

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 1893.

NO. 42.

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.

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.

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Jan 23, 91

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English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stiles, 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 20 minutes by Woolfords 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 20 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 throat month-old babe, also perfectly healthy.

Very respectfully,
H. L. Cassiday.

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Gods' Lady's Book.

SELF-EXILED.

BY ABBIE LEE.

On the banks of the eastern shore of Virginia an elegant mansion reared its lofty height. Around and even down to the "Sea Girt shore" the extensive grounds were laid out with a lavish splendor, which betokened the possessor to be a person of rare taste and refinement, as well as great wealth.

The winter evening had set in with a cold, windy rain. Small particles of snow fell against the window pane, as if to take refuge beside the hearth, from which huge and noble logs cast a ruddy glow upon the costly furniture.

On such a cheerless night Elford Trevis was to bring home his bride. Even the elements seemed to resent such an innovation, and the old house dog, who sat within the doorway, raised his sallow head as the sound of the sea king, lashing his turbulent subjects, fell upon his ear.

Upon the marble mantle a miniature jeweled clock, suspended between two flying cherubs, noted the lapse of time, a tiny bird sprang from some hidden niche, and after warbling a few silvery notes, it clapped its wings, and five ringing strokes vibrated through the room.

As the sound fell upon the ear of a young girl, buried within the cushions of a large chair, she started up.

"Five o'clock; but one hour before the steamer will be in, and the cars leave. One look at those precious little ones, and then this heart must learn to look elsewhere for love."

As she spoke, Enna Trevis left the room. Scarce eighteen summers of her life had passed, and but little more than two years since she had placed the first garland (wet with her bitter tears) upon her idolized mother's grave, from that day she turned the key upon her own blighting sorrow, and made the light and comfort in the darkened home for her father and two little sisters.

The affection which existed between Elford Trevis and Enna was truly touching. His manner toward her was always tender, gentle and deferential. His pride all centered in her. He rode with her, sang with her, and consulted her in all business matters, while she looked upon her father as the noblest work of the Creator, and really they were as essential to each other as the sunbeam to the rose.

Full soon the earth upon the grave of Elford Trevis' wife became green with the grass, and the flowers his children had planted within the enclosure bloomed. Eighteen months had fled with "Father Time," and the only change in his splendid home was a call from his State, to fill an honored seat in the Legislative hall of Richmond. The time of his absence seemed long to Enna, and the smile which welcomed his glad return told him of such.

The night was glorious. After the little ones had kissed papa and said "good-night" and gone to rest, Mr. Trevis wrapped a fleecy shawl around the form of his daughter, with a pardonable thrill of pride and joy, that so much beauty, grace and elegance belonged to him, he bore her away. While they were seated upon a rustic seat, with the moonbeams and the waves dancing to gentle music of the evening breeze, he told her of his travels, of the thunders of applause which followed his efforts to represent the cause of his noble brothers and constituents. Then, with his arm around her and her hand in his, he told her of a gentle, loving woman who promised to come and fill the place made vacant by her dead mother. She listened in unbroken silence, while he told her of the early love which had existed between

Elford Trevis and himself in their youth; of the trial of separation; her marriage and his; how they had met again, after she had laid a tyrannical husband and one child in the grave, and he, the beautiful, loving and beloved mother of his

children. It was her way to take everything calmly, so he could not see the anguish of her heart, as she rested against his strong breast. They passed in, and he stopped her beneath the hall lamp.

"You sympathize with me in this great joy, my darling!"

"You must do all things right, dear father," but the pent up agony would burst out in one cry. "Oh! my mother, my precious mother! and she lay in his arms insensible, and almost as cold as the marble figures which filled the niches of the spacious hall.

The time glided by. Mr. Trevis, urged by the great sadness which shadowed the Madonna face of his daughter, hastened the time of his marriage, feeling confident that a meeting between those two so dearly loved, would remove all prejudice. Only in the silence of her chamber, with her mother's portrait before her, did the calmness give way.

"I cannot call her mother, I cannot! Oh, mother, my precious mother! lying in your silent grave. How can I see another take your place? I cannot; I must leave all the dear associations, this loved home, and wander alone into the world; bid adieu to my darling father, my little sisters, my heart's happiness."

And thus the misguided girl put away from her the happiness of her young life, and resolved to go away to some crowded city, and, under an assumed name, teach for her maintenance.

The winter evening grew more boisterous as the hour approached, which would herald the coming of the steamer. Enna Trevis passed from the parlor up to the nursery, where her young sisters lay in the sweet sleep of innocence and happiness. After pressing kisses upon their lips, her tears fell upon the golden curls of her three year old pet Ota, then turning the key once more upon her sorrow, she stepped into the carriage. She ordered Richard to drive to town and to the depot.

"Hurry, Richard; so as to be back in time to meet the steamer, when father arrives."

They reached the depot in time amid the crowd and unnoticed, Enna took her seat in the sleeping car for Baltimore, from thence to Washington, in answer to an advertisement in the paper for a teacher.

The steamer which bore Mr. Trevis and his bride to their home, ploughed the waves as they dashed madly against its ironbound sides, but they were together and nearing the haven of rest and love. What cared they for wind and storm? There was calm within—perfect rest.

"We fire nearly home, my Ellen; one more hour. I grow impatient as the time approaches, to clasp in one embrace my wife and daughter. You will love the little Rosie and Ota, too. My darling, I feel that I do not deserve so much happiness."

"Yes, indeed, I will love them all. This beautiful picture of Enna is very like you. I should love her for that, if not for her own sweet self."

The hour passed and in the prescribed time the steamer lay opposite Mr. Trevis' beautiful country seat. Soon after they were landed and seated in the carriage. It was not until they had started for home, that Mr. Trevis inquired:

"They are all well at home, Richard?"

"Yes, sir; and Miss Enna bade me give you this letter before she left."

"Left? Where has she gone?"

"I do not know; she left on the cars this evening sir. She said the letter would tell you."

"I suppose that will explain it, and with the hand of his wife clasped in his own, he buried the bitter disappointment in his breast, and waited his arrival home to solve the mystery. Then in the quiet of his sanctuary they read it together.

"Without disrespect to you, I shall hear of her, and shall learn to love her, as she is kind to you and my dear little sisters. I shall not want; I have money, of which your liberty I have so bountifully supplied me. With my education I shall make a living. Oh, if I only could kiss you instead of this painted ivory, I would be willing to give you up and die. God bless you both, dear, darling father, and make you happy."

ENNA.

"It grieves me to have brought this great sorrow upon you, Elford. She must be found. Oh, my darling! We must search for her, and I will teach her to love me."

"It has come with a crushing force, but I have you, my own wife, to help me bear it. All shall be well yet. Yes, we must search for her, and woo her back to her nest before her flight shall have gained publicity."

Thus they went to work hand in hand. The shadows of evening fell across the fire-lighted room of a city home. A lady, seated within the glow of its genial warmth, held a book in her hand, but she did not appear to be reading, as her gaze remained fixed upon the fire. Her reverie was broken by the entrance of a girl of ten years.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Miss Sivert. Mother has sent me to beg that you will be kind enough to come down and play for Ettie; she has one of her nervous attacks. Dr. Clyde says we must humor her."

"Certainly, I will come with pleasure," she said, and, arising, she followed to the parlor, where seated around the sofa of an invalid child, Colonel and Mrs. Benton and the family physician, Dr. Clyde. With a willow grace and elegance which was peculiar alone to Enna Trevis, whom the reader will have recognized, she acknowledged the introduction to Dr. Clyde; then took her seat at the piano. Strain after strain of soft liquid music floated through the room, which soothed and calmed the restless child more than all the doctor's opiates.

"Who is she, Mrs. Benton?"

"The governess of my daughters, doctor."

"Excuse me; what is her name, and where is she from?"

"Ah! I see; you, like ourselves, have become interested in her. Colonel and I fear that she has seen some great sorrow; while Janie and Ettie think her some princess in disguise. She answered our advertisement for a governess, and more than fills the position. Dear little Ettie clings to her, and she alone can soothe these nervous attacks. Her grace and gentleness, united with the sweetness of her face, touch me to the soul. I would gladly draw from her the cause of her sorrow, but a certain reticence of manner repels anything which would look like curiosity. Anne Sivert is her name. I do not know where she is from, and she has been with us a month; her letters were post-marked from Richmond. You have not heard her sing? Her voice is music itself. Ettie, will you not ask Miss Annie to sing your favorite song, 'Kathleen Mavourneen'?"

Enna complied with her request, and even surpassed herself. Song after song was called for, and still they could not see the effort it cost the weary, sorrowing girl, not did they relax their assiduity (not unkindly meant), until Ettie begged that she would sing an old song, sung so often with the dear old parents, one in the grave, the other separated by her own act, perhaps, forever, by his just resentment. She tried one bar, and sang "The dearest spot on earth to me is home;" then, growing sick and faint, she turned from the piano, saying, "Not now, Ettie; another time, dear child," and bowing she left the room. After reaching her own, she locked to door, and throwing herself upon the sofa, she gave way to the most bitter tears she had shed since her mother was taken from her. Poor Enna! homesickness, heart-sickness and such a sense of utter loneliness came over her, which she, with the pride and fortitude could not throw off.

Dr. Clyde left soon after Enna

and with him the sweet image of her sad face, the sound of the pathetic voice, so full of unuttered weeping.

"She has suffered; she still suffers. If Ellen were only here; she would win her to tell her grief. I will write to her."

While the doctor is in his office pending the letter, I will tell the reader of the young physician who came to the Capital five years previous to the time of which we speak. Unknown, save by Col. and Mrs. Benton, he found little to occupy his time, and his office house remained unbroken, except now and then by a charity patient, and things went on thus for more than a month, when, one day, a rumor went abroad that a pestilential fever had broken out in the city; the next, it was talked about openly at the corners of the street. The doctors were seen in every direction. In the haunts of the lowly and poverty-stricken abodes Dr. Clyde would go, and, as though the magic of healing were his to give, the angel of death was stayed at his touch, and the sweet sleep of returning consciousness visited his patients. Soon his fame went abroad, and, from that time, Dr. Clyde's name became a household word in many homes, both lowly and lofty. Possessed of many manly virtues, and a handsome face and form, he did not fail to attract the attention of the fair sex; but, having reached the age of thirty, he still seemed as much devoted to the "Sister Ellen," to whom we left him writing, as ever. A part of his letter ran thus:

"I am sorry, dear Ellen, you could not accept the invitation of our mutual friend, Mrs. Benton, but I suppose your new duties and ties are sufficient excuse. I feel like quarreling with Mr. Trevis for cheating us out of this visit. We need your presence sadly, dear sis. Mrs. Benton has staying with her in the capacity of governess, a lady, who interests us very much. She is beautiful, graceful, and dignified, and yet such an ineffable sadness veils her sweet face as to make it painful to look at her. She is so reserved that, as yet, none has had an insight into her 'holy of holies.' If you were only here, I know you could cheer and soothe her. Her name is 'Anne Sivert'—the name does not correspond with her face and general deportment."

Day after day found Dr. Clyde at the house of Mrs. Benton. Ettie's ill health demanded his constant attendance. In visiting Ettie he found ample opportunity of observing the growing paleness and languor of her chosen friend and constant companion. With genuine grief he saw the roses fade from the cheeks of Enna, and her step grow more feeble day by day. A month of constant intercourse had not lessened his respectful admiration for her, and he was the only one she knew in that vast city except the dear friends she had made in her loneliness—Colonel and Mrs. Benton, and the two children.

Coming in one day, he found her alone with Ettie. After speaking to the child, he turned to her:

"Mrs. Benton has requested me to take your case in hand. How are you to-day?"

"I am quite well," she replied, "with the exception of a headache."

"Mrs. Benton says you have resisted all her entreaties to take exercise; as your physician, I insist upon your taking a ride or walk this evening."

"I do not need either, and prefer remaining at home."

"Still, I insist upon it. My buggy is at the door; will you ride with me?"

"Thank you; I prefer walking if I must do either."

"Well, I will stay here with Ettie until her mother comes, so hurry, or you will have a snow-storm to battle with."

Enna was soon equipped and started out. At first her step was feeble, but in a short time the sharpness of the air gave her new life and elasticity. She walked toward the cemetery, not once thinking of the distance. Soon little flakes of snow

began to fall, and turning to retrace her steps as rapidly as she could, with her veil down and her eyes on the ground, she did not observe Dr. Clyde's approach until he spoke to her.

"You have taken more of a walk than I intended. Take my arm and walk more slowly, you are panting for breath. Why did you walk to the cemetery upon so gloomy an evening? It is sad enough, at best."

"The place and weather correspond with my feelings. I should dwell among the tombs."

"What is this great grief which clouds your life? Tell me," he said.

"Tell you? Why should I? I am able to bear it alone."

"Because it is killing you. Have I not watched you, day by day, grow thin, and your eyes heavy with crushed tears? I cannot stand it, because I love you. I have never told another woman this. You are the only one in the world to me, and I cannot see you die. Be my wife, and we will share each others joys and sorrows."

The one ray of exquisite joy which brightened her beautiful, sad eyes, made his great heart bound for one brief second, then withdrawing herself from him, she exclaimed:

"You must not; you cannot, Dr. Clyde. I am not what I seem. Oh! why did you tell me this? I am miserable, indeed." And just then, arriving at the door, she sprang up the steps and hastened to her own room.

Dr. Clyde would have turned and walked away, but for Janie, who ran out, exclaiming:

"Oh! Dr. Clyde, Aunt Ellen has come, and she is looking all about for you."

Soon he clasped the dear sister to his heart, and with a "thank God, you have not come too late," he turned away and would have left her, but she laid her hand upon his arm.

"What is it that troubles you, Clinton?"

"Go to her, sister; the young girl, sick, suffering, broken-hearted, but as pure as an angel, alone up-stairs. Mrs. Benton does not know how sick she is."

Not so much in his words as in the far off depth of his dark eyes, she read the story of "hope denied."

Unclasping a jeweled miniature from her watch-chain, she handed it to him.

"Have you ever seen the original of this?"

"How did you get this? It is a speaking likeness of Miss Anne Sivert."

"Spell her name backward and you have the name of my step-daughter, Enna Trevis. She left her father's home rather than meet a step-mother. I must win her love before she finds me out."

"God grant it. Who ever knew you without loving you?"

"Ah! I see you are as blind as ever; but come. I must let Carlo and Col. Benton into our secret."

The snow fell thick and fast, but Enna lay unconscious of the storm; the moaning did not cease, nor did she appear to notice the entrance of Mrs. Benton.

"Dear Miss Anne what is the matter?"

"I do not know. Is it morning?" she replied.

"Oh no; it is evening, and I came to beg you to come down. My old friend and schoolmate has come on a visit, and I want you to form her acquaintance."

"Yes; I will come. Is she at the cemetery? Dr. Clyde said it was gloomy there; but the sun is shining brightly; how it bores my head."

"Lay down, my child. I fear you are very sick."

All that night they watched beside her bed—Mrs. Benton, Dr. Clyde, and the rejected step-mother. All night her lips gave utterance to the thoughts of her active brain.

"Father, dear father, do not turn away from me; it is breaking my heart to see you turn from me in anger. My own mother has come from Heaven to plead for me. It is your own child, Enna. Kiss me, mother," and as the step-mother's

lips pressed hers, as a tear fell upon her parched brow.

"Do angels weep, mother? I thought God wiped all tears from their eyes. I am so tired, so tired. Rock me to sleep, mother."

When the morning light stole into the darkened room, Enna lay in a deep sleep, with one hand clasped in her mother's, while she bathed her brow with the other.

"Keep her asleep, Ellen. I must ride around and see my patients, but I will be back soon."

Dr. Clyde turned to go.

"Clinton shall I write her father of her situation?"

"Oh, no! Before he can receive the letter she will have passed the crisis. I trust this sleep will result in good; save him the anguish and suspense. Watch her, sister, closely."

The morning passed, and still Enna slept; the evening closed, and her slumber remained unbroken.

It was beyond the hour of midnight. Dr. Clyde sat on one side, Mrs. Trevis on the other, when she opened her eyes. The old, sad, weary look had passed away, and a sweet gentle smile lighted them.

Dr. Clyde spoke to her, told her pulse, and turning to his sister, he said, "She is much better; I will leave her with you now, and go into the next room, and take a few hours' rest."

Mrs. Trevis arranged her pillows, administering a soothing draught, and resumed her station by the bed. Enna watched her for some time, until she took her seat, then she said, "You are very kind. Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Benton's early friend and schoolmate. Have you never heard Carlo speak of Mrs. Weldon?"

"I think I have heard the name, but I cannot remember. It is very kind of you to watch beside me. Have I been very sick?"

"Yes, Dr. Clyde feared you would have brain fever, but I am thankful that the symptoms have passed away. God has been very good to you, dear child; He has saved your life."

"Have I been so near death, and away from my dear father? Mrs. Weldon, I left my home because I feared to meet my step-mother. It was very sinful; do you think my father can forgive me?"

"Oh, yes, my child. Why should he not? You have suffered."

"Oh, I have, I have! But I will go to my dear father, and I will try to make my step-mother love me."

"You must sleep now; we will talk more to-morrow, when you are better. You must go home with me, and I will take you to your father."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Weldon; you are too kind to me, an utter stranger."

Not at all a stranger; I have heard of you. Dr. Clyde is my brother, and Mrs. Benton my early friend."

So, weary and drowsy from the opiate, Enna slept again. With the morning, came Dr. Clyde.

"We can take her home Clinton, in a short time?" Mrs. Trevis asked.

"Yes, in three or four days," he replied.

"And you will go along with us?"

"I fear not; my patients require my attention."

"Dear Clinton, you must; Elford will be so much disappointed. There are other physicians to whose care you can leave your patients."

"Well I will see what I can do." Again the steamer bound for the eastern shores of Virginia, ploughed the deep; but this time the sunbeams played merry pranks against those iron bound sides, as they were ever anon chased back and forth by the laughing waters. Enna Trevis lay in a spacious state room. Dr. Clyde sat by her side, reading aloud, while Mrs. Trevis sat in the deck way, busied with some fancy work. Enna appeared restless, and Dr. Clyde laid aside his book.

"Dear Mrs. Weldon, my father wrote you that he would meet you at your home?"

"Yes, my child, he will be there to meet us."

"And will he be much longer getting there?"

(Concluded on last page.)