

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1891.

NO. 51

## 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.

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. C. 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.

**DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS**  
Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

**DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.**  
Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions and do not find our statement correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

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

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

**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 15th century, for from \$15 to \$25. The **BAMBINO** is something new also, and 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 to suit all tastes and everybody'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 retail in New York City for \$325.00. My stock is more complete in every respect.

**PIANOS AND GRACES.**  
Of the finest, most reliable makes 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.

**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 MANTON, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## 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, Irritation 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 Drugstore.

**Ground sunflower seed makes good feed for fowls and all kinds of stock.**

**THE FIRST SYMPTOM 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 Purifier has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

The cabbage worm can be subdued by applying slaked lime dust, sifted on.

**MERIT WINS.**  
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, also Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist.

Blinkers—Hello, Winkers, I heard you married a woman with an independent fortune.

Winkers (sadly)—No I married a fortune with an independent woman.—N. Y. Weekly.

**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 enemy until 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 the old and well-known remedy—Borcher's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

Whatever is brought on to the farm adds to its fertility, and vice versa.

**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 symptoms of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful stages, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

**"WORTH WINNING, WORTH KEEPING."**

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"HELLO, Kate!"  
"Yes!" answered a voice above stairs, as Charley Grant called from the cosy little hall below.

"Come down here! I've got something to tell you!"  
Charley's handsome face was bright enough to tell anybody that his news pleased him greatly, as he stood waiting for his wife to come down. And why not, since his pretty cousin, Jessie Kingsbury, had come at one time very near filling the place which Kate had now? But Kate was as sweet and pretty as ever Jess had been—at least, she used to be, before Baby Johnnie came—and—and—well, Kate appeared at the instant, and even Charley could not call her pretty now.

Her golden hair was all bunched up and tucked back with an ugly comb, her wrapper unbelted, no collar on, and her small feet thrust into clumsy old slippers. Charley's friends used to say he was a perfect fiend on the subject of untidy women, and he couldn't help a shade crossing his face as he remembered how trim and nice Kate was when they were first married.

But the shade passed as swiftly as it came, and he stooped to give her the usual kiss, as he said:

"Busy, to-day?"

"Yes. Hush, Charley! Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby!"  
"Oh, bother the baby! He's always going to sleep, or waking up, or doing something to make life miserable for other folks!"

"Why, Charles Grant! Aren't you ashamed to say that of your own blessed little son?"

And Kate's eyes began to fill, while her cheeks reddened.

Charlie hastened to undo his mischief by saying, tenderly:

"Now, there! You know I was only joking, dear! He's the finest baby ever lived, no doubt! Isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

"Yes, it is waiting. I'll ring it up at once. What was it you wanted to tell me, Charley?"

"There! Bless my soul, if I hadn't forgotten! Who do you think is here?"

"I couldn't guess, so I won't try. Tell me?"

"Cousin Jessie Kingsbury! She is over at Brother John's now. Came to-day!"

"Did she?"

There was no very intense interest in Kate's tone, for she was not over glad to hear of the young lady's arrival. Guests were troublesome, but she felt obliged to say, as Charley waited:

"Will we have to invite her here?"

"Why, of course, Kate! We'll do our part of the entertaining, with Stella and John. We must call tomorrow and set a time for her to come to us. She will stay a month or two. Jess is so lively, we can't be dull while she is here."

Kate was just conscious of a queer twinge at Charley's words, but she led the way to the table, and poured the tea with her usual pleasant manner.

"There! I forgot something else too," cried Charley, suddenly clapping his hand on his pocket. "I've got a treat for us to-night."

"What is it?" asked Kate.

Charley took two small squares of pasteboard from his pocket and held them up to her.

"What are they?" said she.

"Theater tickets!"

"Yes, Faust, by a splendid company. I knew you always wanted to hear 'Faust,' so I got 'em on purpose for you."

"But I thought you had a good girl?"

"Well, I have a perfect treasure."

"Well, don't you think she might manage to rock the baby for two hours on one occasion?" asked Charley, seriously.

"Oh, but, Charley, he might be taken sick or something."

"Yes, the house might burn down; but I don't think it will," returned Charley, more shortly than he often spoke to Kate. "I'm very sorry you won't go," he added, as he rose from the table, his appetite quite spoiled.

"It is a disappointment to me."

"Why, you can go, I'm sure, Charley. I shall not care at all."

"No; I'll stay with you, and we can have our own music. I have not heard you sing for a month."

Kate hesitated a moment, then she said:

"But, Charley, I never trust Johnnie to Sarah on evenings."

Charley frowned, stood irresolute an instant, and said:

"Oh, well, then, I don't see why I shouldn't get some pleasure, if I can. I'll just drop over to John's and see if they are going. As I have two tickets, if Jess cares to go we might all make a party of it."

"Yes, certainly; go, Charley. I don't want you to stay at home because I have to."

"You know I had rather be with you, my dear. But it's dull work sitting down stairs alone all the evening."

Then Charley kissed her, put on his overcoat and went away. But after he was gone Kate began to be conscious of a lonely, uneasy feeling and to wish she had gone, too.

Of course, Charley was as loyal and true-hearted as a man could be. But to think of him sitting beside that dashing, black-eyed Jess all the evening, and showing her all the little attentions which he knew so well how to give a woman; it worried her, somehow, and she could not help it. She was not jealous.

Oh, no! She had told him to go and really hoped he would enjoy it. But—she did wish she had left Johnnie to Sarah for one evening, and made one of that operaparty with the rest.

As for Charley, as he walked rapidly over to his brother's, he wondered if he wasn't a precious rascal for wishing that blessed baby had never come into his house. To be sure, it was a bright little thing, sweet and cute, and he would have loved it dearly and been very proud of it (as he was, after all, had he only known it), but since it arrived, Kate had been no companion at all for him. She was everlastingly up in that nursery, and she neglected her dress and her hair, and never read or sang to him or went out with him, and he was feeling the change sadly.

"Of course, it is right to be a devoted mother," he said to himself; "but I do wish the mother had not so entirely displaced the wife. It's hard on a fellow, and I don't like it. I don't wonder men get tired of their wives, if they all do the same way."

Just then Charley ran against a passer-by, and as he glanced up to apologize, saw his brother.

"Ah, John!" was his greeting. "I'm just on my way to your house."

"Well, I'm on my way to yours," replied John, laughingly. "We want you and Kate to go with us to hear 'Faust' to-night."

"No use to go on," returned Charley. "I have been trying to induce Kate to go, but she won't."

"She won't! Why not?"

"She can't leave that precious young one. I got her a ticket, but it was no go. So I was coming over to say if you want to hear the opera my tickets are at your service."

"Not unless you go with us, Charley. Of course, you will, though. And Jess can use one of your tickets."

Charley looked pleased, but Kate's fair face clouded, as she answered:

"Well, I'm sorry you spent the money. I can't go."

"Can't go! Why in the world can't you, then? You are so fond of good opera. I thought this would be a real treat."

"So it would, Charley, if I could out with the intention of going to

the play, when he took a second thought, he did not care to go without Kate. But Miss Jessie was very willing to be escorted by her handsome cousin.

And Charley did not see the laughing light in her eyes, as she whispered to Stella:

"Mrs. Kate had better be careful of her property while I am here. I might take him away from her."

"For shame, Jess!" answered Stella; but in her heart she did wish Kate would give Charley a little more of her time.

"She is making a mistake," was her thought. "But people never get any thanks for interfering, so I won't do it. If she makes her bed, she will have to lie in it."

There was plainly nothing to be done or said. And it in the flashes of Jess's dark eyes, and brilliant wit Charley almost forgot Kate sitting at home with the baby, there was no one to blame, unless it was Kate herself, for leaving her rightful place to be filled by another woman.

Kate had gone to bed before he got home, and he would not disturb her. But at breakfast next morning he told her what a grand time they had enjoyed.

"Yes—yes! I am very glad, Charley," said Kate, rather faintly.

"Oh, yes. We only missed you, dear. But Jess is so lively, one couldn't help having a gay time with her. By the way, Katie, she says, as you are so busy with the baby, she will not stand on ceremony and wait for you to call on her. She is coming over with Stella today. We must have her stay here, you know. If you can't spare time to entertain her, why, I can."

A sudden feeling, which she could not explain, fired Kate's heart, and made her say, with some spirit:

"I shall do my part, of course, Charley."

"That's a good girl!" he returned, in tones of real pleasure. "I knew you would if that wretched—"

"Charles Grant!"

"Oh, excuse me—that precious baby—did not absorb all your time. Then you'll invite her to stay when they call?"

"Yes."

"You're a darling! Wish I could be here, too. But you can make them stay to dinner. Good-bye!" A kiss, and he went off.

"Oh, yes! She'll stay, fast enough!" sighed Kate, as she went upstairs. "But what I wish is that people would just stay at home as I do. However, as Miss Jess has no husband and baby to keep her at home, it is to be expected that she will go anywhere where she can find amusement, not to say anything of a nice little flirtation."

And then Mrs. Kate nodded her head, and her eyes had an unusual sparkle in them, as if she had suddenly come to some resolution which she was determined to carry out.

Jess Kingsbury was the very princess of pretty flirts, as Kate well knew, and Charley had once had a fancy for her. Who knew what she might take it into her head to do now, especially if she had the chance which Kate seemed bent on giving her to work her siren spells?

"Charley is as good as gold," said Kate. "But men are men and women are women sometimes! Sometimes they are little fools. Perhaps I will be one, perhaps I won't, Miss Jess!"

Kate flew around in her nursery that morning with a will; and before her callers could possibly be expected she had taken off her untidy wrapper, curled her hair and made herself as pretty as she could. If she took a bit of a cry while she held the curling-iron, it might have been because that small instrument of torture was too hot.

They came, and it seemed to Kate that Jess looked slightly surprised at her appearance.

"Why, they told me you had grown quite domestic, dear! Given up society, and all that!" the young lady cried, settling her silken plumage in Kate's cosiest chair. "But I declare, you look as fresh and blooming as ever! I am quite vexed with Charley."

"I hope you enjoyed the opera, last night!" observed Kate, rather

coolly, not replying to her words.

"Oh, yes, indeed! It seems like old times to be with Charley again. Oh; by the way did he tell you he was going to take me out riding this afternoon?" she rattled on. "I told him he ought to take you, but he said you wouldn't go."

"Not today. Some other time, with pleasure," answered Kate. But her usual "I couldn't leave the baby" was not spoken, and Stella stared a little, and then smiled and nodded her head, as if she had suddenly chanced upon a bright idea.

Kate gave the invitation Charley had suggested, but the visitors declined to remain to dinner, that day. Miss Jessie promised to come in a few days and spend a week or two with them; and, as they were taking their leave, she said archly, to Kate:

"Perhaps you will wish I had not come at all! What if I coax Charley away from you?"

Stella was absolutely frightened, for a minute. But Kate only said, very calmly, and with a smile as bright as Jessie's:

"You may if you can!"

"Kate, you're a trump," whispered Stella, when she bent to kiss her sister-in-law good-bye. And Kate gave her hand a little squeeze, but said not a word.

She ran back to her nursery as soon as her callers had gone, and took little Johnnie on her lap with a thoughtful face.

"No! she shall not have my husband's heart," she murmured. "I have been at fault—I can see that, now. If Charley were not just as good and true as he is—well—I'm thankful I have had my eyes opened in time! Thanks to you, too, Miss Jess! And now, my darling baby, you must be very, very good, indeed. For you will have to divide your empire with papa, after this. And I'll have a dressmaker in the house before to-morrow night."

At noon, instead of Charley, came the office-boy, bringing a little note, to say that she need not wait, for he would not come to dinner. Had an engagement for the afternoon, but would come home early to supper.

"An engagement? Yes; to ride with his cousin!" said Kate, to her self with a smile. "All right, Mr. Charley! The next time, I rather think I will be the party."

She was very busy that afternoon. But when Charley came up at tea-time, it was the old Kate who met him in the hall, with fluffy hair and faultless dress, as he had not seen her for months.

"Why, Kit!" he cried, his handsome face all aglow. "Has any one come? Are you going out?"

"Yes, I thought if you cared to, we would run 'round to Stella's awhile, this evening," she answered, putting her hand on his broad shoulder.

"But, the baby?" asked Charley, doubtfully.

"Sarah can do very well with the baby," said Kate, though her cheeks reddened under his glance.

"Sarah? Why, Katie, what does it all mean? Is it possible—?"

"Yes, it is quite possible that I am not going to neglect you any more, Charley, my dear," she interrupted, blushing redder.

"Hallelujah!" And Charley caught her to him in a swift embrace. "Kate, I'm the happiest fellow in town just this minute!"

"Then I shall take care to keep you so," said Kate. "Come to supper silly boy."

She kept her word—and her husband. Miss Jess found it no avail to cast her sweetest spells around her handsome cousin, for his wife was wide awake and learned, before it was too late to save a heart-break, that "worth winning was worth keeping"—especially when one has a home treasure to defend.

"OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

## Pillow Thoughts.

Did you ever lay your head upon your pillow at night without thinking how fast the days are slipping by? How short a time it seems since you last placed it there—how soon it will be morning, and another day of flashing by! But does it flash? Is it always clean enough and bright enough to do that? Has one kind act of yours made a central diamond of some blessed hour, that from its clear face of charity, good will, high resolves and diligent activity scatter the bright rays glittering along the duller instants of the day!

Has any heart beat the lighter for your living? Have you laid upon the altar of consideration any sacrifice of self to bless another? Or have the tender doves of generosity and loving kindness wasted their incense before the pedestaled I?

Thrice blessed are you, if, when you pillow your head at night, you can look back and remember how one poor heart has been lifted by your aid—how, through your instrumentality one voice is added to the singers of the songs of gratitude. If you have filled one pair of empty hands—have sheltered one bowed form from the bitter blasts of an untoward fate; if you have rolled one stone from the path of a weary fellow-traveler, or given one cup of water to a thirsting soul—ah, then, are your dreams of Heaven!

To make one heart glad each day—what an easy task this seems! To fetch the April sunshine to rout the April sorrows of a little child; to attune the heartstrings of an elder to sweet harmonies; to lift the shield of sympathy, and, for love's sake, to parry the blows of an imagined evil; to kill with a few silver bullets the wolf howling at your neighbor's door; to reach a saving hand to the outcast sinking in the sea of self-deprecation, or to point out the silver star of hope to the one lost in the dark desert of despair—such chances as these come to you daily. Perform these duties, willingly and unconsciously, as you would breathe the sweet air of heaven, grateful that you have been the chosen instrument! And the days will flash in their swift passage into eternity, and their radiance light your path to more exalted spheres.—E. B. in Household.

Pastuer, the great Frenchman, discovered that Microbes cause chicken cholera, and Gartner found that his magic chicken cholera cure destroys them. Sold, "no cure no day." by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

## Letting the Cat Out.

Featherstone—Is your sister in? Little Willie—Yes, but she's sewing a button on a coat and you may have a long time to wait.

Featherstone—I don't see why. It shouldn't take long to sew a button on a coat.

Little Willie—It does when there's a man in it.—Epoch.

## Economy of Wood Ashes.

A great deal of potash is exhausted from the soil by garden vegetables, and even in land naturally rich in this substance it is apt to set into insoluble and unavailable forms for use by growing crops. In gardens always well manured in other respects a lack of potash may make them less productive than their condition otherwise would warrant. Wood ashes mixed with soil aid powerfully in keeping it moist. The potash then becomes a solvent, and by keeping the soil moist it generally increases the value of any manures that have been applied. It is often remarked that gardens dry up quickly despite good cultivation. This is often caused by an excessive amount of coarse stable manure. It needs wet summers to enable crops to grow without injury over much coarse manure. When it becomes dry it is injury rather than help to plant growth. Wood ashes are a more effective, because more conservative, remedy for drought than watering the plants can be.—Journal of Horticulture.

It does not pay to put in crops before the soil is put in proper condition.