

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 13, 1893.

NO. 36.

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. Will be found at night at the Lincoln Hotel.

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.

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. Those needing Dental services are requested to make arrangement by correspondence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms—CASH.

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.

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English Savin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spurs, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful bleaching cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

A. F. Britton, Jackson Tenn., writes: I contracted malaria in the swamps of Louisiana while working for the telegraph company, and used every kind of medicine I could hear of without relief. I at last succeeded in breaking the fever, but it cost me over \$100.00.

POISON and then my system was prostrated and saturated with poison and I became almost helpless. I finally came here, my mouth so filled with sores that I could scarcely eat, and my tongue raw and filled with little knots. Various remedies were resorted to without effect. I bought two bottles of B. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed and my tongue entirely clear of knots and sores, and I feel like a new man.

R. R. Sauter, Athens, Ga., writes: "I have been afflicted with catarrh for many years, although all sorts of medicines and several doctors did their best to cure me. My blood was very impure, and nothing until I used the great Blood remedy known as B. B. B., a few bottles of which effected an entire cure." I recommend it to all who have catarrh. I refer to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga. and will reply to any inquires."

CATARRH ever had any effect until I used the great Blood remedy known as B. B. B., a few bottles of which effected an entire cure. I refer to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga. and will reply to any inquires."

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For Malaria, Liver Trou-

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.

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PAUL.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

[From facts furnished the writer by one of Paul's daughters, Mrs. de S., of Rampart street, New Orleans.]

Early in the present century, before New Orleans had fallen into American ways, and while yet the creole population was largely in the ascendancy, a young man, Paul Le Page by name, was walking in the dusk of evening down one of the narrow picture-square streets. He was poorly clad and his movements accentuated the look of depression and weariness that rested on his handsome face.

A close observer would have seen at once that Paul was a stranger in the city. That aimless air, which cannot be cast off by one who has no whither in particular to go, marked him out and set him apart from the other pedestrians. He carried in his hand a small bag or valise containing all his personal possessions.

In the face is the index to character. Paul Le Page was an honest, intelligent and well educated young man, whose chief lack was at the point of worldly wisdom. He had not been successful. Indeed, he had been quite unsuccessful. Not a sou was in his little withered purse, and the Atlantic Ocean, to say nothing of the Gulf, lay between him and all his friends and relations.

It does not matter with us how it chanced that Paul was there in New Orleans penniless and homeless. Youth is full of strange turns, and it oftentimes happens that a young man goes forth fairly enough in search of adventure, and soon finds out that life is not all a sea of romance. Paul had suffered much; first in Canada, then in New York, afterward in St. Louis, and now here he was at the very end of his tether, drifting about like a tattered ghost in the streets of the great creole city.

He tried to find employment, but there was not much that he could do at best, and his appearance was against him. For six days and nights he had wandered up and down, subsisting he scarcely knew how, snatching a little sleep here and there in dark corners, evading the police by one shift or another, and rapidly losing his final reserve of nerve and hope.

It was Tuesday evening, the sixth of April, and the sky was so clear, the stars and moon so bright, the breeze from the gulf so brisk and sweet and everything so bathed in balm and so gay with flowers, that the pleasure-loving population had poured forth a little after sunset to promenade and chatter. Paul sauntered among them, bag in hand, his head and his heart empty, likewise his stomach. He took no notice of those who passed him by, albeit many a pair of witching dark eyes were turned upon him by girls as pretty and saucy as youth could have wished to see. He heard the thrumming of guitars, voices singing merry songs, the clink of glasses in the cafes, the clang of rapiers in the fencing salles. The great doors of the theatres were open, and, a little later, the elegant mob would pour in. A memory of Paris and better days swept over him like a dream.

For a while he stood by the entrance to a brilliantly lighted and gorgeously furnished gambling-den, where a number of men were staking large sums of money. He saw the columns of gold coin on the tables, the diamonds flaming on fingers and shirt-bosoms, the fitting cards, the rolling wheels, the tumbling balls; the fragrance of Havana cigars filled the air. He began to tremble and grow sick; but he braved himself and passed on. He even hurried, feeling that he must find solitude and a place to rest himself in unobserved.

When he turned into what he thought was a dark and very narrow alley, Paul Le Page advanced a few paces and flung himself upon the ground, resting his head on his valise. It did not seem strange to

him when he looked upward and saw no sky or stars, nor did the extreme darkness and closeness of the place affect him unpleasantly; rather the contrary, for it was to hide himself from human eyes that he most desired. I cannot say that he wished to die; he was young, and the love of life was yet strong in him; but he was at the ultimate line of despair, looking over into the abyss.

Scarcely had he stretched himself thus at full length in this dim place, when four persons entered at a rapid pace, and one of them, stumbling over the prostrate body, cried out: "Mon Dieu! what have we here? Up, you drunken vagabond, and out of this!" He gave Paul a sound kick a stir to that passage. When you kick a desperate man, you must be prepared to take the consequences. In this case the kicker was far from ready to meet the result of his act. Up sprang Paul like an aroused tiger, and out flew his fists first and left, this way and that, with resounding blows. Over went one man, two men, three men, and the fourth received a punch in the chest that sent him against the wall.

"Are you gentlemen or dogs?" Paul inquired, when his antagonists were scrambling to their feet. He had forgotten his rage, his hunger, his despair.

"And pray, who are you?" demanded one of the men. "Are you a gentleman?" "I answer that question in the light," said Paul, with peculiar emphasis. It was understood that he meant to say that when he could be sure by actual view that he stood in presence of his equal he would be glad to respond.

"Your name!" "Your name!" cried all four of the men in a breath.

"Paul Le Page at your service," "Your address?"

"The Hotel Vinet, Rue Lapin, Paris." One of the men uttered a little ejaculation, as if of surprise, or it might have been mere derision.

"Run him through, Pierre," growled another voice, "or stand aside and I will find him. He's not to escape."

There was a dull gleam of steel in the darkness.

Paul was as brave as a lion; but all unarmed he could not stand before these men, who, on their way to a fencing-room, were equipped with rapiers. So, grasping his bag he slipped forth into the street and lost himself in a swarm of people who were hurrying by to the scene of a fire that had broken out in a little shop.

The voice of one of the men was still ringing in Paul's ear as he pushed on through the excited crowd. When and where had he ever heard it before? There was a singular, a subtle fascination hovering in his brain along with the echoes of that voice, a fascination that like an obscuring atmosphere, prevented the perfect operation of memory.

The fire proved to be unimportant, and was extinguished in a few minutes. Paul wandered on aimlessly enough, trying to untangle his brain and recall the time and place when and where some circumstance of interest had connected his life with the person who had kicked him in yonder in the dusky archway. It was no use—hunger, weariness, exhaustion, despondence had so shaken his mind that memory was faltering and uncertain. The truth is, he never before had heard the voice of Pierre Jordy. If there was anything familiar in it it was but an echo of Paris, so dear to every Frenchman's heart, not so much the Paris of to-day, but altogether the Paris of sixty-five years ago.

Paul was to meet Pierre again soon, and was to recognize his voice. At present he stumbled on from place to place, feeling rather than seeing the glare and glitter of the cafes and the salles as he passed them by.

At length he found himself in front of a mansion, very stately and grand, that stood amid some dusky old trees inside a heavy, low wall of brick, through which a gateway, open for a moment, gave a pleasant

view. He stood still and gazed, for his eyes had fallen upon an apparition of beauty and his ears had heard a soft, sweet call.

"Mamma, my fan, I left it in the hall." It was a young woman entering a carriage. He saw her face, a smiling, gentle, exquisitely sweet one; it flashed upon him and thrilled him to his finger-tips. She was dressed for the opera, and was drawing about her lithe, strong young form a snowy white and snowy-light wrap.

A few moments later the carriage rolled out across the banquette into the street. As it passed, Paul, standing aside, lifted his battered hat. The young lady was looking at him; she leaned forward a little to see who he was, then recoiled from him.

Paul saw it all, and the realization of his degraded state was flung in upon his heart if by that half-terrified, half-pitying glance of surprise. The blow was too great for him in his weakened condition. The encounter in the dark passage had exhausted his physical force, and now his heart failed; he stood there swaying and trembling as the carriage drew away, and presently he fell and lay outstretched and still in the shadow of the wall.

He was not quite insensible, but all was vague and dreamlike. Time passed, which to him might as well have been years as hours. The sweet night dew settled on him, and the sleepless mocking-bird in the branches overhead the wall piped him a low, tender flute-song.

The carriage returned when the opera was over. There was a confused sound of voices. Some one touched him and then he lifted and borne along.

"Some miserable tramp dying of hunger," said the voice of Pierre Jordy.

"But, see his hands, how small and beautiful; and his face, how fine!" murmured another voice that, even in his deadly stupor he thrilled to remember—the voice of the beautiful girl.

They had laid him on a bed; he felt the sweet, soft, fragrant cushions receive him and then he knew no more.

A physician was sent for, who ordered the young patient stripped and bathed in brandy and water. This done, he was clothed in clean linen and slowly brought up from the brink of death to consciousness, the brink of death to consciousness and rapid convalescence.

The only thing of value found on his person, when the servants changed his ragged for decent clothes, was a small silver case which closed with a secret spring. No one tried to open it, and it lay on a little table near his bedside.

What luxury was this soft couch to the poor, weary body of Paul Le Page, and what an appetite was that with which the starved man ate the heaps of wholesome delicacies that were brought to him! At first he saw no one save the physician and the servants; but one morning a stately old gentleman came into the room, and advancing to his bedside, said:

"Well, you are looking bright and cheerful. Do they give you plenty to eat?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur; I have been nobly treated. Let me thank you with my whole heart."

"Oh, thank not me, my good man; it is Lucie who has saved you. Thank her, if you like."

Somehow, at the sound of the girl's name, Paul's throat filled up and he could not speak. All through his trace-like stage of convalescence he had heard that name, and, as if through a rose mist, he had seen the beautiful face of Lucie smiling upon him.

The next day, when the old gentleman came again, Paul had had time to think a good deal. So he said:

"Won't you tell Mademoiselle Lucie to come in to see me so that I can thank her for all this kindness?"

The man stiffened himself a little and took snuff vigorously. He was standing—he never sat down in this

room—and he quirked up his elbows, meantime grimacing comically.

"I suppose she might come if she wished," he presently remarked; "but thanksgiving needn't trouble you. It's her way; she'd do as much for a dog."

Then, as though he had suddenly become aware of the impropriety of so long a conversation with a street-beggar, he put away his gold snuff-box and left the room.

On the following evening, Paul overheard a strange interview between Pierre Jordy and Mademoiselle Lucie. It was the final settlement of a little affair of their own. Paul tried not to listen, but could not help it. There was an open passage and a thin, sound-bearing partition of wood.

"No, Pierre, I do not love you. I cannot marry you," said Lucie.

Paul clasped his hands for joy; and yet what right had he?

"For heaven's sake, do not say that, Lucie!" cried Pierre. "Wait—think over it—don't—"

"No; that would be wrong, for then you would hope, and at the last the disappointment would be all the greater."

There was a while of silence, and then Pierre broke forth:

"And who now has come between us? Who has—?"

"You are wrong," said Lucie, "no one has come between us. It is with you just as it has always been. I do not love you—you know that I never have loved you. Let this be the end. If we cannot be friends without this subject coming up again, then here let our friendship end forever."

Pierre uttered a few rapid phrases; the words were confused in Paul's ears, but they sounded bitter and ferocious.

"Go!" said Lucie, "let me never see you again!"

That was all; and what a strange impression it made upon Paul. It was a blending of all manner of sensations. Triumph, exultation and thanksgiving clashed with pity, indignation and a sort of faraway sympathy with the disappointed and evidently desperate Pierre.

The next day in the morning there was a rustle of feminine robes, and Paul turned to see enter Lucie and her mother. The two ladies came to his bedside and the elder spoke to him graciously, though with distant dignity, as to an inferior; but the girl blushed in spite of herself when she looked into his pale, handsome face and encounter his admiring gaze. Surely this was no tramp.

A gentleman of the best degree lay before her. With a girl's swift insight, she saw through to the ultimate fact.

Paul had been hoping for this visit and had framed a beautiful little speech, but not a word of it could be command, now that the moment had come. Not till the ladies had retired did he find his tongue sufficiently to speak with any degree of self-command, then he vented vials of contempt upon himself for having been such a coward.

From that day his strength began to return. He felt his veins filling, his muscles swelling, his nerves gathering force. Strange to say, the only pain left him was in the spot where Pierre Jordy had kicked him on the ribs; the place was sore and blue.

"If I see him hereafter," he would say to himself, "I will settle that little matter with him;" and then he would recall with great satisfaction what he had overheard between Pierre and Lucie. He chuckled in a self-satisfied way and murmured: "Trust a girl to read a man's soul!"

Lucie and her mother came to see him every day—a short visit with but little conversation—but each one of their comings were worth a year of ordinary life to him. He looked at the sweet, pure face and imagined wonderful things that by some rare turn of fortune might come to pass in the future.

He was almost well, and one day all of a sudden it came to his mind that very soon he must go out of that house and begin once more his

dreary, hopeless life. The thoughts went to his brain like a bullet; he drew himself up and shivered convulsively. What was to become of him? He lay and listened to the dull beating of his own heart. He knew that he loved Lucie—a man always knows, though a woman never does) the moment when love comes. Moreover, there lay in some inner and sacred chamber of his consciousness an impression, sweet as perfume from hidden flowers, of a movement in the girl's heart toward him. All this made his condition almost unbearable.

Meantime Pierre Jordy was having to do with his own disappointment of the most desperate things. He knew that he loved Lucie—a man always knows, though a woman never does) the moment when love comes. Moreover, there lay in some inner and sacred chamber of his consciousness an impression, sweet as perfume from hidden flowers, of a movement in the girl's heart toward him. All this made his condition almost unbearable.

It was the last night that Paul could rest in the mansion. He was strong enough to go, and on the morrow he must depart. He could not sleep. The thoughts that swarmed in his brain were like flashes of fire; they burned him with most exquisite torture. Tossing on his bed or walking to and fro in his darkened chamber, he heard the clock in the grand hall strike the hours one by one.

Suddenly a cry rang throughout the house—a clear, appalling scream then another, half stifled. He knew the voice and ran from room to room until he came upon a masked man who was clutching Lucie by the throat as she struggled with him. Paul flung himself headlong upon the assassin, striking him and bearing him to the floor. There the two men tumbled about fighting desperately. Paul had no weapon, while his antagonist was armed with a dagger. Servants came to the rescue, and soon enough the burglar, who turned out to be Pierre Jordy, was securely bound, after receiving a number of bad wounds.

Paul Le Page was bleeding from deep gashes in his breast and arm; but for a time he was unaware of his hurts, so overjoyed was he that he had been able to save Lucie from serious harm.

When presently he awoke and fell unconscious, the last impression his eyes received was of the beautiful girl standing tall and white in her night-dress, gazing at him in unutterable gratitude.

Lucie's family name is not given, and that of Paul is not his true one; but the beautiful life he lived with his hardly won wife would furnish material for a prose poem rich with all that makes human life worth living. It began in romance, and it was romance to the beautiful end.

The reader will remember that mention was made of a silver case found upon Paul's person when he was taken into the mansion. In it was an ivory miniature portrait of his mother. The present writer has seen the writer has seen the painting and has heard from the lips of Paul's children how it was this that led to the discovery of a distant kinship between the families of the lovers.

Paul became a writer of some distinction, and spent many years in Paris, but his children and his children's children are among the most noted and most beloved of the French creoles, who still maintain the old regime on the Latin side of Canal street, New Orleans. One granddaughter, who is, it is said, a very picture of Lucie, has just attracted wide attention as the author of a singularly original and quantity artistic story of the Rue Royale.

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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