

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV 20, 1891.

NO. 29

Professional Cards.

Dr. Thos. F. 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 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.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & 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,
Charlotte, N. C.

14 and 16 West Trade St.

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. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTY, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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

THE CANTON COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH
In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, and any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.
This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug-store.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE
Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.
J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of the grippe, when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber of Cookport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for long trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Dr. Lawing's drug store. Large bottles, 50c and \$1.

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

Who Is Your Best Friend?
Your stomach of course. Why? Because it is of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see 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, it you are troubled with Heartburn, Bloating, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had pushed Green's August Flower, and no person can use it without immediate relief.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.
Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Purifier has never failed to remove profuse or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

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.

LATE ROSES.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The flowers grew fair and fine under the care of the old florist, Donald McDonald. His hot-house was a marvel, as, by the way, were his open beds, his little nursery—all that he kept an eye over. No window-box need lack the choice of its owner, nor need any belle besake her to a ball without the flower she longed for, while Donald McDonald's white sign with its long black letters hung between the two gate-posts of his garden.

No one knew much about him. He had come to the town and taken the place from an old man who had left it, to go back to his native Scotland—a fellow-countryman, and, no doubt, an old friend; but he never spoke of this, or, indeed, of anything else. It was said of him that he never spoke to anyone. This was not quite true. There were occasions on which a "Yes" or a "No," a grunt or an "Ah!" became necessary; more no one could get out of him.

He lived alone in his house, which a woman came to tidy once a week; and it was a pretty house, though said, who had peeped into it, and well furnished; and in its little parlor stood a low sewing-chair near a work-basket on a small stand, as if some woman were expected to use it; and over the mantle hung a good portrait of a beautiful young woman. And so the legend gained belief amongst those who knew the florist, that he had lost a young wife and that her death had preyed upon him and changed him greatly. And for this reason—the world at large being much more sympathetic and kindly than we usually give it credit for being—folk pardoned Donald McDonald for his oddities and praised him for his skill in his calling.

Certainly he was not without friends somewhere, for he was always writing letters and receiving letters from abroad, with important looking seals upon them. Only why should he be so savage with the children if one of them but thrust a simple hand through the palings for a blade of grass or a daisy, or caught at a fruit blossom that the long branch put within reach? That, brothers said, was his worst trait.

But it had come to be that the children passed the florist's garden on the other side of the way, and never dreamed of peeping in at the door of the hot house. But Donald was not parsimonious, for every Sunday he carried, with his own hands, a great basket of flowers to the church door and handed it without a word to the sexton, who placed them where all could see and admire. And also, if any poor woman in his neighborhood were ill, one too poor to dream of buying flowers, rare roses were banded in at her door, and they all knew they came from Donald McDonald. Therefore, even despite his surliness to the little children, and his silent ways, they all believed the florist to be a good man at heart.

What would they have thought of him could they have seen him sometimes in his own home, when the shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, his men gone home for the night, and no eye upon him save that, perhaps, of some of those good angels who watch and weep unseen with poor humanity? What would they have thought, had they seen him kneel before that fragile little sewing chair, his head upon its cushions, kissing them, weeping, sobbing, crying upon a woman's name at intervals, or gathering from the basket a little flock that a doll might have worn, and pressing it to his heart and holding it reverently as a Catholic might the relic of a saint, ere he replaced it, or standing before the lovely portrait of a woman that hung upon his wall, reaching his arms toward it and crying: "Come back to me, Jennie, my love, come back and forgive me!" Then they would have known, indeed, that the story of his life was a tragic one.

Ten years before, he had had a lovely wife—that was her portrait

upon the wall. She had been nearly young enough to be his daughter, but she loved him fondly, and they were very happy for a while. It was in Scotland that he married her, and there they lived amongst his flowers, happy as the day was long, until, one sunny afternoon, a handsome young Highland laird rode that way to buy roses. He had an eye for a pretty face, and Jennie was not a girl; she blushed to be admired. Afterward Donald could not remember which of the "firles" (light as air), which are the food of jealousy, awakened his. A madness seized him. He believed her false; he called her a foul name; he accused her coarsely. That night, when he returned to his home, he found her gone; a letter lay upon the table; it read thus:

"I am innocent in word and deed; I have loved you only, nor has any man had cause to believe otherwise, but you have insulted me so that I can never look you in the face again. Good-bye for ever."

JENNIE.

There were not wanting those who believed that the elderly florist's wife had gone away with the handsome young Highlander; but Donald himself knew better. Since that day, despite the fact that the hat she had worn had been found floating in a loch near by, he had never ceased to search for her. He had written to the American consuls of foreign countries—the large correspondence which surprised his neighbors was all concerning his lost wife. A report that she had been seen in America had brought him here. Here, where the old story was not known, he made a home for her, believing then that she might come to dwell in it. There stood her chair, her unfinished needle-work, there hung her portrait; but so many years had passed without any tidings of her—so many years—despair had seized Donald's soul and made him bitter to all man kind. This year he was more miserable than ever. He saw the marks of age growing greater in his face; he thought that somewhere on earth his son or daughter might be begging bread, for Jennie was not one of your clever women, but as clinging as any tender vine in all his garden. He was well-to-do; he had boarded for her sake. How he had prayed for forgiveness, yet God would not hear him. He thought himself accursed, and told himself that he was lost, soul and body, unless he might atone for his great sin. In this mood, he made no answer to the "Good days" of his men when they were about to trudge homeward, and was more ready than ever to believe that, in spite of all his care, the neighbor's child had robbed his flower borders.

In the darkness he walked along down the long, broad paths of his rose-garden. The late roses only lingered, but they were beauties. Their fragrance came to him tenderly. He sat down upon a block of stone, and the soft grass at his feet and the sweet stars above helped to soothe him.

"If she is dead she will know my remorse," he sighed, his monomelia taking a more gentle turn, for he never could forget for a moment. "Now if she could but come to me, a spirit, could stand amongst the roses and smile on me, then I would wait for death in peace."

Donald McDonald had in his veins the blood of ancestors who were endowed with second-sight. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He stared before him, waiting for a sign, and saw a slender hand holding a rose—a hand like hers—over the top of a certain old bush. It arose between him and the starlight. His blood curdled, his heart beat so that it shook his frame. An other rose was in the slender hand, now another. He heard a sigh. "Was she about to speak to him?" he asked himself. But then came a cough—of the earth earthly—and, springing to his feet, Donald saw that what he had taken for the hand of a spirit, materialized in answer to prayer, was that of a boy who was stealing his roses, his left hand propped upon the fence, his left hand receiving the flowers which he broke from the stems with the

Other
The revelation of feeling was too great. For an instant he grew fercocious and seized the little brown wrist in a grip that must have given pain.
"You young thief!" he roared.
The boy struggled but held the flowers fast.
"I'll see who you are; I knew some one was robbing me," said Donald, dragging him toward the house.

Once where the lamplight fell on the face of the boy, he saw that the lad was a stranger. He saw, too, that he was clad in rags and looked far from well nourished, but he was beautiful, with the dark, soft beauty of the sandy-haired Scotchman loved best, and Donald's fury faded before the look in the brown eyes.

"There, you may go," he said.
"The boy felt his wrist released, and took a firmer grasp upon his roses. "Thank you," he said "May I keep the flowers?"
"I stole goods give you joy," said Donald.

"I want them for a sick woman," said the boy. "They will give her pleasure. She will not know how I got them."
"A sick person?" said Donald. "Why did you not say they were for a sick woman? Here!"
He went out into the garden again, and clipped and bound until a great, glowing, fragrant bunch was in his hand.

"There," said he, "come back to-morrow night. Sick—well that is different."
"Mother will be so glad," said the boy. "God bless you."
That night Donald slept happily for the first time in years.

"It's the blessing," he said, to himself. The next night he waited long for the boy. At last he saw him running toward him.
"I had an errand to do for a gentleman," he exclaimed. "And we live far across the bridge. The flowers kept mother company all day. You don't know what you did for her."
This time some dainty fruit went with the flowers, and Donald laid his hand on the boy's head, ere they parted, with a "Come to-morrow."

He did.
"I'll walk with you a bit," Donald said, this time, as the boy turned away and, keeping by his side, they crossed the bridge and came to the poor part of the town, where a miserable little shops and houses crowded together. No gardens there; no path of sward; nothing but the sordid surroundings of those who labor for mere bread, and have no time for pretty fancies.

"Is this where you live?" asked Donald.
"Yes, though my mother is fit for a palace," said the boy.
He had paused at a low door. A woman stood beside it, her arms folded in her apron.
"I'm glad you've come," she said. "My children want me. Your mother is worse. She is talking wild."
She left them, hurrying up the street and vanished in a dingy alley-way.

The boy, with a cry of grief, rushed into the little house. Donald followed. A candle flared upon the chimney-piece. On a miserable bed lay a woman, muttering to herself.
"Mother, I have come," said the boy. "Here are more flowers."
The thin hands, so like his own, clutched them.
"Flowers! More flowers?" she said. "Late roses! Where is Donald? Donald's garden used to be full of them. It was Eden—the garden of Eden! But he turned me out, and I—I was true—true to him—"

"Jennie! Oh my God! It is my Jennie!" cried Donald McDonald, and sprang forward, and, kneeling by the bed-side, lifted the wasted form in his arms.
"Jennie! My own true wife!" he sobbed. "Jennie! It is Donald! Forgive me, Jennie! Live for me! Oh, Jennie! Jennie! I have found you at last! God is Merciful!"
Time glided on; autumn departed; winter snows were followed by spring buds and summer blossoms; art-misias were blooming in the

florist's beds. Amongst them he walked smiling, holding the little brown hand of his boy in his own. And within the parlor near the window, swinging to and fro in the long-treasured sewing-chair, sat Donald McDonald's wife Jennie.
She was finishing the little embezzled robe she had found in her basket, and she wore the last roses in her bosom.

—BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE—
The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

Cleveland on the Recent Election.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Ex-President Grover Cleveland was seen at his residence in Madison avenue to-day and gave his opinion of the result of Tuesday's election as follows:
Of course every one has a right to put his own construction upon the result, and I am not anxious to intrude my ideas, but it seems to me some things ought to be no longer doubtful. Any man who still thinks that tariff reform is a settled and obsolete issue, or that the importance of sound and safe money is a question upon which the people can be blinded, is either fully wrong or dangerously dull. It seems to me, too, that the Democrats ought to be satisfied that a search adherence to the principles of their party does not require the abuse of those who show any inclination to help us. I very much regret the defeat of Gov. Campbell. He has been a brave and honest official. This and the splendid career he has made entitled him to success. While the election of Flower, Russell and Boies ought to cause the utmost rejoicing among the Democrats, they should not forget that with these things comes the obligation to be true to the people, honest in the advocacy of our principles, and decent in all things.

The Result in New York.

The Democrats have carried the State of New York, electing Mr. Russell P. Flower, their candidate, for the governorship. This result is of great importance from the point of view of national politics. It means that the democracy will work with untiring zeal and the best prospects of success to carry the State in 1892. It means, moreover, the nomination of Mr. Cleveland in that year. The victory was won distinctly upon the national issues with which Mr. Cleveland has identified himself. Tariff reform and sound money were, at the instance of Mr. Cleveland's friends, made prominent planks of the Saratoga platform, and success on such a basis in the pivotal Empire State must give an immense impetus to sound doctrine on these subjects. The enthusiasm with which the ex-President was received at every political meeting at which he appeared during the campaign testified to his hold upon the popular heart. The logic of the situation should now make McKinley, of Ohio, the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Cleveland, the advocate of low taxes, and Mr. McKinley, the admirer of high taxes, would thus confront each other in the Presidential campaign of next year. It would be a fair and square fight, on issues perfectly defined and well understood by everybody. Until Cleveland entered the arena the politicians, Democratic as well as Republican, fought shy of the tariff issue. They have tried all sorts of dodges. They have endeavored to substitute this and that issue for the public question to which the masses of the people are chiefly interested. In some quartets they had more or less success in befogging the public mind as to the real difference between the aims and ends of the two great parties. But with Mr. Cleveland and Mr. McKinley as the candidates for the Presidency the fight would be fought to the finish, and everybody would know what it was about.—Baltimore Sun.

Threads of Thought.

The innocence is childhood is sacred.
The dawn, like the life of a child, is fresh and bright.
Happiness and grief are represented by hope and anxiety.
Peace and rest are found only after struggle and effort.
There is a blessedness as well as a grace, in rightly receiving.
That relating to our hearts and habits, cannot be torn away, like the lichen from the tree, without leaving a scar.
Life, notwithstanding all, is a beautiful gift, so much depending on how it is accepted and afterward preserved.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Wouldn't this be a happier world if some people had good forgetters. There was a man, so the story goes, who made an automaton car which to gather all the sweet sounds of the world since the time when morning stars sung together for joy. He succeeded, but not content he improved on his ear until it had collected all the sounds in the universe—nothing being lost—since the beginning of the world. Was the inventor happy then? No, for he had caught with the music of the spheres all the cries of agony and wails of despair which were floating about loose in the atmosphere, and these so overbalanced the stings of joy that the man went mad and destroyed his automaton car. This story, told before the days of the telephone, is not as impossible as it may seem, and I believe there are people who forget all the joy they ever experienced while listening to the wail of past sorrow. They sat and wailed alone, to one would object, but they cast their black shadows on the sun itself, and sent all the world to mourn because they do. Now if these good people would forget—not their grief, but themselves, and go right along in the path of duty with cheerful submission, how much happier they would make everybody, themselves included. I cannot believe that the text, "God loveth a cheerful giver," refers only to dollars and cents. It means that when He claims our dearest and best we shall not go about wailing and complaining, as if we had no faith or beliefs to support us. For my part I do not admire crying Christians.—Olecia, in Detroit Free Press.

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. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions and do not find our statements correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

What Hurts the Alliance.

In his report to the State Alliance Secretary Barnes said:
"The condition of the order from last August has been steadily progressive all over the State, with the exception of a few counties where partisan politics has been the ruling spirit and has been carried into the Alliance—in those there has been a backward movement."
This was the official report of the Secretary of the order, and is stated dispassionately as a fact. It proves what the Chronicle has always contended, viz: that the Alliance would be strong and useful just so long as it refrained from partisan politics, but when it became a political party or secured the organization of a political party, as has been attempted by some in the organization of the People's party, it would sound its death knell.
The North Carolina Alliance officially shows that the Chronicle has spoken truly. It must follow then, that the true friends of the Alliance are those who oppose partisan politics. We do not doubt the honesty of those who advocate it but their judgment is bad and they are not fit to lead.—Raleigh Chronicle.