

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1891.

NO. 7

## 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 1y

### 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

### GO TO

SOUTHERN STAR

BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial 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, drink water 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.

## FIGURES DO NOT LIE.

I advertise the largest stock of FURNITURE in the State, and the lowest prices of any dealer North or South. I shall prove it by figures.

### READ THESE PRICES.

A Tipton baby Carriage, Wire Wheels, only	\$ 7 50
Genuine Antique Oak Bed Room Suit (19 pieces)	25 00
Walnut Frame Wood Flush Parlor Suit (6 pieces)	35 00
Antique Oak Sideboard, with large glass	16 00
Standing Hall Racks, with glass	5 75
Antique Oak High Back Wood Seat Rockers	1 50
Mexican Grass Hammocks, large size	1 25
Mosquito Canopies with Frames ready to hang	3 00
Bamboo Beds, 6 feet high.	1 00
Ladies Rattan Rockers	2 50
Antique Oak Center Tables 16 in. square top	1 50
Holland Window shades, Dodo Fringe and Spring Rollers	65
Platform Spring Rockers (carpet seats)	5 50
Sterling Organ, 7 stops, Walnut case	50 00
Sterling Piano, 74 octaves Ebony case	255 00

I have just put in the Furniture for three (3) large Hotels and am receiving orders from all over North and South Carolina daily.

One price to all, and that the lowest known, is my way of doing business. If you buy an article from me and it does not come up as represented, return it at my expense and get your money back.

Write me for Catalogues.

E. M. ANDREWS,

Leading Furniture and Music Dealer,

14 and 16 West Trade St.

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. 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 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." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 1524 Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTOR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## MERT 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 had a single complaint that we have not cured. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist.

Angelina (with a scream and a shudder)—O, George! Isn't that a mad dog?

George—I should think he ought to be. Some wretch has tied a tomato can to his tail.—*Chicago Times.*

## THE FIRST SYMPTOMS 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 Gallant—Really, I am intoxicated with your beauty.

The Frank Girl—Is that it? Mama said she thought it was the punch.—*Murray's Weekly.*

## 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 equalled, either in America or abroad. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

If you would get rid of the pestiferous little ants that infest your floor, simply take a piece of chalk and mark around the floor, or around the table leg, and they at once leave. Ants will not cross a chalk line, so a friend who has tried it for several years, tells us.—*Ex.*

## 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.

"Do you believe that man sprung from the ape?"

"No; but I believe that woman springs from the mouse—in fact, I've seen her do it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## 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, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, 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.

## Godey's Lady's Book.

### Miss Dorothy Montfort's Charge.

BY NELLIE D. S. GRAHAM.

ROY MONTFORT sat in his study reading intently, but with a tired light in his brown eyes. The book over which he was poring was a volume pertaining to law, and Roy was reading up "a case" industriously. He was still a young man, although a prominent lawyer, and lived in his handsome house on Michigan avenue, Chicago, over which presided his sister, a maiden lady of some sixty summers, for Roy, although thirty-five years of age, had remained unmarried.

Miss Dorothy Montfort never ceased to lament her brother's "single blessedness" (??) but he would always laughingly pull her down beside him, and as he framed her dear old face with his hands, would say: "Dorothy! Are we not happy, alone? With you, I lack nothing—I want nothing." And Dorothy would flush up with glad surprise at these loving words.

She was only his half sister, but since the death of his parents she had been both mother and sister to him; and indeed, they were comfortable and cozy in their beautiful home.

Roy was now looking around his luxurious study with a discontented air, as he closed his book with a sigh.

"Well, there's no help for it, I must go to Denver and hunt up those parties. How I dislike leaving my comfortable den!" And he settled himself for a nap, when the door opened and his sister came in. She held in her hand an open letter and there were tears in her kindly eyes.

"Oh, Roy, dear, I must read you this, what will you do with a child in the house and what will you say to this?"

"What is it?" Roy here interrupted her with a smile, as he reached out a lazy hand for the letter. She watched him as he read, and when he had finished, he turned to her with a mystified air: "Tell me what it means, sister mine?"

"Well, Roy," began Miss Dorothy. "Meta Ray was a little girl who was in the primary grade of the school I attended when I graduated. She was a lovely little thing, and, although I was ten years her senior, I loved her dearly. For years after I left school, we wrote regularly to each other; but finally she married John Morris, and we drifted apart. I have not heard of her for a long time."

"And now comes this letter from her lawyer, stating she is dead, and has left her only child, a daughter, in your charge; well, what will you do about it?" interposed Roy.

"I may have her, may I not, Roy dear? It is a solemn trust and it seems the little girl's father is also dead, and there is no one to look after her. So I can send for her to come and keep her with us, can I not? She will be company for me while you are gone, and I can make her useful in many ways. I should very much like to have her come. Remember, I loved her mother dearly." So saying, Miss Dorothy subsided into a chair, and wiping her eyes energetically waited for Roy to speak.

"Of course, she must come," he spoke earnestly after perusing carefully the letter which she still held in his hand. "And I would go for her myself, if it were not for this troublesome case, the River law suit. I must leave to-night for Denver, dear, to be gone a week or ten days. You can send your maid for the child whenever you like. Nannette Morris, that is a pretty name, and I hope she will prove a good little girl so that she can be of some comfort to you."

Roy departed that night on his trip, and in a few days afterward, Miss Dorothy received word that her charge, Miss Morris, would arrive on the evening train. Everything was in preparation for her young guest, and Miss Dorothy's cap string all a-flutter with excitement, when the man ushered into

the room, a tall young lady of twenty years, with large blue eyes, sunny hair, and a slender dainty figure arrayed in the most correct of mourning attire.

She came quickly toward Miss Dorothy, who was staring at her in the utmost amazement, holding out a small well-gloved hand, and then hesitatingly pressed a kiss on the old lady's cheek, saying in a high, clear voice: "You are Miss Dorothy, I know, and I am Nannette. Mother loved you so much, and it is kind—oh, so kind, in you to take me into your home." The sweet eyes were full of tears, now, and Miss Dorothy had taken the girl into her arms and was holding her close to her motherly heart, while she mingled her tears with Nannette's, and poured out reminiscences of the mother, into the daughter's listening ear.

Finally she held her off and looked at her—"You are very like your mother, Nannette, very like her, and I shall love you all the more for that—but to think of you, a grown-up young lady!"

Then Miss Dorothy began to laugh.

About a week later, they sat together one morning in the pleasant breakfast room. Miss Dorothy and Nannette had become firm and fast friends by this time, and many a chat they had had over the still absent Roy. Indeed, Nannette imagined the young lawyer to be a perfect Adonis, and shyly dreamed of his home coming.

The postman had brought Miss Dorothy a letter, and Nannette watched the old lady anxiously, from out the corner of her eyes, as he perused it.

Miss Dorothy folded up the letter and replaced her glasses in their case—then she spoke. "Roy comes home to-night, my pet. He will be with us after dinner. Are you not glad, Nannette?"

"Very," replied the girl, absently, wondering if his coming would disturb the happy tranquility and contentment into which she had fallen since she entered this new home. As she still bent over her fancy work and said no more, Miss Dorothy rose, and brushed around, giving orders for her brother's comfort upon his return home. It was noticed through the day that she pulled out his letter frequently and chuckled over it.

When Roy arrived in the evening, Miss Dorothy and Nannette were in the drawing-room. Before he could enter the room where they were, his sister started to meet him, and Nannette, seized with a sudden shyness, slipped behind the heavy silken curtains and peeped out to see him as he came in. Very speedily he entered, with his arm around his sister's waist, as he questioned her concerning her health and the affairs of the house during his absence. How handsome he was. A well-built, broad-shouldered man, with brown hair and beard, and wonderful brown eyes. He carried in his hand a long, white, paste-board box, which Miss Dorothy was trying to take from him. "No, no, Dorothy, I shall give it to her myself, where is the child? I would like to see her?"

Nannette wondered who "the child" could be, but just then Miss Dorothy called her name, and she was forced to show herself.

How Roy started as the beautiful young girl came from between the crimson hangings. What a picture she made—her fair face flushed, and the golden hair forming a coronet over the broad brow, while the soft folds of her black gown fell gracefully about her slender form.

Roy stared at her in wonder as she came forth in response to Miss Dorothy's call. "What?" he cried. "You—little Nannette? I thought, Dorothy, you said she was but a child?" He had taken her hand and was holding it as he looked at her with eyes full of admiration. Still holding fast to the small prisoner, he began to laugh. Miss Dorothy joining him. Nannette drew her hand away with offended dignity, which Roy noticing—explained, as he presented the long box to her: "Your pardon, Miss Morris—but

this is all too funny. See: here is the gift which I brought for you." Nannette, by this time, had opened the box, and there, to her astonished gaze was disclosed, a large wax doll.

How they did laugh, and in pleasant conversation and music, Roy's first evening passed all too quickly.

Roy was very much occupied the next few days, but one night he came home, bringing a friend, Harold St. John, to dinner with him. St. John was plainly impressed with Miss Morris, and from that time was a constant visitor in Montfort's home. As months rolled by, Roy was most miserable. With all his heart, he adored Dorothy's young charge, and St. John manifested decidedly the same preference. Nannette received Mr. St. John's attentions with apparent pleasure, and the evenings were spent together at the piano, while Miss Dorothy knitted and Roy pored over his heavy volumes, now and then stealing a glance at the sweet face of Nannette. "Does she care for St. John?" he asked himself. "Alas, yes," he decided, and he walked up and down his chamber floor, far into the night and grew thin and worn as he wrestled with this new passion which consumed him.

One day, St. John came to Montfort's office, and after declaring his love for Nannette, begged him to plead his suit with her. With white lips Roy promised, and wrung his friend's hand in silence.

That night after dinner, it being a balmy evening in May, he offered his arm to Nannette, and they went for a stroll up and down the long portico that surrounded the house. Over Nannette's golden head she had flung a white lace scarf, and as Montfort looked at his beautiful companion, his heart gave a mighty throb and a mad desire took possession of him to clasp her close in his longing arms. But he controlled himself with an effort, and in his deep, rich voice, he told her of St. John's love, and of his wealth, and position in society, and of his earnest wish to make Miss Morris his wife.

She had stopped quite still, and by the moonlight which shone on the pure face, he saw she had grown deadly pale, and one little hand was nervously clasping the other.

"Say no more, I beg of you, Mr. Montfort, I cannot marry Mr. St. John, indeed I cannot!"

"But think, Nannette, St. John is a noble fellow, and cares so much for you. Must I give him such a message? May he not come to you and plead his case?"

"No, no, Mr. Montfort; tell him I appreciate the honor he has done me, but I cannot marry him. I love—another." So saying she turned away, abruptly left him, and they saw no more of her that night.

During the next few days, things seemed strangely mixed in the pleasant home. Nannette was very pale and quiet. Roy pleaded business of importance and was rarely in the house. St. John came but once, and after a short talk with Nannette, he went away and returned no more.

Only Miss Dorothy was unchanged. If she noticed any difference in her young friend, like the wise little woman that she was, she said nothing, and allowed things to right themselves as best they might.

One night when Roy came home he found the house in darkness, and supposing all had retired, entered the library, intending to spend an hour with his books.

A low sob arrested his attention, and he was surprised to find Nannette curled up in a large chair, sobbing bitterly. In an instant he was at her side, with the soft hands 'prisoned in his own, as he interrogated her as to the cause of her tears.

"Why do you cry, Nannette?" he presently asked again of her, as she, having snatched away her hands, covered her face with them. "What can have happened? Are you not happy here with us?"

"Yes, oh, yes," sobbed Nannette. "Then is it that you regret St. John? Is it that which distresses you?" he asked, growing pale.

"No, not that," came her faint

reply.

"Then I must beg you to tell me what it is." Roy has turned the tear-stained face up to his own, and is eagerly searching the depths of the tender eyes. What he sees there apparently satisfies him, for he draws the unresisting figure to his heart and presses a warm kiss on the quivering lips, as he whispers words of love into the willing ears.

"And is it true, really true, Nannette, that you love me?" he asks, for the twentieth time. "Ah, I have been so miserable, so wretched, since you told me you loved another. How long have you cared for me, my darling?"

"Since I first you, Roy," comes the low reply, "with that immense doll for the little Nannette."

Just then Miss Dorothy pops a head ornamented with a most wonderful night-cap in at the door, and is gazing at them with open-eyed astonishment.

Explanations are in order, and when Miss Dorothy is told that within a month Nannette will become Roy Montfort's wife, she gives an earnest blessing and a hearty consent.

Dr. Breeding, of Glasgow, Ky., says: "My chickens are thriffter, healthier, finer, larger and have beautiful plumage since I began using Gantler's magic chicken cholera cure." For sale by Dr. Lawing.

A little boy was told that he must not ask for anything at the table, as it was not good manners to do so. The consequence was that he was frequently overlooked. One day his father said: "Johnny, get me a clean plate for my lettuce."

"Take mine, pa; it's clean," and he added with a sigh: "There hasn't been anything put on it, yet."—*Texas Siftings.*

## 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. Aker'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.

## SKINNING EELS WITHOUT A KNIFE.

"Lute" knows as much about skinning eels as any man between Hunter's Point and Sag Harbor. But he is not proud and admits that there was a time when he did not know so much about this slippery product of the Sound.

"It cost me the drinks for a big crowd once," said he, "to learn how to skin an eel without using a knife. I didn't believe it could be done and there don't nobody until they see it for themselves."

I confessed that the skinning of an eel without a knife would be an exploit sufficient to excite my admiration.

"Well, now, just watch" Lute dropped the eel he held on the ground, put his large and robust boot upon its tail and rolled it rapidly back and forth. The tail did not smash, as one would think, but after being rolled a dozen times or so, the skin split in two seams along the sides. He took an end in each hand and pulled them apart. The skin peeled off easily in two sections.

"That's wrong end first, as most folks skin eels," said Lute, "but it's just as good a job."—*N. Y. Herald.*

## The Rod of Scripture.

The advocates of whipping as a means of family discipline are accustomed to quote Solomon as saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." What Solomon said was, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son." But the word "rod" in that connection does not necessarily refer to corporal punishment. It simply means parental authority and guidance. The same Hebrew word is used in the twenty-third Psalm, where David says, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. His rod and his staff they comfort me." The rod was the symbol of authority and power, not a raw-hide nor a hickory withe.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

## The Heaviest Man on Record.

One of Mr. Darden's Great nephews kindly furnished me today with a notice of Mr. Darden, cut from the Wilmington Journal after his death and pasted in an old memorandum book, a copy of which I send you. The article was headed, "The Heaviest Man on Historic Record," and is as follows:

"Miles Darden, probably the largest man on record, born in North Carolina, died in Henderson county, Tennessee January 23, 1857. He was seven feet nine inches high, and in 1845 weighed at least 871 pounds. At his death, he weighed a little over 1000 pounds. Until 1843, he was active and lively and was able to labor, but from that time was obliged to stay at home or be hauled about in a two horse wagon. In 1839 his coat was buttoned around three men, each of them weighing more than 200 pounds, who walked together in it across a square at Lexington. In 1850 it required thirteen and a half yards of cloth one yard wide to make him a coat. His coffin was eight feet long, thirty-five inches deep, thirty-two inches across the breast, eighteen inches across the head, and fourteen inches across the feet, and twenty-five yards of black velvet was requisite to cover the side and lid. He was twice married and his children are very large, though probably none of them will ever reach half the weight of their father."—*B. W. L. Holt, in the Richmond Dispatch.*

## 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, and any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Aker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

## Sam Jones Sued for \$10,000.

The Chattanooga Times says: "A suit against the Rev. Sam Jones and the Montgomery Christian Union is the latest sensation. Last fall during the progress of the Sam Jones' meeting at the tabernacle on the corner of Adam and Perry streets in Montgomery, Ala., at the Sunday morning service, the wind blew almost a gale, and one of the electric light lamps, with which the tent was lighted, fell and struck Mr. William Rogers, of Elmore station, on the leg and very painfully injured him. The broken glass also struck the head of Mr. Rogers' little boy and cut him, from which he bled profusely.

Efforts have been made by Mr. Rogers through his attorneys for payment for loss of time and suffering, but all proposals have failed, Rev. Sam Jones writing that he was not running an accident insurance company.

"As a result a suit has just been brought in the circuit court of Montgomery county for \$10,000 by Gen. T. J. Holtzclaw and H. C. Bullock as attorneys for Mr. Rogers against the great evangelist, Rev. Sam Jones, and a large number of Christian gentlemen of the Montgomery Christian Union.

"The tabernacle on that memorable day was crowded, and in the midst of such a strong wind and threatening weather the revivalist was about the only man within knowledge who could have held a crowd at the risk of bodily harm. Those who were present will remember the occurrence and will watch the result of the suit with special interest."

He had reason to be confident: "Do you think, young man," he said, "that you will be able to take care of my daughter Flora in the style to which she has always been accustomed?" "I think so, sir," answered the young man confidently. "She refused to go to the concert with me the other night, because she said she had nothing to wear."

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darkey who was to be next witness. "Yes sar, I does. Ote of dese year lawyers done gib me foan dollars for to swear to suffin. Dat's de value of an oath. Foan dollars, sir."

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