

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV 27, 1891.

NO. 30

## 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. M. 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.

**IF YOUR BACK ACHES,**  
Opiates are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general delirium. Try **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.** It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

**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."  
"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."  
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."  
"The 'Wintrop,' 12th Street and 7th Ave., New York City."  
"The 'Creston,' 17 Murray Street, New York."

**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 gripe. 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.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed by a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain. She grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold yet you may get a trial bottle free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

**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, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

**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 those forces to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Croup or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Boschee's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

**IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?**  
Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

**STRENGTH AND HEALTH.**  
If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. If La Grippe has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

**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 of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

## The Oneida Countess.

A True Story.  
BY R. W. N.

In the year of the French Revolution, 1792, a young man of good birth, fine education and of good address, who was glad to escape from Paris with his life, came to this country. He was tall and handsome, with the manners of an aristocrat. Finding nothing to do (for the physical labor of the docks was so much better done by the negroes, that he could not stand the competition) he finally gave up in despair, and while he had money for the few implements needed, started for the Oneida country, where he cut a few saplings and built himself a shelter from the weather. He endeavored to support himself by fishing, shooting and trapping, but had made little progress, when he was stricken down with fever. His end seemed coming. He was alone and helpless, and commending himself to the care of Heaven, he lay down to die.

On the other side of the wood near which he had built his hut, but hidden entirely from his view, there lay an Indian village. One afternoon, an Indian girl, named Nanita, out berrying, espied the hut of the stranger, and naturally peered into it. Hearing no noise, and seeing no one, she finally entered, and beheld a handsome man lying prone, very pale and apparently dead. Her woman's heart was touched with pity. She saw, too, that, though insensible, the man was still alive.

The young girl paused not to think of his color. Her feet took her back to her wigwam, whence she returned with milk, rum and a blanket. With the latter she covered him, and pouring a little rum down his throat, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and sat still and watched him. Presently he opened his fine eyes, and gave her a dim, wandering, wondering look. But as he was fast. He saw, however, in the large, lustrous, black, deep-set eyes of the squaw legibly written: "Thou shalt not die forsaken, stranger."

She signified to him as well as she could that he must sleep now, and that she would return after a while and see him.

In a couple of hours the Indian girl returned to her patient with food and medicines for the night. She found him still very feeble, but much better; she made him eat, and gave him to understand, by eye and pantomime, that he must sleep and she would see him as early as possible the next morning.

In the morning the Indian girl told her mother about the stranger. At first the squaw was suspicious, but she went with her daughter to see the stranger, when her heart warmed to the young pale face, and, with true womanly feeling, she busied herself about the sick man. The women removed him to their own wigwam for better nursing.

Three weeks' good nursing brought him round, and he was a man again in all but strength. The patience of the count, with his quiet, graceful manners, won the little community, and all found a pang in their hearts at the mention of his departure.

The old warrior, one morning, said:

"Stranger, the time has come when you should no longer be a stranger. You have a name in your own country. What is it?"

"Arthur De Lille, they call me in my own country."

"Then, Arthur De Lille," said the chief, "stay with our people another moon. Hunt with us, fish with us, go to our council-fires, smoke with us, and then go back to your own country. Or, if you like the red man's life and will cast your lot with us, we will adopt you into our tribe. You shall be my son; you shall be a hunter and a warrior. Adopt our customs and our costumes, and we will give you a wife from our tribe."

Nanita explained what he did not understand to De Lille, who, turning to the chief, said:

"It is well said. It shall be so," and offered his hand.

They smoked a pipe together and the understanding was complete.

Arthur De Lille rapidly grew from convalescence to robust health. He walked, wrestled and ran with the young braves, his great height being of much advantage to him. His education in the school of the athletes and in fencing and shooting in Paris now became of great service to him. With returning health he developed great physical power; the Indians were proud of him, he was their equal in most sports, their superior in many things.

As the time approached for his decision, De Lille went to the old warrior and said:

"De Lille wants to go into retreat for three days to consider his decision. He wants to be alone, to consider the future, to consult the Great Spirit."

"De Lille speaks wisely. It shall be so. No one shall speak to thee, to ask anything of thee, for three days."

It was so ordered. He took his gun and went to the top of a mountain, and there considered his situation. He reviewed the civilized savages of France, destroying everything that was good. Then he turned to the peaceful civilization of the savages going on around him, and thought of what he should lose, nay, had lost, in France; then of the life of toil and labor before him; then of its freedom—the joyous, wild life of the Indian.

He thought how he had been snatched from death at home, how he had suffered in New York and since; how now, by this Indian woman, he had been brought from death to life; and he looked up to the Great Spirit and prayed: "Direct me in all my doings with thy most gracious favor, and further me with thy continual help." Then he laid him down to rest and think. For three days he continued the meditations that were to fix a life, and at length rose from the ground, rejoicing in a psalm of praise: "I am an Indian," he said. "I thank Thee, Father, for this revelation of 'thy will.'"

The mind thus made up is fixed forever, and it was so with De Lille. He now sought the accomplishment of his purpose with avidity. On his way home he spoke to every one he met; and meeting the old warrior, he said:

"I am an Indian; embrace me."

"Welcome, my son."

And the chief embraced him. De Lille said that he was ready for whatever ceremonies were necessary.

"I'll settle it at the council of the braves to-night," was the reply.

"You promised me a wife," said De Lille, "Give me Nanita? One moon from my adoption into the tribe I'll take her."

"My son, we must see what she says to that; but I'll not object."

They entered the wigwam, carrying sunshine into it. De Lille strode up to Nanita's mother and kissed her. He went up to Nanita and said:

"Nanita, I am an Indian! Help me to be a good one."

Her bright eyes danced in ecstasy, as she threw herself on his bosom and wept there. He looked round, and the mother was weeping on the old man's bosom. Even the old warrior's eye was moist.

De Lille was adopted into the tribe with the usual ceremonies, and great rejoicing was there on the occasion; and, at the feast of the sweets, when the maple sugar ran, he brought Nanita home to his wigwam as his wife. She proved a good wife; always smiling upon him and bore him many children. The blessing of the Great Spirit had come with her.

De Lille became a leading chief among the Indians. His superior education, his knowledge of French, English and the Indian dialect became of great value with the tribes; and he kept his own tribe at peace with the whites, and he was much respected by our government. Thus he lived twenty years.

He visited New York, where he learned so much of the restored

tranquility of France as to beget the hope that some of the broad lands left there might be restored to him, and he was not mistaken. He sent one of his sons to France to be educated. He sent another to be educated in Columbia College, who afterward became a prominent lawyer in New York.

He himself stayed with his tribe. He was universally respected as a faithful ally of our government, and so continued to his death, in 1835. He was restored to his titles by Louis XVIII., and so Nanita became the Countess De Lille. She once visited France with her husband and was well received. She returned to this country, and spent her life in elegant luxury, on a large estate in the neighborhood of the spot where she first saw her husband.

His son and hers is a titled man in France to-day.

## The Art of Lengthening Life.

Dr. Ebstin, of Goettingen, delivered a long discourse on this subject from which we take the following:

The question as to the natural duration of life is first to be answered. According to the latest discoveries, the average length of life, in the natural order of things, is from seventy to seventy-five years. Women live somewhat longer than men. The mortality among children, particularly less than a year old, is very great. From the age of puberty till the fifth year the death rate is small; from that time it becomes greater each year. Too great an old age is a questionable blessing, because a renewal of youth can be reached in no way whatever. It is evident, therefore, that the normal limit of the age of man is that which is attained without bitter breaking down and suffering. The first condition is a good foundation, a descent from parents physically and mentally healthy. Of further importance is suitable maternal care of the child. Then comes the school and military training for the increase of the powers of resistance. In advancing life, a proper activity must not be neglected. "An unused life is an early death." The correct means toward reaching a good old age were given by Moltke, when that question was going the rounds. These were "temperance and work." Not only temperance in regard to eating and drinking, but the same must be practised in every direction. A great number of deaths in the prime of life occur through accidental wounds. (In business and in the dustrious life and in war.) Another part on account of so-called constitutional illnesses, which are generally the result of some innate physical defect of the human body. These can always be combated. A third part result from contagious diseases. The danger of infection can generally be met by capable measures of defense. The art of lengthening human life has made little advance up to the present time. The age of man, in the average, has become no greater. Also the common principles of long life have been substantially the same in all times, only the relationships of culture and differing eras imply different occurrences and details. The speaker also insisted that the use of alcohol is entirely unnecessary, and that the danger of shortening human life is not to be found in the greatness of intellectual work, but in its unsuitable organization.—Translated for Public Opinion from the Cincinnati Volksblatt.

Each 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.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you may be a thousand, not one of them cares so much for you as you ought to care for yourself.

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.

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## The Gruesome Places Where the Parsees Dispose of Their Dead.

The Parsees, a peculiar sect living in Bombay, were formerly from Persia; they are fire worshippers, and give the bodies of their dead to be devoured by vultures. Receptacles for this purpose are built resembling round towers about twenty-five feet in height, the interior arranged in three separate rows around the entire inside, varying in size to receive the bodies of men, women and children. These towers are roofless, the edges of which are continually covered with vultures and birds of the air, who feed on the bodies of the Parsee dead.

In Bombay these towers are on the beautiful eminence, Malabar Hill. The sides of the road leading to them are carefully walled, and flowers grow in profusion out of the chinks in the walls, the carriage road leads up to a flight of eighty stone steps, at the top of which is a great yellow and white gate or archway. On the right side of this entrance is a large marble slab, with the large letters in gilt, which reads: "None but Parsees can enter here." We were, however, allowed to enter and were met by a venerable old Parsee, who had served in this quiet garden for nearly thirty years.

He bade us follow him, which, with terror in our hearts, we did, he leading us through the labyrinth of that immense and lovely garden, beautiful in every sense of the word, with flowers, ferns and trees of tropical growth, down to the walls where we could view the great five white towers, on the edge of which sat or flopped the great vulture ghouls; the trees, too, were filled with these impatient creatures, who moved about restlessly, stretching their great necks as if to catch the sound of the tramp of feet, which were drawing nearer and nearer, toiling up that long, steep hill with the remains of two bodies, which but a few days before were teeming with life and mortality and the dearly beloved of the Parsee household, now to them a thing useless, being borne on the shoulders of a despised slave to be placed in one of these dreadful towers, the prey of those fearfully greedy carrion birds that in one-quarter of an hour will have stripped the body of every inch of flesh and left the bones to bleach and crumble in the scorching sun.

Only Parsee men follow the receptacle of the dead to this last receptacle, save a dog led by a string and who is the last to look on the face of the departed. That, according to the Parsee creed, will take the soul straight to heaven.

Near the tower a sign is placed, "Stop here." The mourners turn back while the dead is placed inside the tower, while the birds in their rapid flight blacken the air as they sweep down upon their prey. The eyes of the mourners stream with tears, the heart sickens and the knees tremble, while a silence like a pall falls upon the lonely but awful garden, as for the moment the mind conceives the scene of greed within the walls of the tower of silence.—Denver News.

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## Is Rain Making Wicked?

That is the question that is agitating the New York World just now. New York was suffering for a drouth and the World offered to pay all the expenses if Gen. Drydenworth would secure rain. He packed up his machinery but before he reached New York Jupiter Pluvius, in imitation to Capt. Scott's coon, said: "Don't shoot; I'll come down," and it rained. But it didn't rain enough and the work will go forward. Mr. John McClintock, of Hyde Park, Mass., writes to the World:

If Drydenworth & Co., cannot get you rain I hope God will let you die with hunger and thirst. Evidently he does not believe in the artificial production of rain. Does he believe in digging wells?—State Chronicle.

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## The Difference.

Man, once lost to the hallowing influences of virtue, clings with a wooing tenderness to the miserable cesspool of vice and never once looks back upon the path which he trod in the guileless days of innocent boyhood. He cannot look beyond the horizon of his own degradation and, with his warped and sin-perverted mind, he believes all men to be on the same level of iniquity and shame. With the tongue of vituperation he clutches the poorest characters and drags them down to his own degraded state. But women, when fallen from her high and beautiful estate, looks ever back to it with longing and regretful eyes. She feels and knows that she is lost, and even while distributing her shame for a morsel of bread, looks up with an aching heart and tear-stained eyes to that golden temple from which she has been stolen. She knows that there are other women who are good and pure; and quitting for a time her torturing taunts she goes with trembling footsteps into the sanctuary of God to catch once more the sight of virtue and listen with bounding pulse to the music of purity as it calls back to her mind the treasured memories of her spotless past. Miserable, downtrodden and forsaken, she looks up from the dross and mire, and hears the low flung lark of her virtue still singing at the pearly gates of virginity.—Ed.

## If Cleveland is the Candidate Polk Will Stump the State Against Him.

Col. L. L. Polk, president of the Farmers' Alliance, is in the city. He is inclined to believe that the reports of disaster to the farmer politicians at last Tuesday's elections are exaggerated. He prefers to wait, he says, until the official returns come in. He said to-day:

"The elections are in no sense indicative of the strength of the People's party. We are not particular about capturing State officers; our purpose is to win legislative seats. The Republicans are making great claims of gains in Kansas, but here they combine with their ancient enemies, the Democrats, in opposition to the People's party, and the campaign was the most bitter I ever witnessed."

"Do you think it probable that Cleveland will be the Democratic candidate for the presidency?"

"I have been of that opinion all the while. I am certain he is the favorite of Wall street, and every effort will be made to have him nominated. In fact, no man could be put at the head of the ticket, either in the Democratic or Republican party, if unacceptable to the plutocratic power. So it appears inevitable that Cleveland will again be chosen. In that event I shall deem it my solemn duty to take the stump against him in North Carolina. He would not be able to carry the State, and it is possible he would not be successful in more than three States of the South. No Southern Alliance man should want to vote for Cleveland, and few of them would do so. He was elected in 1854 as a rebuke to the condition of things brought on by the demonization of silver. Instead of recognizing the popular will, he and his Secretaries of the treasury went further even than their Republican predecessors in hostility to that metal. Their course was condemned at the polls in November, 1858, thereby again bringing the Republicans into power. It is impossible for Southern Alliance men, in view of Mr. Cleveland's record, to even give him their support.—Washington Dispatch 8th.

—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 ring, 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.

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