

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 31, 1893.

NO. 48.

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

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.

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Jan 29 '91

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Blind From Scrofula Cured.

Atlanta, Ga., June 24. 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.

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 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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The Voice That Bleat.

LILLIAN A. NORTE.

And may that peace which passeth understanding, rest and remain with you now and ever." The choir rolled out "Amen," and the minister, according to his custom, left the pulpit to mingle with his flock. Did he bring with him some of that heavenly balm he had been so earnestly beseeching, that the congregation felt a thrill of happiness at the touch of his hand, a light-heartedness beam from his eye?

Slowly descending the gallery stairs, hand in hand came a young man and woman.

"Eunice, we too must speak to the minister before we go."

She drew her hand from his with a little wariness. "Why should you call me by that name?"

"Does it not please you?" and for a moment the brave blue of his eye was dimmed. "It only belongs to a song, Marian, but it pleased my fancy, as songs are perhaps too apt to do."

And just then the preacher took a hand of each, and his benevolent, full-bearded countenance smiled on the bright manly form of Allen Dalton, and met the glance of the young blue eyes with pleasure undisguised. But the smile gave place to an anxious look as he turned to Marian. In the curves of her slight figure was a promise of a grace beyond that of lowly station. The girl's face was marked already with a proud discontent, and the glance of her full brown eye was more inquisitorial than kindly, while the critical curve of the fine cut mouth spoiled, for the minister at least, her words of greeting. But he spoke to both with his usual fondness.

"My young friends, you are indebted more each passing week for your vocal services. Your voices are in perfect harmony. I hope to see your lives blend as fully, as completely in the years to come."

Allen turned with a look of happiness to his Marian, but the words of the minister had started a train of thought ill-suited to her lover's feelings. She was weighing the prospects of life with Allen, with a cool analysis that was cruel, and the balance in his favor diminished as they passed the outside portals of the humble chapel door.

"Eunice," she turned away half angry, at the thrill it roused. It's sound was melting music from the young man's lips.

"You will come home by the river-side this evening?"

"No, it's too far, and will tire me for tomorrow. Allen, it sounds so foolish to ask for long walks, and call me by pet names now. Our engagement is not a thing of yesterday."

"But the more we know each other—"

"Yes, yes. I know what you would say, but I do not like you to make such—such an exhibition always, or look at me and smile every time I come near. I know without that, and people must think us babies."

"Babies are happier than cynics, Marian."

"I am a cynic, and you prefer a baby," said the girl with a cold glance, "find one, Allen. The change would satisfy me."

"Marian, Marian, what are you saying? You know I will never give you up."

The anxiety in his tone flattered her pride, but it made her none the less anxious to triumph more, so with a cool good-night she dismissed him.

Young girls forget sometimes that their power over one man though unlimited, may, nevertheless be abused to bring about a ruin into which they fall. True hearts are rare—and still more rarely valued at their inestimable price.

Marian Ainsworth was a poor young dressmaker, considered by many of her friends and acquaintances to be a superior girl in her station, and, it is easy to see, assured of the fact herself. Marian

was not always plying the needle at her humble home, but more often busy at various rich houses, where the costly surroundings and luxurious appointments fostered her superior (?) tastes, and made her own position in life seem poor and insufficient. Allen, at the best, could only make her mistress of such a home as her own parents kept, and the prospect of such a future seemed bare. She was a poor, hard-working girl, and she wanted to be something more. The words of a thoughtless woman of fashion whom she had habitually clothed admirably adorned by her clever needle, had helped to foster Marian's discontent. "A girl with such pretty eyes, manners and speech as yourself, Miss Ainsworth, should marry well."

"I am going away for a time," said Allen, when they met again, but he did not refer by word or deed to the pain she had given him on Sunday evening. "I can earn more away from this quiet little village, and lay something in store to make life pleasanter when you give yourself to me." He purposely refrained from endearing epithets, made his conversation as plain and practical as possible, and only took her hand for one short moment when he said good-by.

Marian was herself cognizant of the change in his manner, and looked up at him wondering when he dropped her hand.

"You understand, of course," she said, in a forced voice, "how much I shall miss you; but we must write each other."

He turned his fine blue eyes upon her for a moment, and Marian expected one of the old outbursts of tenderness, but instead he murmured: "Yes; I will send you my address. See my mother sometimes, Marian," and was gone.

She did miss him in the days that followed, and in his letters there was not quite what there had been in his presence. It never occurred to Marian to analyze her own messages to him. She was never effusive. Her letters were colder than her manner.

But she did not neglect his mother. Mrs. Dalton was a sweet, petite, little woman, Allen had her beautiful blue eyes, and there the resemblance ended. She welcomed Marian as a daughter, and to do her justice, the young girl liked her for her own sake, though she felt ill at ease and bored when the mother spoke of her only son, as fond mothers are apt to do. Unconsciously, Mrs. Dalton thus possessed the power to arouse Marian's discontent, critical side, and injure the hopes of her son. There was another who also had the power to disturb Miss Ainsworth's serenity. It was the minister of the little chapel where she and her lover had always bleat their voices in the humble choir. The preacher missed Allen's handsome form, and the choir was uninteresting without that melting tenor. So he, too, was apt to speak in the unguarded language of friendship of the absent, and thus to jar on Marian's peculiar prejudices, and dislike to effusion.

"What was it that he kept from me?" she asked herself. "Something that he has made visible to his admirers," never dreaming that one's inner self destroys the clearness of one's vision.

One of Miss Ainsworth's patrons, interested in the young girl's appearance, and anxious to secure the services of so good a seamstress, made her a flattering offer.

"I would like to engage you all the time," she said, "but you cannot tell yet how it would suit you. Suppose you come and stay in the house all summer, and if you feel satisfied with the trial, we will take you away to our winter quarters. We shall not overwork you, and you will have an opportunity to go home as often as you like."

So Marian went to live at one of the grand houses it had been her delight to wish for, and gradually her old associations fell from her as a cloak. Her letters to Allen were fewer, and the thought of him almost distasteful.

Her mistress and the young ladies of the house made much of her, and it seemed to Marian she had never been anything save one of them. Her pretty voice was as often called into recognition in the handsome drawing-rooms as her taste and ingenuity in the sewing-room.

"Come and join us at dinner this evening, Miss Ainsworth. An evening dress never satisfies me till you have seen it in wear and approved it." This was a common request.

So Marian went down in her soft gray gown, with just a glimmer of shapely wrists and throat visible, and with her abundance of soft, silken locks dressed in a way that no one could imitate, since no one had Marian's wealth of hair.

At dinner, a middle-aged gentleman, Mr. Lambrecht, took charge of her. He was not very handsome, but possessed the polish that Marian had grown accustomed to, and was very attentive. Very soon after dinner he joined her and Mrs. Winsome in the drawing-room, where they sat, comfortably chatting about that lady's costume.

"Make the most of your time," the lady whispered, playfully, as she saw who approached them. "Mr. Lambrecht is a bachelor and immensely rich."

Mrs. Winsome retired, and Mr. Lambrecht found no one in the alcove save Marian.

"Has Miss Ainsworth no fondness for society that I find her alone?" he asked, in soft, well-bred tones. "I expected to find such a charming young lady surrounded with admirers."

"It is hardly time for the gentlemen to seek the drawing-room," said Marian, a little mischievously.

"I am glad to have forestalled them," said Mr. Lambrecht, as he took a seat beside her; and somehow he managed to continually forestall them the evening through, even in the matter of assisting with Marian's music-sheets when she sang.

He remained a guest at Mrs. Winsome's for an indefinite time, and Marian met him each day. On one occasion he found his way to the little chapel to hear her sing, and then walked home with her along that very river-side where Allen had been pleased to lead her; but Marian thought not of him now.

"I have paid Mrs. Winsome a much longer visit than I intended," Mr. Lambrecht said, as they strolled together along the pleasant way, "for which, my dear Miss Ainsworth, you are entirely accountable."

Marian started, not so much with surprise, as with a natural nervousness. The green banks sloped to the water's edge, just as when, at that season a year back, a strong, tall, manly form had strolled beside her, a tingling joy within his youthful veins. Yet the absent hardly crossed her thoughts at that moment. About her senses was the glamour of silk-curtained alcoves, velvet-covered floors, art-adorned galleries and halls, and all the refined, softly-breathing, softly-moving luxuries and appointments of wealth. What had Allen to do with these evidences of a superior taste? Ah, what, indeed!

"And the happy termination of my visit," continued Mr. Lambrecht, "depends, too, entirely on Miss Ainsworth. I am not a young man or a very romantic one, but I own now to a deep seated desire to make one woman my wife—that one is beside me now."

The graceful figure of Marian in its summer gown of white paused, and the brown eyes that were Allen's pride bent to the shimmering river. Certainly this was the calm, well-bred sort of wooing she had always argued for, and now that the subject was opened it did not ruffle her in the least.

"Marian, I call you Marian, I can give you all that wealth can buy, and my own lasting affection. What I cannot give you is the youth that would be fit mate for your own tender years of woman-hood. And, my dear, I leave the rest entirely with you, neither wishing to hasten your decision, if it please you to withhold it, or delay it, if you feel

you can give me my answer now."

And Marian said, in a low but steady voice, "I thank you for your confidence, and am willing to trust my whole future in your hands." She held out trembling fingers to him. He took the hand, placed it upon his arm, and smiled benignly on her. They continued their walk, and the soft breeze played with the scent of the flowers and the shimmering ripples, as if no vow had been broken that day—no noble heart trampled with disdain.

Miss Ainsworth had written her letter of explanation to Allen Dalton, and given him in all honesty the extent of the bitter truth. "I will not trust such messages as have passed between us to the post," she wrote. "When you return, perhaps you will come to me and receive them with your own hands."

Months and months had fled since then, and the stipulated length of her engagement was drawing to a close. Still had she received no word from her former lover, nor had any other, since that fatal letter winged its bitter tidings to a faithful heart.

The sweet, gentle mother, worn with anxious waiting for tidings of her boy, put aside at last her pride and resentment, and sought Marian to see what she could learn. But Marian knew nothing, and sent the little, old lady away, realizing for the first time the barrier she had built with her own hands between them.

There came news at last, but not to Miss Ainsworth. His mother broke the seal and read with painful heart:

DEAR MOTHER:—Because of broken faith (may God forgive me), I have broken faith with you. I know what it means for a young man to go to the dogs, and now I am ill—too ill they say to live. I would like to come home, but I dare not.

Allen.

But before a week had passed he was at home, a wreck of his former self, with nothing to remind a dear anxious face of her boy, save his brave blue eyes that grew so desperate at times, and softened the succeeding moments to thank a mother for her love. Gradually he recovered some measure of strength under her care and hope—the hope of youth—entered his breast again. Perhaps, after all, he would not die. Despite his past wild life of months, God might spare him to live for his mother.

Of his return, Marian as yet knew nothing. Under the new charge in her prospects, Mrs. Winsome had desired to make her stay that of a guest. But there was a spark of independence in Miss Ainsworth. She preferred to continue her duties till such time as she left them as the mistress of Mr. Lambrecht's magnificent home. The months had passed in a sort of vague anticipation that was not unpleasant. Only when Allen's mother had come to her for news of her son did Marian's heart sink within her, and a vague dread of woe to come possess her.

On that Sunday morning before her wedding she repaired to the little chapel, where, during Allen's long absence, her voice had been accustomed to lead all the hymns. Absorbed in her own thoughts she noted not the return of the shadow of a former man, nor saw a wan, pale face beneath fair chiselled curls look out upon her from unchanged blue eyes. Not till on the breathless congregation the harmony of their bleat voices fell did Marian know of his presence. A quick flashing glance in his direction, and a deadly faintness threatened to overcome her. With a desperate, frightened effort she strove with her failing voice to carry the strain to the end. So many were present who knew her it would never do to fail. Mr. Lambrecht's eyes were on her, as those of Mrs. Winsome. And she did not fail.

After service Mrs. Winsome beset the minister for an introduction to the young man with the charming tenor voice. "You must come and sing for us," she said, offering her hand to Allen. "We are so fond of vocal music, and your voice harmonizes so wonderfully with Miss Ains-

worth's. Promise you will come soon, for Marian goes away in a week's time." Allen made excuses on the plea of health, but Mrs. Winsome was not to be dismayed. She attacked Marian, and insisted, if she knew the young man, on her using her personal influence. So Miss Ainsworth, with an aching heart, penned an urgent note to Allen, and made it, as excuse, an opportunity for exchanging tokens of a past friendship neither could continue.

So Allen came, still weak and and thin, and pale, but handsome as a young god. The strong, hardy, dauntless presence, as she had once known it, would have left but slight trace on Marian, but at sight of him reduced and weakened, she knew at last she had a heart and it belonged to him. Bitter awakening on the eve of her marriage with another! She received him alone.

"Allen!" she cried, taking one glad step forward, and then retreating under the bitter check of remembrance.

He strode towards her, and for one instant the words of a song he had rendered so oft in his melting tenor rose with the flashing inspiration of memory to his lips.

"Eunice, Eunice, ask thy soul if we should part. Eunice, Eunice, lean thou on my heart!"

The name that had once annoyed her sense of dignity—the voice that had spoken so too tenderly! Both were ecstatic music now. And before the voice had ceased, the two young people found themselves in each other's arms.

"Eunice, Eunice, ask thy soul if we should part."

He did not whisper or speak the words now. He sang them in a voice that thrilled her heart.

But a moment, and she had broken from him, and the next glance revealed his Marian indeed but changed and enthroned amidst all the splendor and evidence of wealth that could be distant from him all through his life. He reeled backward from her, and caught wildly at a chair for support. Why had she brought him here to torture him?

As if divining his thought she beckoned him gently to a seat, and handed him from a pocket in her gown a packet. His own hand writing stared back in empty, rejected, unless sentiments from those old letters. With a smothered cry, he cast them into the fire upon the hearth.

"And mine?" she asked tremulously.

He gave her three little notes and that last bitter letter—the story of her broken faith. She threw them into the flames.

"I have only this now," he said slowly and chokingly, "you will keep it," and he produced a withered bunch of violets. She had worn them the day she promised to be his, and gave them with her vow.

"In other scenes he did not learn to forget her, but grew familiar with another voice that bleat his another er, not quite so sweetly but stronger and more faithfully. With partially returning health, and some measure of life's enjoyment, past bitterness grew softened in the wear. The ordinary little girl, who sang beside him now awakened kinder feelings toward womanhood. And then he had his mother.

He went to her one Sunday morn before service, and kissed the sweet tiny face where the faint roses of her girlhood were stamped even to old age.

"Ada is a good girl, mother."

"Yes, my boy."

"I think she loves me. I can give her what is left of me, and be grateful as a dog for what Providence is pleased to bestow."

So he took the kindly little girl to himself, and half cheated himself into the belief that he was happy with his Topsy, as he called her.

But the snatch of better health was but a freak of his dread disease—courted under the madness that followed Marian's broken promise. He fell ill again, and with his strength went their subsistence.

It was then that his Topsy proved her devotion. She took the place

of bread-winner, and was happy even in his fading smiles.

Through the long twilight of that last summer's evening, they were together singing their favorite hymns—the exquisite melting tones cleaving to the skies—the stronger, the more thrilling for the impending change, till sobs choked the utterance of his faithful little helpmate, and he ceased his singing to console.

"Never mind, Topsy. 'We shall meet again, in the sweet bye-and-bye.'"

He was carried to that humble little chapel of familiar by-gone days, to receive his last benediction from the man of peace who had blessed his full, living, breathing manhood.

The minister's funeral service was incoherent—his task heavy, for he could only remember him in the pride of youth and beauty.

"He is not dead, but sleeping." That peace is his which passeth understanding.

A heartrending cry broke the silence, and a woman's fainting form fell at the feet of mourners gathered near.

It was not Topsy, no. She was as yet only striving to realize the blow. Upon this woman the blow had fallen—the dread responsibility of a wasted life fell on the young and beautiful shoulders of Marian Lambrecht. Not all the wealth of ages, the glittering dross of worlds, the tenderness of an unloved though unsuspecting husband, could ease the burden of what was only now—a memory—but one fraught with the account of a human life.

Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, has developed a flying machine which he believes is practicable. It's coming—there's no doubt about that. When a lot of American citizens conceive an idea they keep hammering on it until the desired result has been produced. Years ago, when there first began to talk about a type-setting machine, practical printers cackled outright. One of the first men, if not the very first to make an experiment in this line was a North Carolinian, a Raleigh man named Foster. That was at least twenty-five years ago. He was laughed at. Nobody, except a few supported cranks, believed that the type would be set for a newspaper, the lines "justified," &c. by anything short of human intelligence. But the few who had the kink in their brains kept pegging away and now the greater part of the type on all of the great papers is set by machinery. In the same way the flying-machine people will keep at it until they find the secret they are searching for. But nobody wants to fly away before finding out who are to get all the different offices.—Charlotte Observer.

These facts regarding the Hawaiian islands may be of interest at this time:

The size of the largest of the eight islands is given as 4210 square miles, with an elevation of 13,805 feet. The next largest island, Maui, contains only 760 square miles, Oahu 600 square miles, Kanai 590 square miles, Molokai 270 square miles, and Nihau, the smallest of the group, only 63 square miles. The population by the census of 1884 was 80,573, which had advanced in 1890 to 90,160. The pure Hawaiians on the latter date were 25,020, the mixed Hawaiians 550, the Chinese 14,560, the Japanese 11,750, the Portuguese 8,330, the Americans 1,970, and the British 1,340. Besides a few of other races there were 7,410 of foreign origin, but born in Hawaii.

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