

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1892.

NO. 39

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,
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.

Furniture Factory
Flouring & grist MILLS!
E. JAMES, Proprietor,
Lincolnton, N. C.
BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, WARDROBES, LOUNGES, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, &c.
Be sure to come and look at my furniture before buying elsewhere.
I have added a cotton gin to my mills and am now ready to gin your cotton.
The flouring and grist mills will be run regularly every day from this time on. Sept. 11, 1891.
RESPECTFULLY,
E. JAMES

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

CHILD KILLED.
Another child killed by the use of opiate 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 Sooter. It contains no opium or morphia. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

PRONOUNCED HOPELESS, YET SAVED.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hard of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Creator and determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now as well as ever."
Trial bottle free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's drug store, regular size 50c and \$1.

The Democratic Congress will neither make nor unmake a Democratic candidate for the presidency, but it will make or unmake Democratic chances of success or defeat next November by the course it pursues at the present session. Retrenchment and reform and war to the hilt on a robber tariff is the policy that will lead to success.—*Cleveland Plaindealer, Dem.*

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.

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 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, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Doan's Great Kidney and Bladder Pills. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

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 25c and 50c. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

GOOD LOOKS.
Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a bilious look and your kidneys affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic acting directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. M. Lawing's Drugstore, 50c per bottle.

WE CAN DO IT!
Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Purifier, 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.

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

Did You Ever Think of It?
The man who prefers a city weekly to a home paper because "it's got more in it" reminds me of the countryman who picked out the largest pair of boots in the box because they cost no more than the smaller pair that fitted him.—*Ec.*

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 MARTEY, 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 Winthrop, 120th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"GOOD—LIKE YOU."

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

When I reproved my little girl
Her clear gray eyes were grieved
And wet;
She owned her fault, for pardon plead,
And spoke some words I can't forget;
"If you were little, just like me,
Would ever you be naughty, too?
If I were a' grown up,
I could be always good—like you!"
She meant it. Her sweet innocence,
Which sent so sharp and sure a dart,
Knows nothing of the wicked moods
That sometimes sway her mother's heart;
Wrath, envy, folly, discontent,
The selfish impulse—not withstood—
Those things accuse me, yet my child
Believes that I am always good.

On Sabbath days the name of God
Reproves me often, unaware;
Ashamed, I hear his earnest voice,
My own unworthy deeds declare,
And nobler lives rebuke my own;
But have ever shaft so true
As she whose loving faith declared
"I could be always good—like you!"
—*Babyhood.*

New York Ledger.

NED.

BY ANNA SHELDON.

"Ned! Ned! Where are you, Ned?"
Ellie Colebridge's tone was one of anxious impatience, as she came into the sitting-room of her pretty country house, seeking consolation, advice and assistance. The window curtains parted, revealing in the deep window-seat a little figure curled, posing over an open book.

"What is the matter?" inquired Ned, with a sleepy, drawing voice.
"Matter?" said Ellie, dolefully, "read that letter. No, you will go to sleep over it. I'll you what's in it. The Claxtons are coming this afternoon."

"I thought they were to come next month?"
"So they were, and here Charley has gone for a week to Boston, and Maggie left this morning. She is only the eleventh girl I have had in six weeks."

Ned puckered up a pretty rosebud of a mouth, drew her brows up over a pair of large, dreamy eyes, and—it must be recorded, shushing as it is—Ned whistle: "There's no luck about the house," as clearly as a plough-boy.

"Oh, Ned, what can I do?" said Ellie, "there are four people, and how can I entertain them and do all the work and cooking for such a family?"

"Four?"
"Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, their son Harry and daughter Laura."

"H—m—yes. I've heard Charley talk of them?"
"Don't you know them?" Ellie asked, amazed. "I thought they were Charley's most intimate friends."

"Very true; but, though Charley is my brother, you must remember while he was at Harvard, forming the acquaintance of the Claxtons and various other people, I was with Aunt Jane at Baltimore, going to school and learning housekeeping—oh!" cried Ned, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her. "Oh, Ellie, have you got some calico dresses and big aprons?"

"Of course I have!"
"So have I—where the Dutchman had his anchor—at home! But, Ellie, lend me some of yours and I'll be your Maggie!"

"Edmonia Colebridge, are you crazy?"
"I can't bring you any references from my last place," persisted Ned, her brown eyes dancing, "but if I don't suit, you can discharge me!"

"But, Ned, Harry Claxton is coming, and Charley said—thought—and here Ellie stopped, confused.
Ned tossed her curly head in magnificent disdain.

"You need not tell me what Charley said," she said, scornfully, "I can imagine! I hate a match-maker! But, Ellie, I want my own way. Remember you are not to interfere with me, Mrs. Colebridge." "I don't want no ladies poking about my kitchen," as your last girl but two used to say.

Ellie remonstrated once more, but

feebly.
"But, Ned, you are company just as much as the Claxtons."
"I am your sister now," was the reply. "Where are the calico dresses?"

"In my room. It is lucky James boards at home."
"By the way, tell James to hold his tongue. It is time you were getting ready, if you are going to the station."
"But, Ned—"

"There, you have no more to say. My name for the next week, by the way, is Jane. Ned is rather too remarkable for a servant girl. I am morally convinced there was a streak of insanity in our family when I was christened 'Edmonia,' Charley made 'Ned' of it before I was a year old. There, my dear—go. You will be late."

Very mistrustfully, Mrs. Coleridge brought her guests from the station. During her short acquaintance with her husband's sister, Ned had exactly verified Charley's description of her. He had told his wife:

"Ned is the dearest girl in the world, but dreamy and fond of books, knows more actually at nineteen than most women do at thirty of books, music and drawing. She will be literary, I guess; but practical, never."

To this dreamy girl, who confessed to having written poetry, Ellie had, under the pressure of circumstances, trusted the household affairs for four unknown guests. They were to have come nearly a month later, and Charley was to have been at home, and a paragon of a girl secured elsewhere. It must be confessed that Ellie carried a smiling face over an anxious heart, as she led her guests to their rooms and descended to the kitchen. Ned was there, with all her curls twisted into a demure knot at the back of her shapely little head; a blue calico, rather roomy and long (Ellie being the larger of the two), but half hidden under a great checked apron and a narrow linen collar, transforming her into the neatest of servants.

Upon the table stood a pan of biscuit, light as down, brown and tempting; broiled chicken lay upon a great dish near the fire; coffee sent forth aromatic flavors, and a spice of tea mingled therewith.
"Be off!" was Ned's salutation.

"You are not to come here for a week!"
Laughing, light-hearted Ellie went to the dining-room. All the best china, silver and glass upon a snowy damask cloth, upon the table, baskets of cake light as a feather, glass bowls of strawberries, cream and sugar in silver pitchers and leaves, radishes upon cool green leaves, even glasses of flowers were there. She stood admiring, while Ned brought in the chicken and biscuit, the coffee and tea, and demurely rang the bell.

"You can ring if you want me," she said, putting the bell upon the teacup, and dropping a saucy courtesy before vanishing into the kitchen, "and, Ellie, we breakfast late."

Thinking it would be too bad to present Ned yet to her guests, Ellie did not touch the bell, noting that there was an evident enjoyment of their fare amongst her guests. She could not altogether enjoy the social evening that followed, though Harry Claxton was as entertaining as Charley had promised, Laura gentle and lovely, and the old people cordially pleasant. Everything was charming but the uneasy certainty that Ned was washing dishes, setting breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen.

Ellie fully intended to get breakfast on the following morning, and never opened her blue eyes till the dressing-bell rang vigorously at eight o'clock. By the time she was dressed her guests had assembled in the sitting room, and there was nothing to do but open the door to the dining room and usher them in. The dainty table, sparkling in the morning light, was spread temptingly.

New-laid eggs, like golden balls, were fried upon slices of ruby-colored ham; a beefsteak to tempt an epicure, broiled tender and juicy, flanked the sparm and eggs; watercresses, all sparkling with dewdrops;

potatoes, fried to a crisp brown; aromatic coffee, fragrant tea and muffins of golden tint waited upon good appetites.

Mrs. Claxton could not restrain her admiration.
"What a treasure you must have in the kitchen," she cried, "if you did not come down until we did."

"I have not seen her this morning," was the truthful reply. "She is a treasure!"
"Have you had her long?"
"Only since yesterday."

"Ah! I hope she won't drink. These extra-good girls are apt to develop some glaring defect like drinking," said the old lady, and wondered what was so intensely funny in her innocent remark, as Ellie broke into a peal of musical laughter.

Five days went by, and Mrs. Claxton said to Ellie:
"Do you know, Mrs. Colebridge, I have never seen your treasure. She does the rooms while we are at breakfast, and I never saw such neat rooms; and she sets a table so perfectly you never have to ring for anything."

"You will see her to-night," said Ellie; for Ned had actually made time to go to town and secure a twelfth domestic, who was being trained while Ellie spoke; "and I shall have the pleasure, also, of introducing Charley's sister, Edmonia."

"A!"
This was from Harry Claxton, who looked up from the newspaper.

"I want to meet her so much," said Laura; we heard of her very often when Mr. Colebridge was in Cambridge."
"She is very talented, is she not?" Harry asked.

"We think so," Ellie answered. "She plays on the piano better than any amateur that I ever heard, and sings remarkably well. She was the best scholar in the school where she graduated, and she—don't tell her I told you—writes poetry, real poetry, not merely rhyming lines."

"H—m!" thought Harry. "A tall, raw-boned, strong-minded female,"

And while the thought was in his mind there entered a little brown-eyed mite, with long auburn curls, a complexion like a blush rose, and soft, full draperies of blue and white muslin. A little creature, with a low, sweet voice, and eyes full of dreamy beauty.

There was a undeniably a falling off in the culinary department, though Ned and Ellie slipped away often to superintend the performances of "No. 12," as Ned called her; but if the others found the table less tempting, Henry Claxton only knew the parlor had gained a new charm.

In their college days, Charley had told him often of the brown-eyed sister in Baltimore, and some of the graceful letters had been given him for perusal. He knew that Edmonia was talented and pretty; he found her beautiful and modest as a violet. The hours beside her, in the garden, in the parlor, on the moonlit porch, sped by like minutes, and the party lingered on till Charley came. Then, that he might not be cheated of his visit, they were coaxed to remain a week longer, and still Harry never tired of the soft-brown eyes, the low, sweet voice and the modest, refined manner of Edmonia Colebridge. They learned duets together, and they would talk, never tiring, of books and the current topics of the day, till the man found himself wondering at the rare intellect within the curly head.

Charley looked on, well pleased, but upon Mrs. Claxton's fair matronly face rested a shadow of anxiety. When the visit had extended over three weeks, Laura having left for a previous engagement, bearing Harry's regrets for breaking the same, Harry dared his fate, and won Ned's confession that she gave love for love.

And Mrs. Claxton, in Ellie's room thus accounted for the shadow upon her brow:
"You see, dear, I am old-fashioned in my notions, and I believe in educating girls for wives and housekeepers as well as for parlor companions. As soon as Laura left school, I taught her to cook, so that

she can either superintend her servants, or if necessarily requires it, take their place. Yet, she is not the less a graceful lady, I think."

"You are right. She is as lovely a girl as I ever met," Ellie said, half guessing what was coming.

"And, dear, that is what worries me about Harry's choice. I think Edmonia is one of the most charming girls I ever met, pretty as a flower, graceful, modest and accomplished. But she seems to me so dreadfully helpless and dreamy. I don't know how often I have found her curled up like a kitten in the window-seat, her eyes seeming to be looking miles away, and her hands lying idly before her. You know, dear, she writes, too, and literary women are so often impracticable. To be sure, Harry will have money enough to give her every comfort, and he has a good start in his profession. But, still, dear, I could wish his wife had some knowledge of housewifery ways, and was not so dreamy."

Ellie smiled, and said:
"Do you remember our invisible girl, Mrs. Claxton—the one who was here when you first came?"

"Yes, my dear. I have often wondered why you sent her away. The one you have now does not compare to her. I never ate such biscuit. Why did she leave? Did she drink, after all?"

"She did not leave. She only changed her name to Edmonia Colebridge."
"My dear!" cried the astonished old lady, "you are joking!"

"I was never more serious in my life," said Ellie, and gave a detailed account of her perplexities and Ned's devotion.

"She did everything," Ellie said, "so as to leave me time to entertain you. And she is the smartest needle-woman you ever saw. To be sure, she hates it, and likes books, music and writing better, but her Aunt Jane insisted upon her learning all the domestic accomplishments; and she said, 'If I had to do it, I was determined to learn to do it well.'"

"Well, well, who would dream she hid so much energy under that sleepy manner. You have lifted the only care from my mind, my dear. I can congratulate Harry now with my whole heart."

Vance's Views.

Senator Vance in an interview Tuesday, said the Democratic Senators do not want to see the United States involved in a war with a little country like Chili, but if the President in his forthcoming message shows that the provocation has been sufficient, there will be no obstacle thrown in his way by the Democrats in securing an ample apology and indemnification for such outrages as have been inflicted upon the American citizens in Chili. Senator Vance says war is a very serious thing to contemplate, it means the shedding of much innocent blood and untold suffering and sorrow. Under the circumstances it will be well to consider carefully such suggestions as the President may submit in his message and then act with promptness and determination. While those who participated in the late civil war have no desire to engage further in a bloody war, without regard to whether they fought on the Union or the Confederate side, yet in the event of a conflict with a foreign power, all would unite in the defense of our government. Senator Vance is inclined to believe that much of trouble now existing between the United States and Chili is due to the unwise selection of Mr. Egao to represent the United States in that country. He says further that he was particularly impressed while traveling in Europe recently with the absurdity of a great nation like United States appointing foreign-born citizens to represent this country in various parts of Germany and other countries. Native Americans should only be sent to represent this government in foreign countries.

Pay up and subscribe for the COURIER and save a half dollar.

The Poison of the Toad.

Lovers of Shakespeare will be glad to see the credit of their favorite poet rehabilitated even in a small matter. The lines:
"Toad that under the cold stone
Days and nights have thirty one,
Sweated venom."

have of late years been looked upon as simply the expression of a popular prejudice current in Shakespeare's time, but now completely exploded. A correspondent of the Field remarks that "Fleming, in his well-known 'History of British Animals,' maintains that the toad is destitute of any venomous quality, and is only despised, hated and persecuted by the ignorant; and he remarks that it is surprising that prejudices so unjustifiable still continue to prevail." In two letters which appeared in the *Lancet* of August 29, a large amount of evidence is brought forward to show that Shakespeare's words, instead of being merely an expression of a mistaken popular idea, are really a most truthful description of fact.

The toad does secrete a venom of a tolerably powerful character; and instead of this secretion taking place, as in the case of snakes, entirely through the salivary glands, it is actually secreted by the skin, so that the word "sweated" is most accurately descriptive. In his interesting letter, Doctor Leonard Guthrie mentioned that the secretion also occurs in the toad through the parotid glands, and that the venom is a thick milky fluid like the juice of dandelion stalks in taste and appearance. When inoculated subcutaneously, it kills small birds in six minutes, and dogs and guinea-pigs in half an hour to an hour and a half; the symptoms in birds being loss of coordination, followed by death; in guinea-pigs convulsions, and in the dog depression, vomiting and intoxication.

Doctor Guthrie describes two very interesting observations of his own on the effect of toad's venom. He kept a small toad in a cage with some common lizards, and, one day, a lizard, having bitten the toad, immediately afterward rushed wildly round the cage, burrowing its head in the sand, became convulsed, and died in less than two minutes. His dog, having seized a toad, was attacked by instantaneous and profuse salivation, violent vomiting and collapse. He also noticed that the venom has a most powerful local action on the skin, so that, after carrying a toad in his hand, he got numbness and tingling in it, with slight swelling and dryness of the skin lasting for several hours.—*Lancet.*

Read Newspapers.

In a sermon to women upon the art of conversation, the writer advises women first of all to know something to talk about, and, as a means to this end, he advises them to read newspapers. He says: "I do not mean read the marriage notices and deaths merely. I do not mean read the sensational items about the latest murder or divorce or theft. You will be far better off if you do not read many of these things. Read the editorial, read the doings of Congress, of the Senate, of the matters before the Legislature of your own State and of other States; read the items relating to the affairs of the old world. These things, which are the doings of the present, will enter into the history to be written in the future, and I know of no way to keep up with current history, either of your own or other countries, than by reading the papers. But not merely are you to read the secular papers, but you are to read as well the religious papers." * * * * * You cannot have a true knowledge of history, either current or past, without knowing the religious history of the world. Then there is the magazine literature. This contains much of the history of current thought. Biography, the best poetry, and the best novels are also recommended.—*Ec.*

Merchants should Advertise. It helps them and speaks well for the town.