

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, AUG. 14, 1891.

NO. 15

Professional Cards.

Dr. Thos. P. Costner,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country. Room at O. A. Ramsaur's. Office at J. M. Lawing's drug store. All calls promptly attended to.
Aug. 7, 1891

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.
FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and stomach disorders, use **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.** All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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 (19 pieces) 25.00
Walnut Frame Wool Plush Parlor Suit (6 pieces) 35.00
Antique Oak Sideboard, with large glass 18.00
Standing Hall Racks, 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 3.00
Bamboo Easels, 5 feet high 1.00
Ladies Rattan Rockers 2.50
Antique Oak Center Tables 16 in. square top 1.85
Holland Window shades, Double Fringe and Spring Rollers 1.50
Platform Spring Rockers (carpet seat) 3.50
Sterling Organ, 7 stops, Walnut case 60.00
Sterling Piano, 74 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. ASCHER, 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.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kicks, 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. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHAS. COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE
Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Balm 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.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water, put about the neck at night for the sore throat.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincoln, N. C.

North Carolina furnished more troops to the war and had more killed and wounded than any other State in the Confederacy. And they were the best, bravest and most resolute. — *News & Observer.*

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 Balm, 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.

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.

NOW TRY THIS.
It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drug store. Large size at 50c and \$1.00.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

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 chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better use Green's August Flower, sets no person can use it without immediate relief.

Try a silk handkerchief over your face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

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 Balm (Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

WE DO NOT KNOW HOW MUCH WE LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We do not know how much we love
Until we come to part,
How strong the tendrils are that bind
An object to the heart;
The tree, beneath whose branches we
In infancy have strayed,
The flowers, the friends of early youth
With whom we oft have played,
Are things o'er which we mourn and grieve.

In pleasure and in pain,
As memory brings them back to us
From out the past again,
We linger still amidst the scenes
That we have loved so well.
While recollections fond and pure
Within our bosoms swell;
And to their shadows still we cling.
Even while they do depart;
For memories that we thought hid
Come crowding on the heart;
And though the star of hope may shed
Its beams upon our way;
Yet "Farewell" is a bitter word—
For those who love—to say.
—N. Y. Ledger.

MADAME ROLAND.

BY JAMES PARTON.

EXCEPT Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette, none of the female victims of the French Revolution excited so much interest and compassion as Madame Roland. It was she who on the scaffold bowed to the colossal statue of liberty near by and said:
"O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

These last words of a brave and gifted woman have been since a thousand times repeated and have become domesticated, as it were, in all languages.

Madame Roland, born at Paris in 1754, was a daughter of an engraver in extensive business. Of seven children she was the only one who survived infancy, but she possessed vigor enough of mind and body for a family. There has seldom been so precocious a girl. She tells us, in her memoirs, that at four years of age she read with so much ease that nothing more was necessary than to supply her with books, and that she read all ordinary books without having to refer to her parents. Her father was neither a wise nor a good man; but he took so much pride in the remarkable talents of his child that he provided her as liberally with instruction, both in the useful and the ornamental branches, as if she had been a little princess.

All the day, she tells us, was employed with her masters, or in preparing for their coming; and as this abridged her time for their reading, she used to get up at five in the morning, when a profound stillness reigned through the house, and steal softly without her shoes to her mother's room, where her darling books were deposited, and there she would read and study until breakfast time.

With all this passion for learning, she was an obstinate and proud little body. Particularly, she revolted against personal chastisement, and gave her father, she says, many a good bite when he whipped her. She refused one day to take some nauseous medicine, and her father attempted to whip her into a compliance with the doctor's prescription. Two severe whippings failing to accomplish the object, her father prepared to administer a third. All at once, she relates, her tears ceased to flow, and the whole force of her being was concentrated in the resolution to submit to death itself rather than yield. She presented her back in silence and awaited the cruel strokes without a sob.

"My father," she says, "might have killed me on the spot, but he would not have drawn from me a single sigh. I experienced the same indelible firmness that I have since felt on great and trying occasions; nor would it at this moment cost me more to ascend undauntedly the scaffold than it then did to resign myself to brutal treatment, which might have killed but could not conquer me."

Her mother, seeing her resolution, drew her husband from the room, and put her daughter to bed. Returning at the end of two hours, she implored her with tears to take the medicine. The girl took the cup and swallowed the medicine at once draught. It a few minutes, nature itself rose in rebellion against the noxious compound and cast it forth. She was but seven years of age when this scene occurred, and from that time she never received a blow; and her father discovered that, with so intelligent a child, kindness succeeds better than violence.

At an early period of her life, attacked by the picturesque ceremonies of the Catholic church and the gentle piety of the nuns of a neighboring convent, she became extremely religious. She was weaned from the faith of her ancestors, as our Franklin was, by reading controversial writings. The arguments, she says, which were quoted by Catholic authors in order to refute them, let her into the secret of the objections usually brought against the faith, and, instead of being cured of her doubts she was confirmed in them. From being a devotee, she became a deist. In due time, also, by reading the liberal authors of her country, she became an enthusiastic republican, and was prepared to welcome the Revolution before it came.

She grew into a young lady of commanding beauty, and many offers were made for her hand. When she had refused several matches, which her father thought advantageous, he became a little impatient.

"Tell me," he said, one day, "who it is that will suit you?"
"Tell me, also," she replied, "why, in bringing me up you taught me to think and allowed me to contract habits of study. I know not what kind of man I shall marry. I know only he must be one who can share my sentiments and to whom I can communicate my thoughts."
"But there are business men," said her father, "who possess both politeness and information."
"Yes," she replied "but not of the kind I want. Their politeness consists in a few phrases and bows, and their knowledge relates to the cash-box, and would little assist me in the education of my children."

"You might educate them yourself," said the father.
"Hard would be the task," she answered, "if not shared by the man to whom they would owe their existence. I conceive that the strictest union of hearts is necessary to happiness in marriage. My husband must even be my superior; for since both nature and the law give him mastery, I should be ashamed of him if he did not really deserve it."

"You want a lawyer, I suppose," said her father. "But women are not very happy with those learned gentlemen."
"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed "I do not judge a man by the profession he follows. I want a man I can love."

Such conversations were frequent between herself and her parents. They had educated her, in fact, to such a point that no man whom she was likely to meet would satisfy her affections. Chance, however, brought to her abode at length a gentleman and a scholar, John Roland; a man of considerable learning, respectable birth and moderate fortune; who held a post under government. After her first interview with him she thus described him in a letter to a friend:

"I beheld," she wrote, "a man somewhat more than forty years of age, tall, negligent in his appearance, and with that kind of stiffness in his manners contracted by study. His person was thin, his complexion yellow; his forehead, sparingly furnished with hair and very open, did not injure the regularity of his features, which, however, it rendered more respectable than pleasing. When he became animated in conversation an extremely subtle smile and a lively expression which prevailed his countenance made him appear quite another person. His discourse, full of facts from a head abounding in ideas, occupied the judgment rather than flattered the ear."

In other words, he was a bald, ungainly and studious old bachelor, and very far from being worthy the love of such a woman in the prime of her beauty. She respected more than she loved him; but their acquaintance ended in marriage, when he was forty-six and she twenty-six.

To this respectable man she was at once secretary, nurse and wife, and found a certain happiness in the punctual discharge of her duties.

The Revolution broke out. Roland was elected a deputy to present Lyons in the National Assembly at Paris, where he sided at first with such radicals as Mirabeau, Danton and Robespierre, who met four times a week at his house. Called, at length, to the Ministry of the Interior, he had a play which was full of difficulties and danger. It was during his ministry that the massacre of the 10th of August took place, and of that massacre he became the apologist.

"The people," he said, "I know are terrible in their vengeance, and yet there is a kind of justice in their vengeance."

He did, however, try to save the life of Louise XVI, by attempting to have the question of his death submitted to the people. He desired to stay the fury of the extreme revolutionists and stop the shedding of blood; but he had neither the nerve nor the commanding character needful at the crisis. Dismissed from the ministry, he fled from Paris, leaving his wife behind him. No one then supposed that her life or her liberty was in danger. She, indeed, during the first years of the Revolution, was the pride and boast of the extremists. Her writings in the journals in favor of the Revolution were among the most popular of the time. But when her just and fervent soul recoiled from the atrocities of Marat and Robespierre, she fell under the ban, and a frivolous pretext was found for her arrest.

During the five months of her detention, she was wonderfully cheerful and composed. She passed her time in writing her memoirs, and ministering to the wants of the poor wretches around her, who had nothing but the prison fare. She denied herself coffee, chocolate and wine, lived upon the plainest fare, and appropriated the money thus saved to her fellow-prisoners. She was resolved not to be subdued by her confinement.

"If I remain here six months," said she, "I will engage to leave the place with a bloom upon my cheeks and a body not emaciated; for I have reduced my wants so that I can thrive well upon bread and soup and the blessings of the miserable."
After a ridiculous pretense of a trial, she was condemned to die. Her first thought was, as she says, to spare her country the shame of another judicial murder by taking opium, and thus terminating her own existence. But, upon reflection, deeming this unworthy of her, she resolved to meet her fate. She was carried to the place of execution upon a cart. There was one prisoner in the vehicle with her—a man, who, however, was less a man than she. She confronted the hootings of the populace with more than serenity—with cheerfulness—and so raised the drooping spirits of her companion, that a smile at last appeared upon his countenance. She begged him to ascend the scaffold first, that he might not be afflicted and unmanned by the spectacle of her death. But this the executioner could not permit. She asked, also, but in vain, permission to write, in order that she might record the feelings she had experienced and the thoughts she had conceived while on her way to the scaffold. Her last words have been given above, and a few seconds after she had uttered them the ax of the guillotine severed her beautiful head from her body.

Her husband had an ignoble end. A few days after the news reached him of his wife's execution, he left the house in the country, in which

he had long been concealed, and, drawing a sword from his cane, he placed the handle of it against an apple-tree and pressed the point through his heart. He was found the next day sitting upon the grass and leaning against the tree in so natural an attitude, that the passer-by at first supposed him to be asleep. The only daughter of this ill-starred pair survived the horrors of the Revolution, and was afterward happily married to one of their friends.

Keep a Scrap Book.

I advise every boy and girl to keep a scrap book. If you are ten or fifteen or twenty years old keep a scrap book. Let me tell you why and how:—Hundreds of things you see that you would like to keep, but if you lay them away you will never be able to find them when you want them. When I was a boy I did not have sense enough to keep a scrap book. I began some but did not keep on long with them.

My memory was good, but I can now remember many things that I can't remember. What that means is this:—I remember reading a beautiful piece of poetry, of which two or three lines I can call up, but the whole I can't recollect. In some cases I do not know the name of the writer.

I have seen many fine pictures in magazines and papers that would now be valuable and interesting. Some I cut out, but they are lost. Charming stories, wise remarks, proverbs, directions for doing a great many useful and curious things are also lost.

So much do I feel that I have lost that I would give \$50 apiece for the scrap books of each time I was ten till I began to preserve things, only a few years ago.

There is a gentleman who has kept scrap books since he was eight years old. He is now forty, and has been arranging them in volumes, with an index in the back of each one. You would hardly think that the earlier would be of much use to him. But they are. He often amuses himself as he reads them for he sees how little he knew when he was little; but also finds a little that he thinks valuable. Besides, his children are much interested to see what their father had collected and pasted in books. The older he grows the more useful the books become. He can go to his books and in a few minutes get information about everything that has happened in his whole life—tells you about the civil war, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and many other things just as they were published in the papers at the time the event happened.

His scrap book also contains many funny things, which provoke a smile and often a merry laugh as he reads them to his family in the long winter evenings. The children would rather hear him read from his scrap books than from the newest story.

If you have no scrap book get one and put in it whatever pleases you. If you have one and have not used it take it up again. I assure you that you will be very glad of it afterward.

If I can persuade you to do this for twenty years, or even half that time from now, you will feel that you have learned something valuable from this article.—*Christian Advocate.*

SPECIMEN CASES.

C. B. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism. His stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Oxtawa, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Buckle's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. Lawing's Drugstore.

Curious Things About the Postal Service.

A few days since we received a copy of the *Congressional Record* of February 21, 1889. It arrived here safely on July 14, 1891, having been but little less than two years and five months making the trip, which reminds us that we have now before us a letter directed to the *Winnington Journal* and mailed at Chincupin, Duplin county, May 1st, 1850. There was 5 cents due as under the old laws letters could be mailed without prepayment. This letter was sent to Washington City, although the direction to Wilmington, N. C., was as plain as daylight, and took a long rest in the archives of gravity in that city. It was mailed there June 21st, and was received here the next day, June 22d. The postmarks show this. Verify this latter is a curious instance of what might be styled the idiosyncrasy of the postal system.—*Wilmington Review.*

Little Pitchers Have Big Ears.

Mrs. Bumptious (to Willie, visiting Tommy)—Don't you like your bread and butter, Willie?
Willie—I'd like it better if they wuz jam on it.
"I'm sorry, but we haven't any jam, Willie."
"Why, what do you keep in them jars?"
"What jars?"
"Why, ma said you had more family jars'n any other woman she knew."

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

Democratic Majority 20,000.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 3.—Today's was the last election by a viva voce vote that will ever be held in Kentucky.

The new constitution, despite its powerful opposition of railroads, banks and corporations generally, was carried by an overwhelming majority and the last state constitution that still recognized slavery is a thing of the past.

The new constitution will tax railways, banks and stock companies, provide for a secret ballot system and municipal government reforms and also carries an anti-lottery clause which will wipe out the dozen lottery charters now being operated with semi-daily drawings at Covington and Louisville in the interests of "Policy" games throughout the United States.

Reports from the cities and towns throughout the State indicate that the Democratic ticket has about the usual majority—probably 20,000.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH BALSAM

Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

North Carolina's First Coke Furnace.

The first coke furnace ever built in North Carolina is under contract. The Cranbury furnace now makes coke iron, which it sells at a high price in Pittsburgh for Bessemer steel purposes, but this furnace was not originally for using coke. It is a small furnace intended for charcoal iron. The new coke furnace, for the building of which a contract has just been let, will be located at Greensboro, and will be owned by the North Carolina Steel and Iron Co., of that city. The Manufacturers' Record has often referred to this company and stated its intention to build a furnace to make Bessemer iron, but it had so long delayed the matter that many had forgotten the organization of the company. The building of this furnace opens the era of iron making in North Carolina on a large scale, for the iron ore wealth of that State is so great that it must become a great iron producing section.—*Manufacturers' Record.*