

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 40.

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. 1y

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891. 1y

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. 1y

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 24 '91 1y

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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.

English Spanish Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused tumors and blisters from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, 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.

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.

Kennesaw, Ga., Sept. 11th. B. B. B. Company: My Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in acknowledging the great benefit my wife has derived from your rest and wonderful medicine, B. B. B. For two years she was a great sufferer from scrofula, or some blood disease which had lain dormant all her life. We had attention from some of the most skillful physicians in the country, but all to no effect, until we had all despaired of her ever recovering. Her mouth was one solid ulcer, and for two months or more her body was broken out with sores until she lost a beautiful head of hair, also eyelashes and eyebrows. In fact, she seemed to be a complete wreck.

Now comes the great secret which I want the world to know. Three bottles of Blood Balm medicine has done the work which would sound incredible to any one who did not know it to be so. Today my wife is perfectly healthy and clear from scrofula taint, and she now has a three-month-old babe, also perfectly healthy. Very respectfully,
H. L. GARDNER.

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Are daily recommending the
Perfection ADJUSTABLE Shoe
It Expands
ACROSS THE BALL & JOINTS
The best fitting, nicest looking and most comfortable in the world.
Prices, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, and \$5.50.
Consolidated Shoe Co.,
Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass.
Shoes Made to Measure.
To be found at Jenkins Bros.
—BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE—
The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, 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.

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SPECIMEN CASES.

C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.
Edward Sheehy, Harrisburg, Ill. had running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.
John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. Lawing's Drugstore.

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 outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NOW TRY THIS.
It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use they speedily and perfectly recovered. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at I. M. Lawing's drug store. Large size at 50c and \$1.00.

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LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

A Magnificent Rebuke.

The death of Justice Lamar has recalled his well known devotion to the Confederacy, and his love for the lost cause was productive of one of the most dramatic scenes in the history of the Senate. The Mexican pension bill was under consideration and an amendment pending, extending its provisions to all veterans irrespective of their course in the war between the States. It was near adoption. Congress, it was said, could best show its desire to forgive and forget by extending the benefits of the measure to those who had once borne arms against the common country. The amendment was near adoption when Senator Zach Chandler came to his feet with a short speech, in which he said that while in the main he agreed to the general tenor of the amendment, yet under its provisions even Jeff Davis would be restored to citizenship. "And," he added, "I am not prepared to go so far as that."

Lamar rose. His intense excitement was evident. Between him and Chandler a strong personal antagonism existed. An outburst was expected, and it came. "Mr. President," said the Mississippian, with outstretched finger pointing at his foe, "his tall form trembling with emotion, but his voice bell like in its clearness and without a quiver in it, "when Prometeus lay bound to the rock it was not the king of beasts who availed themselves of his distress. It was not any other of the nobler brutes of the field or birds of the air. It was the vulture, the scavenger of the animal kingdom gluttoning upon carrion, which preyed upon his vitals, knowing that in a defenceless man, who could move neither hand nor foot, he had one into whose vitals he could dig his beak." He sat down amid a stillness so profound that the rustle of a paper sounded harshly. Chandler was deadly pale. Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead and he clenched the arms of his chair until the strained wood creaked. It was expected that he would reply. Twice he half rose then sank back. He did not reply.—Richmond State.

From N. Y. Ledger.

"AS YE SOW!"

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Is it snowing yet, Timothy?" Mrs. Trappe asked the question with a little shiver, as she spread out her thin fingers over the blaze of the wood-fire, whose cherry spires of flame roared half way up the large old-fashioned chimney.

Timothy Trappe, her liege lord and husband, had just come in from tending his cattle—a little brown-visaged man, with his mouth curiously twisted to one side, a heavy stubble of unshorn beard sprouting out upon his chin, and little gray eyes sparkling from under grizzled brows, as cold and hard as pools of water.

"Snowing?" he repeated sharply. "I should think so! Can't see three inches above one's nose. Piled up every where in drifts and cold as Nova Zembla!"

He shook the snow from his shoulders as he spoke, and settled down into a cushioned easy-chair where the fire-light seemed at once to enfold him as with a mantle of warmth and brightness.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Trappe, deliriously.

"What's the matter now?" he demanded her better half. "Ain't there wood enough fetched. Hasn't the roof been new shingled? And ain't the stove enough?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Trappe. "It ain't that, Timothy. I was wondering if poor Bessie had wood enough to warm her this cold night."

Timothy's *lignum vite* face contracted with a sort of involuntary spasm, but he recovered himself with a jerk.

"Always a grumble about something," said he. "I never yet see a woman as was contented."

"Yes, but if Bessy—" "Bessy's all right," said Timothy, magisterially. "And if she wasn't, it'd be her own fault, a runnin' off with that their singin'-teacher. Them as makes their bed must expect to lie on it. But that's all past, and that is no call for you to grumble now. I've writ to her to come home, hain't I? I've sent money to pay her way; and I can't do more than that, can I?"

Mrs. Trappe, who was a lady of constitutionally low spirits, sniffed a faint negative.

"Then why can't you hold your tongue?" demanded Mr. Trappe. "Fetch a pitcher of cider and some o' them doughnuts, and let's be comfortable."

But Mr. Trappe had hardly bitten a piece out of the first crisp and fragrant doughnut before there came a faint knock at the door.

"There!" said Mrs. Trappe. "Who's that? It ain't a night for nobody to be out in!"

Grumbling under his breath, he crossed the narrow entry and laboriously unbolted the front door, with difficulty opening it a few inches against the drift of snow already piled up in its angle.

"Well!" said Mrs. Trappe, surlily. "Hello, I say! Who's there?" At first, he could perceive nothing but the white, blinding wilderness of snow which filled the stormy night air, but as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he saw a child's figure, wrapped in a coarse shawl, with hair blowing over its eyes.

ed Timothy, irately. "Clear out, this instant, or I'll set the dogs on ye!"

And, without waiting for a reply, he closed the door again, sliding the bolts into their rusty sockets with a grunt of satisfaction.

"No, you don't!" said Timothy, to himself. "I never yet have harbored any of them tramps, and I never mean to."

He came back to the room where the lamp beamed a cheerful welcome, and the back log was just breaking into a fresh blaze and re-seated himself, with the air of one who has done a laudable thing.

"Who was it?" said Mrs. Trappe, querulously.

"A beggar."

"Man or woman?"

"Nary one nor t'other," answered her husband, sententiously. "It was a little girl."

"My patience!" said Mrs. Trappe, straitened herself up. "And you've sent a little girl away in all this storm?"

"Of course, I have," snarled Timothy. "Sent her away? Why shouldn't I? This ain't a free tavern for every beggar, is it?"

"Timothy," said his wife, roused into actual ambition at last. "I do believe when the Lord made you He put a lump of granite into the place where your heart ought to ha' been! My, anybody might freeze to death, such a night as this!"

"Well, let 'em!" said Timothy, philosophically. "It ain't no business of mine."

Mrs. Trappe rose up, and walking rheumatically across the floor, flattened her nose against the window-panes.

"If I didn't think she'd got out o' hearing, I'd call her back," said she. "A bed of hay in the barn would be better than no shelter at all, and there's a bit of cold chicken in the pantry and a pitcher of buttermilk."

"The cold chicken will warm up very well for to-morrow's breakfast," said Mr. Trappe. "Willful waste makes woeful want; and I've engaged the buttermilk to Elder Hopkins at four cents a quart. You'd give away everything we've got, if you had your way! And you'd fetch up finally in the poor-house!"

Mrs. Trappe hobbled back, mute, to her old place by the fire—she knew very well that her will was to Timothy's but the wave that flings itself with futile force against the solid rock of the shore—and relapsed once more into silence. But, perhaps—who knows?—the impulse of good which had momentarily stirred the sluggish tides of her heart might have counted for something in the yearly pages of the Recording Angel's book!

The next morning, when Timothy Trappe got up, the snow was piled breast-high against the door, the fences were all hidden and the out-houses seemed all to be floating in a sea of white. The tempest was over; the sun was feebly striving to break through a waste of watery clouds, and the wind was as keen as a knife.

"Bless me!" said Timothy, as he wound a red-and-black worsted comforter around his neck and shouldered his snow-shovel, "that there's a reg'lar old-fashioned fall! We hain't had such a storm in twenty year! Hallo, Neighbor Jexon!" as he reached the front gate, "you aint never tryin' to break the road by yourself! Business must be presin', if—"

"Business is pressin'." Neighbor Jexon made reply—a tall, round-shouldered man with kindly gray eyes just visible above the wrappings in which he was enshrouded. "I want you, Timothy Trappe."

"Want me? And what, in the name of common sense, do you want with me?" cried out the amazed farmer.

"It was your daughter, Bessy Briggan, and her child."

"You're telling me a lie!" shouted Timothy Trappe, clutching at the fence-post for support. "You're a-deceivin' of me! Do you suppose I'm goin' to believe any such story as that?"

"Come and see for yourself," said Jexon, pityingly. "A man who was bringing a load of barrels to the mill found her there at nine o'clock. Mrs. Hawley took her in, not knowing who she was, and sent for the doctor. The doctor was at my house, with our little croupy Billy, and I took him there in my sleigh. And I knew her the minute I set eyes on her."

"Jexon!" Trappe had clasped his mittened hands before his eyes. "But it ain't true! It can't be! It was my Bessie, why didn't she come to me—to her own father?"

"Man alive, you forget!" said Jexon, compassionately. "In such a night as last night there wasn't a soul could make their way or tell one point of the compass from another. And when your Bessy was a girl, you lived in the old stone-house by the cross roads, if you remember."

"True! True!" Trappe spoke faintly, like a man in a dream. "Yes, I'll go with you, neighbor Jexon, but it will be a mere matter of form. My Bessy would never come home here and perish in a snow-drift almost in sight of her father's house. There's a mistake—there must be!"

"And to think that it was our own little grandchild as Timothy shut the door upon!" wailed Mrs. Trappe, rocking herself from side to side. "To think that he let Bessie die in all the snow and tempest, and us sitting snug and warm by the fire!"

And she relapsed into sobs and tears, while Timothy, sitting opposite her, with a gray pallor on his cheeks and lips set close together, never stirred or spoke.

"His mind is a little loughed, I think," said neighbor Jexon, apprehensively; but Timothy turned and looked him in the face.

"No," he said; "no, it ain't; but I've a queer feeling here, touchin' his forehead. 'Like-I fancy a clock must feel when its machinery stops for good and all.'"

Timothy Trappe was stricken down by paralysis that night, and they buried him in a month.

And when the next snow fell, it wove a cold and sparkling wreath over the old farmer's grave.

Governing Children.

BY H. W. B.

The government of children has been a source of dissension in the household since the world began, and will be, presumably, till the "new heaven and the new earth" are produced. Children ought to be an element of harmony in the family, and to bring to the parents united counsels and co-operative love. In many cases this is the happy result. Where it does not produce this effect, it may be from any of a variety of causes.

The mother, sometimes, has an intense and excitable affection for her children, which, when roused up by anything that to her seems like injury, takes on the form of a fierce instinct, such as we see in the lower animal kingdom.

At other times, the mother feels in an intense degree her special and peculiar ownership in the child, and truly the mother has a right that the father has not. She travels in which he was enshrouded. Chiefly upon her fell the weariness, the watching, the anxiety, the task of early training and instruction. Her life is like a fountain poured out for the child, and whenever she sees or fears that her long labor of pain and patience is liable to be perverted by the intrusion of one who, though father, and in law made even superior to her in the control of children, it rouses resistance which springs from the very roots of moral sensibility. A woman may often press this right nodily. But no just and thoughtful man will

fail to recognize a reason of justice in a woman's claim to have much of the management of the children, provided she is really seeking their advantage.

Since men do not as yet produce angels, but only little unripe men over again, children must always be a source of more or less trouble, inconvenience and annoyance in the house. Both parents must take their share of the patience inevitably required. Among other things, children's noise must be borne with. They must not be too sharply curbed; and yet, for their own good and for the welfare of the family, they must not be lawless nor boisterous within doors. Out-of-doors, and in play-rooms remote from hearing, let them shout. It is good practice for the lungs. But in or near the common sitting-room they should be trained to quietness. It is best that they should early feel the responsibility of contributing to the common good. The household is a little common-wealth. The child is a new citizen. He must early be taught the duties of citizenship. It is an evil influence which permits the child to sacrifice every person's comfort in house for the selfish sake of his own enjoyment. It may be pleasant to the child for a moment, but it sacrifices a higher good. A child cannot learn too early: order, subordination, obedience and a willing contribution of its own pleasure for the good of others. Its restraint or even discipline is needed to secure these results, it is best that the child be subject to them. Health and freedom may be secured without allowing children to make nuisances of themselves.

Children untrained and boisterous invariably are objects of dislike to all about them. They are the neighborhood talk. No parent by neglect of discipline has a right to subject his child to so much odium. We take sides with the parent who desires an orderly family; where children are not vexatious despots; where a man may feel reasonably safe from an eruption of bears and buffaloes in human form; and where the sharp, irritable selfishness of over-indulged children should not be his daily portion.—N. Y. Ledger.

Good Country Roads

The rapid growth of the League for good roads since it was formed by Gen. Roy Stone and his associates is the best proof that there was a need for its formation, and that there is a widespread and deep public interest in the beneficent reform which it has undertaken to promote. There are already branches of it in a majority of the States and in hundreds of counties; it has already prompted several of these branches to begin the work of road improvement; it has secured the co-operation of sundry influential agencies which have never before acted together; piles of letters of inquiry are received at the office of its secretary, and its expenses have been covered by voluntary subscriptions.

It is the purpose of the League to influence the State and county authorities in the matter of road reform, so that desirable laws upon the subject may be adopted by the legislatures of the several States. Its method of procedure is yet to be drawn up. It must, above all, strive to secure the adoption of systematic and economical measures of legislation. The expenditures, including the cost of labor, in road-making by local bodies are enormous, running up to at least a hundred millions of dollars annually for the whole country; yet there is hardly a State of the Union in which there is any methodical road-making, or in which there is any large stretch of decent country road. With good country roads the marketing of farm product would be facilitated; the waste of horse-power and of vehicles would be reduced; the attractions of rural life would be increased; the business of railroads and shippers would be benefited, and hundreds of other desirable public objects would be subserved.—N. Y. Sun.

Subscribe for the LINCOLN COURIER, \$1.25 a year.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Death of Great Men.

Correspondence of the COURIER. WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3, 1893.—Barter, Lamar, Hayes, Brooks and Blaine have gone within a few days. It is rare that death cuts such a swath. Most of these men were familiar figures at the Capitol, personal incidents and traits are recited on all hands, and though the majority of them in their life time excited fierce opposition, it is silent now and nought but good is heard of the dead. History has place for each and will finally see that each has his place and to Blaine no doubt will be assigned, so far as temporal affairs are concerned, the loftiest place. He stands in one thing unique. He is the only man who ever twice refused a Presidential nomination that he would have had without the refusal.

Hawaii is knocking for admission to Uncle Sam's family circle or at least her dominant, intelligent, wealthy, business men, mostly Americans, are seeking his protection. There is no clear unanimity of opinion as to what shall be done with the request. Some think we have territory and unassimilated population enough and are opposed to the acquisition of more territory and particularly that 2,500 miles away and peopled by Kanakas, Chinese and Japanese who say they are unfit to form a state or even to manage a territorial government. On the other hand it is said that the natives are intelligent Christians capable of self-government; that we have encouraged our countrymen to develop the wealth of the island and invest their money that we owe them protection; that we can do there what England does in one way or another around the globe, and what England may do in Hawaii if we do not. Further they say we need a station in the Pacific, and also a station in the West Indies for the defense of a ship canal across Central America and that we need the latter for the mutual defense of our eastern and western coast. We need these to break the fortified circle which England is building around us and which she would be pleased to complete with Hawaii. Some assert it to be our destiny to absorb all the territory between the Arctic and the Caribbean seas. As for the mode of government if the territorial form is not suitable, govern Hawaii by a commissioner. The District of Columbia, without a legislature, without a governor and without a voice affords an example. Let us, it is said, begin to resist the tightening band of England's circle of fortifications by taking Hawaii. Make it a Gibraltar of the Pacific. The New York Herald, Tribune, Sun, Times, and Press say "open the door to Hawaii."

The Indian Territory is probably more difficult to manage in some respects than Hawaii would be. There are 120 deputy marshals in Fort Smith district embracing the Cherokee, Creek, Seminole and a part of the Cheektaws. These men make many arrests in the following order. First they "get the drop" with a Winchester; secondly put on the handcuffs; thirdly read the writ. Forty-six deputy marshals were killed in six years in this district for trying to read the writ first. Here is a statement of account in one arrest: Mileage to the place of arrest, 6 cents per mile, \$6.00. "Endavoring to arrest," two days at \$2 per day, \$4.00. Serving writ, \$2.00. Feeding prisoners two days, \$1.50. Return mileage, prisoner and deputy, 10 cents per mile, \$20.00. Commitment, \$2.50. Attending before the commissioner, one day, \$2.00. Subpoenaing four witnesses, \$2.00. Total, \$40.00. Of this one-fourth goes to the marshal Bold, hardy men are required for this work and it is not singular that a story that one of the Dalton boys held the office should find credence.

CAPITAL.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark—read red lines on wrapper. Subscribe for the COURIER.