

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 17, 1893.

NO. 41.

Professional Cards.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.,

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

Will be found at night at the Lincolnton 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 Lincolnton. 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 23 '91

1y

GO TO

BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.

HENRY TAYLOR Barber.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stifles, 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 Lincolnton 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 Lincolnton, 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 laid 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. CASSTON.

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It Expands ACROSS THE BALL & JOINTS.

This makes

The Best Fitting, nicest Looking and most comfortable in the world.

Price, \$5, \$7.50, \$9, and \$10.50.

Consolidated Shoe Co.,

Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass.

Shoes Made to Order.

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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Subscribe for the COURIER.

Godley's Lady's Book.

"Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest."

BY LILLIAN GREY.

He stood with folded arms, leaning on a large, barred gate, which he had opened for and closed after a dainty little lady, whom with wistful eyes he watched trip down the tree-shaded lane until a turn hid her from sight; and then he laid his head down on his arms, and—great, strong man that he was—shed bitter tears.

And she, although she was quite certain he was watching her, never turned her head to look, or to wave a hand as he half-hoped she would, in spite of her petulant words which still rang in his ears.

"Oh, Charlie! why can't you give that up? I like you, as you well know, but I don't love you enough to go and live in your farm-house all my life, and never have or do anything but the unending round of farm work, and go to the store once a week and to church on Sundays. Why, if you tied me to that, I should hate you after awhile! Of course, that is my lot now, but I just live in the hope that life may have something better for me."

"What is better than love, Flossie? Love, and peace, and home? I can give you all these, my little girl!"

"I want more than that! I want lovely clothes and jewels, and a grand house, filled with beautiful things, and more than all else, to travel, and see some of the grand and wonderful places and things that it makes me half wild just to read about."

"You read too much, dear; it makes you restless and unhappy."

"It isn't that; it's because I'm so fettered and cramped in this little country place. I don't fit in with hum-drum things at all; I wasn't meant for work."

She had some excuse for saying this, as her listener could but grant. She looked like some frail creature among the simple, bony wid-dower of the meadow. How long would her strength hold out, and her delicate beauty last in the ordeal of the life which most farmers' wives lead in back-country places?

"You know, Flossie, I would make things as easy for you as I could. I don't want you to work hard; I only want you to love me, dear!"

"I can't; not enough to suit you. I do wish you would let that idea go, and be just the nice old Charlie you used to be. We have taken lots of comfort."

"I can't go back to past things, and then the idea, as you call it, is not new with me. I have thought of you as my own for years. I couldn't help it!"

"Well, you had better try once more, for you can't make me marry you, and I'll have to change a good deal in my feelings before I settle down to that of my own free will. Now open the gate, please, and let me go. I must hurry home."

And so she had gone, and he had watched her for some sign of relenting or of good will, but the determined little face had not once turned toward him, and then he dropped his head, lest even the sunlight should see the hot, passionate tears.

Scorn him not, ye who may be so highly favored as to know nothing of his sorrow. It is no small thing to see the light die out of one's sky, to have one's dearest hope wither—bud, and leaf, and branch, to have one's life grow aimless, pleasureless and barren. All this had come to Charlie Hildreth, and he did not know how to bear it. Strength had not yet been given. He had loved pretty Florence Carr since she was only a tiny maiden, but it was only of late that she had been told of it in definite words.

At first she had been astonished, then she had laughed, and, later, when she had been pressed for some definite response, had grown restless and fractious, and now had given her petulant decision in words that cut him to the heart. And yet he could not wholly blame her. He too, had felt the longing to see the world, to share in its glories, its pleasures, its

riches and many advantages. But his lot was cast in a quiet valley, and many cares and duties held him there, for he was the sole comfort and help of his mother and two sisters, the first, fast growing old, and one of the latter, an invalid. They must not even be asked to spare him. The farm was large and fertile, and free from debt, and brought a good living from year to year, and there were two houses on it, to the oldest of which the mother and sisters were quite willing to remove whenever Charlie should see fit to bring home a wife.

But pretty, impetuous Florence turned in disdain from the thought of living there, and, so doing, took the life and zest out of everything for her honest and true-hearted lover.

If he could go out in the world and win a place and position among its successful men, and so provide for Florence the things her soul so ardently desired, then she might indeed give to his suit a favorable hearing. This was in his mind, and then he beat the thought back; it was her love he wanted—the love that could find its content with him wherever he might be, not that which could be bribed by place or emoluments.

How long he stood there, he did not know, but his dog roused him. "Well, Rover, did you come to look for me, old fellow? You're a faithful friend, at least; but the world's a sort of dreary place, after all, Rover."

The dog walked by his side, soberly, as if in some way conscious of his master's depression of spirits; and work was waiting for his thrifty hands—work which he did in a mechanical manner; but at the teatable he was compelled to come out of his abstraction and talk, to avoid exciting comment.

"I've finished that book, Charlie," said his sister. "It's lovely—and as we've all read it now, you can take it over to Flossie, as you promised. I s'pose you're going to-night, as usual; and won't you please ask her for the embroidery pattern she promised me?"

"All right, Dollie; I'll remember, if I go."

He hardly knew whether to go or not. He was a rejected suitor, but then she had said, "Why can't we be as we used to be? We did take comfort." And he was used to going over; and there was the excuse of the book and the pattern—if Flossie should be amazed at seeing him, or should act scornful and distant. He tortured himself all down through the grassy lane and up through the orchard with forebodings. How would she act? What would she say to him? He could not lose her words, her smiles, nor her companionship, even if he could not win her. He took himself severely to task, however. Where was his manhood, his self-respect, his dignity, his pride, that he could not hold himself erect and aloof? Why, he was like the singed moth which, although suffering, could not resist the fascination of the flame.

He thought of all she might be likely to say to him, but he was totally unprepared for her first words.

"Oh, Charlie! I'm so happy! I'm going away, really and truly."

If his heart could have sunk any lower, these tidings would have made it. Going away, out of his reach!

"Where, Flossie? and when?" he managed to ask, after a moment, to gain control of his voice.

"Oh! papa got a letter to-night from his step-sister that he hasn't seen for years and years, and they've come East for a few months, and she's coming here, and wants papa's very prettiest daughter to go with her to the seashore, and after that to some other places, as her husband is so taken up with business, and so I am to go—not that I am prettiest, but Kate is married, and Allie's too young, you see, so it all works just right, and I'm half-crazy with delight; it's just what I was wishing for, but without any prospect for it. But, of course, you're not one bit glad for me. I couldn't expect that!"

"Yes, I do think I am glad for

your sake; but you can't expect me to be glad for my own. This will be a dreary place with you gone out of it."

"And to think, Charlie, she says it is to be at her expense, else, of course, I could not go; but that matter disposed of, mamma is already puzzling her precious brains about my clothes. I'm to have new dresses, and—oh! I am just as happy as I can be over it all!"

"I don't doubt it. But do you think you will be glad to come home again and more contented here when you do?"

"Dear me! I can't think so far ahead. I shall want to come home again, of course, but contented—that's another matter, entirely. But just think, Charlie, I shall see the great world at last—some of it at least; that's all I care for now, only I am sorry for folks that have to stay at home."

"Home-keeping hearts are happiest, the poet said, Flossie."

"Well, he only thought so. He didn't really know—not for other hearts any way; he was old and tired, perhaps."

Flossie was very much occupied during the following week. The visitor came and there was sewing, and then the week was over, and she was gone—the gay, eager, innocent girl, out into the whirl of fashionable life to take her chance of pleasure with the rest.

"Oh, yes, of course you can write, if you want to, and I will answer, if I have time," she had said to Charlie's request for a letter now and then.

And, with that careless permission, he had to be content, less he should lose the slight hold he had upon her.

And it was even as she had said; she answered when she had time. They were at Atlantic City, and there were riding, bathing, dressing, boating and dancing to fill up the time; and one could only judge that society had taken very kindly to the little country maiden.

Then, there came a letter post-marked Saratoga, and a little later, one from Newport, and then a long silence.

One day, Allie, the sister too young to see the world, met Charlie by chance.

"Oh, what do you think?" she cried. "Flossie is going to stay away all winter. Papa had a letter from Aunt Eleanor to-day, and they've hired a furnished flat in New York, and she wants to keep Flossie till they go back west; and, besides, she says she's got prospects, and it would be a pity for her to come home now and spoil it all. I s'pose, by that, she means Flossie's got a bean, an' I'm just as mad as I can be about it. I should think you'd be too."

If the man was ever thankful for the power to mask his feelings, it was then, as the girl's keen eyes searched his face; but he said, steadily: "All of her friends should be glad of anything that is for her good."

"Well, this isn't, I say. She might be content to come home now and stay, after the lovely time she's had all over."

When he was left alone, he realized by the sudden weight of his heart how it had been buoyed up by this same hope. She would come back satisfied, in a measure, with her experiences, and ready to appreciate the true and loving hearts that shined her in their inmost temples. And now? Ah! there was no other way only to bury the dear dead hope, to seal its tomb, and strive, however vainly, to forget it; to wear a careless, smiling face before the world and do one's duty.

This was what Charlie Hildreth strived to do; but the evidences of the silent conflict were visible in his form, his face, his brown wistful eyes, and even in his voice.

His mother and sisters speculated upon the matter, coming very near the truth in their conjectures, yet not daring to put their sympathy into words, unless he gave the chance.

And the long, dreary country winter wore away. There was no more correspondence between him

and Florence; his last letter was unanswered. But he heard of her occasionally by way of gay young sister, who gave him items of news and seemed to understand, although he took it so quietly, how eager and heart-hungry he was for tidings.

And Florence was very gay and happy. Luxuries were her every day fare; beautiful surroundings delighted her eyes; her ears were charmed by operas and by flattering words; she was attired in silken robes; she toiled not; she was petted and shielded from all unpleasantness. Life, at last, was worth living.

But, toward spring, one of her letters from home contained this paragraph: "Charlie has gone away to Pittsburg, they say. You never saw any one change like him—so haggard, and thin, and listless, he has been that way all winter, till his mother became really worried and proposed that he should go somewhere for a complete change. So his Cousin John and his wife have come to live at the farm awhile and care for things."

"Poor Charlie!" said Florence over this letter; "he did think so much of me. There's nobody else so nice in the world, either; if only he was anything but a bundrum farmer; it only he could live in a city, and dress, and drive, and shine in society like—well, like Roy Chichester, he would be a hundred times to be preferred. Poor Charlie!—and poor me! also, for I did like him so much."

When the apple-trees were in blossom and all the world was fair and sweet, because of spring, then Florence came home. She never thought she could be so glad to come back. The flying train seemed slow, and she dreaded the long stage ride, but there at the depot were waiting two of the dear home friends, her father and Alice, eager to receive their darling back from the great outside treacherous world. She laughed and cried; kisses and questions got hopelessly intermixed; and she had three large trunks instead of the one she took away with her. How beautiful the familiar hills and valleys looked; and the house she used to scorn—why, it had a glamour about it that no brown-stone edifice might ever hope to have—at least in her eyes.

It was a surprise and delight to her family that she was so glad to come home. They had talked it over among themselves, and almost dreaded it, lest the change might be so great that she would never feel at home in the old farm-house again, and fret and chafe at the narrow life and long to be away from it. But she settled down among them as if thankful for a place there; and after the first excitement was over, they could see a change in her more than the added grace and police of manner bestowed by her late experiences.

"The child has been grieved," said the father to the mother; she is not the impetuous but light-hearted girl we used to see." And the mother knew it, but wisely trusted to time to restore the missing gaiety of spirit and tone of nerves.

The indulgent aunt and uncle had aunt had returned West, and no visitor followed Florence up from the city; there were no letters even; so her "prospects" seemed to have faded. But she kept her own counsel, and those most interested in her were left to her disappointment.

But the truth of the matter was that Roy Chichester, although captivated by her flower-like beauty and simple unstudied grace, was too shrewd and worldlywise to offer himself to a dowdier girl; and when he found that his latest fancy was the protégée and not the heiress of the rich people she was living with, his devotion suddenly cooled, and finally ceased. And so Florence came home a little heart-sore, and a little wiser, and much keener in her perceptions as to people, and things of real worth.

And spring grew into summer, and still Charlie stayed away; and the girl he yet loved in spite of himself, look lonely walks along the summer lanes, recalling other days

when he had been beside her, and reproaching herself for the carelessness and scorn with which she had treated his constant devotion.

She was not now longing for the great world beyond the encircling hills but only that one who had gone out in it, should return to that quiet valley.

She often went to see his mother and sisters, and there she was sure to hear late tidings of him. He was in a great mill working among and studying the machinery, and getting up an invention which his mother said had been hanning his brain for years, and till now he had had no opportunity to work out, and she might easily be pardoned the pride with which she said: "No one knows the real worth of Charlie, except his mother."

And the girl was sometimes half-tempted to answer that long neglected letter, but pride and maidenly reserve prevented it: it would look too much like coaxing him to renew his attentions, and there is nothing a woman can do sometimes but wait—wait for revelations that are slow in coming, and often never come at all.

Charlie read his frequent letters from home almost breathlessly, child himself afterward when he realized how his eyes run from line to line, scarce taking in the home news for searching for one beloved name, and as the summer months passed there were often allusions to Florence: She had been there; or she had grown so quiet; or she was looking not quite as bright as usual; or she had asked how he was and when he was coming home, until the longing to see her again became irresistible and he turned his face towards the valley home.

She did not know he was coming, and with a strange restlessness upon her, she picked up her shade hat and calling her faithful dog, started out to walk off her depression if she might. Surely it was a kind fate that arranged their meeting. As she neared the heavy liver-barred gate, Charlie himself swung it open for her. She stopped and passed her hand over her eyes. Ah! how many such dreams she had had of late—dreams which a touch or sound had dissolved into nothingness, but how very real this one seemed! and in a moment it was living warm hands which clasped hers, and an eager voice exclaimed: "Oh! Flossie, my dear! my dear little girl!"

She said never a word, but like a grieving homesick child, clasped her arms around his neck and sobbed. Charlie is growing rich. His invention has proven a success, and he has beautified his home, and he and Florence live content in the happy valley. They make frequent journeys out into the world, but are always glad to come back, for "Home-keeping hearts are happiest."

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"Love Me, Love My Dog."

We hope for a break in the long monotony of canine triumphs in North Carolina. There the press unanimously and mournfully howled for a dog law. The Alliance appeared to favor it—everybody appeared to favor it. Yet when it came before the Senate that body clasped the familiar yellow dog of the rural districts—the dog declared in rabbit season to be intently truthful touching the whereabouts, and in possum season to be a temporarily quiescent streak of destruction on rabbits—to its yearning bosom and gave him renewed life.

We all know that dog—that creature of mixed blood and mysterious derivation representing more strains than a kitchen cullender, that lingers about the brick kitchen steps by day, disappears on fortune errands by night when supposed to be on watch over the premises; that comes to town under the wagon and loses himself. Why he should be the object of legislative affection we do not know. Yet he is. And he stands guard faithfully throughout the South against sheep husbandry and woolen mills.—*Greenville, S. C., News.*

Subscribe for the COURIER.

Truthfulness.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of his own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hour passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his little store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cups. The last melon lay on Harry's stand when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said:

"What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir, and though it looks very fair, there's an unusual spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's face open countenance, "is it very business like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future. 'Are your claims fresh?' he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot on the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed. The gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.—*India's Young Folks.*

As To The Road Matter.

We have never thought it right for a poor man with ten children, who is obliged to plow a bull ox, and owns no wheel conveyance, to be compelled to work and keep in repair the public roads, while his next neighbor who owns a dozen wagons and teams and is past 45 years of age goes Scott free of road duty. We know the charge is made, and true, too, that this is the only duty or tax that many of our colored population pay the State, but let there be a law enacted that a voter show his tax receipt before he is entitled to vote, and the tax will be forthcoming.

Let there be a wheel tax to keep up our public highways and the improvements of the public road will be startling. And let there be a law compelling everybody to pay their taxes before they exercise the right of suffrage and you will see an equally surprising full treasury.—*Rockingham Rocket.*

ALL FREE. Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised Druggist and get a Trial Bottle Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good, and cost you nothing. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.