

The Lincoln Courier.

State Library

VOL. VI. LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 17, 1893. NO. 45.

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, 1893

Bartlett Shipp,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLN, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1893.

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 '93

GO TO 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 Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or coliculous lumps and splinters from horses, blood spavins, curbs, blennitis, swellings, ring-bough, stiles, aprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Sells by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincoln, N. C.

Blind from Scrofula Cured.
Atlanta, Ga., June 23.
My six year old son has had a terrible scrofula ulcer of the neck for three years, attended with blindness, loss of hair and general prostration.

Physicians and various blood remedies were resorted to without benefit. The New Atlanta Medical College treated him for three months, but his condition grew worse.

I was urged to try the efficacy of B. B. B. and to the astonishment of myself, friends and neighbors, one single bottle effected a entire cure.

Ulcers of the neck entirely healed; eyesight restored, and the hair commenced growing on his head again. I live at 245 Jones Street, Atlanta, and my boy is there to be seen.
FRANK JOSEPH.

J. W. Measer, Howell's Cross Roads, Cherokee county, Ga., writes: "I was afflicted with chronic sores nine years, and had tried many medical remedies and they did me no good. I then tried B. B. B., and eight bottles cured me sound and well."

ONE MILLION LADIES
Are daily recommending the
Perfection Adjustable Shoe
It Expands Across the Heel & Joints.
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.

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, 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.

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LA GRIPPE
During the prevalence of the Grippe the past season it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after-effects 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 on Bay View of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottle at J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

Pay your subscription to the LINCOLN COURIER.

Godey's Lady's Book. A Spectre Castle.

BY ANNIE MARIA BARNES.

Among the effects left by my mother at her death was an old-fashioned daguerrotype in a plain leather case.

I had never seen it before, and from the moment my eyes rested upon it, it seemed to exercise a strange fascination over me. It was not the daguerrotype itself—that is, the case and its appointments—that had anything to do with this peculiar and unaccountable enthrallment, but the picture stamped within. It was that of a fair young girl, not strictly beautiful, but with the rarest, sweetest face I had ever seen. Character, decision, power were written all over it from the low white forehead, against which the hair rippled, to the firmly-rounded exquisitely moulded chin. It was the face of one born to command, yet—as suggested by the look within the sweet, serene eyes—to be graciously tender withal.

It would be impossible for me to describe how its charm grew upon me. I seemed to see it everywhere, upon everything upon which I looked. Awake, every feature was as distinct as though the picture lineaments themselves were before me; asleep, there they were again, indelible stamped upon the fabric of my dream.

I often wondered why my mother had never shown me the picture or spoken to me of it in any way. Our companionship had been very close and dear, unusually so even for mother and son. But the last six years preceding her death—which had occurred just a few months prior to the opening of my story—I had been away from home a great deal, and the picture may have come into her possession during that time.

But the more I thought about it, the more I was of the opinion that this was unlikely. Besides, beneath the velvet lining on the inside of the case I found, upon a folded slip of paper, a name and a date. The name Ernestine, and the date one that preceded my mother's death some thirty-seven years.

"Ernestine!" the name grew as familiar as the pictured face itself, while the liquid syllables were constantly upon my lips.

In vain I told myself that my passion was the idlest sort of folly, that if alive the object of my adoration had become a wife and mother long ago, while in probability she had years before preceded my mother to the land of shadows.

But try as hard as I might, I could not shake off the spell that bound me. Indeed, the more I battled against it the stronger it seemed to grow. I was like one in a dream, a trance. I was filled with melancholy and unrest, with a longing unendurable. Was I, could I be, in love? and with the pictured face of a woman who had lived a quarter of a century too soon for me? I was twenty-eight years of age, and up to this time had never bestowed upon any woman, apart from my mother, more than a passing thought. In truth, I had very little faith in the tender passion, and was wont to chaff most unmercifully those of my friends I chanced to find sighing devotees at Don Cupid's Court.

But, now there was no longer any use in denying it. I was hopelessly, deeply, nay madly in love, and with what? With the pictured face of a woman who had loved, married, and grown into a sedate matron ere my eyes had opened upon the world. It was absurd, foolish, weak, to say the least; but had it been a thousand times more so, I should have been as powerless to resist the spell.

One time I had noticed about the daguerrotype that had worked most vividly upon my imagination. At the right-hand lower corner of the picture, and just beneath the glass—or seemingly so—was a perfectly-formed castle with battlemented wings and gay flags flying from its massive parapets. There were their pilliard supports, every out-

line perfect, even to those of the tall trees in the garden at the rear, and the glimpse of the far-away lake caught through their parted foliage.

In vain I tried to assure myself that this happy conceit was due alone to the action of the mold that had been gathering there during the long years it had lain away from human sight. In any other frame of mind I would have accepted this explanation readily, but now I choose to assign it to the agency of the supernatural. Most persistently, too, did I associate the outlined castle in every way with the sweet face of the picture. It had been her home, I told myself, for, just such a home, grand and stately, was alone befitting one who had, without doubt reigned a queen among women.

I knew that my mother had been of foreign birth, that, even up to the time of her marriage, she had resided on the other side of the Atlantic. The picture was, without doubt, that of some dear girl friend, for not only were the dress and ornaments of a style that dated many years back, but were, evidently, those of a country quite different from my own. This explanation I readily accepted in my cooler moments, as well as the explanation of the mold having formed the striking picture of a castle. But, when under the influence of the strange spell that had grown upon me, my diseased fancy ran riot through the whole realm of imagination. The castle I believed had taken unto itself form beneath the shining glass for the purpose of giving me the clue, by which I should trace and find her, whose pictured face possessed me day and night. Somewhere, and some time, I should come across her. If I doubted this for one moment, I should go mad.

What need to assure myself that it was but a link from the past of which I knew nothing, and with which through the very order of God's creation, I could never hold part nor parcel? I could not, I would not believe it.

In vain to reason that there could be no hope, no promise for me in the dust to which the beautiful face and form had long since departed. It was a living reality, a speaking, breathing presence that called into being an intensity of thought and feeling that would completely sweep me away with its wild impetuosity, unless it could find this dear object upon which to expend itself.

My mind was in this shape when my business called for a return to Colorado, whence my mother's death had summoned me. It was a long and wearisome journey, and one that I had to accomplish partly on horseback, in order to go some little distance out of the way to attend to a last bequest of my mother. I had in my possession a small package, that was to be delivered by no other hand, save mine, to a gentleman by the name of Rowan, who resided on a cattle ranch near West Las Animas. The package bore his name, though I knew, it was intended for his daughter.

The month was June and the weather intensely warm even for that season. For many weeks not a drop of rain had fallen. The earth was parched and bare, the shrubbery scorched and shriveled in many places as though an intense flame had passed over it. The sun was shining with an almost torrid fervor, while the reflection upon the burning sands and particles of glistening rock was simply maddening to the eyes. The very air seemed like the breath of a hot furnace.

It was about the middle of the afternoon I had just crossed a small stream, and was ascending a slight declivity when there suddenly burst upon my vision a scene that startled me out of all composition. To my left stretched a long plateau, bound by distant bluffs, with a strip of forest between. But strangest of all, the trees seemed to be moving, moving away as though the earth beneath them had broken loose, and was floating off. But suddenly, as I still gazed fascinated

spell-bound, the trees changed their appearance, even their form, then disappeared altogether, and in place came a beautiful lake, its flashing bosom sending forth innumerable pleasure boats, with gaily-colored awnings outspread, rode at anchor. And there in the foreground, distinctly outlined, every parapet perfect, every stone buttress as real—yes, infinitely more so—as I had seen it hundreds of times beneath the glass, was the castle of the daguerrotype.

I stopped my horse and gazed upon the scene as though I could never desire, fearful even to move, lest the beautiful vision should fade away, never to be recalled. Just as I had made up my mind to turn from the road and risk a nearer view, the gates seemed to swing open, while out from between them came—could I credit my own senses?—the face that had so often smiled upon me from the dusty leather of the old daguerrotype! Yes, there it was in the living, breathing reality, and with it a form graceful and commanding, that sat the spirited horse with the air of a young princess. My heart stood still; my very breath seemed suspended. I had no control of any faculty. Indeed, so intently riveted were my eyes upon the picture, that I was utterly powerless to move them in the least from the object of their regard.

Even after she had come to within a few feet of me, I still gazed upon her as one lost to all other surroundings. That she was unconscious of the attention thus drawn to herself was plainly evident; that she was also greatly annoyed thereby, was equally apparent; but if life had depended upon it, I could not have withdrawn my gaze at that moment.

In spite of her annoyance, she gave me a slight, though somewhat haughty inclination of the head as she came opposite to me. The moment she had passed me, I was guilty of the still greater rudeness of turning to gaze after her. From some cause, she turned her own head at the same moment, and thus our glances once more met. Her annoyance was all too apparent now, not unmingled with vexation. Who could blame her? Touching her whip to her horse, she rode hastily away, as though fearful of some intention on my part to follow her.

With every pulse thrilling, and my heart beating so it threatened to suffocate me, I turned my head away from the all too tempting vision I was longing with all my soul to follow. As I did so, my eyes naturally sought the scene upon which they so lately gazed. It had disappeared so completely as though it had floated away, while in its stead was an extensive plateau upon which a herd of cattle were grazing.

With a tumultuous sea of thought and speculation surging within me, I turned from the spot, arriving a half hour later at the ranch I was seeking. I found Rowan a pleasant, educated gentleman, whose hospitable welcome soon put me at my ease. A bath and a refreshing sleep restored my pulse to its normal condition, and it was as a very cool and serene being, I flattered myself, that I followed my host into the dining-room later in the evening. But the very first word he uttered, as we entered, sent the blood rushing from heart to head again in tumultuous torrents.

"Ernestine," he said, as a tall, slim, young figure advanced to meet me, "this is Mr. Castran, of whom you have heard me speak. Mr. Castran, my daughter, Ernestine."

"Ernestine!" The very name was enough without the sweet imperious glance of the eyes now looking straight into mine with a world of reproach in their depths—the eyes that not three hours before had come down the hill towards me, the eyes of the old daguerrotype! Is it a wonder that my head was in a whirl? That I lost all knowledge of my actions? All through the meal I sat as one in a dream. I could not eat, I could barely reply

in monosyllables when addressed. I could do nothing but sit and gaze at the face that had been an ever-living presence to me for the past six months. Had indeed the pictured image of the old daguerrotype taken unto itself life and stepped out before me? Had the fair promise, after all, blossomed out of the very dust of the grave? And then the picture I had recently seen of the old castle! What did it mean?

Becoming suddenly aware that both my host and his daughter were conscious of my strange behavior, I determined to tell them all as soon as the meal was finished, all except the part that closely related to myself, the deep, absorbing passion that had taken so complete possession of me. That must remain my secret for awhile longer, at least. From the moment I began to tell my story, I could see the eagerness and excitement visible upon the young girl's face, despite her efforts to conceal it. As to Rowan, he remained calm and collected throughout. As I concluded he spoke:

"It evidently does appear strange and unaccountable to you who are completely in the dark, but to me who holds the key of the apparent mystery everything is plain.

"My wife, who has been dead nearly five years now," with a heavy sigh, "and your mother were the dearest of friends. In early girlhood, among other mementoes, they exchanged pictures. The daguerrotype contains that of my wife, while I have among my wife's effects one of your mother. The package you have brought me contains the few tokens exchanged during their years of friendship. That your mother never showed you the picture, or alluded to it in any way, was doubtless owing to the fact that an unfortunate misunderstanding, which grew into a complete estrangement, sprang up between them a short while before your mother's marriage. As my wife was always very reticent on the subject, I am as ignorant as yourself of its nature. But that your mother still cherished to the last an affection for her girlhood friend is evidenced by the desire, that my daughter should come into possession of the tokens.

"As to the resemblance that has struck you so forcibly, I do not wonder, since my daughter is the living image of her mother. She is the youngest of several children, all of whom died in infancy or childhood."

But there was one thing yet that disturbed me, and disturbed me no little, one thing for which I had received no satisfactory explanation, and that was the vision I had seen on my way to the ranch. That night when we were alone, I mentioned the circumstance to my host. He laughed heartily. The whole vision was naught else but the delusion of a mirage, which was a common occurrence in that region, he assured me. What I had seen was due alone to the action of the sun upon the grains of sand that sent distorted images before my eyes. The appearance of his daughter was the one thing real in the whole delusive scene, as she had at that moment been riding nearer to me along a path beside the plateau.

As to the castle's taking on the identical outlines of the one that had so preyed on my mind, and as to the apparent issuing of his daughter from the gates, these things were beyond a doubt entirely due to my high-wrought imagination.

He was much struck at first with the appearance of the castle outlined in the daguerrotype, but on closer inspection declared he had a satisfactory reason for that also. It was, he admitted, an almost perfect picture of his wife's girlhood home. The artists had doubtless taken, or tried so take, a picture of the castle upon that place; but failing, or thinking he had failed, had used a portion of the same plate for the picture of Ernestine. Afterwards the chemicals applied and brought out the outlines as they now appeared. So quaintly and delicately were they traced that one might well imagine them the work of the mold. Well, doubtless this seemed

the proper explanation to him, but somehow I could not get it out of my mind that these traceries came there in a far different way from the one he assumed. I was very foolish I know, and healthier minds will simply smile at my delusion.

But I had found her, the one woman of all the world to me, and whether I had been led to her simply through the course of natural events, or by the workings of some power indecipherable and unseen, it was all the same. I had found her! and that blessed knowledge sent a gleam of rejoicing through and through my heart.

The Truth About England.

At times our contumacious and one-sided American curiosity and criticism to England. We stand apart to view ourselves, looking with eager interest upon the pit from whence we were originally dug.

To carry on the metaphor, "Friend John" is yet in the pit, and introspection with him, as indeed with any, is not an easy art. When a man or nation honestly believes the Deity is peculiarly favorable to them, and every enemy a fool at best, at worst a knave, such a creed may make men good fighters, and Massaena said "those English sea-wolves were;" but certainly not fair exponents of themselves.

There seems no good reason why an American should not correctly appreciate the English character. He shares, more or less, its make-up in an inexperienced born of fellow feeling, kindred blood and speech, and the indefinable sympathy, strong and magnetic, which in these peaceful days is beginning to assert itself over ancient antipathies and speak out with a clear articulation.

To state the truth about England succinctly I must begin with that immense city the nation has built for itself, which lives in every Englishman's mind, though he be in India or the Leeward Isles, at once his pride and his confusion, his glory and his shame.

London is centre, ay! soul to the British Empire, and England without the metropolis is "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark.

The traveler who whirls into this vastest of human hives, with its six millions of inhabitants, cannot be anything but a profoundly impressed spectator.

London contains one-eighth of Great Britain's population; has a larger daily delivery of letters than all Scotland; a birth every four minutes; a death every six; and the Lord Mayo "Prince of parvenus" holds passing sway over a greater number of his fellow-mortals than the King of Holland.

Though this miniature world numbers more Jews than Palestine, more Italians than Rome, more Germans than Hanover, it remains an Anglo-Saxon city.

An outsider, knowing its history, its perceptions not blunted by custom, is unconsciously struck with persistence of individuality, which changes its taste but never its essence. Let an American walk in Fleet Street, Cheapside and City Road, watching these Englishmen, calm, grave, silent, proud, with a fierce rush of passionate life beneath the congealed and icy surface of reserved stolidity, and he will recognize at once the traits of those associated races, Vikings, Saxons, Normans, which have produced the modern Briton.

There is no dalliance of wit, no playful facility of speech. Harmonious beauties are acquired with effort; sturdy common sense is an instinct. No man meets your eye. You can walk on your head if you choose, that's your concern, not his. Take any method of locomotion or angling else as your preference, so long as it does not interfere with his business.

Thick-soled boots, turned-up pants, the unfailing umbrella and that silk hat, which, in London especially, figures on all occasions save the birth and burial of the wearer, these are the habiliments of their tail, ruddy-skinned well-fed owners.—S. P. Cadman, in April Godey's.

PRAYER TOPICS FOR APRIL.

To The American Ministry And Churches.

The first week of April has been for fourteen years observed by the World's Sabbath Observance Prayer Union, for united prayer for the sanctification of the Sabbath in all lands; and their request to published in many languages and sent to all lands, inviting Christians everywhere to join them, has for years been seconded in this country by our leading Sabbath organizations.

The past has been an eventful year for the Sabbath cause in America, the present promises to be immeasurably more so, and it may be its crucial year in our beloved land, we therefore invite all pastors and all Christians to observe the week April 2-9, 1893, for special prayer, public and private, for the imperilled Sabbath in this and all lands and special effort in its behalf, and collectors for the spread of literature.

In devout gratitude let us unitedly praise God for the aroused interest in the preservation of the Lord's Day, for the forty millions represented millions represented on the petitions for Sunday closing of the World's Fair, for the decisive vote of Congress closing the gates, and the failure of efforts for repeal of that action. It is a triumph the influence of which will be perpetual.

While we are greatly joyful over the way the Lord has led us, yet in view of the great peril that still gathers around our Christian institutions and especially our Sabbath, we feel constrained, for the sake of home, religion, the cause of labor and the world's conversion, to ask all pastors, that during the first week of April next they use the services of the sanctuary by sermons and prayer meetings, to deepen the intelligent conviction of the people on the broad and practical lines of Christian law and living with reference to the Sabbath, and also to present the subject of Sabbath observance as the topic of private and family prayer through the week.

The following topics for prayer are suggested:

First, that the influence of the World's Fair may be on the side of Sabbath observance, morality and righteousness.

Second, that the tide of Sabbath desecration may be stayed.

Third, that the value and beneficence of the Christian Sabbath may be better understood and appreciated and pastors and people be faithful in maintaining it.

Fourth, that the right of the great armies of employes in railroad and postal service to a Sabbath of rest may be protected.

T. A. FERNLEY, D. D.,
Cor. Sec. Philadelphia Sabbath Assn.

REV. H. H. GEORGE,
Gen. Field Sec. American Sabbath Union.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS,
Honorary Sec. W. Penn. Sabbath Association.

MRS. J. C. BATHAM,
Nat. Supt. Sabbath Observance Dep. W. C. T. U.

The Function of a Bee's Sting.

"It will be a surprise to many readers," says an English writer, "that all the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dextrous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey-making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, excludes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting and the beautiful work is finished."