

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1891.

NO. 10

## 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 J. 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 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, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well known remedy—Beecher'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 Battan body Baby Carriage, Wire Wreath, 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 Rack, 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 Easels, 5 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 seat)	3 50
Sterling Organ, 7 stops, Walnut case	60 00
Sterling Piano, 73 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 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 so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ACHESON, 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." EDWIN F. PARSONS, M. D., Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARSONS, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHESTNUT COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## "SOLD FOR NAUGHT."

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

UNDER the shadow of the Westmoreland laborum trees, crowned with their golden wealth of blossoms, Eleanor Raby waited for her lover. Yet few would have guessed it, for on her face was the shadow of doubt and perplexity, instead of the light of love; and her irresolute movements betrayed a heart ill at ease.

"I am going to be a fool again," she murmured. "And the worst of it is, I like the folly." And there are few girls who would not have liked 'the folly' represented by handsome Antony Vaughan. Over the heathery hills she watched him coming now, his great black horse devouring the distance between them in long swinging strides stopping neither "for break nor for stone," and taking the low garden wall in a well-distanced leap, which brought him almost to her side. Stately and handsome, brave and gentle, read in all the learning of the schools, what more did Eleanor want? All these "availed him nothing," while his poverty sat like a Mordecai in the gate. And so she had determined, sweet as these meetings were, this should be the last; for this woman had the nature of Dian in the form of Venus, and not for love was she going to sacrifice the more tangible benefits of gold and position. Still, with his arms around her, and whispered words of endearment; trembling from his lips to hers, it was hard to tell him so. The intoxication of his presence, made her for a little while, obedient to the divinity within her; but when he began to speak of a definite engagement and a certain marriage-day, however distant, she broke at once the spell which had held her passive in his embrace.

"The thing is impossible, Antony," she said, sadly, but decidedly. "We might starve, but we could not live decently on fifteen hundred a year. My father has more than double that, and he never is able to make both ends of the year agree comfortably. Fortune forbids our union."

"Oh, Nelly! Nelly! I begin to believe what Frank Foster told me—that you were going to marry that old lawyer who has bought poor Snowdon's estates. Nelly, are you not going to deny it? Speak quick! It is not possible—it is not possible! You cannot be so wicked and so cruel!" He held her hands tightly and looked fiercely into the fair, treacherous face. Little comfort there; only a cold defiance that, like polished steel, flung him back to the passionate love and amazement that almost stabbed her like a wound. Once convinced of her falseness it was not in his nature to sue. This beautiful Jodas had sold his and her own youth and hopes, and he would not again touch the hand which had taken so foul a price. She was amazed and confounded. Of such love as this she had not dreamed. All her intentions of soothing the parting with kisses and promises of eternal friendship melted like snow in fire. He would none of them—would not take the proffered kiss, nor see the white, beseeching face, nor touch the outstretched hand. He was gone, in a storm of outraged and indignant love, and Eleanor Raby knew very well that in that noble heart her image was evermore a fallen and a desecrated idol.

How wretchedly now the long, hot summer days went by! And in the midst of them Antony Vaughan disappeared from all his old haunts. Some said he had gone to India, others to America; but all soon forgot him, except the cold, proud woman in whose memory he wandered like an uneasy ghost continually.

Then, when the short, bright days of September came, the rich man who had bought Eleanor claimed his bargain and took it home to the little palace on Snowdon Heights. A bishop in law and silk ratified the transaction; her parents made a great feast; the world gave that assurance of approval which is powerful as the nod of Jove; but

her own heart whispered all the time, "Thou fool!"

And when the elation and excitement were all over, when life's dull, common way and dreary intercourse—brightened by no stray sunbeam of love—lay stretched in wearying distance before her, how bitterly she recalled the golden spring time under the laborum, when love glorified the meanest flower, and really "painted the lily and gave an added perfume to the violet."

For her husband she had no love, and with his pursuits no sympathy. He had been attracted to her by her great beauty, and had loved her at first with a strength of passion which she might by a little tact have made a firm and lasting affection; but she had taken no pains to please him, made no efforts to retain his admiration, so that she had no right to complain when time and possession robbed her of even this semblance of devotion, and she understood herself as held "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

And of Antony Vaughan no word or token came. The lands and home which had been his fathers' for five hundred years were sold to strangers, and Eleanor's heart lost its last hope—that of seeing him again. Time, which cares for none of these things, went on as if there were no breaking hearts, no ruined lives, and change and chance made and marred the happiness of millions whom he swept before him to their long home. He had only been a spectator in this little drama, and had simply watched it in that calm, commonplace way in which we do watch sorrows that in no way affect us. But, strangely enough, the last act of it was played out in my presence, and I was compelled by circumstances and sympathy to become one of the *dramatis personae*. And thus it happened.

I was up among the mountains of the Colorado river in Texas, and our party, charmed by the exquisite scenery and strange and beautiful flora, wandered out of the proper trail. Sunset found us far from any human habitation, except a little log cabin in the crevice of the hills half a mile below us. We supposed it to be the home of some freed negro, and descended to seek temporary rest and refreshment, purposing, as soon as the moon arose, to continue our way to the little village, not over ten miles distant. The door was opened to receive us before we reached it, and the splendid-looking fellow leaning on his gun within its shadow was Antony Vaughan. I knew him at once; every change was only an added grace; he was ten times handsomer than when I saw him last, laughing and hallooing, head and shoulders higher than any squire who rode to cover in all the glens and glades of Snowdon. He gave us broiled venison, strong coffee, and hot no-cakes, and a welcome which added no little zest to his hospitable provision. After supper, when a couple of pipes had soothed and quieted our noisy mirth I intentionally called him by his name. He dropped his pipe in amazement, and looked the question he could not ask. Then I told him who I was, and spoke of the dear old town among the Westmoreland mountains. When bearded men weep they need the ministry of angels; no human sympathy can reach such sorrow, and so I was silent until he had conquered his emotion. He asked of everyone's welfare before he mentioned Eleanor, and then his voice was cold and indifferent; but his eyes contradicted his tongue, and his tongue belied his heart. I told him of all her cold, empty, neglected life, he faded beauty, and her listless, unhappy ways. And after a moment's silence, during which he literally trembled, with feeling he muttered: "Only just! A life for a life! Only just! And yet, poor thing!" And then he rose hastily and calling his dogs—of which at least a dozen were lying around—he left the hut, ostensibly to look after our horses.

During the next year we spent much time together, and I soon felt an affection for him "passing the love of woman." He was, indeed,

the idol of a large section of country, and the leader in all hunting and Indian expeditions; for to these Ishmaelites of the frontier his very name had become a terror. Far as the eye could reach the land was all his own; immense herds of cattle and *cavallards* of horses roamed over the hills, and the rich bottom-lands yielded him fabulous harvests of corn and cotton.

"How did you make all this wealth, Vaughan?" I asked him one day. "I didn't make a dime of it, Jack. Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered, and she found mine drifting about and took charge of it, that's all."

Then there was a pause. We were both thinking of Eleanor's mistake. He was the first to speak. "I am going to-morrow to hunt up the trail of some 'thieving' Comanches who have run off twenty of my best mares; like enough I may never come back again. If I am missing more than two days, hunt me up, old fellow, and bury me like a Christian."

He spoke half in jest and half in earnest, but an unaccountable presentiment of evil seized me, and I urged him to let me go with him. This he positively declined, saying that I "was not up to Indian yet, and would only increase the danger."

So early the next morning he went over the hills, accompanied by a couple of fine hounds, and carrying his rifle, leaving me in the cabin alone. I was singularly nervous and restless; and when, toward sunset, I saw a stranger climbing the road to our door, I was quite sure he was bringing bad news. What worse? Poor Vaughan had been surprised and surrounded by Indians; and though he had fought his way to the next house, he had arrived there in a dying condition. I found him lying on a mattress under some mulberry trees which shaded the house, bleeding from a dozen wounds. A negro woman and two or three rough but tender-hearted men were doing what they could to prolong his quickly ebbing life; but no hope nor resusc could avail. The seal of death was on every feature.

"Don't fret, Jack," he said, almost cheerfully. "There is really nothing, either in life or death, that's worth a tear."

I did not need to speak to him of his affairs; they had been arranged and explained to me long ago, for he was well aware in what constant danger he lived. Indeed, all care for or interest in his present life seemed to have vanished. He talked in a rapid, feverish manner of the past; of his home and his dead mother; of his friends and the pursuits of his youth; but he never once named Eleanor, and I could not bring myself to introduce the subject at this hour. As the last tints of sunset faded in "ashen skies," he died, ejaculating, almost with his last breath, and with a voice of glad surprise, the word "Mother!" I had known his mother well; a lovely little lady, who had idolized her son and been so tenderly beloved by him that many had not hesitated to attribute his exile and the sale of the old Vaughan Manor House to grief for her death. I assisted the negro woman to perform the last offices for him, and at sunrise a little gathering of rough men, whom he had led in many a wild and dangerous exploit, helped to lay him in his grave.

He had left all that he possessed—gold, cattle and lands—to Eleanor, wife of Richard Crosby, of Snowdon Heights, Westmoreland; and as soon as possible I returned to England to inform her of the bequest.

I found her in a little breakfast parlor of the fine house for which she had sold herself. Her beauty was much faded, her dress slovenly and ungraceful. I introduced myself to her, and named a mutual friend at whose house we had often met. She condescended to remember, and then looked at me for further information.

"I have just returned from Texas," I continued, and then I paused to see if her heart would connect

he country with her lover. "Indeed!" she answered, quite calmly. "A very unpleasant country, is it not?"

"I hope you do not think so, for I am come to tell you that a friend has left you an immense estate there."

Into the white, passionless face a great tide of feeling rushed; her eyes brightened with their old beauty. She stood up and with parted lips waited for me to speak again. I remained silent, however, for a moment, and in that moment her heart awoke and whispered to her by what loss her gain was made. Then she sat down, and covering her face with her hands, cried out: "Oh, my love! my love! After all these weary years—" I tried to comfort her by telling of all his noble life—how he had succeeded the sorrowful, and fought for the weak, and defunded helpless women and children with his own life.

"And what matters it?" she cried, in a wild passion of regret. "He has left me, who loved him so dearly, to suffer all these years, without a word of comfort or of hope."

"But he has proved that he has never forgotten you."

"Yes! Never forgot my most miserable folly and childish pride. See what he has done! Given me gold, and denied me even a look, or a word of love or forgiveness! His remembrance of me is the most proud and cruel. I will not touch a farthing of his wealth. I have fought it with years of misery and tears of blood. No, no! I have said enough, and to spare; and what has it done for me? Look at that helpless, paralyzed old man sitting in the sunshine; he never says a kind word to me, and yet for him and his gold I surrendered the noble heart and glorious beauty of Antony Vaughan. And you tell me he is dead? What, then, remains for me? Endless weeping. Leave me now, I will not speak another word to any one."

It was impossible to take this for an answer, so the next day I called again; but she was very ill and could see no one. The following day I received the same answer, and her physician, to whom I spoke, thought it might be some time before she would be able to attend to any business. So I took a run "over the border" to Edinburgh, and remained there several days. On my return I went immediately to Snowdon Heights, and I met her funeral coming down the great avenue. Poor Eleanor! The title deed of her estate proved to be her death-warrant.

A CHILD KILLED. Another child killed by the use of opiate 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.

## A Puppy Killed and Eaten By Rats.

Mrs. Lizzie Hildreth lived about two miles from town, on the farm rented by Mr. Jas. T. Drake, of Wadesboro, and there were up to a short time ago a large number of white rats on her premises, but these rats have recently been destroyed. The reason given for the killing of these rats is a peculiar one. Some time ago one of Mrs. Hildreth's children was given a puppy, which soon became a great pet with the entire household. One day, when the puppy was about two months old, and had grown to a considerable size, it was put under a box, closed up with lattice work on one side for purposes of ventilation, and every member of the family went to the field to work. Returning to the house at night, a great scampering of rats was heard, and as soon as the door was opened, they were observed to run from under the bed in large numbers, many of them completely covered with blood. An investigation was made, and it was found that the rats had killed the puppy, taken it from under the box and carried it under the bed, and had almost completely devoured it.

After this it was determined to kill the rats, which was a very easy matter, as they were tame and could be readily captured.

"After this it was determined to kill the rats, which was a very easy matter, as they were tame and could be readily captured."

## Old Fashioned Honesty.

A new defalcation is announced almost every day. A bank president has been using the funds of a bank; a cashier has been dipping into the deposits; a teller has forgotten the destination between his own and other people's money; a book-keeper has kept something besides the books, and something which he ought not to have kept.

All the crimes are committed in the undue haste to amass wealth, and the soul is risked for the sake of the body. The significant question is forgotten: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The fruit of all this dishonesty is that unhappiness is brought home, not only to the man, but to his family. Pecuniary ruin brings with it, under such circumstances, moral destruction and disgrace which cuts to the quick. Parents, children, brothers, sisters, friends—all suffer. How much better is old-fashioned honesty? "Slow but sure" is a very safe motto. Nothing can ever compensate for doing that which, if known at the moment, would entail upon your dishonor and disgrace. Write honestly over your door; paste the word on the head of your bed; look at it the first thing the first thing you do every morning and the last every night. Abide by it, and it will help you to time and in eternity.—N. Y. Ledger.

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.

## A Battle Described.

Not long ago, when the county superintendent of public instruction of a certain county in this State, was examining some applicant for teachers' certificates, he asked one of them to write a description of the Battle of Guilford Court House. Thereupon the applicant wrote and handed to the superintendent the following wonderful production:

"They fought on the water one (of the cap) thought that the other had gain but the commander of one ship sent his men to lower deck and then the other came over to take the other one and the men of the other killed them with swords."

After reading this the superintendent asked which side whipped, and the applicant promptly answered "The other one whipped!"

The above is a true incident that really occurred not far from the centre of North Carolina.—Pittsboro Record.

## Roll Up Your Sleeves and Go At It!

"We are a new race; we are the creatures of a new era, not perfectly risen, but dawning upon us. Never yet has mankind stood in the position which we occupy—so full of knowledge, so full of the past—of a past unparalleled in the history of civilization. The art of printing, at its origin, re-peopled the world; from that hour the man was called to another destiny, distinct from that of his former generation. A general principle assumed a universal power, and was assured of a certain if slow result. 'Wisdom, no longer confined to the cabinet of the scribe or the cloister of the monk, ceased to be a mere speculation; it became an active force, and was doomed, it necessarily, to become a sovereign ruler. Its career forms a variety of epochs; we have passed through many; we are entering upon one—not of thought, not of meditation. Those who have preceded have thought and meditated for us; we are entering upon an epoch in which it is our part to act. The plans of our generation are left for the next to execute. Society travels faster than the law. We should do the work that is ready to our hands. Work—cheerful, vigorous, systematic work—is the thing now most needed. So, let everybody roll up his sleeves and go at it.—N. Y. Ledger.

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