

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, OCT. 30, 1891.

NO. 26

Professional Cards.

Dr. Theo. P. Costner,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country. Office at his residence adjoining Lincoln Hotel. 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 28 '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.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Digestion & Debility.

E. M. ANDREWS,
Carries the LARGEST STOCK OF
FURNITURE, PIANOS & ORGANS
to be found in the State.
BABY CARRIAGES AND TRICYCLES.
Buy in Large Quantities Direct From Factories and Can and Will Give You Low Prices.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.
GOODS EXCHANGED IF NOT SATISFACTORY.
E. M. ANDREWS,
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. ACHER, 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 MANNING, D. D., New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Church, N. Y.
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria.' It has invariably produced beneficial results."
ERWIN F. PARSONS, M. D., "The Winslow," 124 St. and 7th Aves., New York City.
THE CHAPMAN COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

WE CAN AND DO
Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Leucorrhoea, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

HAPPY HOOSIERS.
Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store."

A CHILD KILLED.
Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child's peevish troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

GUARANTEED CURE.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

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

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 ward off the danger, but in many cases a little aid to the weakened system 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—Boecher's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

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

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS
Is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25 cents and 50 cents. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

THE HILLIARD FARM.

BY H. M. HOKE.

The farm adjoining ours on the east—a large tract of over three hundred acres and wonderfully favored in situation and soil. Through many generations of the Hilliard family, it has been widely noted as the best farm in our own and surrounding counties, but for some years before the time of which I write, it had rapidly gone to ruin through Nathan Hilliard's advancing age and failing health.

He was a broken old man, left entirely alone by the death of his good wife and of his only son, on whom he had fondly relied to keep the place worthy of its name. After this affliction he lost heart. Mother and I, who had been as intimate with the family as if we had been members of it, often watched his discouraged efforts to keep the place going, and father frequently sent over our men to help; but a farm needs a strong guiding heart as much as the sunshine and rain.

How well I remember the day he came over, with his face at last showing the purpose to tell us his trouble! It was early fall, when, through the clear, cold days, the men were everywhere busy sowing; but he had spent the most of the week before upon his front porch in deep study, and we knew—at least I did, being the most interested in him—that he was considering a plan.

Father was sitting upon our side porch cleaning his shot-gun, for early that morning he had seen wild pigeons flying over the woods along the creek, and I sat in the nearest window doing our week's mending; so I easily heard his conversation that followed—Nathan asking me to stay where I was.

I pitied him more than ever; he was so trembly and uncertain. I had watched him standing inside his front-yard fence debating whether he should come over, and had seen him stop twice in the path across the narrow field between the two houses.

"Good morning, Hilliard," said father, cheerily, "come up and sit down. You're looking right well this morning."

"I'm not feeling it," Nathan replied, sitting down, "I did feel better all summer, but I'm so afraid of the fall and winter."
"Oh! you mustn't borrow trouble. You have many good years before you. Come along with me to-morrow morning to the bottoms. I saw pigeons over there, and I'll warrant you'll bring down as many as you ever did."

"No thank you, Eastwood," Hilliard replied, shaking his head sadly. "My hunting has all been done. I'm an old man, and I know my best days are over. It is hard for me to make up my mind to that. I've tried hard to make myself believe that the farm's going all right, but it isn't, and I've got to give up at last. No one can know how I feel about it. Everybody knows what our farm has always been. My father got it from his father and handed it down to me; and now in my time it's gone to wrack. Each of them had some one to leave it to and died proud of it and satisfied about its future. But I haven't, Eastwood. They're all gone, and I must soon go after them, with no hope for the old place. It's mighty hard on me, Daniel, when we Hilliards have been so proud of it—too much so, maybe."

"Why, there are plenty of young farmers about, Nathan, who would be only too glad to become your tenant," said father. "I'll willingly help you pick the best one for the purpose."
Hilliard shook his head.
"That wouldn't satisfy me, Daniel; he wouldn't be a Hilliard."
"There are certainly some of your family living, aren't there?"
"Only one, that I know of, and that's what I came over to talk about. He lives out in Illinois—Isaac Hilliard, my nephew. His father Tom, as you remember, died

some years ago. He has been angry with me since father died. He always contended that the farm here was too large, and he tried hard to talk father into dividing it between us, half and half, on his deathbed, but he failed, and he went away angry and dissatisfied with the smaller farm in Illinois. I would have been willing enough to divide, but father's last request was for me to keep the old place together, as it always had been, and up to the mark. I did all I could to make Tom friendly, but he wouldn't listen. Now I'm afraid maybe I did wrong by him; spitting the living that way for the wishes of the dead, and I've made up my mind to ask Isaac to come in and be my tenant. What do you think of it?"

"Well, Nathan," father replied, thoughtfully, "if you are satisfied that Isaac is a good enough farmer to take charge of it, I would send for him."

"I'm pretty well satisfied; and then, Eastwood, maybe it would ease my mind some, on account of Tom. I don't want to die thinking I did it right by him and his folks. I'll write to Isaac, and maybe I'll again see the old farm like it once was. I want to keep it in my name while I live, and, if Isaac brings it back, I can be almost as satisfied in turning it over to him when I die as to my own son, if he had lived."

A month later we saw Isaac and his family arrive. Father, mother and I watched them from our window. Isaac looked a strong, energetic capable man, but neither mother nor I felt satisfied somehow with the wife. Mother feared she was a self-willed woman, and I feared old Nathan as a schemer to be.

But the farm brightened at once, and the old man with it. For a short while after, he came over almost every day. He joked in his old way with me about Lucinda, Isaac's wife, making better patch-work quilts than I could, and rallied father about their hogs being so much bigger than his. But none of the new people came over, except once the mother sent a young daughter to tell us that if we ever wanted to see the chickens again that were over there scratching, we had better come over for them.

After this, we weren't surprised at the change that came over Nathan. He stopped coming so often; joking no more; sat much alone on their back porch, and many times I saw him far away across the farm, sitting for ours on a fence-top, looking at the ground.

One early November day, when he had not been to see us for several weeks, he hobbled over. He had faded sadly, and seemed generally miserable. I gave him a comfortable chair by our dining-room fire, and, as we were alone, I determined to find out the trouble.

"Nathan," I began, "your nephew is making the farm look like old times."
"Isn't it?" he answered, with a little show of pleasure. "Isaac is certainly a splendid farmer."
"But are they as good to you as they are to the farm?" I asked, bluntly.

His lips trembled at once, and his hands, too, as he caught the crook of his cane more tightly and looked appealingly at me.
"I am afraid they're not," I added.
"You're not a bit like you were."

"It's the cold weather," he said, looking at the floor. "The cold weather, that's all. I'll be all right in the spring."
"But are you sure, Nathan, that they do all for you they should? Do they treat you as they should one who has given them such a good home?"

"Yes; oh, yes; they're good to me. People have different ideas of duty, Annie. Away out in Illinois they don't think exactly as we do, maybe. I wasn't quite used to their ways at first, but I am now. If there's anything wrong it's all me. I'm worrying myself. I can't think but what I didn't do altogether right by Tom, and I've been thinking that maybe I owe it to Isaac to put the farm in his name now."

He paused a moment, looking at me keenly; then added:
"I thought I would do it soon, as a surprise for them. Maybe I'll feel easier then."

I saw it all, then, and said impulsively:
"You mean, Nathan, that you hope they'll treat you better after you give them the farm. Isn't that it?"

"You mustn't say it that way," he said, simply, rising to go. "No, I can't say that that's it. I don't think I could put the place in better hands. No, Annie; you're too hard on them, and you mustn't be."

I watched him feebly pushing his way across the brown field against the November wind, that seemed to buffet him in the same spirit that it wisted the dead leaves from the boughs and flung them to the ground.

That was the last we saw of him until one day in December. It had snowed all night, and father went out to help shovel a path. He came soon to tell me he had stopped Isaac Hilliard to ask him about old Nathan. He looked confused, father said, and at a loss for an answer, but had been relieved by his wife calling sharply to him to come in.

This was enough to set me fancying the poor old man sick and poorly attended or neglected by those people. I hurriedly prepared a bowl of broth and started over. It was snowing again, and in the narrow path I almost ran against a man who was in a great hurry.

"Oh, Miss Annie," he said, "I was just coming to see you or your father!"

It was old Ben Link, who had spent nearly all his life in the service of the Hilliards and had left age.
"What is it, Ben?" I asked.
"Miss Annie," he answered, with excited indignation, "they," motioning toward the Hilliard house, "have sent poor old Nathan to the poor-house."

I did not wait for the particulars, but, with Ben following, ran home. We found father in our workshop putting a new seat in the basket-weigh.

"Father, you must hitch up at once," I said. "Those people over there have sent Nathan to the poor-house; and as long as our house stands he must never wait for a home."

Mother and I had a fire roaring in our great spare room and the shed all ready, with hot sticks of wood between the sheets at the foot, by the time father and Ben brought the old man in.

He had had a cruel shock, and for weeks it seemed a fatal one; but our care was rewarded. It was a glorious day late in January when we helped him down stairs to the table. We all believed then that we could cheer him back to his former self, but soon saw that our hopes were vain. I could not conceal my disappointment, and often spoke harshly against his folks; but he always gently checked me:
"Don't judge them too hard, Annie. You know I was feeble and of no use, and they had too much work to do to care for a sick old man. It was all my fault that there was so much to do. I had let the farm run down awfully. I had given them the farm, but still I kept thinking I hadn't done enough yet to make up for sending Tom off in anger, and I saw that they would be better if I was out of the way. So I was willing to go. Don't blame them too hard, Annie."

With particular earnestness did he excuse them one bright spring day, as he sat in his favorite place—an easy-chair by a window, where he could look across at his old home. The place looked better than it had for several years. The fences were strengthened and newly whitewashed, painters were there brightening the house, and spring was adding her budding buds and blossoms to the greenery of the hilliard farm.
"Just see, Annie," he said, as I left him to go to someone who wanted to see me, "what a change Isaac has made. He'll soon have the old place as fine as in his best days, and when I get well, I wonder if he

would let me take just one more walk over it. Some time, if you see him, ask him, won't you?"

I was surprised to find that it was Isaac who wanted to see me. His manner was humble, with shame plainly showing in his face. This kept me from telling him what I had always thought I would.

"I've come over to see Uncle Nathan," he said, with his eyes on the floor. Then, raising them manfully, he looked straight at me, and continued: "Miss Eastwood, we have made a sad mistake. We're ashamed, and sorry for it. We don't try to excuse ourselves, but we want him back with us again. Will you let me go in and ask him to come?"

I couldn't say all the harsh things in my mind, or tell him that I suspected there was something more I wished to get out of the old man. There was too much sincerity in his tone for that, and I could only feel how happy it would make Nathan to go back again. I quietly opened the door, and we walked in.

I laid my hand on Nathan's shoulder, and Isaac started to speak, but my hand fell to my side, and he stopped speaking. We had seen that the invitation was too late, and that the old man had passed away with his last locks resting on the beloved Hilliard Farm.

A Challenge to Rev. Sam Jones.

About two weeks ago Rev. Prechan preached a sermon in Wilmington in his own church and to his own people on the "Free Evangelist." Rev. Sam Jones undertook to reply to this sermon by sending for a few minutes—REV. DR. PRECHAN has sent Jones the following challenge which we copy from the Wilmington Messenger:

Rev. Sam Jones, wherever he may be, he is hereby given sixty days to accept the challenge herewith submitted.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 17, 1891.
Rev. Sam Jones, City:
REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Permit me, please, to present for your consideration and public challenge.

STATEMENTS.
I have been informed that you made an attempt, in your chosen way, to answer a sermon of mine, which by request of the publishers, just like yours, appeared in the Messenger of Oct. 13, 1891, in your meeting last night, and that you consider that settled. Very well, we will let that go.

I am not satisfied, however, to let you answer me before you read or hear what I have said or will say about "The Defects and Evil Effects of a So-called Evangelistic Movement." I am not "on the fight" but am here and as you seem anxious to answer on "The Defects, etc." I will give you an opportunity; and now with this, hereby publicly challenge you to a public debate on the above subject as defined in the lines following:

That the sermon I deliver to-morrow, like the one of last Sunday is for my people, and I do not want you to answer that, but instead give you the choice and privilege of debating the subject with me when I can have more time to discuss it more fully than in a sermon.

In addressing you and dealing with you I wish it understood that I deal with you on the broad basis of an evangelical Lutheran minister, as opposed to the "methods, meetings, manners and means," of one who is being called an evangelist.

I am not representing my church as its pastor, but am on my own responsibility, dealing only as an evangelical minister, with a fellow minister whom I consider misguided and misguided, and whom I address not to quarrel with, but by argument, history and the word of God to convince of improprieties and inconsistencies in the hope and prayer that he may contribute and do his life and talents in a right way to God. His name is not to be mentioned in a world.

I challenge you as now explained as an ordained minister of the Gospel, to an honorable, dignified christian debate, such as is becoming ministers of the Gospel, to bring out the truth and right, on whichever side it may be, but the debate must be honorable and dignified.

As to time, I would be willing to debate from one to three days and will be ready to meet you at the close of your meeting next Tuesday or Wednesday if we agree on place.

As to place I would be ready to meet you at the opera house or First Baptist church in this city, if those having charge will kindly tender or grant us the use thereof. If not in this city I will meet you in Charlotte, Columbia or Charleston in the near future.

As to language, I will give you your choice, German or English, either language will be acceptable to me, though I would prefer it in German for the sake of the many fine references.

As to standard works that shall be authority, I will name a few and grant you the same right, of course. 1. Church history, Kutz, and Mosheim; in concordances, Hubner and Young's; in sacred history Josephus, Kutz and Sebafer; in doctrine, Schmid's Dogmatics and Gerberding's Way of Salvation; in answering your sayings, your books, the newspapers of Norfolk, Va., Charlotte N. C., Chattanooga, Tenn., Wilmington N. C. and other places, and finally in the scriptures, either the old version or new version of the Bible with permission to quote and correct from Luther's translation of the German Bible, the best translation in the world, Latin, Vulgate and Hebrew, old, and Greek, new testament.

As to referees, let each select IN THE DISCUSSION.

I invite you to dispute the following points, some of a general nature, others specific in their character.

I accept, believe, claim and will maintain, to the honor of God, the best interests to His church and the welfare of His people and the good of sinner, who should be saved in God's own way.

1. That modern, so-called evangelism is an abnormal form of what was once true, pure and good, and can be proven by contrast with the history of the church and the word of God.

2. That in its abnormal condition and influence it is developing into a form of substitute for the church, and instead of being a fore-runner, helper or servant, is growing into a fearful master for both pastors, churches and communities, and threatens the very life of the church.

3. More harm is being done than good by such men as self-appointed evangelists, who were reformed drunkards, reformed debauchees, etc., and no not worthy successors of the holy evangelists of this apostolic age, as Timothy, Philip, etc., for the sacred records no where show, our Lord selected reformed drunkards as his disciples and apostles to lay the foundation of his church, and so the early church chose men as evangelists who were not reputed as such but bore good names!

5. The manner, in lack of reverence, the means as touching laughable stories instead of God's word, much human influence and over persuasion instead of the Holy Ghost, in, with and through God's word, methods of song, rising, kneeling, handshaking, etc., are censurable, the sale of books, etc., during services inexcusable and the meetings, offered or held, instead of church services on God's day, are untenable, according to the principles of common sense and the sacred scriptures.

6. That the spasmodic efforts, hurried engagements for a week or ten days, as if God's Holy spirit was dependent on human contracts and came and went just as the evangelists worked, or a time came to be the one of the saddest, most culpable and injurious feature and defects of system.

7. That in failing to baptize or

(Concluded on fourth page)