

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1891.

NO. 1

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 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.

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right, if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better use Green's August Flower, and no person can use it without immediate relief.

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 nice? Think of it! Silk plush at \$12. I have something new to show you this season. They are beautiful styles in Rattan carriages, finished 18th century, for from \$15 to \$25. The HAMMOG is something new also, and is having a big run. I can furnish you CATALOGUES of all my styles, and 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 everybody's pocket. I can sell you anything from the Wool Plush Suits 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.

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. 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 intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.,
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."
ERWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 119th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

HAPPY HOOSIERS.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for I had feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

That time is the worst employed which we give to regrets, unless we learn from them the lesson of the future.—*Duc de Lavie.*

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.

Time is money, they say. And we have often observed that it takes a good deal of money to have a good time.

A CHILD KILLED.

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

"I am delighted to have seen your beautiful city, and must compliment you upon its evident prosperity and its undoubted progress." This is what President Harrison threw out of the car window at all the Texas towns, but the Democratic majority still remains about 200,000.—*Augusta Chronicle Dem.*

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 of sick headache and all Liver Trouble. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not gripe. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

A fig for intellectual eminences if it makes a man oppress his inferiors and bully his equals.—*Mrs. Humphrey Ward.*

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.

Light labor—Cleaning the lamps.

WE CAN AND DO Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

MISS JANE'S MEMORIAL DAY.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"AY, missus, please won't you give me some snow-balls—just two or three?"

"Dear me! I wonder how many more is comin' here after flowers! I've pulled my poor snow-ball bush pretty nigh to pieces now for one an' another; an' I had a few early pineys an' I had to even pick them off for the Lewis girls. An', now, what do you want of flowers?"

Miss Jane Smith looked the small applicant over from head to feet as she asked the question. The boy stood meekly before her, and twisted the stems of some wild flowers round and round in his small brown hands.

"I wanted to take an' put 'em on my ma's grave out to the cemetery." She used to take a sight of notice to flowers, ye see; an' everybody's takin' 'em."

"I know; but I can't see no real good in it for my part. The Bible says that the dead don't know nothin' that goes on under the sun, so what pleasure is the flowers to 'em? It's just a fashion—an' a trouble some one, too, if the posies have to be begged. They'd much better stay on their bushes, where livin' folks can see 'em, 'cordin' to my opinion. Say, do you know how to weed?"

"Yes'm; a little—in garden beds an' scab."

"Cause my onion beds is a sufferin' for want of it since this last rain, an' my arn is that lame I can't do it myself. I'll pay you a little something, an' it won't be no harder work for you than trudin' out to the graveyard in the hot sun; so come along."

And little Jim choked down a rising sob, and followed the imperious lady down to her cherished garden.

"Now, mind you, don't pull off the young onion tops, too. Boys is so careless, all I've come across yet."

"Yes'm," said Jimmy; "I'll look out."

Miss Jane went back to the house, and taking her mending basket, sat down in a window where she could overlook her small garden. He had taken off his jacket, and was on his knees at work, but frequently he raised his arm and brushed his shirt across his eyes. Some way, that action troubled his employer, and, after the fashion of people who live much alone, she began to talk to herself.

"I do b'lieve that boy is cryin'. Now, what under the sun ails him, I wonder! Mebbe he didn't want to work after all, but I was so glad to git holt of somebody to do that weedin'. Can't be he's silly enough to cry about the flowers I wouldn't give him; boys ain't so tender-hearted as all that. Mebbe he's hungry. I guess I'll take him out a bite of something, an' see what the matter is, for it kind o' worries me. I'm all stirred up to-day, anyhow."

A few minutes later Jimmy was surprised by the offer of a cup of milk and a generous piece of cake.

"Set down on the step here, little boy, an' rest while you eat it. I don't think I asked you your name, did I?"

"No'm; but it's James Lewis White."

"White? That name sounds real familiar, an' yet I can't think. Has your ma been dead a great while?"

"Only sence December. She was sick a long time; she had consumption."

"Oh, my! Why, I want to know if that poor sufferer was your ma? Why, I heard about her several time, an' once I sent her some things. Why, I declare! She was a widow, they said, an' no means. Was there any other children but you?"

"No'm; there was Annie, but she died when I was real little—fore pa died; they've buried way off over the river."

"I want to know! But there, I hadn't ought to make you talk about your troubles when you're tryin' to eat. Ye see, livin' out of the village as I do, I lose track of things—

Where be you livin' now?"

"With Mr. Brown's folks; but I don't want to keep on a-stayin' there, 'cause there's a good many of 'em, an'—an' they ain't no call to have me. If I was only bigger I could git lots of places to work; but I'm too little, they all say, an' Mr. Brown laughs an' says I'll grow; he's real good! I git errands to do, some, an' take care of Pete—that's the baby; he's just as cunning'."

"I want to know! Well, now you are done eatin', you finish that one bed, an' can you come to-morrow an' do the other?"

"Yes'm; I guess I kin; or I'll do it now."

"No; it won't take no real hurt till then; an' it ain't too late for you to go on to the cemetery. I ain't seen nobody comin' back yet, an' I'll have some flowers all ready for you against you git that bed done."

"Yes'm; I'll be sure to come to-morrow for the other, an' you're awfully good."

"Nonsense! I ain't no saint, mercy knows"

Jimmy knelt again to his work, but he did not have to draw his sleeve across his eyes any more, for they were clear and shining. His body was refreshed; his sore little heart was comforted, and hope and ambition revived. And, someday, Miss Jane felt better, and went about among her syringa bushes and flower beds, picking here and there with more good-will than she had done before that morning. And when the boy's work was done she set out a basin of water, soap and towel for his use, and, giving him five cents and the lovely bouquet, watched him as, with fleet feet, he sped up the road leading to the cemetery on his loving errand.

Miss Jane sat down to her work again, but her thoughts flew faster than did her needle. There were few of her kindred left. A long row of graves out in the hillside cemetery belonged to her. She sometimes went there on Sunday afternoons, and read the names and dates, and counted up the years since the sleepers fell asleep. She saw that the stones were kept upright, and the grass mowed several times each summer; but not a blossoming bush or plant graced the spot. Where was the use? The dead know not anything. And yet to-day she felt dissatisfied, as though she of all the village and country side had failed in having respect. Even little Jim, regardless of discouragement and dust, and noon-tide heat, was hurrying to lay his tribute above the dear dead mother, feeling in some unexplained way its fitness.

After awhile the drum-beats broke into the stillness of Miss Jane's musing. The soldiers were coming back! Each year there were fewer of them to go and come back. One after another went to stay; but they were not forgotten. Comrades were loyal, and the younger generations were not ungrateful; and Memorial Day was the link that bound them into one common loving brotherhood.

Then after the soldiers, came other people by twos and threes. Some carried to rest a few moments on Miss Jane's porch, and to crave a drink of the famous well. They told of the thrilling address, of the patriotic dirges, and of the profusion of floral tributes; and when they were gone on, the listener felt still less at ease in her mind. At last little Jim came by, and she beckoned him in and regaled him with another lunch.

"Oh! it was just lovely!" he said. "Such lots of folks an' flowers. Oh my! An' a lady give me a tin can for my own self, an' I filled it with water, an' put my flowers in it so now they'll keep a week, mebbe. I'll never forget it if you givin' me them snow-balls an' all!"

"There, there! that's all right. I'm glad I did; an' now don't forget to come out here to-morrow. Like enough I'll want you all day for chores around."

After he was gone the house seemed still more lonely. Even Roger, friend and protector though he was, failed to serve in place of human companionship. His mistress gave him a generous dinner. She fed the little clamorous chickens and gave the canary some fresh

water. She finished her sewing, and tried in vain to take a nap; and then she wandered from room to room, but everything was in order and the house was, oh! how still and empty; for the people who used to talk and laugh in it, and tread its floors and pass in and out and up and down, now had their abode in narrow doorless houses, and had no more a "part or lot in anything which is done under the sun."

At last, the restless lonely woman exclaimed: "I'll just do it, anyhow!" She put on her sun-bonnet, took her garden shears and a basket, and went out of doors. A cooling breeze had sprung up, tempering the unseasonable heat; and people were still going to and from the cemetery.

Miss Jane cut cluster after cluster from the snow-ball bush, regardless of its ruffled appearance, and the few peony buds which were just revealing their crimson hearts, lofty sprays of syringas and lovely pansy blossoms were also added to the basket.

"I do believe there's a few white laylocks on the tree north side of the house; and I remember mother always set such store by laylocks; and to think she ain't had a one put over her all these years. Ah, well—a-day! I've said fore now that it was all of a piece with the heathen Chinese custom of puttin' rice an' fruits on the graves; but there! mebbe I've been the heathen after all."

A little later, Miss Jane, leaving Roger to keep watch and ward, started with her flowers on her mile walk to the silent city. She found many visitors still there, and her steps were often arrested by the exquisite beauty of some floral design. It seemed that scarcely a mound had been forgotten; some had only a small token, but even that was "in remembrance." Here and there the fluttering of a tiny flag showed where the heroes of battles slept, and on all such mounds the blossoms lay in sweet profusion.

At last she reached her own plot. Six graves were in it, where lay her nearest of kin—grandmother, father and mother, brothers and sister. She went to the fountain for water, arranged her bowls and cups, and then, with trembling hands, divided her flowers, some for them all, but for the mother, latest buried and most dearly loved, the fair white lilacs and the heart's-ease. One rose, her only one, a pale pink beauty, she placed above the little sister—the precious sister with laughing eyes and face like a flower, who, as the marble record shows, "Departed this life, aged fifteen years."

Long the desolate woman sat there after her task was done, feeling somehow a little nearer to her lost ones, as if she had done them still another service after all these long years, and as if the tie between them had been somehow newly strengthened. Then she thought of the future, of her loneliness and need, and then of little Jim, of his friendliness and loyalty to his dear mother, of his patience over the task she had given him, and his tears, and then the desire and resolve to blend their future lives and fortunes took form in her mind. So, comforted and with new hope and courage, she went home in the twilight, and the petals of the flowers freshened as the dew fell on them, and, seeing their beauty, the angels, who came down to watch the graves at night, smiled tenderly.

LA GRIPPE AGAIN.

During the epidemic of la grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it, confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in la grippe or any throat, chest or lung trouble. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Employ your mind in improving yourself by other men's writings; so you can come easily by what others have labored hard for.—*Socrates.*

The great dynamite guns have revolutionized warfare, and Gaultier's magic chicken cholera cure has stopped the ravages of cholera among the poultry. Sold and guaranteed by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

Southern Opposition to the Third Party Convention.

Col. Livingston, of Georgia, has written a letter, very decidedly in tone, in regard to the Alliance convention to be held in Cincinnati on the 10th, of next month. In it he says that the Southern Alliance will not participate in the convention, and that McGrath, as President of the State Alliance of Kansas, has no authority to call it, because the whole matter was carefully considered at Ocala last December, and a convention for the several farmers and labor organizations was called for February 22, 1892. The members of the Alliance who reside principally in the West, and who want a third party, appear to favor the moment for the Cincinnati convention, while the Southern Alliance oppose the third party idea, so long as redress of grievances is possible within the Democratic party, and are content to await the action of the next Democratic House of Representatives.

Many of the members of the Alliance in the West have been life-long Republicans, and are indisposed to unite with the Democratic party, which in the main favors the measures they advocate, because of a mere sentiment. We are gratified at the position taken by the Southern Alliance. It shows that the latter are earnest, and will be governed by principles, believing that the Democratic party aid will in securing the legislation desired, and willing to give that party a fair trial. The President of an organization into which so many conflicting elements have entered has a very difficult office to perform. He must see that with a divided counsel the effectiveness of the organization will be greatly neutralized; and his skill will be taxed to the utmost to keep its strength intact in order to throw it where it will be most effective. We understand such to be the aim of the National Alliance, and to reconcile the Southern and Western wings appear to be the difficulty. There is little, if any, apprehension but that the Democratic party and the Southern wing of the Alliance will act conjointly in the election of a Democratic President, and if the Western wing will be governed by the same conservatism as our Southern friends there will soon be a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress, and then business will revive and times get better.—*N. C. Intelligencer.*

Drinking and Apoplexy.

The Irish World presents to its readers the following wholesale lesson concerning alcohol and apoplexy.

"It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common. Hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain and it works faster, and so does the tongue, but as the blood goes faster than common to the brain, it returns faster and no immediate harm may result. But suppose a man keeps on drinking; the blood is sent to the brain so fast in large quantities that, in order to make room for it the arteries have to charge themselves. They increase in size, and, in doing so, they press against the more yielding, saccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain, and diminish the size of the pores—the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual. Hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is being literally dead drunk."

A young man advertised for a wife, and his sister answered the advertisements; and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, and the old people think it pretty hard to have too fools in one family.—*Ex.*

Old Clothes.

One of the tritest of old proverbs is "Waste not, waste not." We are familiar with it from our earliest days, and wrote and rewrote the simple words a score of times at least, in the long since laid-by copy-books, which, with the maxims themselves, are only too frequently set aside on some old dusty, musty shelf, and together forgotten. That one is in the closet and the other in some part of what, for want of a more definite term, must be called the inner consciousness, does not change the fact that for all practical purposes of this everyday life they are both equally nugatory. Each day of our lives something is wasted, and so surely the something is wanted. "Waste and want"—cause and effect—two grim, gigantic skeletons, linked together, stalk this weary world of ours; and to think how much of this evil is preventable!

Permanent good is not to be attained by big spurts of charity, taking the shape of handsome donations given when some cry, louder and sharper than the average, pierces the comfortable lethargy in which we enshroud our-lives. A vast plan is now being freely discussed for alleviating the almost hopeless misery of thousands; but even if its sanguine founder's highest anticipations are realized, still the old truth remains—as true now as when it was first uttered, nearly 4000 years ago—"The poor shall never cease out of the land." To assist these, it is not always necessary to give up any of the daily luxuries that society, in many instances, makes almost indispensable, but to turn our disused luxuries to account. It is not money that is needed, but time and thought. If mothers would only teach their children, or let them be taught, to mend and renovate their own cast-off clothing, so as to make it suitable for poor children of their own age, it would prove an incalculable source of good—perhaps not less to the giver than to the receiver. The worn-out schoolroom frock, with probably little holes just beginning to peep at the elbows, neatly patched (and any superfluous trimming, unfit for the recipient, removed), would prove a blessing of inestimable magnitude to many a shivering mite. Of course, the kindest little hands could never make a silk frock serviceable or suitable for such wearers, but out-grown coats, worn under-garments and the boys' cast-off clothes, would be far more welcome and useful than treble their money value. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is through their small value that they are so valuable. It is no temptation to the most degraded, drunken father or mother to pawn or sell what would hardly fetch the price of one of their favorite drinks. Again, if the proper methods for distribution are taken, the offender could easily be detected, and the necessary means used to prevent a repetition of the offence.

Women hardly yet understand how strong they are to do good in their own true sphere and to mitigate the fearful misery by which they are surrounded. It is the steady, constant help, given with discrimination and sympathy, that is required, and it lies in every woman's power to assist here. For the little ones special pleading has been given, but how many a poor mother, recovering from illness, most of whose clothes have been pawned to meet the extra requirements of such times; would receive with heartfelt gratitude the bundle of warm, if worn, garments? The bread-winner would be spared many a rough and gruff dismissal in his search for employment if, perhaps, his toes would not show so obstructively through his boots; and then possibly the first lazy habits of slouching around public-house doors would not be engendered.—*The Home Fascinator.*

If you grow crops among your fruit trees apply manure enough for both.

Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER, \$1.50 a year.