

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

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

NO. 47.

### 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. A. W. Alexander**

DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.

Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.

Jan 23 '91

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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.

**Blind From Scrofula Cured.** Atlanta, Ga., June 2d.

My six year old son has had a terrible sloughing 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 an 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.

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

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Perfection ADJUSTABLE Shoe

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Pay your subscription to the LINCOLN COURIER.

### Godsday's Lady's Book.

**MY BESSIE.**

BY LILLIAN GREY.

I.

"For men must work, and women must weep, and the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep."

These pathetic words repeated themselves over and over in my mind, after I came home from Mark Wilson's cottage that summer morning, whose blithe brightness seemed like mockery.

Mark Wilson's cottage, I said; but he, poor man, had no more right or title to any earthly possession—save the six feet of ground which Uncle Israel would speedily prepare for him.

"For men must work!" The man who lay so strangely idle that day had been a hard worker. I had seen him go back and forth, morning and night, to the village foundry for more than three years; yet not always seen him, either, for in winter it was scarcely light when he went, and after dark when he returned.

Such a hard working man, every one said, and wondered why he should live so far from his daily toil; but to any one who asked, he said: "Well, you see the cottage and bit of land my father left to me, and some how I can't bear to let go of it. And then, here we have a garden and a little fruit, and can keep a cow, so I think it more than makes up for the extra walk." And now he was done with it all, the work, and the little home, with all its tender interests.

"And women must weep!" Not very many tears, perhaps, had pretty Effie Wilson shed before this; but now they were flowing in torrents, as she sobbed, her heart out by her dead husband, poor little woman! And he so strangely unobedient. But the earth was scarcely dried on his grave, ere Uncle Israel hollowed out another, and in it we—the pitying neighbors—laid gentle Effie Wilson, with her tiny wax-white baby on her breast.

"For men must work, and women must weep, and the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep!"

Yes, it was over, and they slept—the young father and mother; strange sleep, which their three-year-old Bessie could not understand, and so she pleaded with her pretty mamma to "wate up an' not sleep so loud." Vain plea.

There was no loving grandmother to come forward and hold the bereft lamb in her kindly arms; no kindred to give her a shelter; and so I, an old maid—peculiar as some people say, and unused to children of any age—I took the child home from the desolate cottage, and, as soon as it could be done legally, adopted her.

My pretty Bessie!—violet-eyed, with skin as fair and delicately tinted as the inner whorl of a seashell, and brown, clinging curls that I never tired of twining around my fingers.

Katy, my maid-of-all-work, who was fully as peculiar as her mistress, was agast at the prospect of a child in the house, foreseeing littered rooms, sticky window-panes and door knobs, and uninitiated washing and ironing, and baking of cookies; but before Bessie had been with us a month, Katy was her most devoted and loving vassal.

I do not know which one of the neighbors would have taken the child if I had not, but they were, one and all, intensely interested in my doing it; and said, with a tone that belied the words, that they "sincerely hoped it would all turn out for the best; but then a body never knew how matters would shape in this world!"

The amount of instruction and advice offered would, if used, have served for the bringing-up of ten children; and the quantity of company that we had during those first few weeks did certainly, as Katy said, "beat the Dutch!"

Young ladies came to see the precious darling, of whose existence they scarcely knew before, and astonished her with caresses; middle-aged ladies came and brought their

sewing; and old ones came with their knitting, and told over their wonderful experience in dealing with children, and gave me so many maxims, and things to do, and things not to do, for my child's moral and physical well being, that in sheer bewilderment I was thankful to bid them good night, and tuck my darling up in her bed, glad that for the present, at least, she was well, and pure and safe. And after a while Katy grew rebellious.

"I'm tired an' sick of seein' 'em come—reg'lar Solomons they think they be, every one more full o' wisdom than 'otter; an' a tellin' you're how to learn her bice manners, an' mercy knows what else. An' some on 'em is forever a strokin' down her precious hair with their scraggy bands, an' callin' her poor little creator, an' tellin' her what a pity it was her blessed pa an' ma died—which, of course, it was; but what's the use of sayin' it to that baby? Law!"

"I suppose they all mean well, Katy. We may be glad of some help or advice, if Bessie should happen to get sick."

"Then it'll be time enough to have it, all fresh. Advice is like yeast it soon gets stale, special if it's poor, as most of what's brought here is. An' for my part, I'm tired cookin' an' settin' out extra teas. It's ten days now, skippin' Sunday, sense we had a quiet supper by ourselves, as we used to have; and there'll have to be another barrel o' flour got in less'n two weeks. I told you it would last till along in the fall, but it won't, after the bisquits I've made out of it lately, to say nothin' of cake an' pie. Terrible hands for bisquits, all our visitors be."

"That's largely your fault, Katy; you make them so good, folks can't help eatin' them."

The next day after this outbreak of the usually patient Katy, it rained, and was gloomy enough out of doors; but not a bit of gloom was there in the house with our sunshiny baby.

I had helped her fit out her dolly with a real waterproof cloak and hood, "because it wained so drefful wet," and Katy had made cookies, and had cut out some of them in most fantastic shapes to please the child; and now, wonder of wonders was leaning over a bowl of suds on the kitchen table, with a pipe in her mouth, showing Bessie how to blow soap-bubbles.

They were in high glee, and I had been watching them, half tempted to join in the amusement, but thought it might be wiser to bring up some neglected correspondence, and was turning to put my thought in execution, when I caught sight of an umbrella bobbing along by the picket fence. I stopped to watch it.

Could it be possible that we were going to be visited again to-day? My query was speedily answered, for the umbrella halted at the gate, and in the owner I recognized old Mrs. Mallory. She had come to spend the day, that was evident, for her well known knitting-bag dangled from her arm; so vanished my plan of letter-writing, and Katy was forced to suspend her occupation, and take up the less congenial work of caring for the dripping umbrella and shawl, and muddying rubbers; but as she was waiting for the rubbers, she relieved her mind by saying:

"I wouldn't a-thought any body in their seven senses would a come out in all this mud an' rain, 'ness they was rely obleeged to, like goin' after the doctor, or somechin' like that."

"Well, I—kindly felt as if—I was obleeged to," said the old lady, out of breath and red in the face, after her struggle with the over-shoes.

"I've been a-tryin' my level best to git over here for two weeks back, but ye see John's wife has been away for a spell; her brother's step-daughter has had the millray fever, and she staid longer'n she meant to, John's wife did, and so I ain't had no chance to come; but she got back last night, and so I took right holt an' come. I felt as if it was my duty to—in a measure."

The knitting-needles were in full click by this time, and their owner's tongue kept even time, while between the words I could hear Katy out in the kitchen handling the stove-lids, and kettles, and sauce-pans with unmistakable emphasis.

After a little the door opened far enough to admit Bessie's curly head. I held out a beckoning hand and she came bounding to my lap.

"So that's your new child, is it?" and Mrs. Mallory peered critically over her spectacles at her. "Pears to me she looks more peakeeder than common."

As I much doubted if the speaker had ever noticed her before, these words gave me no uneasiness; but not so the next ones.

"Do you feel an' consider yourself fitted by natur an' grace to bring up a child in the way it orter go, Miss Cummins?"

"I don't know that I am specially fitted, Mrs. Mallory, but I shall do the best I can."

"Ges' so! No doubt you mean well; but mean an' doin's two things. It's an orful responsibility to bring up children, an' nobody knows only jest them that's been an' gone through it, as I hev. I've brung up three, an' though I say it, that shouldn't, they was well an' faithful brung up too!"

"It must be a great comfort for you to know that."

"So 'tis. I often think of it. Mine was all boys, too, an' some folks they're a sight more worrit than girls, but I dunno; the best on 'em requires the wisdom of Solomon an' the patience of Job in my opinion. But if I was you, Miss Cummins, I'd comb out them ringlets and braid her hair in a tidy braid."

"Her curls? Oh! Mrs. Mallory! I think so much of them; and see how long they are."

"Necesses! they make a sight o' trouble; an' besides when she gits a little older they'll make her as vain as a peacock; it'll be her besettin' sin."

"I don't agree with you, Mrs. Mallory!"

"You don't law! I want to know!"

"It's just as natural for her hair to curl, as it is for her eyes to be blue and her skin white; so she is no more likely to be vain of one than the other, in my judgment."

There was silence for a few moments, broken only by Bessie, who, becoming used to the old lady's presence, commenced singing softly to the precious dolly. But our visitor soon revived.

"Was there much prop'ty left, Miss Cummins?"

"No; nothing but the house and its contents, and the little land. What money there was, and the movables to be sold, only about evens up the doctor's bill and funeral expenses."

"Then how'll you manage about the bringin' of her up? An' what'll you do with the place?"

"The place will be rented, and what it brings above taxes and repairs will be put in the savings bank for Bessie. As to her bringin' up, I shall do exactly as if she was my own."

"I want to know! Well, I rely hope she'll turn out good an' be a credit to you; but if she don't, you'll know how to pity poor Jane Dent. Her daughter's gone an' married a litery feller that don't know scase anything, 'ness it is writin'! He boarded up there a spell last summer, if you ricollect. I seen him a number of times, saunterin' around and lookin' as if he was half asleep."

I should be ashamed to state, even if I knew, how many times I looked at the clock that day; and it gave Katy, as she attended Mrs. Mallory to the gate that night, unmixed satisfaction to see that the rain was heavier, and the mud much deeper, than when she came, and there were no side-walks.

hold a candle to our bonny Bessie! An' tell you to braid up her nice curls. I come pretty nigh lettin' her have a piece of my mind, then, Miss Cummins, I tell ye! Well, it does appear as if nothin' won't bender all the busybodies this side o' Jericho from comin' here?"

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, and the child grew and thrived, and best of all seemed perfectly happy; and not for one moment had I regretted having assumed the charge of her; but, instead I have daily thanks that such a joy had come into my lonely life.

The matter finally ceased to be of supreme importance to the neighbors, for several other interesting events occurred, and gradually we were left to our quiet happiness. And it was really wonderful how the old nursery songs and stories came back to me, and if there were any that I failed to remember, Katy was sure to recall them. And Christmas Eve had a new charm, for never before had a Santa Claus stocking been suspended from my chimney shelf.

What a happy winter that was! I made doll clothes by the dozens; told stories by the hundreds—or the same ones over, which counted just the same, and suited the hearer the best; and sewed dainty garments for my pet, and tended her and loved her, and watched her increasing loveliness, until even Katy uttered a mild protest:

"Don't go to worshipping that air child, Miss Cummins, for jis as sure as you do, somethin' will befall to her, poor little lamb!"

Pete, the chore boy, used to draw her out on his sled every pleasant day, and she would come in with her blue eyes sparkling, and her plump cheeks like June roses, and eager to tell us all about her sleigh ride, in her pretty way.

But, finally, one day toward the close of winter, she was disinclined for play, and toward night seemed feverish and sleepy; later she had a chill, and by morning Katy and I, with all our inexperience, knew that she was a very sick child, and Pete was dispatched for the doctor. He quickly came, and again the next day, and the next; and then every other day, for Bessie was convalescent.

One dear woman, who had never given us any advice, now came in with practical help, which I still believe was the chief means of saving the darling's life. The other neighbors were not slow in flocking in, and one said, triumphantly: "I told you so! I knew you let her go out too much."

And another said: "I told you so! You kept her housed up too much; nothing like good out-door air to make a child hearty and rugged!"

And another told me, by way of comfort, perhaps: "You orter be terrible thankful she lived, after not bavin' a doctor that first night. I always send for him as soon as one of my children coughs or sneezes, so if they do die, it won't be of neglect."

And that very day another mother in Israel said: "I wouldn't think of lettin' a child of that age take doctor's drugs; they're altogether too strong. Some catnip tea an' wild cherry syrup would surely have cured her in less'n no time."

But, in spite of all these adverse opinions, they all met on common ground when they said to each other, with significant nods: "What can you expect when an old maid undertakes to bring up a child? Law sakes!"

It was some time before Bessie regained her plumpness and her red cheeks, and the grass was growing green in sheltered spots before we took her out-doors again.

How all the little incidents of my Bessie's childhood come up in my memory to-day, as fresh as if they had just happened; and yet, it is many years since I first called her mine, and people consider me an old woman. My hair is quite silvery, and there is more than one wrinkle to show where time has carved its lines; but my heart has

not forgotten how to be eager and impatient, as I watch the clock, and with almost girlish pride and anticipation have I looked forward to the happy time, for my Bessie comes home to-night with her school-life done. There is a sort of regret, of course, when any page has been written and turned down and yet, I cannot be really sorry that my dear is a school-girl no longer, for now I shall have her with me to brighten the old house.

I have not seen her since Christmas week, and now it is June, I should have gone to the commencement and brought her home, but for the continued weakness of a sprained ankle.

But she is coming, my bonnie Bessie! and all the afternoon, since the last touches have been put to her dainty room, I have had leisure to think over the past; and Katy, who is with me still, and has become more of a friend than a servant, has been busy all day concocting favorite dishes to tempt the child to overeat.

I am almost sorry she has grown up, and we call her the child still, but she will be nineteen next week. I kept her little as long as I could, yet the years would go by in spite of me; but they have brought her added beauty, as well as growth until people tell me she is the belle of the whole country side.

We, as a neighborhood, have grown since the old time. The village beyond us has become a city, and is pushing its suburbs in this direction. Our mountains are far famed, and summer boarding houses are springing up on every side. It seems strange to the old residents.

A railroad has gone through directly back of Bessie's cottage, and the money paid for right of way has been put in the bank with the rest, so the child will not be entirely dowdless. I am glad it is so; not from any selfish motive; but because, if the child's father can see or know anything of earth in his far dwelling-place, he will be glad to know that he did not leave her to the world's charity, and that she is to reap the reward of his labor and careful saving.

I have decided to get a pony and phaeton. I have been thinking of it for some time. I want to make Bessie's home so attractive to her that she will not be tempted to leave it for long years to come. There will be no lack of wooers.

How well I remember when she first went to school. I had taught her at home until she was quite a good reader and writer; but she was impatient to go to school like other children. How faithful Katy was to go after her with umbrella and rubbers if there came up a sudden rain, and Pete drew her on his sled across the snow many a time. And how proud she was when she came home with lessons to get, and how going over them with her refreshed my memory in geography and arithmetic.

But the hardest part was when she went away to school. Oh, how large and still the house seemed, and how long the days grew, although it was September! Those were lonely times for Katy and I, and it seemed hardly to be worth while to get any meals at first; but then we began to look forward to the Christmas vacation, and after that was over, to Easter, and then to the summer, when she was with us for weeks; and so we have gone through three years, and now she is coming home for good.

"Well, Katy, are you tired of waiting?"

"I am that; pears as if it never will git six o'clock! Everything's done now, so I guess I'll run down to the foot of the garden an' watch for the train."

There she goes—tired as she is, dear faithful soul! She grows old fast, Katy does, of late.

Ah! now I hear the roar of the train as it comes down the valley. I almost wish I had gone out into the garden, too; we can't see the train from the house on account of the trees, but I know Bessie will be leading out of the window. But she will soon be here, for Pete will drive last up from the station; he knows how impatient we are.

(Concluded on last page.)

### The Local Newspaper.

Governor Francis, of Missouri, was a successful business man, and made a fortune by his energy and sagacity, before he became Governor. Speaking as a man of experience, he puts thus on record his opinion of the value of the local paper to the community in which it is published:

"The editor, in proportion to his means does more for his country than any other ten men; he ought to be supported, not because you like him or his writings, or not supported because you dislike him or disagree with his writings, but all should support a local paper because it is the best investment a community can make; it may not be brilliantly edited or crowded with thought, but financially it is more benefit to the people than the preacher or teacher. Understand me, I do not say morally or intellectually, but financially; and yet on the moral question you will find most of the local papers on the right side. Today the editors of the home papers do the most for the least money of any men on earth."

This is literally true, and truer of the papers published in small towns and in the rural districts, sometimes called county papers, which depend almost altogether on local support, than it is of the papers published in large cities.

There isn't a paper published in North Carolina, however insignificant it may be considered, which isn't worth more to the community in which it is published than the community pays for its support. Omitting the dailies, there are weekly papers published in North Carolina, some of which compare favorably with weeklies published in any State, which are worth many times as much. The work they do is not appreciated; but if they ceased to exist their value would soon be discovered and acknowledged.

Local papers are not always as good as they might be, but in such cases it will generally be found to be the fault of the people, who do not support them as they should be supported. The better a paper is sustained the better it can be made, and the better the paper is the better it speaks for the progressiveness, business thrift, and intelligence of the community for which it speaks. A man may subscribe for and read a half dozen papers, but the one that ought to have the first claim on him is his home paper, not altogether on account of it, but as a matter of local interest. He should take pride in having a creditable journalistic representative of the community in which he lives. It is business, too.—Wil. Star.

### Editors in the Swim.

Mr. Cleveland promptly denied that he had declared that he would not give office to an editor. It is well. A partisanship and hospitality of that kind would make his pillow full of thorns and nightmares. He would have had no chance whatever for serving a second term if the newspapers had antagonized him. He owes his nomination and re-election to the earnest, strong, faithful press that stood by him in the hour of Snap-conventions and on and on until victory came to his standard. The report was perhaps absurd for no man not crazed by the exaltation of office and the wedding of a "little brief authority" could so soon forget the power that lifted him to his high office. Mr. Cleveland may be very self-willed and inconsistent as to appointments but he is not stupid enough to ignore the mighty Press. To show how absurd the rumor, he had already put in his Cabinet a Georgian who is understood to partly own and control, a leading daily. It is not known to us that he was in any sense an editor but an owner or partner. Then the news is that a young North Carolina editor, Mr. Josephus Daniels, is selected by Mr. Hoke Smith, newspaper owner, for a nice fat place in his Department.

—Wilmington Messenger.