

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1891.

NO. 6

Professional Cards.

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

BARTLETT SHIPP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLN, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891.

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.

Dr. WILL A. PRESSLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,
LINCOLN, N. C.
July 11, 1890.

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

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.

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 their lives to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Croup or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Beech's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

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

THE FIRST STEP.
Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything in your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 60c. at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

It is hard to ruffle a man who keeps close to God.

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

Some people can trust in God as long as they have plenty of money, but when the bank breaks their religion all goes with it.

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.

There are more quarrels smothered by just shutting your mouth and holding it shut than by all the wisdom in the world.

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold yet you may get a trial bottle free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

Mathematicians figure that a man sixty years old has spent three years buttoning his collar. How much time has been consumed by a woman of forty five by putting her hat on straight.—Life.

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.

All sunshine makes the desert.

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 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. Lawing, Druggist.

E. M. ANDREWS,
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 \$13.00

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 19th century, for from \$15 to \$25. The BAMBOO is something new also, and is having a big run. I can furnish you CATALOGUES of all my styles, and I guarantee to sell you carriages from 15 to 20 per cent. less than any other dealer in the State.

Parlor Suits.
I have an endless variety PARLOR SUITS to suit all tastes and 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 retails in New York City for \$325.00. My stock is more than complete in every respect.

REINS 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.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ACKER, 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.

"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," 116th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the hand above— A woman's heart, and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love? Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing As a child might ask for a toy? Demanding what others have died to win With the reckless dash of a boy. You have written my lesson of duty out, Manlike you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul Until I shall question thee. You require your mutton shall always be hot, Your socks and your shirts shall be whole; I require your heart shall be true as God's stars; And pure as heaven your soul. You require a cook for your mutton and beef; I require far grander a thing; A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts— I look for a man and king. A king for a beautiful realm called home, And a man that the maker, God, Shall look upon as he did the first, And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade From my soft young cheek one day; Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves, As you did 'mid the bloom of May? Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep I may launch my all on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride. I require all things that are grand and true; All things that a man should be; If you give this all I would stake my life To be all your demand of me. If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook You can hire with little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way. —Mary T. Lathrop.

New York Ledger.

MARTHA DREWE'S PARLOR.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

A pretty little farm house, painted a snowy white, with blinds of vivid green, stood just outside the small New England village of Waterford. The house was quite new. The shingles on its roof were still yellow and resinous. It had a trim, smart look pleasing to the eye. A small, old house, painted a dark brown, stood back a few yards from the pretty white house.

Mr. and Mrs. Jared Drewe had moved from the old house into the new one. They had begun house-keeping as a young married couple in the old house, and they had lived in it twenty-five years. The new house was the culmination of the hopes and plans of many years. True, Drewe had never liked the old house. It had no "conveniences." The new house had a well right in the kitchen, a big pantry, plenty of closets and a parlor. The old house had had none of these things.

"I begin to feel as though I was somebody," Mrs. Drewe said at the breakfast-table on the morning of the fifth day after they had moved into the new house. "Do, eh?" replied Mr. Drewe. "You wimmen are great for puttin' on style. I ain't never felt no particular need of a parlor. A common settin'-room's good enough for me, or even the kitchen."

"I don't mind settin' in a nice, clean kitchen, myself," replied his wife, "but I don't want all my company to have to set there—specially the minister and his wife. I've felt the need of a parlor a many a time, if you ain't."

"Well, you've got one now." "Yes, when I git it furnished." "Oh, I reckon you'll want to fill it full of all sorts of flab-dubbery—woman-like." "I'm going to have things nice, anyhow. Land knows, I've waited long enough for 'em."

"What you call 'nice'?" "Well, I'm going to have a real Brussels carpet, for one thing, and a marble-top table and a plush sofa and lace curtains and nice chairs." "Shucks!" Mr. Drewe said, contemptuously, but he did not offer any objection to this extravagant outlay of long and carefully hoarded funds. He knew, moreover, that most of this splendor would be pur-

chased out of his wife's own savings. She was a wise woman and had a purse of her own. "Ketch me having to run to Jared or to any other man ev'ry time I want a little money," she had said, in the beginning of their pilgrimage as man and wife. "No, sir; my savings shall be my own."

Adhering tenaciously to this resolve and ever keeping in mind a time to come when she should have a new house, Mrs. Drewe had money enough to furnish the house as she pleased. But his wife's second proposition aroused a spirit of antagonism in Jared Drewe: "I want to have the parlor papered some time next week."

"Papered?" Mr. Drewe looked up quickly, surprise and opposition depicted on every line of his face. "Yes, papered," replied Mrs. Drewe. "You s'pose I'm going to have bare white walls when ev'rybody else has theirs papered?"

"We'd all bare walls in the old house." "I don't care if we did, we kept 'thinkin' and thinkin' we'd build ev'ry year, and it didn't seem worth while to do any paperin' or fixin' up; but if you reckon I'm goin' to live the rest o' my days in bare white-walled rooms you're mistaken."

She spoke decisively, for she saw unusual depths of opposition in her husband's large, unshaven face with its square, firm jaw and chin indicative of great firmness of purpose. Her own face wore a resolute, emphatic expression. She was a plucky little woman. Her husband had a secret pride in what he called her "grit," although he would have died before he would have confessed it.

"I don't see why on earth you object so to a little wall paper, Jared." "I despise wall-paper," he said, with something like childish perverseness. "Why?"

"Because I do!" "That ain't no reason." "It's unhealthy, for one thing." "Fiddle-faddle!" "Any doctor'll tell ye so." "I wouldn't b'lieve it if he did. Ev'rybody has wall-paper nowadays." "We haven't." "We're goin' to have." "We're not."

Mrs. Drewe sat back stiffly in her chair, resolute and defiant. Her black eyes shone as she said: "There's no sense in your actin' so, Jared Sparks. I'm goin' to have that parlor papered." "You do, and I'll never set foot in it as long as I live and breathe the breath of life!" "Fiddlesticks!" "I never will, Marthy."

"What nonsense!" "I never will!" He rose from the table as he spoke, took his hat from a nail in the small entry near the kitchen door and went out to the barn, his every movement seeming to accentuate his resolve.

Mrs. Drewe did not refer to the matter again; but a week from that day, when Mr. Drewe returned home after a day spent in the city five miles distant, he met John Hays, the village paper-hanger, coming from the house with an empty paste bucket and a roll of two of paper under his arm.

Stepping into the little front entry, he glanced toward the parlor at the right. The door was open, and he saw his wife standing in the center of the room, looking with pleased eyes at the four walls around her covered with gorgeous gilt paper of the most pronounced pattern. She assumed an air of ignorance of the subject, and asked, cheerily: "Well, Jared, how do you like it? Isn't it lovely? I think it's just beautiful." "You remember what I said, Marthy Drewe?" "Well?" "I'm goin' to stick to it." "Now, Jared, I—"

He pronounced each word slowly and with marked emphasis. Then he turned and went out to the barn. "He'll get over it," Mrs. Drewe said, hopefully, to herself; but in her secret soul she feared he would not.

He made no reference to the matter at the supper table. He even talked cheerfully and pleasantly of the events of his visit to the city.

The Brussels carpet, the plush sofa, the lace curtain and the marble-top table of Marthy Drewe's visions and dreams became splendid realities during the next week. She called her husband to note the general effect when everything was in place. He came to the open door and looked in.

"Come in an' set down in this new patent rocker and see how easy it rocks," she said. "No, thank ye," he said, curtly. "I never expect to set in it."

She tried to laugh lightly as she said: "Pshaw, Jared! Don't be so silly!" He turned and walked away in silence.

The minister and his wife came out from the village to call, the next day. Mrs. Drewe ushered them in to the gorgeous parlor, her heart swelling with pride. Jared came to the door with an old wooden chair from the kitchen, plumped it down flat and hard on the oil-cloth of the entry floor, and sat there during the entire call.

"You never even come in to shake hands with 'em," Marthy said, afterward. "I know it."

"What you s'pose they'll think?" "Dunno what." "If that's the way you're goin' to act ev'ry time anybody calls here, I'd thank you to keep out of sight altogether."

"I reckon I want to see folks much as you do." "I've a notion to go and have ev'ry room in the house papered," she said, hotly. "Then I'll take up my abode in the tavern," he replied, calmly. "The Drewes always was a stubborn set, but I run I didn't s'pose Jared could be so pig-headed," she said when Jared had left the room.

She had many callers during the next few weeks. The fame of her gorgeous parlor brought all her friends and acquaintances to behold its splendors. Jared sat at the door on the old wooden chair during nearly all of these calls. He was careful not to let even the toe of his boot enter the despised room.

The sharp eyes of some of Mrs. Drewe's callers soon noticed Jared's peculiar conduct; their keen noses scented domestic discord. "What's the matter of Jared?" asked Sarah May, Mrs. Drewe's sister, a few weeks after the papering and furnishing of the parlor. "Nothing that I know of," replied Marthy. "What makes you ask?" "Didn't he want you to buy your parlor things?"

"He didn't care. Whatever put that idee into your head, Sally?" "They say he won't set in one of the parlor chairs, nor even step into the room." "Who says so?" "Oh, it's common talk. I've been asked about it more'n once." Mrs. Drewe went home greatly distressed and humiliated. She was a sensitive little woman, notwithstanding her "grit," and she could not endure the thought of having her domestic affairs made a subject of common gossip. She was rigidly truthful, too, and she was forced to admit to her sister that she and her husband had had a disagreement. She felt hotly rebellious toward Jared as she entered the pretty little new house in which she had expected to be so happy. Jared was lying on the lounge in his shirt-sleeves and stockings feet, reading the weekly paper.

"You can help it any mianit, Jared Drewe!" "How?"

"Why, by simply giving up your mulishness and coming into the parlor next time we have company." "Humph!" said Jared, and resumed the reading of his paper. Marthy raged inwardly.

So many of her plans were thwarted by Jared's "mulishness." She had the deserved reputation of being a very "social" woman, and she had planned to have "a sight of company" in the new house. She had often pictured to herself the tea-parties and the dinner-parties she should give. She had even planned a grand housewarming, with a supper that should surpass anything ever given in that neighborhood. It was hard to have all these fair dreams coming to naught.

"For I can't invite company with Jared actin' so. He'd have to be in the parlor some," she said to herself, often with hot tears in her eyes. The summer days waned into those of autumn, and the autumn days gave place to the winds and snows of late November and still the feet of Jared Drewe had never crossed the threshold of his own parlor and Marthy had suffered untold mortification on this account.

They were sitting alone in rather gloomy silence at the close of a dark and stormy day in late November. Marthy had not been well for several days. She had never been confined to her bed a day in her life and a slight indisposition usually made her irritable. She felt that it would in some degree be a disgrace for her to be ill. It was with as much pride as gratitude that she remembered that neither she nor Jared had ever needed the services of a physician.

But she looked ill enough to need one now. There were great black hollows under her dull eyes, her cheeks were flushed, her lips dry, and she crept about slowly and languidly. "Better let me go for the doctor, Marthy," Jared had said several times. "I b'lieve you're sicker'n you reckon you air."

"I've an idee I'll be better in the morning. I'm going to take a dose of them bitters that helped me so when I was kind o' run down in the summer. Wish you'd get 'em for me." "Where are they?" he asked, rising from his chair, the paper he had been reading still in his hand.

"Oh, they're in the—the—set down Jared, I'll get up and get 'em myself." She was lying on the lounge at the time and she sat up painfully and slowly, while he hastened to say: "No, no, Marthy; lay still; I'll get 'em. Where are they?"

"They're in that little corner closet in the parlor, Jared." He stared blankly at her for a moment, his face crimsoning; he took a step forward and then dropped back heavily into his chair and held the paper up before his face in silence.

His wife rose without a word and feebly walked across the floor, breathing heavily and keeping herself from falling by leaning on tables and chairs. Jared watched her turritively while pretending to read. There was a visible twitching of the corners of his mouth once, and his teeth, set close together, showed between his parted lips. The hand that held the paper trembled, but he sat still.

His wife slowly groped her way across the hall. He heard the parlor door open. He heard the door of the little closet swing back, creaking slightly on its hinges. Then he heard Marthy fall.

He ran to the open door of the parlor. She was lying at full length, face downward on the floor. "Marthy! Marthy!" he cried; but he stopped short, with his toes on the parlor threshold, his stammer, inflexible will loth to bend or break even to give aid to the wife he truly loved. "Marthy! O, Marthy!" he called, stretching his arms far into the room toward her. "Lordy, Marthy, come here, and I'll do anything I kin for you. Roll over, if you can't walk, Marthy!" He dropped to his knees, bent hi

great body forward and tried to reach her, but failed by several feet. There was a ludicrous side to it all. "Marthy!" he faintly shrieked.

She neither moved nor spoke, but suddenly she gave a pitiful groan. "Good Lord! What a fool I be!" cried Jared, suddenly leaning back and striking his breast with his clenched fists. "A fool and a beast to let the best wife any man ever had suffer a second, when I might help her! The Lord forgive me!"

He bounded to her side as he spoke, and took her limp and unconscious form up in his arms, saying, as he did so: "It'll be a judgment on me if she dies. The best wife in the world! Marthy! Marthy, dear! What ails ye?"

He seldom called her "dear." He did so now with great tenderness and gentleness. "Marthy can't ye open your eyes? See, dear; I'm in the parlor. I'll come in it right along now. The parolin' reely sets it off. I've thought so from the fut but I was too cussed stubborn to say so. Oh, Marthy! What is the matter?" For she did not even open her eyes.

It was seven weeks before she left the bedroom to which he carried her. He had been one of the tenderest and most patient of nurses, but the word "parlor" had never passed either his lips or hers during all that time.

She had thought much about it, however, but not with pride or pleasure, because she had no hope that Jared would ever enter it now, and the wall-paper could not be removed.

He carried her out tenderly and gently the first time she left her room. "Want me to carry ye into the parlor, Marthy?" he asked, after he had her in his arms. "It's sunny and bright in there. I've got a good fire in the stove and the—the—wall paper shines beautifully."

She looked up with shining eyes and the first flush there had been in her cheeks for many weeks. "If you would carry me in and lay me down on the sofa awhile, Jared. Why—I—I—Oh, Marthy! What does it mean? I thought you—Oh, Jared!" for as he carried her out into the dining-room and through the sitting-room to the hall she saw that all the once bare and cold and staring white walls were covered with more expensive and beautiful paper than she herself would have bought.

There was a warm, red and black carpet on the hall floor, a new carpet for the sitting-room, new and pretty chairs and tables here and there, and a mirror in a gilt frame between the two front-parlor windows that reached nearly from the floor to the ceiling. When she caught a reflection of their faces in the shining glass, she saw in both a kinder, gentler, tenderer look than either had worn for years.

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.

The Treasury Vault.

The great Treasury vault at Washington, built not long ago, covers more than a quarter of an acre, and is twelve feet deep. In its interior there is a cage of iron lattice work, the bars of which are made of wrought iron, and which were riveted together with red hot rivets after the lattice work was put up. It took 100,000 rivets to fasten the iron work of this vault together, and the lattice had to be very strong as the silver is very heavy. The amount of silver now in the vault weighs over 3000 tons, and you could put these \$90,000,000 on one side of the scales and 35,000 men, weighing each 150 pounds, on the other side, and the silver would outweigh them. It would take 175 freight cars to carry this silver to the sea-coast if America should be conquered and this treasury vault looted. And still this is only a small part of the coin in the treasury. There is another vault which contains \$59,000,000 more of silver and \$25,000,000 in gold.—Ex.