

The Lincoln Courier.

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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.

Dr. Will A. Pressley,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,
LINCOLN, N. C.
July 11, 1890. 1y.

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DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.
Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With thirty years experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.

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Will be found at night at the residence of B. C. Wood.

March 27, 1891. 1y.

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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.

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About once a fortnight put a teaspoonful of soda in your coffee and tea pots, add a little water and let boil until sweet and clean. Wash and rinse.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

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

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FURNITURE
PIANOS & ORGANS.

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 these \$12.00

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Of what? Think of it! Silk plush at \$12. I have something new to show you this season. They are beautiful styles in Rattan carriages, finished 16th century, for from \$15 to \$25. The **RAMBO** 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 of PARLOR SUITS in suit and a very body's pocket. I can sell you anything from the Wood 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.

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

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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. ASCHER, 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, Diarrhoea, 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." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHAPMAN COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

DITA'S STEPMOTHER

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"THE sweetest little cherub that ever you saw!" said Mrs. Constant. "But, oh, such a care!" "I told you so, Mary Jane," said old Aunt Arabella, sourly, when you would insist on marrying a widower with a child!"

"But I loved him," said the little bride, wistfully.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Arabella. "The woman never yet lived who could get along with another woman's child."

"Well, I mean to try," said Mrs. Constant. "And I think I should manage splendidly if only the first Mrs. Constant's old maid sisters would keep away, and Mr. Constant's mothers-in-law by his first wife wouldn't persist in coming here every day to see if Dita has enough flannels on and eats her regular quantum of oatmeal and says her catechism regularly."

"Tell Bridget not to let them in," suggested Aunt Arabella, who looked as if she herself were capable of doing single combat with all the Moors of Spain.

"And make mischief between John and his first wife's relations!" said Mrs. Constant, shaking her curly head. "Oh, I couldn't do that!"

Just then the door flew open and little Dita herself trotted in, a golden-tressed, pink-cheeked fairy of three years old, in a voluminous white frock, blue sash and gold sleeve-hoops, with blue kid boots, buttoned with little knobs of pearl. And close beside her stalked her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Cartwhistle, with the two Misses Cartwhistle following in the rear.

"I am surprised, Mary Jane," said the step-mother-in-law (if such a relationship can be), "to hear from Bridget that Perdita is allowed to wear her best white frock every day!"

"She looks so pretty in it," said Mrs. Constant, pleadingly. "And she will soon outgrow it."

"It is not the way my girls were brought up," said Mrs. Cartwhistle. "I've just been counting over her dresses," said Miss Malina Cartwhistle. "Sixteen white dresses, a dozen sashes, eighteen ruffled and embroidered skirts—"

"A child like that needs a great many changes," said Mrs. Constant. "And that big doll of hers," added Miss Susanna Cartwhistle, "with the flaxen hair and the eyes that open and shut. I declare, Mrs. Constant" (these sour spinsters never could be gotten to call their brothers-in-law's wife by her Christian name), "it's positive idolatry—that's what it is. It makes me think of the golden image that King What-Do-You-Call-Him set up for the Israelites to worship!"

Mrs. Constant winced.

"But, indeed, Susanna," said she, "I didn't buy the doll! It was a gift from her godmother to Dita."

"I think it ought to be sold for the benefit of the heathen," Miss Malina said.

"And I was shocked to see Bridget giving her jam—yes, raspberry jam—upon her bread and butter for dinner," added the old lady.

"It's very plain," apologized the young stepmother. "I made it myself last summer. And Dita is so fond of it."

"Me yike wabbery dam," solemnly enunciated this small bone of contention, who had been looking gravely from one to another of the speakers.

"Is a child's digestion of no consequence?" demanded Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"Are the rules of hygiene to be set entirely at defiance?" Miss Malina questioned.

"The seeds of disease to be implanted, even at this early age?" added Miss Susanna.

But here Aunt Arabella rose up, bustling and indignant, in her niece's defense.

"It strikes me, ladies," said she, "that we are all of us meddling with what is none of our business. My niece, Mary Jane, as the wife of Charles Constant and the mother of

this little child, is doubtless a better judge of these matters than we can pretend to be! Mary Jane, if you are going out shopping with me, it's high time you put on your bonnet!"

The bride looked timidly around. "If Mrs. Cartwhistle and Malina and Susanna will excuse me," said she doubtfully.

"Oh, we are of no consequence," said Miss Malina, with a toss of the head.

"Pray don't remain at home on our account," said Miss Susanna.

"We are just going to take leave ourselves," said Mrs. Cartwhistle, sourly.

"Me do, too, mamma," coaxed the little Dita, seizing hold of the skirts of Mrs. Constant's dress. "Me do with oo."

"No, darling, no," said Mrs. Constant, ringing the bell for Bridget. "You are too little."

"Exercise is good for the child," interposed Grandmamma Cartwhistle.

"Ettertise dood for I." This was Dita's mite.

"And you know you were very croupy, last night," added Mrs. Constant, tenderly.

"I never could find it in my heart to leave a child that wasn't well," croaked Miss Malina.

"But," added Susanna, "a step-mother knows nothing of the sensations that agitate a true maternal heart."

And the bride, fairly driven to the last extremity of patience, took an abrupt departure, leaving the small Dita shrieking in the arms of Bridget, while her grandmother and maiden aunts stood around, a sort of commiserating chorus.

"She has no heart at all," growled Miss Malina.

"I told Charles how it would be when he would persist in marrying that slip of a child," said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"What can one expect of a step-mother?" gloomily demanded Miss Susanna.

"Sure, an' savin' your presence, ladies," put in Bridget, who by this time succeeded in quieting the child's cries, "it's me humble opinion as Mrs. Constant spoils the little lady intirely wid too much kindness. Sure, wasn't she up with her half the night, last night, wid ipecac an' camphorated it? And ain't it her as hears missy's prayers every blessed night of her life, and tells her all the fairy-stories as ever grew, an' pets her like a kitten? There ain't no mother in a hundred, let alone a step mother, as loves a child like my missis loves little Miss Dita."

And the grandmother and the two maiden aunts went grimly away saying to one another what a very presuming person that Bridget was, and how Charles's young wife hadn't dignity enough to keep her servants in their proper place.

But when Mrs. Constant returned from her shopping expedition that afternoon, there was an evident atmosphere of consternation about the house. Doors and windows were wide open; sympathetic neighbors were gathering about the threshold; Mrs. Cartwhistle, with her wig on awry and her mourning veil all twisted to one side, stood sobbing in the middle of the floor, with a prodigious black-bordered pocket-handkerchief pressed to her eyes; Miss Malina and Miss Susanna were hurrying to and fro, wildly wringing their hands; and Mr. Constant himself had just sprung from a cab which had rattled up to the curbstone, as if drawn by flying dragons.

"Dear me!" cried the young stepmother. "What can have happened?"

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"I always prophesied it!" said Miss Malina.

"I foresaw it from the very beginning!" said Miss Susanna.

"But what is the matter?" gasped poor Mrs. Constant. "Has anything happened—to dear little Dita?"

"She's drowned!" said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"In the great Persian jar!" said Miss Susanna.

"Filled it with water out of the

bath-tub, and then crawled in herself, dear, sweet innocent!" sobbed Miss Malina. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I knew something would happen when you so heartlessly refused her innocent plea to accompany you."

"All this comes, Charles," croaked Mrs. Cartwhistle, "from giving your precious lamb a step-mother."

"I shall maintain to my life's end," said Miss Susanna, "that it was all Mrs. Constant's fault."

But the poor young wife pushed her way frantically through the confusion.

"Where is she?" she gasped. "Dita! Where have they laid her?"

"We—we hain't dared to touch her," answered Miss Malina, with a burst of hysterical tears. "But there's her dear little blue shoe in a puddle of water on the carpet, and her lovely golden hair floating on top! Oh, dear—don't let Charles go near her! Oh, dear! to think that she should be drowned, and no one near to help her! It all comes of a stepmother's neglect!"

"Mamma! Mamma!" piped a little voice at the self-same moment, and Mrs. Constant felt a tiny hand pulling at her dress, and turned to behold Dita held up in Bridget's triumphant arms.

"Sure, ma'am, I found her fast asleep on the garret floor," said Bridget, "wid her precious arm under her head. An' to think of the thrick she played us, wid the big doll drowned in the chancy jar, an' its yally hair floatin' a-top, just for all the wradd, like missy's own!"

"Dolly dirty! Dolly have bath!" complacently proclaimed Miss Perdita.

And then, naturally enough, Mrs. Constant fainted away in her husband's arms.

When she came to her senses again, the house was restored to its usual stillness and composure, and she was lying upon a sofa, with her husband at her side, and little Dita playing on the floor at no great distance. She looked vaguely around.

"Where is Mrs. Cartwhistle?" said she.

"Gone," said Mr. Constant. "And so have Malina and Susanna—and they will never come back to this house again. It is quite true that they are my lost wife's relatives, but that gives them no title to assail you as they have done to-day. You have been more than a mother to little Dita, and the child's love bears a mute testimony to this. Hereafter with her, as well, dearest, as with me, your will shall be law."

And so Dita's stepmother conquered at last, and the Cartwhistle battalion was routed *en masse*.

NOW TRY THIS.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drug store. Large size at 50c and \$1.00.

The Man Who Responded.

"Is there a man in all this audience," fiercely exclaimed a female lecturer, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work?"

"Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly down-stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience let him rise up! I should like to see him!"

And in the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.—*Roselief.*

Distressing Letters From the Farmers of the West.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Secretary Rusk is daily in receipt of distressing letters from the farmers of the West and Northwest, who in the most pathetic terms relate their suffering, owing to the failure of their crops last season. A few days ago a Kansas woman wrote the secretary of Agriculture a letter in which she says: "I suppose you have heard of the failure of the crops in Kansas. Spring is coming on, and our people have not even one little seed to put in the ground and no money to buy what they need. What they will do I don't know. It is discouraging to know how hard people worked through all the hot summer and did not receive one grain for all their labor. There was a lady in our county who went to the store the other day and purchased two sacks of flour. When she took out her pocketbook to pay for them she began to cry, and said: 'This is the last cent I have. God only knows where the next will come from, or where my poor children will get food.' She said she had sold all her chickens and her cow because she had not food enough to keep them alive. Many of her chickens died from starvation. Poor woman, she is not alone in her suffering, as there are many of us out this way who, when we lie down at night, hardly know what we will have to eat for breakfast next morning or where it is coming from. May God help us and have pity on us. Some aid was shipped in here but the people can't get it unless every four-footed beast in the place is mortgaged; so, friends, you can understand how we are situated in the West. I have heard, Mr. Secretary, you are a warm-hearted man, so I thought I would let you know my condition and see if you can help me. When we have money we will remember you. So, friends, I will leave this to your consideration, trusting you will do what you think best to help us," etc.

This appeal was not in vain, for the Secretary at once sent to the address given in the letter a large package of garden seed. The department is unable to grant all the requests for aid which are daily received, owing to the limited appropriations and the scarcity of seed.

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—Boecher's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

Man's Many Faults.

"Bob" entertainingly analyzed man in the following terms:

A man is an animal that would scorn divided skirts, and yet spend two hours selecting the kind of cloth he wants used for his trousers.

A man is an animal who can be flattered and coaxed into anything but once you start to drive him the mule-like nature is uppermost.

A man is an animal who thinks he is a little tin god on wheels, and never realizes that he isn't until he is down flat on his back with the malaria and a woman has to wait on him.

A man is an animal who is desirable when you are in trouble, because the brute in him being greater, he can swear more and hit out straighter from the shoulder than you can.

A man is an animal who eats the very best he can get, and who prefers to drink the same quality, but frequently becomes a tank for holding bad whiskey.

A man is an animal made for the benefit of women, and the more she can get out of him in the way of kindness and love the more he has fulfilled his duty in life, but—with all his faults we love him still.

A hand seeder is a good thing for broadcasting.—*Wash. Star, Ind.*

"The Religion of the Future."

We find the following extract in one of our exchanges, credited to the *American Spectator*. It may not be orthodox—it most likely is not—but it is a singularly impressive utterance. We confess that we have not been able to get away from it since first reading it, several weeks ago, and it comes in mind so often that there seems nothing left except to divide it with our readers. It will bear reading and re-reading. This is it.

That the religion of the future will be a religion of deeds, rather than creeds—a religion of works rather than intolerant faith based on dogma—must appear evident to all who have closely watched the trend of events during the past generation. The Golden rule will be the foundation of the new religion, and every tree will be judged by its fruit. Man will be taught that he cannot hope for angelhood by a death-bed confession or the acceptance of any dogma that does not change his whole life, bringing him *en rapport* with the highest spiritual truths. The religion of the future, instead of compelling its adherents to declare that they believe that three beings are one being and one being is three distinct beings, will demand, even as the great Galilean demanded, that they be pure in heart, merciful, tender and loving; that they be peace-makers and brothers; that they cease to crush one another, or to climb to luxury over the bodies of their prostrate fellowmen. In a word that they do unto others exactly as they would be done by after having put themselves in the place of the unfortunate one. Once again, the religion of the future will appeal to the conscience of the individual precisely as was the manner of Jesus, and it will develop the spiritual in man's nature, making his body absolutely obedient to the spirit and rounding out life into that perfect symmetry that has been attained only at intervals in the past.

"The religion of the future" will then certainly be a good one to live by. Whether it will do to die by is another matter. Will not some among the many ministers who read *The Landmark* give us their views upon it?—*Statesville Landmark.*

[*The Landmark* did not ask our opinion on this subject, but we take the liberty to say that we do not see much that is new in the "religion of the future" described above, save the manner of expressing it as in the first few phrases. All orthodox denominations of today and of the past are contending for the golden-rule and the pure-in-heart religion. The Bible emphasizes and all orthodox preachers preach this kind of religion and the genuine Christians of all denominations practice this kind of religion and at the same time exercise great faith in the doctrines of their church. There can be no new religion. It may be the old religion will be practiced by a larger number of people, which would indeed be a great blessing to the world.—*ED. COURIER.*

Money, the root of all evil, would be useless in case of cholera without Gantner's magic chicken cholera cure. It is warranted by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

To prevent glass jars, etc., from cracking when hot water is poured into them, place a silver spoon in the jar while it is yet empty. This method prevents the most delicate glass from cracking.

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 fact that Senator-elect Palmer of Illinois is a free trade Democrat and not extreme on the money question, while, at the same time, in high feather with the Western farmers who advocate silver free coinage, makes him a competitor for the Presidential nomination of his party. New York is divided between Hill and Cleveland any way, and the impression somehow prevails there that the success of either in control of the State machine would destroy the chances of both before the National convention. Hence the attention of some Democrats is already turned toward Gen. Palmer as a candidate—*Wash. Star, Ind.*