

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 32.

Professional Cards.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.

Has located at Lincoln and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country.

Bartlett Shipp, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LINCOLN, N. C. Jan. 9, 1891. 1y.

Finley & Wetmore, ATTYS. AT LAW.

LINCOLN, N. C. Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY, SURGEON DENTIST.

ROCK HILL, S. C. Will spend the week beginning with the 1st Monday of each month at office in Lincoln.

Dr. A. W. Alexander, DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C. Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With thirty years experience.

GO TO BARBER SHOP. Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, soft or lumpy and bluish spots from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, etc.

J. D. MOORE, President. L. L. JENKINS, Cashier.

Bertha—'Grandma, is our feet good? Gaudma—'No, darling; I've got none now, unfortunately.' Bertha—'Then I'll give on my nuts to mind till I come back.'

A MILLION FRIENDS. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

Excellence is after all a matter of comparison. A boy of six years, who attends a private school, where prizes are given on all sorts of provocation, but who as yet had never earned a prize, came home one afternoon and exhibited proudly one of these rewards of merit.

'Good!' said his mother, 'but how did you get it?' 'I was first in natural history,' said the boy. 'Natural history, at your age! How did it happen?'

DESERVING PRAISE. We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Drunken Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction.

—BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE— The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, etc.

PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LINCOLN COURIER.

Plaint of the Dunning Editor.

Would you ask us why this dunning? Why these complaints and murmurs—Murmurs loud about delinquents Who have read the paper weekly, Read what they have never paid for, Read with pleasure and with profit, Read the essays and the poems, Read the wisdom and instruction, Read the notes of current topics, Carefully compiled and written, Should you ask us why this dunning? We will answer, we will tell you From the printer, from the mailer, From the kind old paper maker, From the landlord, from the 'devil,' From the man who taxes letters With a stamp of Uncle Sam—Message kind but firmly spoken—'Please to pay the bill you owe us.'

Said it is to let such message When our funds are all exhausted; When the last bank-note has left us; When the red cents all have vanished; Gone to pay the paper-maker, Gone to pay the tolling printer, Gone to pay the landlord's tribute, Gone to pay the clerk and devil, Gone to pay the city taxes—Gone to pay for bed and 'laters, Gone to pay our faithful helpers, Sad it is to turn our ledger, Turn the leaves of this old ledger, Turn to see what sums are due us, Due for volumes long since ended, Due for years of pleasant reading, Due for years of anxious labor, Due despite our patient waiting, Due despite our constant dunning, Would you lift a burden from us? Would you drive a specter from you? Would you taste a pleasant slumber? Would you have a quiet conscience? Would you read a paper paid for? Send your over-due subscription, Send the money that you owe us.

FAITHFUL LOVE'S REWARD.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Under the shadow of a great fig-tree, a young girl sat in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said: 'She is thinking of her lover.' But no lover had Mabel Rae, and her pleasure sprang from a far less dangerous source—from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty, and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the torpid noon drove her to the house, a grand old homestead among giant live-oaks gray with the solemn, waving, Southern moss. She went first to the large, dim parlors, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging baskets; but the dreamy languor of the darkened room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later, Mr. Rae opened the door and ushered in a gentleman that had accompanied him from New Orleans. 'Sit down, Allan,' he said. 'I will soon arouse the house. You see, it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away.' For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone.

tiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole sole to welcome 'Love's young dream.' But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan almost thought he should faint from excess of emotion; and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allen Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. Allan was rich and by nature and birth equally noble; but he was utterly devoid as yet of any experiences but such as his college and his mountain home had brought him. Nevertheless, he was not destitute of the traditional business capacity of his house, as some late transaction in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proven to Mr. Rae.

Yet so it proved. Allan lingered as it in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she, innocent and impressible, soon returned his passion with a love even far less selfish than her lover's. O the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! O the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmines and oleanders filled the air!

With the fall, however, there came imperative letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Love has its business as well as its romance, and this side was not so satisfactory. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father.

But the two years brought many and unexpected changes. That very winter the first war-cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little island plantation was desolate and deserted. Mr. Rae had gone to the war, and Mabel boarded in a ladies' school in New Orleans. These were but the beginning of sorrows.

father never wrote to Allan with- out his permission, but she consid- ered that death an-uis all contracts, and surely now, if ever, it was Al- lan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him; mails in those days were not certain- ties; and even if it did reach Allan it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel.

And in the meantime she must work or starve—a blessed alternative in great sorrows, I say. People who have to fight 'a sea of troubles' do not go mad. Work, the oldest of all preached evangelists, is the consolator, and brings them through. And though Mabel Rae could command no higher post on than that of a nurse's governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy, luxurious re-fish- ness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordi- nary class, I can weave no romance out of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill-use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked neither for sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan Monteith, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and paling cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very per- ceptibly on a naturally frail constitu- tion.

Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorat- ing climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York. This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel. She found friends even if she did not find health, and her rare beauty and her wonderful musical talents soon procured her the admiration of a large and influ- ential circle.

So, in the second winter of Mar- bel's residence in New York, it be- came 'the thing' to invite Miss Rae to preside over select social and mus- ical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during this season frequently, and who describes her tract and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful and spiri- tual in character; her dress was un-iformly the same—a pale-pink luster- less silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her pas- sion for these flowers was stronger than ever, and when they were to be procured at any trouble or cost, her little room was always full of their peculiar fragrance.

During this winter, Mabel had many lovers and, report said, more than one excellent offer of marriage; but she quietly or else decidedly re- fused all advances. Her heart was still with the tall, fair mountaineer who had won it, amid the warmth and perfume of tropic noons and moonlit nights; and though twice two years had passed, she refused to believe him false.

And she was right. Allan deserv- ed her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had, with incredible difficulty, made his way to New Orleans, only to find the Rae plantation in the hands of strangers, his friend dead and Mar- bel gone, none knew whether. After a long and disappointing search, he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents and returned to Scotland, almost broken-hearted at the destruction of all his hopes.

But he still loved her passionately, and often in stormy nights, when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws and mountain snows beat at barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and the

solemn silences in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts or the passionate undernotes of the mocking-birds. Often, both in sleeping and waking dreams, he saw again that dim parlor and the beau- tiful girl sleeping on the silken couch; and with these memories there always came the same sensa- tions of some delicate perfume in the air. Far away amid the heath- er and the broom and the strong, fresh breezes of the North Sea, he still was visited by the breath of the tropic woods, and the fragrance of the tuberoses and the memory of his lost Mabel were one and indivisible in his heart.

Thus two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and called vainly. But there are ills which happen for good, and I think any one who would have taken the trouble to analyze the gain in character which this separation and struggle produced would have said so.

For, after five years of battle with life, Mabel was no longer a lovely, impulsive thoughtless child; she was a noble woman, beautiful in all the majesty of completed suffering; and Allan's whole nature had swelled under the influence of a mighty and unselfish love, as seas swell under the influence of sun and moon.

If we wait, however, the harvest of the heart will come. One day, early in the winter, Mabel got a note from a friend, announcing her re- turn from abroad and begging her to be present at a small, informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gos- sip which young and happy women enjoy. Her hostess rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York and going to spend the evening with them.

Did fate knock softly on Mabel's soul then? For she blushed vio- lently, and instantly, as if by magic. These sprung up in her heart a hap- py refrain which she could not con- trol, and kept on singing: 'He comes! He comes! My lover comes!'

She dressed with more than ordi- nary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed be- fore others had begun. So she sat down in the unlighted parlors, say- ing to herself: 'I must be still. I will be calm. For how should I bear disappoint- ment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none but that he comes from the same country. No, there is no hope!'

But still, above the doubt and fear, she could hear the same chim- ing undertone: 'He comes! He comes! My lover comes!'

She became nervous and super- stitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair and stood, trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. 'Ah, Mabel! Mabel! Your heart has seen further than your eyes. Allan has come at last!'

'Ah, my darling! My darling! My fair, sweet flower, whose per- fume has followed me o'er land and sea, I have found you again at last!' exclaimed Allan, as he clasped Mar- bel to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of dis- content and sorrow was over. Never more did she have grief or pain unsooth- ed or comforted. I only wish I could describe as the fairy-tales do, and say: 'So they lived happy ever after.' But, alas! Though a lovely Mabel Monteith, with her father's hair and her mother's eyes, makes light and gladness in Allan's home, the far dearer one has gone 'to the abodes where the eternal are.'

aven when the snows cover it, and wild winds and rain beat over its senseless turf, one noble heart offers there still the incense of an undying affection.

For be sure that a true love 'strikes but one hour,' and he or she has never loved once. Was Mabel's short life a lost one? Oh, no! Life is perfect in small measures, and she left upon the mountain-tops of death a light that makes them lovely to those who shall follow her.

Movement of Cotton Crop.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 1.—The move- ment of the cotton crops as given by Secretary Hester, of the New Orleans cotton exchange, issued to- day, shows the amount of cotton brought into sight for November as 1,500,000 bales for first time in that month since 1885. The deficiency in the quantity market, which at the close of October was 873,262 bales, compared with last year, and 59,967 compared with the year before, was increased up to last night to 1,314,265 under the former, and 575,351 under the latter. Compared with the three months to November 30, inclusive in 1889, the 7,311,322 crop year, the deficit is 343,492 bales.

The total number of bales brought into sight during the thirty days of November was 1,478,269 against 1,919,272 in November, 1891, and 1,618,617 in November, 1890, a de- crease from last year of 441,003, and from the year before of 140,348. The movement from the first of Sep- tember to November 30 includes detailed receipts at all United States des- tined ports of 2,660,556 against 3,655,826 last year and 2,238,147 the year before.

Is It a Chunk or a Comet?

DENVER, Col., Nov. 30.—A des- patch to the News from New Castle, Col., says: 'About 9 A. M. yesterday, a stone weighing probably ten tons fell from the sky, striking the earth a mile northeast of this town. There were no witnesses as far as known to the meteor's fall, but the fact that it sunk deep into the earth and was in a heated condition when dis- covered leaves no doubt in the minds of the inhabitants as to where it came from and great excitement exists.

'The stone is a color entirely for- eign to the locality, being slate-col- ored, and the people were con- vinced that it dropped from the much- talked-of comet.'

Know a Language Without Learning It.

A San Francisco paper tells a curious story of a Mr. Watson, of that city, who understands the Turkish language without ever hav- ing learned it. His father was a missionary in Asia Minor, and died there sometime before the birth of his child. Not many months after his birth his mother returned with him to this country, and died while he was yet an infant. He received a fair education, but never devoted himself particularly to linguistic studies. Not long ago he happened to be in the office of the Turkish consul in San Francisco, when he overheard some conversation going on between the consul and some Turkish sailors. He was surprised to notice that the sounds seemed familiar to him, and listening care- fully, he found that he could under- stand almost all that was said. He says that it seemed as though a veil was removed from his compre- hension, or a new faculty added to his mind. He is said to have test- ed this gift a number of times since. Arabic he can understand a little of. All other foreign languages are simply a jumble of strange sounds in his ears, but Turkish he under- stands almost perfectly.—State Chronicle.

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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