

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, APR. 10, 1891.

NO. 48

## Professional Cards.

### BARTLETT SHIPP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891. 1y.

### Finley & Wetmore,

ATTYS. AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, 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.,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

July 11, 1890. 1y

### Dr. A. M. Alexander

DENTIST.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

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

Jan 23 '91 1y

### J. W. SAIN, M. D.

Has located at Lincoln and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country.

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

March 27, 1891 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.

### FOR DYSPEPSIA,

Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use

BROWN'S LEMON BITTERS.

All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has

trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Manure is often wasted by being

put where it is not needed.

A CHILD KILLED.

Another child killed by the use of opiate

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. Law-

ing, Druggist.

Baby Carriages, \$7.50

Baby Carriages, 7.50

Baby Carriages, 7.50

Baby Carriages, 7.50

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 in Rattan carriages, finished 18th century, for from

\$25 to \$25. The HAMMOG is something new also, and is having a big run. I can

turnish 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 makes sold at lowest prices for cash or on easy payments.

Write for my new CATALOGUE.

14 and 16 West Trade St.

E. M. ANDREWS,

Charlotte, N. C.

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.

"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 indolgent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, 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," 1216 Street and Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## GOOD LOOKS.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a bilious look and at your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. M. Lawing's Drugstore, 50c per bottle.

Apples enough were raised last year to feed the codling moth.

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 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.

Small, unmarketable potatoes are just as valuable to feed.

WE CAN AND DO. Guarantees 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.

Grass seeds cannot be sown too early after the snow leaves.

## GUARANTEED CURE FOR LA GRIP.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free of J. M. Lawing's drugstore. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

Uncooked fruit eaten at each meal is said to be healthful.

## 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.

Be sure that your home surroundings are all healthful.

## 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.

Congressional funerals cost so high now that the Harrison Administration thinks of insuring all billions-looking members so as to be ready for any emergency that may occur. The funeral of the late Senator Hearst, of California, is said to have cost the Government \$15,000.—Richmond State.

He built him a home which alone made him famous. During its construction, he quietly effaced himself, bought other men's ideas with his money, and considered them as much his own as the stone the builders used. So in its furnishing. He traveled through Europe and Asia under the surveillance of artists and decorators, purchased rugs in Persia, pictures in Italy, marbles in Greece, curios in Japan and elsewhere—in fact, hardly a place but what responded to his golden temptations with some souvenir of beauty or merit. The result was a furnishing as magnificent as the interior of an Arabian knight's palace. His equipages were magnificent and his stables filled with thoroughbreds. That he spent considerable time viewing their merits, was not surprising. It is a gentlemanly taste and hardly sufficient ground for the satirical report that at one period of his existence his acquaintance with horse-flesh had been a most intimate one, though not in the relation of owner and owned.

When all was completed, he set about hunting a mistress for his splendor. He made no secret of his intention, and, in consequence, the task was made comparatively easy. Debutantes, ingenues, seasoned veterans, maids, widows, divorcees, were marshalled before him, their good points exhibited, their weak ones carefully veiled. He was sung to, played to, entertained by innocence which did not know where to stop, and worldliness which would not stop; courted, fêted, flattered, and even caressed, of course, and all to no purpose. He displayed a remarkable pertinacity in his search, and a dissatisfaction with existing materials. Hitherto, in establishing himself in society, in building and furnishing his house and stables, even in the matter of clothing, he had followed the dictates of others. His taste inclined towards the florentine, the vivid. He would have liked his house conspicuous for warmth of color, and diversity of outline, jutting gables,

## MRS. VIDEAU'S WEDDING PRESENT.

BY GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

WHEN Grace Helm married Mr. Videau there was a chorus of time-honored ejaculations: "Old enough to be her father;" "She's played her cards well;" "B-a-u-t-y and the beast;" "Rich as Croesus;" "Pretty, but poor," with others equally truthful and pleasant.

It was a fair exchange, as most marriages are; on her side, beauty, pedigree, intelligence; on his wealth. Mr. Videau had been a hard fish to land, as many angling mammas, forced to lay aside their tackle, in the form of willing daughters, could testify. Having been poor once, his chase for wealth had made him wary in his chase for other pleasure. His had been a dual life; a youth of indigence and hard work, with an invalid wife, who was a constant drag on his resources and ambitions. Death at length cut the Gordian knot, and fortune gradually smiled on him, until at length such a chasm yawned between the youth of ash and the middle age of have, that his past life seemed a mere unpleasant dream. He had boarded until the time for boarding passed; had multiplied until there was no longer need for multiplication; screwed, pinched, did without, until his exchequer fairly bubbled over, and his ambition and greed were satisfied. He was known everywhere as the rich Videau. His sayings were quoted to his face, and his mistakes laughed at behind his back; he was sought after by men and women alike; his opinions courted, his advice followed, his money borrowed, by those who despised his lack of family, education, and refinement. So he was satisfied. To be the lion of the day, the comet, if only for a season, is gratification enough for most; but to possess the wherewithal to make the day and season interminable was his fortunate prerogative.

He built him a home which alone made him famous. During its construction, he quietly effaced himself, bought other men's ideas with his money, and considered them as much his own as the stone the builders used. So in its furnishing. He traveled through Europe and Asia under the surveillance of artists and decorators, purchased rugs in Persia, pictures in Italy, marbles in Greece, curios in Japan and elsewhere—in fact, hardly a place but what responded to his golden temptations with some souvenir of beauty or merit. The result was a furnishing as magnificent as the interior of an Arabian knight's palace. His equipages were magnificent and his stables filled with thoroughbreds. That he spent considerable time viewing their merits, was not surprising. It is a gentlemanly taste and hardly sufficient ground for the satirical report that at one period of his existence his acquaintance with horse-flesh had been a most intimate one, though not in the relation of owner and owned.

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verandas, balconies, and the like; instead of which, it was angular to an extreme, brown stone and unnoticeable, except for elegance of architecture and material, the only bit of color a curtained view, through plate-glass, of glowing interiors. In pictures, he inclined to the chromo style, and in statues to the draped, but had quietly accepted their alternatives. He would have adopted large plaids, and aped the young men about town in their anglo-manic garb and swaggering gait, instead of which he was pruned down, clothed with inconspicuous garments, and made to feel that his manner must correspond.

But in choosing a wife he had determined to please himself. In his heart of hearts he acknowledged that his magnificence bored him. The constant struggle to appear what he was not, the ever overhanging dread of committing gaffes, counteracted to a great extent his satisfaction in having, giving and lending. He wished a wife who, while fitted to adorn his home, to grace his dinners, and to receive his friends, should yet bring into his life that element of comfort and domesticity which was so glaringly absent. His house, his horses and carriages, his dinners were for show; the necessity of his position; his wife was to be for his own especial enjoyment. This was why so many failures marked his search: numbers of women pleased him with their wit, grace, and beauty, but no one made him feel that she would supply this secret need.

For a long time, his home remained empty, except by occasional "stag" dinners, or well chaperoned parties; then cruising about in his yacht one summer, he landed at Cape —, strolled into the hotel corridor, and was introduced to Grace Helm. He did not go down at once, he was too practised, too phlegmatic for that; he was merely attracted as he had often been before. This time, however, he found a satisfactory answer to his silent interrogations, and after an interval of four weeks and one day, quietly succumbed.

He had been a severe, if short, struggle for Grace Helm, and often during those tentative days she feared that summer-time would be catalogued in her life's history, under the caption of failure. From the first she determined, if possible, to win him. Excluded by her poverty from entering the society of which he was such an honored member, her acquaintance with him had been limited to newspaper clippings, and the personal reminiscences of wealthy cousins, who followed the rest of their set in seeking to satisfy his requirements.

Her presence at Cape — was the result of a tortuous chance. A maiden aunt had taken her there for the sake of companionship, a position which Grace found a decided sinecure, as her aunt was addicted to interminable naps, and solitary novel reading.

After the conventional cordiality of their introduction, she treated him with an indifference which effectually concealed her ultimate design. That phase of coquetry, however, was not entirely unknown to him, but never before had it been so well conceived or so ably executed.

She was cold, unapproachable, reserved and self-possessed; only in moments of forgetfulness (?) or chance (?) would she show him glimpses of a possible warmth. He would occasionally see her playing with children, leaning in affectionate solicitude over her maiden aunt, or sitting with a book of poems, her face rapt, her eyes raised in a zenith expression, but always at his approach she would assume her customary attitude of iciness. This avoidance, these subtle barriers of tone and manner at length roused him. He had been simply attracted, soon he was intent, determined. For the first time the possibility of failure faced him; for the first time he underrated his own powers and overrated a woman's.

Day after day he haunted her foot-steps, a willing slave, and after many half-hearted attempts, finally

became courageous enough to throw himself at her feet. He was obliged to remain in that metaphorical condition over night, for Grace, true to her role, as it were of her untried heart, required time to think the matter over.

So, after a month of persistent strategic effort, she sat on the edge of her bed in the narrow limits of a hotel chamber, the game in her own hands, but with no expression of elation on her face, or feeling of joy in her heart. There was a great deal to be done, suffering to indiet and to share, before she had time to enjoy; a letter to write, a falsehood to tell, and a fear to combat, before the past could be obliterated and the new life begun.

Calmly she reviewed the events of the summer. The few days of loneliness which assails the first comers, the morning when she had met a pair of handsome, masculine eyes gazing approvingly at her across the length of the sparsely filled dining-hall. The unconventional meeting which had followed these admiring glances, the weeks of pleasant acquaintanceship, ardent friendship, and passionate love. Notwithstanding the isolation of poverty and pride, she had played her part fairly well in many flirtations, but never had her heart been touched until in those early weeks of the summer season at Cape —.

The few stray guests left them unmolested, and Grace's aunt was too engrossed with the yellow-covered romances which lent color to her flameless existence to even suspect the one enacted before her. So she and Hugh Carter rode, walked, sailed, talked and made love to each other until the time for parting came, and he returned to his work with the elusive gratifications of a parting kiss and promise. Letters passed between them—his manly and affectionate, teeming with the hopes and plans for the future, which lightened their present separation—hers, responsive and sympathetic, and continued unchanged to the time of Mr. Videau's proposal. She was not one to throw aside the substance for the shadow, and in case of a possible failure, contemplated the continuance of her allegiance. Now it only remained to draw back. She would like to have offered some explanation of her conduct which would place it in a not altogether unfavorable light, but could think of none. There must be no possibility of his seeking her to demand further light; her hold on Mr. Videau depended as much, she was aware, on his belief in her indifference to all other men, as it did in his belief in their mutual affection. A personal interview with her discarded lover might spoil all, if it should ever come to his ears. She must allow no softer feeling to stand in the way of her ambition. So the letter was written and dispatched. It was cool, decisive and plain; there could be no misunderstanding. In the parlance of the day she had thrown him over for a richer man.

Then she gave herself up to Mr. Videau's importunities: hesitated, discouraged, placed obstacles in the way, in accordance with the part she had elected to play, and finally, yielded to his wishes and named an early day for their nuptials. All through this persistent courtship she was haunted by the dread of an unlooked for denouement. She feared, lest her ex-lover should seek to revenge himself by humiliating her. His silence seemed ominous. She felt as if she were dancing on a quicksand, and it was not until the words "man and wife" had been pronounced by legal and religious authority, that she felt safe.

Among the belated wedding gifts which remained guarded by the sanctity of seal and string, until after the prescribed journey was taken, and the honeymoon spent, was a square package, whose severity of outline excited a feeling of mild excitement in Mr. Videau's breast, as he watched his charming wife, on the eve of her home-coming, unroll the dainty souvenirs which spoke so pleasantly of past friendships, and future good-will, and heard her exclamations of surprise and de-

light. He wondered, idly, what it could be, whether bric-a-brac, books, pictures, or silver, and felt a little impatient as she lingered over the other presents. At length she reached out her hand and took it. Ever on the alert to notice her slightest movement, he saw and secretly noted the quick start, the gesture of half-embarrassment, the delicate flush as she read the address, but so quick was she in concealing these signs of agitation, that he was inclined to believe himself mistaken.

As she dallied with the fastening, she felt like the prisoner awaiting the sentence which he sees before-hand in the judge's eye. She had not misunderstood the man whom she had betrayed, his revenge, though slow, would be none the less destructive. She dared not delay. There was a rustling of paper, a cutting of cord; Mr. Videau, strangely bewildered by his unfounded suspicions, drew near, then a quickly suppressed sigh of relief on her part, and an exclamation of delight on his.

The opened package displayed a chess-board, unannounced by congratulatory message or donor's name, its beauty alone a guarantee of friendly regard. As she glanced at it a hundred little incidents of the past summer flashed through her mind. Truly she had played a strategic game. Her check had been followed by his checkmate. How many times kings and pawns alike had been ineffectually mangled while hand sought hand, and face, face. How easily the game of chess with its countless intricacies, had bridged over the awkwardness of a first acquaintance, and, how insensibly the game of love had taken its place. The entire history of their short courtship was written in unseen characters across its checkered surface. The board was hand-wrought, ivory and ebony squares in alternation, skillfully inlaid; valuable as well for its fine workmanship, as for its costly material.

Mr. Videau had all the qualities of a small nation, and his curiosity was unbowed, but Grace skillfully evaded all inquiries, denying the slightest knowledge of its donor or reason for its appearance.

But her blush and half-frightened glance of inquiry were not forgotten, although, for a time, suspicion was lulled by her plausible negatives. But from that moment a shadow of distrust darkened their horizon. From that moment there was always the uncomfortable sense of watching and being watched. The chess-board, that monitor of unfaithful vows, occupied a prominent position in her boudoir, where it reposed on a delicate table which had been procured by Mr. Videau. The anonymous gift seemed to exercise a strange fascination over him.

Grace did not dare destroy this hateful reminder of her past, much as she desired; the act would be a tacit acknowledgment of all that she was endeavoring to deny by the propriety of her daily life. Her husband's mind was not of the analytical order, and yet he displayed a remarkable pertinacity in learning, under her tuition, to move the pieces about on the board, though with no clear idea as to their final destination or preparatory use.

Most of their home evenings were spent vis-a-vis, the black and white squares between them; Grace half-unconscious of the coarse personality of her husband, thinking of the games she had played with a different opponent; the manly face and well-built figure; the pleasant voice and love-light in the hazel eyes; the swift caresses of pliant fingers, as they met hers in the intricacies of the game, while Mr. Videau sat, knowing by a sort of blind instinct of these faithless reveries, cursing inwardly the unlucky gift, and yet too weak to withstand the temptation of tampering with his unhappiness.

One night there was a domestic scene; Grace, in tears, left the table, and, seizing a book, buried herself in the depths of a cavernous armchair at the farther end of the room, her back turned to Mr. Vi-

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