

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1892.

NO. 37

## Professional Cards.

**Dr. G. J. 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,  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.  
Jan. 9, 1891.

**Finley & Wetmore,**  
ATTYS. AT LAW,  
LINCOLNTON, 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.,  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.  
July 11, 1890.

**Dr. A. W. Alexander**  
DENTIST.  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.  
Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With thirty years experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.  
Jan 23 '91

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**BARBER SHOP.**  
Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.  
HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

**If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**

**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.

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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.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and always with beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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 Lincolnton, N. C.

**GUARANTEED CURE.**  
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you E. 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.

**A CHILD KILLED.**  
Another child killed by the use of opium 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 these 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—Boscher's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

**HOW MEN DIE.**  
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 grip. 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 will 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."

**COUNT SLEEP NIGHTS.**  
Is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Bitters? 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.

## FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR

About three years ago I was one day sauntering in Union Square, and stopped in at Signor Roma's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a lady in crayons, and after our first cordial greeting, he returned to it, saying that he expected her that afternoon to examine his progress.

I soon became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old—but because of its singular repose, and the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, wide-open eyes.

"Roma," I said, "that is a very attractive face."

"You should see the daughter of this woman. Ah! she is an angel!"

"I am speaking of the mother. I think her very lovely."

"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and picture."

"You speak like a lover."

"I am one."

"Does she know it?"

"Who shall tell her? I might as well love some bright, particular star and think to wed it, as love and hope to wed Pearl Bailey. She is Richard Lufkin's heiress."

"And you are—"

"I am a poor artist. I make about three thousand dollars a year."

He dropped his head, and went on with his work in nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet, low voice, and a little, rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Roma was at the door, and bowing low, as he held it open for the two ladies who entered.

The elder was clothed in black silk, unrelieved by anything excepting a little foam of rich, white lace and the dull glitter of some jet ornaments. The younger had on a dress in which pale cream color were exquisitely blended. The face of the elder was the face of one who had suffered and conquered; the face of the younger was the face of a sinless, sorrowless child, who unsuspectingly had grown into womanhood. The mother's hair was nearly white; the daughter's, a pale, golden frame to a little oval picture of exquisite beauty.

I did not wonder when I saw the girl that Roma should feel utterly hopeless in regard to his love. But before their visit was over I had changed my opinion. I noticed Pearl's shy glance at the handsome artist and her bright, responsive blushes whenever Roma's luminous eyes met hers. I saw, in fact, that Pearl was just as much in love as Roma was, and that all the two hearts wanted was one flash of intelligence to introduce them to each other.

I became a visitor at Mrs. Bailey's, but beyond a certain mental and artistic sympathy, our acquaintance did not ripen quickly. The winter passed, and the summer sent one hither and another thither. I went to the seaside, Mrs. Bailey and Pearl to the mountains; and being in town for a day in July, I found that Roma also had gone away. Under such circumstances, many pleasant friendships are dropped and never gathered together again, and I was almost in this danger with regard to Roma and the Baileys. The fact was, I was going to be married and my mind was full of my own love affairs, with the attendant cares of upholstery and millinery.

But one day, as I stood in front of a store, balancing a certain point about silks in my mind, a gentle hand touched me and a pleasant voice said "good morning" as frank and quiet as if we had met but yesterday. It was Mrs. Bailey; yea, it was she, though I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.

She looked as if ten years had

dropped away from her life, and had that indescribable air about her toilet which says: "I dress for love, and not for fashion."

Another astonishment awaited me. A handsome man, who might be fifty years of age, ceased giving directions to the coachman, and approached us. Mrs. Bailey introduced him to me as "Mr. Bailey, my husband," and then, with a cordial invitation to call on them, she passed down the steps and into the waiting carriage.

This was not the end of my perplexity, for I was certain I had seen Mr. Bailey before, and his grave, sad face haunted me so persistently and worryingly that I threw aside my own interests awhile, and tried to remember when and where I had seen those pathetic eyes and that tall, noble figure. Somehow my mind would connect them with Roma's studio; but that, I soon concluded was sheer nonsense. With the exception of a few young artists and a few ragged wretched-looking models, I had never met any men there.

I suffered two or three days to elapse, and then went to call upon Mrs. Bailey. It was a cold, wet day, but Pearl and Roma were making sunshine for themselves in the usual sitting-parlor, and I was asked by a servant to see Mrs. Bailey in her own room.

I followed her to a large upper chamber, luxuriously furnished, and Mrs. Bailey met me at the door. There was a little table spread before the fire, and as I do not pretend to be insensible to the comforts of good Souchong and cold chicken, I regarded the table with approbation.

I do not know what influence of the dreary day or of the cosy room or of her own mind ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidential conversation; and from one topic to another we fell gradually into those predisposing to personal matters. As the twilight deepened and I became more and more earnest and solemn, and I was scarcely astonished when, after some preliminary remarks she told me her story.

"I was born in Boston, of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father also died while I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half brother, Richard Lufkin. He was much older than I was, and loving and honest integrity, he strove to be both father and brother to me.

"We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection, until I met and loved Philip Bailey. You see how handsome he is even yet; judge then, what he was twenty-four years ago. That he was extravagant did not alarm me. I thought myself able to control and reform all the weak points in his character; and the fact that I was largely right in this supposition has been one of the bitterest drops in my cup of punishment and regret.

"For his nature was so noble, so responsive to good, so eager for some purer and higher pleasures than those which were deluding and destroying him, that I am quite sure, had I trusted to God and to my own highest instincts, I might have raised him, even to his own high ideal.

"But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault. I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Philip's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authoritative restraint; quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly, and then, alas! quarrels when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations.

"The home which we had furnished with such promises of a happy and peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them: He was five minutes later than his promise; he met an old friend and went to dine with him; he forgot some compliment, or gave it pettishly

when pettishly reminded of the omission; he neglected some slight commission—such trifles as these were the beginning of years of misery."

"Such little things!" I exclaimed. "Ah, my dear! but they opened a wide door for far worse ones. By and by Philip began to stay hours behind his promise—to stay all night—to stay away with some old friend for days and weeks, without any ceremony but the bare imitation of his intentions. I rebelled, protested, scolded. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled—I remembered, when too late, how wearily and sadly—and left me alone with my quarrelsome, unhappy temper.

"Children came to us, a beautiful boy and a pretty, bright girl. Philip was very fond and proud of them, and strove hard to atone for his neglect. But instead of accepting the present love, I was continually poisoning the happiest hour by regrets for the ones he had wasted, and by doubts of his future intentions. Believe me, dear, you may wear away a love as strong as death by such a course. So, Philip, meeting no loving response, fell gradually back into his old habits and associations.

"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused us all further help. When this took place there was a bitter quarrel. My inheritance had been left in Richard's absolute direction and disposal, and Philip began to doubt whether I had received my just rights. He talked of an investigation by the law. I went further: I passed my brother on the street, and forbade the little children, who loved him so dearly, to speak to him.

"At the end of five years we had to give up housekeeping and board. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former state, and Philip said we must go to New York. Even then, had I been patient and helpful, I might have saved myself and my husband, but though I promised much and he promised much, I could not subordinate myself to conquer his weakness by the humility of love.

"We left Boston clandestinely; no friend wished us 'Godspeed,' and my brother was still unreconciled. The little money we had soon evaporated in boarding-houses; we passed from one to another, always sinking a little lower, until at length a day came when we had neither money nor home—unless I could have made a home in the miserable, empty room which was now the only wretched hotsam of a wrecked life.

"I did not lack the energy and the ability to have done this, but I lacked the will. I sat gloomily down in tearless, sulking indifference, and scarcely heeded either the crying of my children or the reproaches and promises of my husband. For he vowed, even then, he would abandon all his evil ways and work hard, if I would trust him once more. I can see him yet as he stood humbly before me. I just raised my eyes and glanced scornfully and incredulously at him.

"He went angrily out, and did not return. Late at night, a note was brought me. It was Philip's last word of regret and farewell. He begged my forgiveness for his share of our mistaken life, and, for the rest, he hoped I would go back to my brother Richard, to whom, he said, he had written in my behalf.

"That was all. I was really ill now—fell from on long faint into another; and in the midst of my anguish Pearl came waiting into the world. For a long time I was quite dependent on the pity and charity of my poor neighbors; and when at length I was able to rise and look the world in the face again, I scarcely knew which way to turn; for my brother had been written to over and over, and no answer or help sent in response; and either teaching or plain sewing was my only available resource.

"After many weary days I found a position as under music-teacher in a third-rate school. I only got a bare pittance for six hours' labor

a day, and had to give that up when little Phil and Rosa took the scarlet fever."

"And they died?" I asked.

"Both died within twelve hours of each other, and even little Pearl was long ill. In all those long hours, when I stood thinking and watching between two worlds, you may be sure my sins of every kind were brought to my remembrance. When I turned back from my children's graves into the world again, I trust I turned back a different woman. I took up life's hard task in a better spirit.

"One spring night I was taking Pearl a walk up Broadway, in order to let her see the bright light and gay shop-windows. Suddenly a gentleman stepped before me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, cried out:

"Margaret! Margaret!"

"It was my brother Richard. He had come to New York immediately on receiving Philip's last letter; but Philip had either forgotten to put my address in it or had supposed I would go at once to Boston. He did not find me, though he had looked long and spent much money in seeking me. He had then returned to Boston, sought me there, and failing also, had come back to New York.

"Well, I never again knew what it was to have an ungratified want, or to miss a loving care for every hour. I hope, I believe, that I value those blessings now at their true worth. Richard and I spent many happy years together, and for many of them made every effort to trace my lost husband. It whatever wild and hopeless men were wont to go, we advertised for him, but in vain.

"So Pearl grew to womanhood, and we were happy. On her seventeenth birthday we determined to have our pictures painted, and a chance remark sent to Signor Roma's studio, where I also met you. One day, just as we were leaving the city, we called there to ask him to visit us during the summer. He was busy on a historical painting, but as we entered, dismissing his model, and put aside his brushes.

"The model took his hat sadly, bowed to Roma, and advanced to the door. As he passed us, he glanced at Pearl, and being detected made a movement of apology and went on. It was enough—I knew him. With a rapid movement I placed myself before the door, and stretching out my arms, cried out passionately:

"Philip! dear Philip, forgive me!"

"Roma, with delicate divination and tact, withdrew Pearl to an inner painting-room; and there, and so, we met and knew each other again."

"He had suffered also?"

## Gov. Holt Refuses to Save Caroline Shipp.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 6.—Caroline Shipp, a negro woman who was convicted of poisoning her husband, in Gaston county, will be hanged on the 22nd inst. at Dallas. Gov. Holt has written the following letter to the Sheriff of Gaston: "I have had the application for the commutation of the death sentence of Caroline Shipp to imprisonment, under consideration for some time, and I have again gone through all the papers in the case, and have concluded that I have no moral right to further interfere in her case. Her petition is signed by many good people, among them yourself, and I freely acknowledge the right of petition and do sincerely wish for humanity's sake as well as compliance with the petitioners' wishes, that I could feel justified in granting their request without violating my own conscience, which carries with it my oath of office.

"Whilst it is an awful thing to hang any one, more especially a woman, yet the law says it must be done, and I am sworn to execute that law to the best of my knowledge and belief. I believe it would be a bad precedent to say that a woman should not be hanged for the same crimes as a man and I find no reason given in this case why clemency should be exercised save that the criminal is a woman. The solicitor says that he cannot recommend commutation. 'She is guilty of an outrageous murder and should die.' The Judge says 'there is nothing to recommend her to mercy except the fact that she is a woman.'"

The law makes no discrimination between male and female. It has been on our statute books from time immemorial that murderers should be hanged and never have women been exempted, but several to my own knowledge have been executed. For the Governor to say a woman shall not be hanged seems to me to be a usurpation of power and would be the exercise of a physical power but a violation of a moral right. In this country the cooks who provide our food and the nurses who have charge of our children are women; often superstitious and frequently vindictive, and were it laid down as a principle of law that a woman should not be hanged it would soon be publicly known and serious results might follow, by the clandestine use of poison, as in this case. I feel keenly the responsibility resting upon me and regret that I cannot come to a different conclusion in this case. I feel keenly the responsibility resting upon me and regret that I cannot come to a different conclusion in this case. I have tried to persuade myself that a woman should not be hanged, but cannot reconcile it to my oath to say so, and that is the only reason given in this case why clemency should be exercised. I would add that I have consulted with several intelligent Christian gentlemen, one a minister, and they think my conclusions just. I would request that you make known to her my decision, that she may direct her thoughts to preparation for the awful doom which awaits her."

**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.

Gov. Holt yesterday commuted the death sentence of Alfred Dawns, the Charlotte burglar, to imprisonment for life in the State penitentiary. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor, and after thorough investigation, he arrived at a conclusion that nine of the jurors who convicted Dawns and the Solicitor who prosecuted him thought unsatisfactory. Gov. Holt's conclusion will not suit many good people in Charlotte, but the death sentence for Dawns was undoubtedly too severe.—Charlotte Chronicle.

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