

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1892.

NO. 36

Professional Cards.

Dr. G. 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. W. A. PRESSLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Terms—CASH.
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
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.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

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. 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 MARTELL, D. D.,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

MERIT WINS.
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, also Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had a single complaint as to their merits. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist.

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

A SAFE INVESTMENT.
Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Druggist.

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 out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable 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, and no person can use it without immediate relief.

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

RIVERVIEW HOTEL,
MT. HOLLY, N. C.
Situated at the depot of C. C. R. R.
MRS. HOLLAND, Proprietress.
We take special care of the traveler. Good rooms with fireplaces, and good food. Call and see us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Board—rates reasonable.

Central Hotel,
GASTONIA, N. C.
J. N. ALEXANDER, Prop.
Situated in centre of business part and of easy access to trains. Board per day, \$1 to \$2.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!— READ THIS.

Kansas, Nov. 4, 1890.

[The Women Did It.—John Sherman.]

Kansas City Star.
I was one of them "fool farmers;" yes, I'll own it like a man; There was plenty of us fashioned on the same peculiar plan; And I've lived out here in Kansas more than five and twenty years, A growin' poor and poorer as it certainly appears. I sold 'em read the newspapers; I work too hard for that; And never knew why I got lean while other men got fat; I didn't fool with politics; I had so much to do; But I always voted as I shot and as they told me to. The day before election, just imagine my distress, When I found my wife a-readin'— now whatever you guess!— A free trade publication, and to make it worse, she said She'd read it regular each night before she went to bed. And, do you know, that wife of mine just faced me up and down That farmers slave to make monopolists in the town. I always used to get around these warm domestic spots, But when I praised Protection and she laughed and answered "Rats," I bristled up; it kindled all the sentiment of strife To think this free trade stuff should be corruptin' of my wife; I quit her then and there before her argument was through, As every good Protectionist makes it a rule to do. That night we had a camp fire and our Congressman was there; We gave him "John Brown's Body," when he went to take the chair; I wore my old blue uniform to spite the Democrats, But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats." Our Congressman was eloquent, he made a stirrin' speech; And when he bade us vote as we had shot at Malvern Hill. We rose with one accord and cried with one acclaim "We will." We sang the good old war songs and we ate a mess o' beans, And we passed the even' pleasantly recallin' bloody scenes; And we took the straight-out tickets and we pinned 'em on our hats, But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats." When I reached home I noticed my Mary wore a smile, Which seemed to me as indicatin' storms ahead or bile; To head her off I said "You'll call me early, mother dear, For to-morrow'll be the liveliest day free trade will have this year." Next mornin' just at sunrise, as I woke and rubbed my eyes, A wonderin' what she meant by "Rats," I saw to my surprise My clothes and hat and boots all ranged in order on the floor, And bearin' each a card I'd swear I never saw before. My flannel shirt displayed this sign, "Taxed 95 per cent." My trousers "Taxed 100"—so this was what "Rats" meant; My vest said "Taxed 100," and my shoes "Taxed 25." My coat and hat "200" with "Protection makes us thrive." I went to fill the basin and I noticed as I came "Taxed 45 per cent." Great Scott! the towel said the same! The soap was marked at "20," as I dropped it on the floor, I chanced to see a scuttle of coal chalked "24." I passed into the kitchen and it gives me pain to state That my wife had on a woolen dress stamped "Only 58." And in shooting out a guinea-hen she made a little dive, Which showed a pair of stockings with a card marked "35." The baby in his little bed was lyin' fast asleep; I always held the little chap as most uncommon cheap; But when I saw them cards on blanket, pillow, crib and sheet, I felt a lump rise in my throat; I

knew that I was beat. No matter where I went I struck them pesky little signs; The stove, the plates, the knives, the forks, the window sash and blinds, The scissors, needles, thread, all bore that terrible per cent.; Bigosh, I didn't dare to ask what card was on the rent. That was the soberest meal I ever ate in all my life; And as I left the table in remarkin' to my wife That I was goin' to the polls, she helped me with my coat, And said: "I reckon, John, I needn't tell you how to vote." I walked down to my votin' place; it looked like every yard Was full of farmin' implements which bore a little card, And seemed to say, from plough to spade, from thresher down to ax, "Good mornin', John, and don't forget the tariff is a tax." I voted straight—Oh, yes, no doubt of that; I voted straight; But not exactly in the way expected of my state; And I showed the boys the little cards provided by my wife; That night our Congressman took formal leave of public life; I was one of them "fool farmers" during five and twenty years; But I've learned a little common sense, as doubtless now appears; You can run and tell McKinley, and say—don't forget to state That we've voted out in Kansas, and we've voted darned near straight!

New York Ledger.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

BY ANNIE SABELLS.

She was christened when she was a baby by the name of Frances Hoyt Warburton, but from the time she opened her sky-blue eyes upon this prosaic, work-a-day world, nobody ever gave her that portentous cognomen. She was not even Fanny or Fan. She began with Baby, Blue-eyes, Darling, and went on to Mother Bunch, Little Boopie, Trot, Sweetest, till at nineteen most of us settled upon Dor, and Dot she was called by the whole forty-five of us. She was an orphan, and we were her cousins. Her parents died on the same day, of a malignant fever, and the baby, then three years old, became the idol of a large and adoring family. She would say herself: "You see I really belong to the whole of them. There are five uncles and four aunts on papa's side, and three uncles and two aunts on mamma's side. They are all married, so I have fourteen homes and fourteen mothers and fathers, and forty-five cousins, who are all brothers and sisters." And there was no exaggeration in this statement. We all idolized her, petted her, loved her, but never could spoil her. I am one of the forty-five cousins; never mind which one, only that it is one of the Warburton clan. Dot was the darling of each home. We might, each and every one, pour out unattainable flattery; but let a mist come over Dot's blue eyes, and the hardest-hearted purse-holder surrendered at once. We might look with vain longing at jewelers' and confectioners' windows, and an escort at Dot's command. Yet nothing spoiled her. Not one of us grudged her a bracelet or a sugar-plum. She was very generous; always willing to share or lend her treasures; and our only quarrels arose when she left one "home" for another, each and all wished to keep her forever. She was a bewitching little thing, so tiny that when she was nineteen there was not a cousin of fifteen who did not boast of looking "right over Dot's head." Nobody could tell exactly how she got her education. She fitted from school to school, as various cousins commended their merits or various aunts controlled her choice, and amongst them contrived to learn as much as

most maidens of her age, being neither a marvel of erudition nor a monster of ignorance. Every boy-cousin declared Dot to be "awfully pretty," and every girl-cousin agreed. She had rippling, curling chestnut hair, which she wore short, and baby-blue eyes, full of sunshine. Her features were fairly good, her mouth and teeth beautiful. Little fairy-like hands and feet belonged to her tiny figure. Do you see her, the witching fairy? Please, then, to imagine our consternation when, out of all the numerous beaux that she met everywhere, she seemed best pleased with the attentions of Rudolph Herz, a big German artist that Paul met one summer sketching in the mountain regions of western Pennsylvania. Acquaintances become common property with us, and we all rather like Mr. Herz, whose music was as splendid as his painting, until he showed signs of preference for Dot. No; I am wrong. They all did that, and no one objected. What roused our ire was that Dot showed signs of preference for him. Dot, whom they all adored! Not one of the girls ever claimed an admirer until Dot had dismissed him. And now! "Ugly! Look at his great blond beard!" cried one. "Awkward! He upsets every small article in a room!" cried another. "Poor, too! swelled the chorus. "I've been in his rooms, and they are like barns; and look at his clothes!" "His English is frightful," asserted another. "He makes Dot talk German!" was the next startling assertion. We were dumb after that. Each one of us recalled Dot's tears over German grammar, and her utter dejection of Goethe and Schiller. Long sighs followed a longer silence, and we submitted to fate. But if ever a maiden was wooed under difficulties, that maiden was Dot. We had all agreed upon Dot's husband. He was to be an Adonis for beauty, of high station, rich fascinating, everything that the hero of an old-fashioned, three volume novel could claim to be; and a German artist, poor, ugly, big, awkward was not to carry her off if the united efforts of forty-five cousins could prevent it. But if Rudolph Herz did not answer to our ideal portrait of a lover, nobody could deny his good-nature nor his wonderful genius. Our hearts were almost won, when we were invited en masse to his great barnlike studio to see the picture he was going to send to the New York Exhibition. It was a back-bayed subject to be seen, "Little Red Riding-Hood," life size. But from under the scarlet hood laughed Dot's blue eyes, the short curls straying over the low, broad forehead. Dot's little hands held the small basket. Dot's tiny feet peeped from the short blue petticoat. "But, after all," growled Bert Warburton, "who gave him permission to paint our Dot?" "I did!" said Dot, rebelliously; so there was no more to be said about that. It was one of Dot's charms that she never flirted. Not one of her discarded adorers ever accused her of "drawing him on;" for she was as frank as a child, and her pretty, winning ways were as free from coquetry as the smiles of an infant. So when she loved she frankly showed her preference, though no one could accuse her of unmaidenly forwardness. I don't think Rudolph Herz guessed that he had won her heart, but the cousins did and groaned aloud. It was at Christmas that we were all at Uncle Walter Gordon's who was great-uncle to the colony of cousins, being grandmother Warburton's brother. He was a bachelor, and Gordon house was one of the largest country houses I ever saw. It held us all comfortably, and there was nothing on earth in which our hearts so delighted as one of Uncle Walter's family gatherings. We had charades in the long, wide

hall, with one end curtained off; we danced, we romped, we indulged in every gayety youthful spirits could suggest; and Uncle Walter entered into every prank as if he was eighty instead of eighty. We were all congratulating ourselves that Rudolph Herz could not be included in a strictly family party, when in he walked, by special invitation of Uncle Walter, who, we afterwards learned, had purchased "Little Red Riding-Hood," and who admired the big German artist. We could not guess whether he knew Dot's preference or not; but I imagined he was not long in ignorance after Rudolph's arrival. I would like to linger here over the two days that preceded Christmas, the one mournful Christmas of my life. There was plenty of company to precede the tragedy. We made our German guest as miserable as we could, but he laughed at our malice, and would not be wretched. We made him play *Beau* to Dot's *Beauty*; we ridiculed his size, and satirized his awkwardness; but he showed his milk-white teeth through his blond beard in broad smiles and said: "Ze young folks is always ze young folks." Christmas came. We always had our two and our festivities on the evening of Christmas Day, and on that day we made no exception. After church and dinner were over, we played in the hall until dark, when the parlor doors were opened, and Uncle Walter's tree blazed in the center of the room. Gifts were showered on all, as there was always an interchange, even if the value was trifling. As usual, the cream of all was for Dot, but nobody was envious. Poor little Dot! It was the last time we saw her lovely winsome face in all its beauty, when she stood in the midst of us, bidding us good night, with a usual attempt to display all her gifts. She had on three necklaces, two sets of furs, bracelets nearly to her elbows, four new breast-pins, saddling the front of her dress, a marvel of a white felt hat with blue feathers, six pairs of kid gloves dangling over one arm and her overskirt daintily held like an apron, brimmed over with gifts. "Good night!" she cried, merrily. "Don't I look like a female Santa Claus?" The blue eyes laughed under the broad hat rim, the sweet mouth smiled, and then with a courtesy she left us to see her lovely face no more in this life. It was after midnight, when through the wide halls rang out the fearful cry— "Fire!" In every room frightened sleepers were awakened, to huddle in their clothes, gather up a few valued possessions, and rush out frantically, to find the dear old house, around which clustered so many tender associations, rapidly yielding to the ravages of the roaring blaze that made night hideous. Everything was confusion. There were so many of us that it was impossible to tell who had escaped and who were still in the house. Screams, prayers, groans were heard on all sides. Childish lamentations mingled with fervent cries to Heaven. Suddenly every voice seemed to unite in one appalling cry, as an upper window was thrown open and Dot stretched out her arms from it in an appeal for help. The whole lower part of the house was in flames, for the fire must have originated in the Christmas-tree. It seemed as if no help could reach her. But, while we stood paralyzed with horror, a tall figure rushed up the veranda pillar through a sea of fire, across the veranda roof, in at one of the second-floor windows and vanished. Still Dot leaned from the window of her room, the lurid flame lighting her agonized face, until we saw Rudolph Herz's blond beard over her shoulder, when she fell back fainting into his strong arms. It must have taken all his Herculean strength to carry her through that awful fire down the blazing staircase into safety again. But when she was put into the loving

arms outstretched to take her, the great, awkward German staggered back and fell insensible upon the grass. Weary, heart-sick days followed. The dear old house was utterly destroyed, and we all scattered to our various homes. Dot was taken to Grandmother Warburton's, and Rudolph Herz became Uncle John Ashton's guest and patient. Being a skillful surgeon and physician, Uncle John brought back both those young lives, under Providence, to health again. Dot—our pretty Dot—was disfigured for life. All one side of the sweet, winsome face was a scar, and the sight of one eye was gone entirely. For a long time she refused to be comforted. She had never been vain, but she shrank from the thought of being repulsive, as who would not! In all the long months before July came, she would see no one but the family, and to Rudolph Herz's notes, flowers and calls, only answered by tears and murmurs of: "He can never love me now!" When July came, I alone of all the cousins went with Dot to Grandmother Warburton's farm in Long Island, to see if change of air would bring back some strength to her wasted form. She was a very shadow of our pretty Dot, when we were welcomed by old Mrs. Wright, the farmer's wife; but new milk, long walks and perfect quiet soon began their work of restoration. Still she was very languid, very sad, until one day, as I sat sewing she came in from a walk, and crept into my arms to whisper: "Dear, I am so happy! I met Rudolph to-day, suddenly; and before I had time to run away, he was telling me he loved me. It was broad sunshine, and he looked full in my poor scarred face and never shrank. He loves me! He does not care that I am horrible! He loves me!" After that Rudolph Herz was unanimously adopted for a sixth cousin. We number more, now, but Dot's was the first wedding, and there is not one of the clan more dearly loved than her big German artist, who never seems to miss any beauty from the face of his disabled wife. **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 statement correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Life and Its Ends.
Remember for what purpose you were born and through the whole of life, look at its ends. Consider when that comes in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures—they will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot serve you; not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world.—*Ec.*

THAT 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, all or 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.

Abraham Lincoln said once that it is possible to deceive all the people for a while and some of them all the time, but it is impossible to deceive all the people all the time. The R-publicans apparently differ with the old man—they expect to fool everybody always. The protection humbug has served them a long time.—*Norfolk Landmark, Dem.*

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.

THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.