

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1891.

NO. 8

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 28 '91

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.

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are 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 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, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Bosche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

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 Rattan baby Carriage, Wire Wheels, only	\$ 7 50
Genuine Antique Oak Bed Room Suit (10 pieces)	25 00
Walnut Frame Wood Plush Parlor Suit (6 pieces)	35 00
Antique Oak Sideboard, with large glass	16 00
Staining Hall Buckets, with glass	5 75
Antique Oak High Back Wood Seat Rockers	1 50
Mexican Grass Hammocks, large size	1 50
Mosquito Canopies with Frames ready to hang	2 00
Bamboo Baskets, 5 feet high	1 00
Ladies Batten Rockers	2 50
Antique Oak Center Tables 16 in. square top	1 50
Holland Window shades, Dodo Fringe and Spring Rollers	1 50
Platform Spring Rockers (carpet seat)	3 50
Sterling Organ, 7 stops, Walnut case	50 00
Sterling Piano, 7 1/2 octaves Ebony case	225 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 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 so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ALEXANDER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kinds Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"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 MARTELL, D. D.,
New York City,
Lafe Young 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," 125th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CHERRY COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

A. H. MANTON.

HAVE you the means to support a wife?" was the question which practical old Mr. Worth asked me when I asked him, somewhat over forty years ago, for his daughter Effie.

I never thought of that, and I'm quite sure Effie hadn't. How to keep the kettle boiling was a problem far too unpoetical to engage the attention of two young people wrapped up in the contemplation of each other.

But the question only needed to be put to prove its pertinence. Mr. Worth's fortune was moderate; mine was nothing. At present, I was barely able to gain my own livelihood. To take a wife under such circumstances, I was at no loss to perceive, would betoken either unpardonable rashness or an indelicate willingness to pension myself on another's bounty.

My resolution was at once taken. Stammering something in reply to Mr. Worth's question, I bowed myself out of his presence and sought his daughter's.

"Your father is right," I said to Effie, when I had told her what had passed. "No man has a right to take woman from her home till he has another to offer her. 'Till I am prepared to do so, farewell!"

In the gold mines of California, then lately discovered, I toiled and roughed it with the roughest. Fortune, after many frowns, at length began to smile upon me; and I hoped soon to be able to return and claim, without humiliation, the prize for which, if I had not labored as long, I had at least encountered more of hardship and danger than the young Israelite did to win the choice of his heart.

I carefully abstained from corresponding with Effie. To do so before the conditions were fulfilled which I had prescribed to myself I would have looked upon as a breach of faith.

Through a friend, however, with whom I occasionally interchanged letters, I learned, in time, that Mr. Worth's affairs had become embarrassed. He had even been forced to borrow money from an unaccountable old usurer on the security of his homestead, and the exacting creditor was threatening to turn him out of doors.

I could easily spare the amount necessary to avert such a calamity, but how to do so without wounding the sensitiveness of Effie and her father was a question of no small delicacy.

I wrote to my friend, inclosing a sum sufficient to buy in the claim against Mr. Worth, with instructions to take a blank assignment of the bond and mortgage, and to forward them to my address, every precaution being taken to conceal my name in the transaction.

My instructions were complied with, and, in due time, I received the papers; and, my good fortune continuing, it was not long before I felt that I might present myself to Effie's father, prepared to answer the question which had so disconcerted me at our last meeting.

I was on my way from the mines to San Francisco, whence I expected to sail for home by the next steamer, when, one evening, I was overtaken by a stranger riding in the same direction.

People do not stop for an introduction under such circumstances. I think if one met his "dearest foe," as Hamlet phrases it, in the heart of a wilderness, old feuds would be forgotten, and a friendly chat would spring up.

The interchange of a few questions and answers disclosed that the stranger's destination and my own were the same, and we agreed to bear each other company. Besides the pleasure of companionship, the stranger suggested we should be more secure against an attack from robbers—no uncommon occurrence in that region—than if we travelled singly.

It was some miles to the place at

which we proposed camping for the night, and darkness had already begun to set in. My companion and I freely exchanged experiences. He, like myself had been a miner, and we both bragged a little of our successes. The subject was an interesting one to me. It made me think of Effie, and I had fallen into a reverie when I was aroused by the report of a pistol at my side.

I can only remember a sharp sensation of pain, and seeing, as I turned my head, the hand of the assassin—no other than my new companion—extended toward me with the murderous weapon in his grasp.

I returned to consciousness to find myself taken care of by some miners, who had found me and carried me to their tent. It was weeks before I was able to resume my journey, and months before the San Francisco doctor would permit me to embark on my homeward voyage.

My appearance had greatly altered. My face was bronzed by exposure and emaciated by recent illness—to say nothing of the change made up by a full beard of many months' growth.

Few of my old acquaintances, I thought, would recognize me. I wondered if Effie would. I meant to take her by surprise, and try the experiment, at any rate.

It was evening when I reached my native village. The old innkeeper, whom I had known from boyhood, received me as a stranger. He was an authority on local topics, and I could not forbear putting a few questions touching the matters uppermost in my mind.

"Do you know Mr. Worth, who lives here?" I began.

"John Worth? None knows him better."

"How is he?" I inquired.

"A little broke, latterly," the old man answered.

"And his daughter, Effie?" I went on.

"A nice gal, Effie—do you know her?" asked the innkeeper.

"Slightly," I replied.

"She's agoin' to be married to-morrow," said the host. "You've come to 'tend the wedding,' prob'ly."

"Married!" I exclaimed with a start which must have excited the old man's attention, had his eyes been better—"to whom?"

"Well, he's a stranger lately come to these parts—a Mr. Garth by name—a man of money, they say. Him and old Job; patched it up, somehow, between them, though they do say Effie was dead ag'in' it at the start. 'You see it's b'en whispered she'd 'd a sort o' likin' for a young chap that went off to California; but Effie's a good, bidable gal, an' obedient to her father."

I resolved to be present at that wedding. I do not think I contemplated openly upbraiding Effie, or making a scene; but a strange fascination possessed me to witness the perfidy of her on whose faith and truth I would, till now, have staked my life.

The ceremony, I learned, was to take place in the little church in which I had sat so many Sundays, thinking of Effie's pretty face, and forgetting all about the text and sermon. I followed the crowd as it entered. I could not see Effie's face, but observed that she trembled violently.

She and the bridegroom, with their attendants, took their places. The minister advanced to speak the words which were to place an impassable barrier between me and my life's object. A turn of the bridegroom's head enabled me to catch a glimpse of his features. He was the same man who had attempted my life! However faithless Effie had proved, I could not look on and behold her bound to a fate like that.

"This must proceed no further!" I exclaimed, advancing and facing the nuptial pair.

The dastardly assassin cowered as though he had seen a ghost. He may have thought me one, for he had left me for dead that night. Effie's face was as pale as death. Stretching out her hands appealingly:

"Save you from what?" I asked sternly. "Are you not here of your own will?"

"I am here to shield my father against one who has the power to drive him forth homeless in his old age," she answered.

A few words sufficed to explain all. My murder, as the reader has surmised, had been attempted for the purpose of robbery. Fortunately, I had but little money about me, most of my gains having been previously forwarded to a banking house in San Francisco. I had with me, however, Mr. Worth's bond and mortgage already spoken of, and these fell into the hands of the robber, who, having written his name in the blank assignment, presented himself as one who had purchased the claim, and seeing Effie, he had offered to make her hand the price of abstaining from pressing his rights against her father. The villain had the more readily escaped detection because of the old money-lender's death, and the absence of the friend through whom I had taken up the claim.

I briefly recited the facts within my knowledge, and the would-be bridegroom was conducted from the church to a prison.

The little church was the scene of a ceremony not long afterward which went off, I am happy to say, without interruption, and at which I was also present—though not as a spectator this time.

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.

A Pen Picture.
We have never distinguished our want of admiration of Benjamin Harrison, President by the favor of boodle. He treated Wilmington most shabbily. He has treated the South like a scurvy politician. He has been hostile, mean and heedless. But Benjamin "ravens like a wolf." He is a thrifty fellow. He had a brothea who died and left a widow. She has just received the nice sum of \$8,329 for arrears of pension, and is to get annually \$596.66. Comfortable that! But she is not entitled to it and Benjamin Harrison knows it. Why do we say so? Attend! The facts are exactly given in the following we take from the Boston Post. It says:

"Applications for this pension were refused by the Commissioners under President Arthur's administration and again under that of President Cleveland, Commissioner Raum, however, has fixed it for Mrs. Harrison. Col. Archibald I. Harrison died of consumption in 1870. Under other administrations the Pension Office held that his disease was not contracted in the service."

In the face of this B. Harrison permits the outrage upon the people's pockets to help take care of the widow of his brother. This action of the President of the Republican party is precisely in keeping his entire record. He was proverbially stingy as Senator. He knows how to bestow favors upon his own family. He has given office to a brother, to a brother-in-law, and so on.

But there was another act of his that was even more reprehensible than these. He was a party to a transaction that improperly put money in his own particular pocket. The Post says, and it is unquestionably true, and has been often commented upon:

"It will be remembered that in February, 1890, President Harrison signed a bill paying the law firm of which he was a member \$2,500 in settlement of a claim which every Congress since 1882 has refused to permit the Government to pay."

He deliberately favors a bill that gives himself \$1,250 which has been refused to him by Congress after Congress. Benjamin "ravens as a wolf." We have never felt like throwing up our hat to this little fellow or offering the incense of adulation at his shrine.—*Wid. Star.*

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

The South is the Place.

The desire of a large textile machinery manufacturing company to remove its plant, where nearly one thousand hands were formerly employed, from Philadelphia to some central location in the South, marks the beginning of what must become a noticeable tendency of Southern growth. Where the cotton is grown, there must it be manufactured, or, in other words, the mills must come to the cotton fields. Equally true is it that where the mills are there must the machinery for them be made. The rapid growth of cotton manufacture in the South, the building of new mills and the steady enlargement of old ones, is causing an immense demand for spinning and weaving machinery, and, in fact, for every line of machinery required in the best equipped cotton mills. At present this machinery is almost wholly purchased in the North, Philadelphia and New England being the largest makers of it, and for some years they will continue to reap the harvest of this business. With the rapid progress of this industry, Northern textile machinery manufacturers are yearly securing greater volume of business from the South. There must come a time, though, in the comparatively early future, when makers of such machinery will locate in the South. There they will find cheap raw materials—wood of every variety, the highest grades of iron, and everything needed to produce the best machinery at the lowest cost. Moreover, the market for their machinery would be right around them. The heavy freights from New England would be saved, and the combination of cheap production and low freights would be so great that well-located and well-managed establishments ought to have as great advantage over Northern competitors as Southern farmers have over those of Pennsylvania. The inevitable tendency of manufacturers to seek the field where the greatest advantages of production and distribution are to be found, makes it certain that the South will in time develop a large textile industry, and thus add one more line of enterprise toward the diversification of her manufacturing interests.—*Southern Progress.*

Cultivating After a Rain.

After every heavy rain soil that has any clay in its composition will form a crust on its surface. The water that dries off or evaporates leaves all its mineral constituents behind, and this forms a crust. These mineral elements are soluble, and if cultivated under they form excellent plant food, as they do not at once lose their solubility. Besides, the breaking up of the crust as soon as possible admits air to the soil, and thus in decomposing, as some of it undoubtedly does, increases its fertility.—*American Cultivator.*

A Test Case.

There was a case before Squire A. D. Shuford recently which hinged upon the publication of an administrator's notice. Suit was brought against the administratrix to collect a note of \$25 given by her father on whose estate she had administered after his death. The defendant set up the defense that the demand was not made within the time prescribed by law (twelve months from the time of publication of notice.) But this called for the production of such a notice and proof that it had been published six weeks in some newspaper in the county. This could not be done because the notice had never been published, and the justice of the peace properly gave judgment for the plaintiff. To avoid the publication fee such notices are often stuck up in writing at the court house or on a tree by the roadside. Such notices are all right as far as they go, but unless a duplicate is published in a county paper they are not worth the paper they are written on. This case should be a warning to other administrators and executors.—*Newton Enterprise.*

Polk Wants Fiat Money—The Old Parties Threatened.

Col. L. L. Polk, the president of the Farmers' Alliance, said to your correspondent on last Saturday that the Democratic majority in the next Congress need not hope to placate the farmers and industrial classes generally by the passage of free coinage bill.

"What relief will free coinage afford the farmers?" asked Mr. Polk with a decided show of asperity. "Why, sir, it's a sop to a whale. We desire it, and it will do no harm, but for one I am for fiat money—yes, sir, fiat money, with emphasis on the fiat. Let the government issue money on its credit—away with your gold and silver backing. The government has the absolute power to tax \$63,000,000 of property—to confiscate it if they need be, and to confiscate my life and yours if the public defense requires the sacrifice. Why should we be higgling over a metallic backing for our currency? What are gold and silver—noble metals it is true—but are they money unless they are stamped with government fiat?"

"No, sir, you may quote me as saying that the great toiling masses of this country are not going to be hood-winked by any free coinage plank in any platform—Democratic or Republican. These parties are pledged to free coinage—pledged to it years ago—both of them, but we have not been able to enjoy it, and the people now propose to go a step further.

"Against Cleveland? Why of course I am," quoth the Alliance chief. "He stands for the money power of the East, and Alliance men are opposed to that power."

"I notice some of the old moss-backs are scrambling into our boat just about now. They are good weather vane. Watch their antics and you will observe how the wind blows. They are 'going back' on Cleveland because he is opposed to free coinage. Well, let them. It is time they were awakening from their long season of slumber.

"Are we going to put a ticket in the field? Well, that depends. We shall go before the next Congress with our grievances. If that body proves to be as blind—as totally blind as some of its professors—why, we understand that we have a recourse. This is a nation of laborers. Seven-tenths of the people labor, the other three-tenths represent the rich and the idle, the luxurious and the toils of the majority. Why should we lie supinely down and submit to be saddled and ridden longer? This is a popular government, and we have the votes to control it, if we only get together and stand together.

"Yes, sir, I have arranged a great educational campaign through the forty State Alliance with a view of accomplishing the greatest amount of work in the shortest possible time. Within thirty days we will have hundreds of speakers in service throughout the Union, educating the masses before the meeting of the next Congress. The people will watch that Congress, and unless the relief we demand is given they will prefer their wants elsewhere and to do another tribunal."

—*Washington Special 10th to Atlanta Journal.*

Sampson of old was noted for his great strength, but the great poultry friend of to-day is Garter's magic chicken cholera cure. Sold by J. M. Lawing.

North Carolina for many years had the longest railroad in the world, the Wilmington & Weldon. She had the longest plank road in the world, the Fayetteville and Mt. Airy; and now she is to have the longest electric railway in the world, from Asheville to Rutherford, a distance of 41 miles.

She also has the longest sines in the world. We think it likely she formerly had the largest saw mill in the world, and we hazard but little in saying that Cranberry is the finest bed of iron ore in the world, when we consider both quantity and quality.—*News & Observer.*