

The Lincoln Courier.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1893.

NO. 37.

VOL. VI.

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.

April 18, 1890.

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.

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.

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BARTLET 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.

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

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, Lincoln, N. C.

A. F. Britton, Jackson Tenn., writes: I contracted malaria in the swamps of Louisiana while working for the telegraph company, and need 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, 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. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed and my tongue entirely clear of knots and soreness, 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 would do but to get rid of it. I bought CATARRH ever had any effect. I used the great Blood-purifier 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 inquiries."

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ONE MILLION LADIES

Are daily recommending the

Perfection ADJUSTABLE Shoe

It Expands Across the Ball & Joints.

This makes

The best fitting, nicest looking and most comfortable in the world.

Prices, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50.

Consolidated Shoe Co.,

Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass.

Shoes Made to Measure.

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STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. If La Grippe has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal, any one can do the work, either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outline free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

LA GRIPPE.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past season it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. Kings New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troubles after effect of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs and has cured cases of Asthma as Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. 1 Free Trial Bottle at J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

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.

How The Vote Stands.

The electoral colleges of the several States having met and voted Monday, we are enabled to see at last, and for the first time, exactly what the people did in November.

The New York Herald gives the following as the vote in detail:

States.	Elect' vote.	C.	H.	W.
Alabama	11	11	0	0
Arkansas	8	8	0	0
California	9	8	1	0
Colorado	4	0	0	4
Connecticut	6	6	0	0
Delaware	3	3	0	0
Florida	4	4	0	0
Georgia	13	13	0	0
Idaho	3	0	0	3
Illinois	24	24	0	0
Indiana	15	15	0	0
Iowa	13	0	13	0
Kansas	10	0	0	10
Kentucky	13	13	0	0
Louisiana	8	8	0	0
Maine	6	0	6	0
Maryland	8	8	0	0
Massachusetts	15	0	15	0
Michigan	14	5	9	0
Minnesota	9	0	9	0
Mississippi	9	9	0	0
Missouri	17	17	0	0
Montana	3	0	3	0
Nebraska	8	0	8	0
Nevada	3	0	0	3
New Hampshire	4	0	4	0
New Jersey	10	10	0	0
New York	36	36	0	0
North Carolina	11	11	0	0
North Dakota	3	1	1	1
Ohio	23	1	22	0
Oregon	4	0	3	1
Pennsylvania	32	0	32	0
Rhode Island	4	0	4	0
South Carolina	9	9	0	0
South Dakota	4	0	4	0
Tennessee	12	12	0	0
Texas	15	15	0	0
Vermont	4	0	4	0
Virginia	12	12	0	0
Washington	4	0	4	0
West Virginia	6	6	0	0
Wisconsin	12	12	0	0
Wyoming	3	0	3	0
Total	444	277	145	22

There were necessary to a choice 223 votes. A plurality does not answer in the electoral college—the successful candidate must have a majority. Mr. Cleveland has 54 votes more than he needs. He has a majority of 132 over Mr. Harrison and Weaver combined, thus proving that the Democracy of this land is terror when it humps itself.—Charlotte Observer.

Subscribe for the COURIER.

"Only a Milliner's Girl."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

How it rained, that bleak winter night! How mercilessly the torrents came down, rebounding in sheets of spray from the pavements and swelling the gutters in miniature rivers! Through the whitening mist the shop-windows flared dimly and the yellow stars of the street-lamps shone like beacon lights far out at sea. There were not many pedestrians on Broadway that night, save those compelled by grim necessity to face the storm; and Guy Moreau, striding down the western side, had the right of way all to himself.

"There's no hurry, no hurry in the world," said Mr. Moreau, calmly to himself. "My hat is ruined already, and my coat is fit for nothing but the outside pegs of a second-hand-clothing store. Consequently—Hallo, here, what's the matter?"

He stopped short at the sound of a slight scream, close to him. A shabbily dressed young girl carrying a load of oil-cloth-shielded bandboxes had slipped on a piece of banana-rind, almost at his feet.

Guy Moreau made no pretensions to the rank of a Chevalier Bayard, but he had a kindly human heart within his bosom, and stepped instantly forward to help the young girl up.

"Not hurt, are you?" he asked, kindly.

The girl looked at him with big eyes full of pain and terror.

"My bandboxes?" faltered she, glancing eagerly around. "They're not wet, are they?"

"No—but you are. Look at your shawl, poor thing!"

"Oh, that's no matter," said she. "It was very awkward of me to slip so, and—"

"What's the matter now?" Moreau asked.

For she had stopped short in the attempt to move forward again.

"I'm afraid my ankle is sprained!" she wailed. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"Sprained, is it? (Confound those people who eat bananas and fling the rind on the pavement!) inwardly muttered Guy. "Let me call a hack," he added aloud.

"Oh, no, sir!" shrinking back. "I couldn't afford a hack. I'm only a milliner's apprentice, and all these hats must be delivered before nine o'clock to-night."

Guy looked reflectively down at the band-boxes, then at the pale, pretty face, with its dark, Spanish eyes and lashes sprinkled with rain.

"I'm afraid you'll hardly manage it," said he.

"But I must!" said the girl, positively.

"Can't you take 'em back to the shop?"

"It's closed for the night, and madame would never forgive me for not delivering the hats. I—I think I could walk very slowly."

But as she made the effort her cheeks blanched once more with pain and a low cry involuntarily escaped from her lips.

"No," said she, "I can't walk, Oh, what shall I do?"

Guy knit his brows and considered a moment.

"How far from here do you live?" he asked.

"On Bleecher Street—only a little way—but the hats!"

"Don't fret about the hats," said Moreau. "I'll attend to the hats. How many of 'em are there? Tick-eted and labeled all right? Here, lean on my arm, and I'll tag the band-boxes in my left hand. Now, then! Not too fast!"

Guy Moreau had never been in a working woman's room before, and as he stood on the threshold, he could but marvel at the aspect of utter destitution that prevailed it. A little girl who was making artificial flowers by the light of a kerosene lamp sprang to her feet at the sound of their steps.

"Oh, Nelly, are you hurt? What is the matter?" cried she. "What makes you look so white?"

"It's my little sister," said the girl turning to her conductor. "We

live here to-gether. Oh, sir, I am very much obliged to you!"

But when Guy Moreau was gone, old Mrs. Macrabbin, who had come upstairs to rub Nelly Knox's ankle with camphor, shook her head gloomily at the recital of the evening's adventure.

"Wasn't he kind? And a perfect stranger, too?" said Nelly, radiantly.

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Macrabbin. "What do you know about the ways of a city? It's no ways likely that you'll ever see him nor hear of them bonnets again."

"What do you mean?" cried Nelly, indignantly.

"Mean? Why, that is a confidence game, to be sure, and your fine, genteel young man has made off with the French bonnets."

"Nonsense!" cried Nelly. "With a face like that—and such a voice, and such a manner!"

"Well," said Mrs. Macrabbin, "we'll see!"

And she rubbed away harder than ever.

"Young man," said Mrs. Petherick, sourly, "what do you mean by leaving a white-tulle hat here with a water-hily and three sinital plumes on it? Do I look like a person who wears water-lilies and marabou?"

And Guy, who was walking, whistling, away, after leaving his last bandbox, stopped shortly at the old lady's shrill voice.

"Hello!" said he. "I've left the Petherick hat at St. James's, and the St. James's hat at Petherick's. I must go back."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Petherick. "In my days, errand-men attended to their business! Nine o'clock at night, and my new black velvet hat, with the satin bows, not come home!"

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," said Guy.

"Much difference whether you are sorry or not," said Mrs. Petherick, leveling her blue spectacles wrathfully at Mr. Moreau. "You must be a very presuming young man to have any opinions at all on the subject. I bet that you will set this awkward blunder right at once, and I shall most assuredly report it to Madame Dunooyer."

And Mr. Moreau had no alternative but to trudge back again through the blinding rain to Miss Honora St. James's brown-stone residence.

"The milliners man again!" said Miss St. James, sharply. "Well, I should think! To leave me a dowdy old black-velvet thing, instead of my white-crape opera-hat! And to come back at this time of night! I shall certainly let Madame Dunooyer know what I think of it! Here, you, boy! Is this the way you—My goodness me! It's Mr. Moreau!"

Guy burst out laughing—he could not help it—at the comical suddenness with which Honora's frown melted into smiles.

"I beg your pardon, Miss St. James," said he, "but I am really very deserving of blame. Here's your bandbox, and I've left old Mrs. Petherick's here by mistake."

"Is it a joke," said the bewildered fair one, "or a wager, or what?"

"Neither one nor the other," said Guy. "Sober, serious, earnest. And now if you'll let me have the other bonnet, I'll get back before Mrs. Petherick's rage waxes any hotter."

He lifted his dripping beaver and vanished with the band-box under his arm, smiling to himself at the insight he had obtained into Miss St. James's character.

"A regular little virago!" he told himself. "A face like oxalic acid and a voice that would do for a fishwoman! Truly, we are not what we seem."

He went back the next evening to tell Nelly Knox that he had duly performed her behests.

"Nelly isn't here," said the pale little girl, who was wiring the flowers on stems as diligently as if she had never left off. "She's gone to madame's. She goes at seven every morning, and don't come back till nine at night."

"Oh!" said Guy. "And how's

her foot?"

"Very lame," said the child, moistening a fresh wire at her lips and twisting it around until our hero's eyes grew giddy with following her motion. "But she leaned on a cane and—Why, here's Nelly now. And crying, too!"

"Hello!" said Guy. "What's the matter?"

"I'm discharged," said the girl, with a sob in her throat. "Mrs. Petherick has been there, and—"

"Mrs. Petherick is an old cat!" interrupted Guy, hotly. "And, it's all my fault! Don't cry! You're not able to work now," as Nelly sank, white and exhausted, on a chair.

"Yes, I know," said Nelly, "but what are we to do? Fan can earn only a dollar and a half a week, and if I am without work—"

"I can get you work," said Guy. "All you want! Loads of it!"

And vanishing, he presently returned with a roll of forty yards of Wamsutta, which he flung exultantly on the floor.

"But, what am I to do with it?" said bewildered Nelly.

"What? Why make it into four dozen shirts, to be sure!" said Mr. Moreau.

"But, that is all nonsense," said Nelly, with a quivering lip. "I am poor—but I can't take charity."

"It's not charity," asserted Mr. Moreau. "I need new shirts, and I hire you to make 'em! Where's the charity?"

"But—four dozen?"

"If I wanted fourteen dozen I've a right to order 'em, I suppose. Besides, I've some notion of fitting out a ship-load of missionaries for the San Benicia Islands. If you want buttons or needles and thread, get 'em, and charge 'em in the bill!"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, what now? Lifting his eyebrows.

"What sized am I to make them?" Guy looked a little puzzled at this.

"Make 'em four different sizes, and then some of 'em will be sure to suit," said he, triumphantly.

"Wedding-cake, eh?" said Mrs. Macrabbin. "Put up in a watered-silk box and tied with white-satin ribbon! Stuck full of plums and sm-elling of spices! Well, it's very good of Nellie Knox to think of me, now that she's a great lady and has a whole house of her own, with velvet carpets on the floor and two maid servants to wait on her; and little Fan at a boarding school, too, and going to be brought up like a lady. And it all came from Nelly's slipping on a bit of banana-peel that rainy night. I'd go and slip down on one myself, if I thought it would do any good. I told Nelly she was a real gentleman the first time I ever set eyes on him."

And Mrs. Macrabbin firmly believed she was speaking the truth.

Doomed to Die.

BY COL. I. P.

With pity at my heart, I stood and gazed upon the man before me; a man, a fellow being, doomed by a merciless court-martial to die; to leave the bright and beautiful world around him, and to be ushered alone into the "valley of the shadow of death." A noble looking man he was, as he stood there, unmoved amid the enemies that surrounded him, and a haughty, half-sad, half-defiant, expression rested upon his handsome, daring face.

He was a Union spy, captured in the Confederate lines and bearing upon his person treasonable papers sufficient to have condemned a regiment. He had made a good fight, but he was at last overpowered, the papers found upon him, and, after a speedy trial, was condemned to die.

I had formed one of the courts-martial, and though I knew that the crime of being a spy was punishable with death, yet had I sought to have him spared. I was young then, for it was the first few months of our Civil War, and I was not as used to deeds of blood as I became in after years; and, besides, the spy was young and handsome, by department evidently a gentleman,

and his reckless bravery had won my admiration.

Nightfall came upon our camp, and the following morning the spy was to be called out and shot. I had been appointed to take charge of the execution, and, seated in my tent, I was thinking, thinking of the unpleasant duty I was to perform on the morrow.

"Lieutenant, a note for you, sir." I started as the orderly's voice broke the stillness of the night, and taking the outstretched note, read:

"Pardon me for disturbing your slumbers, but as you command the detachment that will tomorrow usher my soul into eternity, I would see you, if your duties as an officer do not urge to the contrary. Hoping you will grant this favor, I remain, with respect,

WILBUR HAYES."

I carefully read the note over twice, and then said to the orderly: "Say that I will come."

A few minutes later, and I stood in the presence of the condemned man.

"Mr. Hayes, you sent for me."

"I did, lieutenant; and it was because of your kindness to me during the trial, and also that I saw in your eyes pity for my fate."

"I do feel for you, from my heart; and sincerely wish I had not the unpleasant duty devolving upon me of ording your execution tomorrow."

"I have a favor to ask of you, sir; to please order the guard to move some distance from the tent, as it is a confession I wish to make."

I gave command to the guard to retire a few paces, and returning to the tent, Hayes at once began:

"I am no spy, sir, but am condemned upon circumstantial evidence. I came into the Confederate lines to visit my mother, who lives in the South, although she is Union in her feelings. After a visit of a few days I started to return, and by the roadside came upon a dying man, clad as a Confederate soldier. Imagine my surprise to recognize in him a noted spy of our own army, and also recognizing me, he informed me that he had been wounded the night before by being fired upon by a party of Confederate cavalry, and had ridden on until he could go no further. He knew he was to die, and intrusted to my care the papers he had about him. I watched over the poor fellow until he died, and then hollowed out a shallow grave.

"Left him alone in his glory," and proceeded on my way.

"I have little more to add, except that I am a major of cavalry in the United States Army, and wish that you will take my private papers from me after I am dead and send them to an address I will give you. Now this is all I ask, except that you will send me pen and ink by the orderly when you return."

Thus we parted; and finding a scout awaiting me at my tent upon my return, I gave him pen, ink and paper, and ordered him to ride over to the tent where the doomed man was with them, and to tell the guard to release his hands of shackles while he wrote, but to keep a close watch upon him.

A few minutes after, I was startled by a loud shout, one, two, three shots in rapid succession, and then the rush of hoofs by my quarters. I was just in time to see the scout's horse dash swiftly by and recognize him as the man before me.