one's self, George?"

"Certainly." And he produced the letter with an air which plainly said: We are one.

After reading it carefully through, Bella, handed it back saying:

"As I understand it, the position is this: Your Aunt, Mrs. Van Duzener, who has been living abroad for three years for the benefit of her invalid son, is about to return home on account of her son's death. She asks you to have her fine house put in order, servants hired and so on, and, furthermore, to relieve her loneliness, she begs you to make your home with her while she lives, and you shall receive a just portion of her worldly goods when she dies. Now I should think that endurable."

"Fine, Bella, as far as it goes. Only, you see," said the young man with an apologetic air, "this aunt of mine is as proud as Lucifer. Famous for dragging in the Van Duzener pride, you know, on all occasions and—"

"In fact," and Bella, trying to laugh, "you think a humble person like me would not be quite in touch with the Van Duzener pride, eh, George?"

"Candidly," said Mr. Mortimer. "I don't. So I shall decline my aunt's offer immediately."

"You won't do any such thing," said Bella, promptly. "When you are so lucky as to have any relations, don't be so ungrateful as to turn your back on them. Your aunt is an old lady, and perhaps her heart is aching with loneliness. If your companionship will be any comfort to her, it is your duty to give it. As for us, we couldn't marry at present, any way. Your salary is too small to take in grandmother, too, comfortably, and I must stay and work for her. At all events, let us each do what seems right, and

surely some day fortune will smile upon us."

When Mr. Mortimer said good-night to his sweetheart, he was quite convinced that she was little short of an angel. She had unselfishly insisted upon his doing his duty by his aunt.

"And only to think," said he to himself, "what a jolly good heart she's got. When that shabby old grandmother offered—almost insisted, in fact—on going to the 'Old People's Home,' so that our marriage might be more possible, or so that Bella might find more lucrative employment away from home, what do you think Bella did! She just begged that shabby old grandmother and told her never to dare to say such a thing again. Yes, sir, she did!"

And Mr. Mortimer, in the violence of his admiration, stamped his case down so hard on the sidewalk that he broke it.

Bella, when she announced that she must go to work to maintain her grandmother and found that the choice of an occupation, to say nothing of procuring the employment when the choice was made, was no easy matter.

"I can't type-write," thought she disconsolately, one morning soon after Mr. Mortimer had taken up his abode with his aunt; "and I hate teaching, and I know I couldn't sew all day long; and, as to cooking, which seems to be quite the proper art, nowadays, for nice but impatient young women like me, why, that won't do, because there is such an awful uncertainty about my culinary performances. I never can tell until a dish is done whether it will be really good or not. Well, I'll take a peep at the advertisements in this morning's paper, and perhaps I'll find somebody who stands in need of just such a person as I am. Let's see, now, 'Chambermaids, waitresses, sewing, cooks.' Clearly, those won't do. But ah! now I've got it, or my name isn't Bella. I'll have to put my pride in my pocket this time, I guess."

The advertisement read to the effect that a lady wanted a person of refinement to do up laces and fine lawns each week. The person of refinement was to call at No. 12 Periwinkle Place, and ask for Mrs. Goodman, housekeeper.

"And, as true as I live," exclaimed Bella, "I believe that's where George's aunt lives: Well she can't eat me, that's certain, and I might as well do up her laces as anybody else's. Even if she should happen to see me, she wouldn't know me. I only hope I shall get a peek at her, if no more than the end of her proud nose; one must have some enjoyment in life if one is poor. Queer that I never thought of getting laces to do up. For, really, when I come to think about it, what is called fine washing is my own accomplishment. I suppose when I go there, that Mrs. Goodman; the housekeeper, will go to the madam and say: 'If you please, 'm the wash-woman's come.' Well, I guess I can stand it. I'll ask Mrs. Cordova and the Montagues on the average if they have any of that kind of work to give me. And perhaps they might know of others."

And so Bella, with a brave attempt to make "her destiny, her choice," dressed to go to Periwinkle Place.

In ten minutes after she had rung the door-bell the interview was at an end. She had been politely treated by the house-keeper, who, after a close scrutiny, asked what she could do, and then, her address, and finally gave her quite a parcel of laces, fine handkerchiefs and some delicate silk underwear to be done up. And the interview had passed and nothing bad happened.

"And, pray, what did you expect?" demanded Bella of herself savagely. "Did you think you would see George's aunt, and that, stunned by your charms, she would immediately exclaim: 'Come to my arms, you poor, stricken deer! Don't forget the Van Duzener pride, Bella—nor your own.'"

And so six months passed. Bella had all the work she could do and, consequently, was so busy that she had no time to waste in wishing

that the patron saint of lovers would turn his attention to that little affair of hers. In fact, just about this time the course of true love didn't run at all; it stood stocks-still.

It happened that, during one of those rare, brief visits which Bella now permitted Mr. Mortimer to make her, the subject of that young lady's employment was brought under discussion. Bella, with a most becoming flush on her cheeks, and an extra toss of her curly head, explained the sort of work she had found to do.

"For Heaven's sake, Bella, couldn't you find any thing in this big town to do but that?" gasped Mr. Mortimer. "What if that should come to my aunt's ears? Why, Bella, it would be the death-blow to all our hopes."

"Humph!" said Bella, coolly, though her heart beat angrily. "As for that, the mischief is done, if it can be called mischief. I marched right into the enemy's country the first thing. In fact, I've been doing up the enemy's laces and things right along!"

Mr. Mortimer's despair was too deep for words. He could only gaze blankly at his companion and wonder if woman's boasted tact wasn't an unknown quantity, after all. Certainly, Bella hadn't any.

"I haven't seen Mrs. Van Duzener even once," said Bella, after a while, with a view to placating her lover. "Oh!" said Mr. Mortimer, brightly. "In that case, perhaps we are all right, yet. I dare say she wouldn't know you from a hole in the ground," continued he, inelegantly, but hopefully.

"Now, of course, you will give up this business immediately. Something else will soon turn up; something more suitable and—proper."

"Of course, I shall not do any such a thing," replied Bella, indignantly. "In the first place, grandmother has so many poor turns that I do not dare undertake that may not be done at home. And, in the second place, this work that I have chosen is the only one that I can do well. One had better be a good laundress than an incompetent teacher or a poor seamstress."

Tears stood in Bella's eyes. She had tried so bravely to do her duty, and, instead of sympathy, she met only with condemnation. But she was a plucky girl, and all the blandishments and coaxings of her lover failed to move her in the least. Then they quarrelled, as only people who are fond of each other can quarrel. At the end of fifteen minutes, he said:

"Good evening, Miss Wakefield." And she, with a corresponding flourish of politeness, said: "Good evening, Mr. Mortimer."

And the door closed between them. And so they parted with sore hearts and the belief that each was responsible for the unhappy ending of their love.

Bella, however, kept right on in the path she had elected to follow. But she was thankful that Mrs. Van Duzener sent her things to her every week, and also sent after them.

Among the many diversions which Mrs. Van Duzener's high station and big bank account brought to her, she found none so satisfying and entertaining as watching from day to day the changes in the ingenuous countenance of her nephew.

That he was in love she had long since guessed. As he grew moody and quiet and left his favorite dishes untasted, she decided that she must know what troubled him. So, one morning, at the breakfast table, she suddenly said, in her quick, snappy way:

"Come, George, satisfy an old woman's curiosity. Who is she?" Mr. Mortimer was at first very much confused. But being very young and very unhappy, and noticing that his aunt looked particularly amiable, he soon unboomed himself of a few of his woes.

thought you needed me; and because—well, there's the Van Duzener pride, you know. Bella is a work-girl."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Aunt Van Duzener, raising her hands impatiently. "Pride! What greater pride can anyone feel than in doing her whole duty? And the more distasteful and difficult the duty the greater the honor. That's the sort of pride I believe in."

"But, aunt," stammered her nephew, deprecatingly, feeling sure that he was dealing the final blow to his newly raised hopes. "Bella does up laces and things for a living. In fact, she—washes, you know."

"Well, and what has that got to do with it? If she is honest and brave and pretty, did you say?"

"Be-autiful!" exclaimed George, ecstatically.

"And will have you," continued his aunt, "I advise you to lose no time in securing your treasure. In addition to your salary at the office, I will pay you well to look after my property, so I think you can afford wife, grandmother and all."

Mr. Mortimer soon made his peace with Bella, and, of course, the wedding wasn't long in coming off. Incredible though it may sound, the rich aunt, the shabby grandmother and the young couple all lived together as harmoniously as doves.

"And to think," said Mrs. Van Duzener, "that George was so stupid as not to know what my pride, about which I've talked so much, really consisted of. But perhaps it isn't so odd, after all; there are so many shoddy sorts of pride nowadays, that the real, honest kind is apt to be overlooked entirely."

Appropriations Made by the Last Legislature.

Below we give most of the important appropriations made by the legislature just adjourned. We are quite sure the total amount including all told, will reach \$150,000, which shows very liberal legislation:

World's Fair	\$25,000
Oyster Interest	15,000
Geological Survey	10,000
Raleigh Asylum (repairs)	15,000
Goldboro Asylum (repairs)	3,000
Industrial Association, colored	500
Governor's Mansion	1,250
University (for repairs)	1,500
Training School	8,000
Colored Mechanical College	3,500
Soldiers' Home	3,000
Colored Orphan Asylum	1,000
R. R. Commission	15,000
Expenses of Judges	4,250

This does not of course include any of the regular appropriations to the State institutions.—News & Observer.

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, Croup, 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 it to be the benefactor of your home."

Where's Your Glimet.

Little Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between Gus DeSmith, a society gentleman, and the Yerger family. Gus called to make a friendly visit after supper, he having previously informed Colored Yerger of the intended honor. The whole family and Gus were in the parlor when Johnny riveted the attention of all by asking Gus DeSmith:—

"Have you brought your gimlet with you?"

The Rev. Thomas Dixon En-Logized Gov. Hill Course.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pastor of the 23rd Street Baptist Church, proceeded his sermon at Association Hall this morning by the following review of current events:

A kind Providence has watched over the American nation in many a rash experiment. We still live. We still grow. One of the miracles of special Divine mercy has been that we are alive and growing today, in spite of the wildest experiments in ballot tinkering that ever cursed a republic of this planet. What may have happened on some other planet we do not know.

At length the debauchery of the ballot has reached such a depth that we are forced to make the effort to save ourselves. The conviction is growing upon thoughtful men, North, South, East, and West, that we must have radical electoral reform, or else acknowledge sooner or later that the ballot is a failure. There is a pronounced movement in nearly every State of the Union to accomplish such reform. This is a healthful sign of the times.

Governor Hill, of New York, in his last message to the Legislature, urged that a law be enacted making the exercise of the ballot compulsory. I was amazed at this message for two reasons. I marveled that an actual Governor of a great State should boldly demand so sweeping and radical a reform. I was amazed that the first Governor that should send this message should be the famous Governor of this State. I had learned to look upon this man as a daring, shrewd and successful politician, the friend, champion and creature of the saloon.

If these hard sayings be true of him we must still be just. In that message Gov Hill rose to the high standard of aggressive, creative, statesmanship. His recommendation is worthy of the bravest and bravest statesman we have produced. We give to him the highest praise and congratulation upon this position. Whatever his motive, the cause is so worthy, the end so desirable, his advocacy so clear, the question of motive can but have one interpretation. We thank him for the message and wish him godspeed in securing its enactment.—N. F. Recorder.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Druggist.

One thousand million dollars! That is the sum spent by the Fifty-first Congress. It is two hundred million more than the preceding Congress thought was necessary. However, the common people have to foot these bills, and perhaps they will take pleasure in doing it.—N. Y. Herald, Ind.

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.

The magnificent Treasury surplus of \$100,000,000 left by the Cleveland administration is gone, and Treasury is threatened with an early deficit of \$5,000,000. But the condition of the finances had no restraining influence upon the Republican majority in Congress.—Phil. Record, Dem.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.

Is the morning hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, are 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.

You can't get your seed too clean.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.