

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 4, 1892.

NO. 44

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.
Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.
Jan 26 '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.

J. D. MOORE, President.

L. L. JENKINS, Cashier.

No. 4377.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF GASTONIA, N. C.

Capital.....\$50,000
Surplus.....2,750
Average Deposits.....40,000

COMMENCED BUSINESS AUGUST 1, 1890.

Solicits Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Guarantees to Patrons Every Accommodation Consistent with Conservative Banking.

BANKING HOURS.....9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Dec 11 '91

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that it recommends it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ASCHESS, 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 MARTIN, D. D.,
New York City,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

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

"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," 116th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

UNCLE ZEBEDEE'S WILL.

A STORY FROM DEMOREST.

(Concluded from last week.)

Roxy felt at once en rapport with this strange uncle. To be free from the slavery of the great house, where she was tolerated in her own proper person only on rare occasions; to see the blue sky she loved so well, not in narrow strips, between tall houses, but great, beautiful breadths of sunshine and sweet air; to hear the birds sing in the early morning; to miss the curt orders of her fashionable cousin—all these filled her innocent heart with ecstasy. She had known but little real comfort in her life, this young girl of sixteen.

"Well, I do say!" cried Miss Doty, holding up both hands as she fell on a chair in an exhausted condition. "Ef that old man hasn't gone and brought home a young wife—young enough to be his grandchild. I knew he wasn't goin' to the city for nothing. Well! well! the ways of sich men is dubious; 'n' I don't believe there's another person in this town that see through him as I did. What! His niece, did you say! Law me! I might a knowed it! Liddy's daughter Roxy. Well, yes; I guess her rich relations didn't want her. I thought it was queer o' him at his time of life to git married, one foot in the grave," she added to the neighbor who enlightened her. "His niece! Well, I s'pouse, as he's gittin' old 'n' sickly, he get her ter jest what she kin do. He ain't got no love in his mis'able heart, 'n' I, for one, don't begrudge her the place."

If she could have seen Roxy going from room to room, in confusion, till the dust no longer lay an inch thick on the fine old furniture, till the unused brasses shone again, she would have given even stronger emphasis to the fact. Zeb-dee was fain to confess that it was good to come home now to a well-laid table and a cheerful fire, and wondered why he hadn't thought of it before.

So the years passed happily on, Roxy went to school and profited by every opportunity to improve mind and body, till one day, when the girl was nineteen, her uncle was seized with a mortal illness, and in a few weeks Roxy was left alone in the ancient farmhouse, a sincere mourner for the old uncle who had been so good to her. In his last hours he called her to the bedside and gave her a brief outline of his intentions toward those who survived him.

"Brother Joe is to have the home stead, if he will comply with my conditions," he said; "and as I can't last long, now, I want to tell you what to do the day of my funeral. Bring down all the things you see in the closet of the corner bedroom, and put them on the back parlor table—it's an old lot, but no matter for that—and mind, what your cousins refuse to take, as per my will, you are to have. I know you will appreciate them for my sake. After all is over, and I am put in the ground, go to the old bureau in that same room. You'll find a letter there, writ for me by my man o' business, before I was took sick. I want you to act upon that letter, which is really my last will 'n' testament. You've been a good girl, Roxy, and took good care o' me 'n' the old house, 'n' you'll never feel sorry you came—take my word for it, child."

It was generally expected in the little town that Roxy would come in for all of the old man's property; therefore, when the will was read the disappointment was general and vividly reflected in the faces of those who were present. Many were the ohs and ahs, the resigned foldings of black-mitted hands, the glances of condolence bestowed on Roxy, who did not seem in the least cast down when she heard the will, which read as follows:

"I, Zeb-dee Tufts, farmer, being of sound mind, bequeath to my brother, Jotham Tufts, the house, barn and premises belonging to me,

providing he will put improvements on the buildings to the extent of five hundred dollars, and allow our niece Roxy to occupy the premises till she marries; my brother to see that the farm is kept going for the said Roxy's support. If the terms are not to his mind, then the homestead goes to my niece Roxy.

"To my brother's daughter Celeste, I bequeath her grandmother's bonnet, black silk gown, and mantle of black satin, and I hope she will keep those relics of a good woman, whose memory is blessed, or make them over into fitting garments for her own wear. To my second niece, my brother's daughter Cynthia, I give my mother's old Bible, and her grandmother's portraits. To my brother's wife, I bequeath my best umbrella, my mother's work-table and basket, wherein is left the work she was busy on an hour before she died, and the set of blue china. To my niece Roxy I give the sum of five hundred dollars for clothes and schooling. To my friend and nearest neighbor, Miss Dorothy Little, I bequeath the swinging glass with bureau in my front bedroom; and to Peter Pickins, my old rheumatic pensioner, my best suit, together with my best boots and two pocket-handkerchiefs." Then followed a few more trifling bequests, and the reading of the will was over.

To describe the astonishment, indignation, even downright anger, of Jotham Tufts' family, would be quite impossible. When the neighbors had gone, they gave vent to their spleen in no measured terms. "Just to think of it!" said Jotham's wife, the blood mounting to the roots of her black hair. "Did anyone ever hear of such a ridiculous will as our cousin's—his old, tumble-down thing! And to think of his insulting my daughters in that way, and leaving Roxy five hundred dollars? And then you are to spend five hundred more in fixing things for her comfort and support. I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"It ain't worth that much with the land thrown in," said Jotham, "and I know nothing about farming. What good would it do me? I wouldn't spend a shilling on the old shell. Roxy may have it, and welcome, and so I told Ogleby, who drew up the will."

Opposite a table which was set in a recess at the back of the room, stood Celeste and Cynthia, laughing at the miscellaneous heap of old finery, which, after a rest of nearly twenty years in darkness and seclusion, had been brought out of the obscurity of the dusty old wardrobe, into the garish light of day. Very antiquated looked the bonnet, acco-shaped and of a ridiculously large pattern, its glossy surface of silk—the best that money could buy in its time—shining in spots, the flat bows and ruffled strings giving melancholy evidence of its age and antiquity; the mantle, much creased; the silk gown, rising neck and shoulders above the miscellaneous garments; the much worn old Bible; and the portraits in faded oils, that stood against the wall.

"I wonder if he thought we would burden ourselves with such trash!" exclaimed Celeste, with a scornful toss of the head. "I wouldn't so much as touch them! Roxy may have them all, and welcome; and I'm sure mother wouldn't touch that horrid old horn-handled cotton umbrella, or that rickety, three-legged table. I believe Uncle Zeb was crazy, to make such a will. And then to leave that girl five hundred dollars and not a cent to either of us!"

Roxy was getting tea for them all in the old kitchen. There was plenty of bread, meat and cake, and one of the neighbors, Miss Doty, was busily engaged setting the table in the dining-room adjoining, when Jotham announced his intention of leaving.

"But tea is almost ready, Uncle Jotham," said Roxy, as she came in, her cheeks rosy from exercise. "Of course you will stay to tea?"

"It's not worth while," said her uncle, while his wife adjusted her velvet cloak, looking over the head

of the girl as if absolutely indifferent to her presence. "I've given up our share; you're welcome to it all. The will is in the hands of the lawyer, who will know best what to do; so the things are all yours—bonnets, baskets, umbrellas, tables, house and all."

"Well, I declare to goodness if they're not a pretty set!" said Miss Doty Little, as she stood at the table, her hand on the knob of the tea pot. "Here I've got down your grandmamma's best gold-band chiny, that I cleaned yesterday, and exerted myself to make the city look nice, city style, and they're gone and left us just at tea-time, when there's a full hour to train time."

"It can't be helped," said Roxy, "they wouldn't stay. We must take tea by ourselves."

"And all this splendid chiny showing for nobody! I declare it's too provoking!" bemoaned Miss Doty. "Well, it's all turned out for the best, for you. I hear him tell that young Mr. Ogleby that he didn't care about property that imposed an obligation, or something like that, and he should have nothing to do with any of it, he or his; so I don't know but what you're as well off as they are."

"How unkind of them!" said Roxy as she poured cream into the dainty cups; "I mean in view of uncle's remembrance."

"I should think it kinder kind, myself," said Miss Doty, "and 'munch obliged to 'em," says I. I'm not one that refuses anything. That glass'll come quite handy in a certain corner of my bedroom, and I'm real obliged to the old gentleman for remembering me. I only wish the old blue chiny tea-set had fallen on my head."

"Well, rally now, how handsome of you! But I don't know's I'd oughter take it," was the reply. "I certainly would 'a' chose it of all the things, but—praps he wouldn't like it."

"What does he care now? and, indeed, I'll be glad if you'll take it. There are only two pieces gone, and I'm not very fond of that color, so you're welcome."

"Thank you, Miss Roxy, then I don't know but I will. Land o' Goshen! how strange it must seem to be all alone this way. Of course you won't stay here to-night—you'll come home 'long 'o me?"

"No, thank you, I'm not a bit afraid," said Roxy; "the old house is home, and I might as well get used to staying alone."

Miss Doty went away with her china in a basket, and not long after that, old rheumatic Peter Pickins came after his legacy, and looked rather disappointed that it was nothing more.

"The ole gentleman said as he'd remember me handsome," he muttered, ungratefully, but nevertheless took his gift and went on his way. Roxy had been accustomed to being alone. She was such a merry-hearted creature, going about her daily work singing and talking to her two canaries, that she never knew what it was to be without company, or to feed on morbid fancies as some girls in her situation might have done. But in the long evening it had been different. Her uncle had then sat beside her in the red firelight, smoking his pipe, reading his paper, or talking of matters pertaining to home and farm business. As she took her accustomed seat and the fire snapped and brightened, and now and then a coal fell, or a burnt stick broke in two, she almost looked for his outstretch ed arm, for he was fond of brightening the fire or picking up brands with the tongs, and once or twice she fancied he spoke. Could he have been there, patiently seated in his own chair, and wondering why she did not see him? Did she feel his presence in a shadowy way as she looked at the wavering figures on the wall, that danced up and down as the firelight quickened or faded out?

"I won't be nervous," she said resolutely to herself, and all at once

the dying words of her uncle occurred to her. He had left a letter for her to read after he should be laid away. She ran upstairs and found it by the flaring light of her candle, and presently was sitting beside the little old work-table, the letter in her hand. As she opened it a little shudder went through her frame, "as if for all the world," she said to herself, "uncle were here."

And thus the missing ran: "MY DEAR NIECE ROXY:—

"I have an impression that the house and all the other things will revert to you, as I sincerely hope will be the case. If that happens, you will find that I am a much richer man than my neighbors or relations suppose, having invested in certain stocks which have always brought me money. In my will I have left you five hundred dollars. If my brother Jotham gives the property into your hands by refusing to be bound by my conditions, you will find in a small iron safe, in the boarded room where I kept my potatoes, the sum of six thousand dollars for your sole use and benefit, which would otherwise have gone to my brother Jotham if he had been willing to agree to my terms. In the lining of my mother's old-fashioned bonnet, there are one thousand dollars in greenbacks. Behind the canvas of my mother's portrait is a similar sum, while under the linen cover of the old Bible are two bills of five hundred dollars each. In the tea pot of the old blue china set are bills amounting to five hundred dollars, and in the trousers of my best suit of clothes, willed to old Peter Pickins, one hundred dollars in the left pocket and the same in the right. In a small box in the frame of the swinging looking-glass will be found fifty dollars. Should the bulk of these fail to you, which I foresee they will, knowing my brother's family so well, consult with the Messrs. Ogleby, in Front Street, in the city, and they will aid you in taking such care of your little fortune as I have advised. You are not to confer with anyone else, or make known the contents of this letter to the rest of my family. Remember your uncle speaks to you from the dead, and take into your confidence only tried friends."

"G. A. Ogleby,
"For Zeb-dee Tufts."

Roxy sat for a moment quite dazed by the nature of this communication, unable to realize her good fortune, and, strange enough, sorry for her uncle Jotham's loss. It was now nine o'clock. The fire had burned low, but the moon shone in, quite eclipsing the moderate rays of the lamp by her side. How strange it seemed to be sitting there, mistress of a little fortune, she who had known so much want and sorrow in her short life.

"O mother, if you were only alive!" she murmured.

Three quick, distinct raps sounded, starting her out of all self-possession for the moment. Then she gave herself a little shake and went to the door, saying to herself that she knew what it meant. As she had expected, Miss Doty stood there. The woman was pale and agitated, her hair thrust behind her ears, not crimped in her usual tidy fashion, and her bonnet set awry. As she came forward she stared helplessly at Roxy, and seemed not to know how to begin her errand.

"Well, child," she said at last, "I never expected to have no such tussle with myself for honesty's sake, but 'come to it you must,' see I. The fact of the matter is, 'somebody left a big sum of money in the blue chiny tea-pot—you remember how the cover was tied on—and here it is. It did look for a minute as if I was goin' to git the dove-colored silk I've coveted all my life, 'n' the shawl 'n' outfit for next summer, and a nice new pair o' blankets for granny; but, see I, 'though the tea-set is yours, havin' been give through a good heart in her as give it, she didn't know of the money, which in course is hers.' So I determined to settle the thing afore I went to bed, less the enemy should make me change my mind"; and she held out

a package of greenbacks. "Here it is: every dollar of it's safe."

"I know all about it," said Roxy, gently, as she put back the extended hand and smiled in the now eager face.

"You don't say!" cried Miss Doty, aghast. "Luddy, luddy! you might knock me down with a feather."

"And the money," continued Roxy, "was meant to go with the gift."

"Sakes o' life!" cried the woman. "Roxy, air you in your right reason 'n' powers?"

"Yes, I'm quite sane and quite sure about it. My aunt refused the set and I gave it to you. I'm able, so buy your dove-colored silk, and get your summer outfit and the blankets for granny; and I'm very glad you've got it."

Miss Doty stood transfixed for a moment, then she looked at the money, and a very solemn expression came into her face.

"I never thought he was stingy," she said, partly to herself, "but I never dreamed of such a thing in my wildest dream's."

"And there are fifty dollars in the frame of the swinging glass," said Roxy, smiling.

"The land o' Canaan!" ejaculated Miss Doty, and tottered to a chair, into which she sank from sheer inability to stand up under the overwhelming pressure of this additional good news.

"I dunno what to say," she halted, groaned, the tears running down her cheeks, "only 't'd keep granny nice 'n' comfortable to the day of her death—and ef you're sure I ain't doin' wrong in keepin' it—"

"Sure! why of course I am, whatever you do, and bin, bin, bin; bequeathin' it to you in this way; and Roxy's smile was as sweet and bright as May sunshine, as she looked into the spinster's pinched face.

"Well, all I've got to say is, 'the Lord bless ye!' I never dreamed I should be so lucky, and I can't hardly believe it now," she half sobbed; but there it is—there it is!" and she patted the money lovingly.

One other visitor called on the following day, nay, two, for the old wife of Peter Pickens came bobbling slowly after him.

"I sort o' thought there was a mistake," he said, as he thrust his trembling hand into the pocket of the blue vest that had fallen to him. "There was a matter o' two hundred dollars in the trousers of that air suit o' clothe, 'n' lots of loose bills in this here vest. You don't s'pouse he left that to me, do ve?"

"I know he d.d.," said Roxy. The old man stared at her, then turned his bleared blue eyes away, then his glance came back upon her as he pulled at the thin gray lock on his forehead.

"Well, miss," he gasped, as soon as he could find his voice, "that'll keep me 'n' Molly from the poor-house. I humbly thank Heaven; it'll keep us in food the little while we've got to live. Well, well," he added, talking to himself. "I was a mud to keep it, but Molly here, she said, 'better come and see,'—and—I humbly thank the Lord."

He bowed his old head, and after a few gentle words from Roxy, who standing in the sunshine, her fair hair gleaming like gold, her brown eyes soft and bright, looked like an angel to him, he joined his old wife, and they went away as happy as two children.

After that Roxy carried on the farm with the advice and assistance of the young lawyer to whom her uncle had referred her, and whom eventually she married. Jotham's family did not find out what a dire mistake they had made in refusing the bequests of their brother and uncle, till long afterwards, and then, as regrets are useless, after a brief period of disgust for themselves, and anger towards Roxy, they forgot and forgave. And as Roxy now lived in as good style as any of them they called on her, and ever afterwards were proud of speaking of their cousin Mrs. Roxy Ogleby.

MARY A. DENISON.

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