

The Lincoln Courier.

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LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1893.

NO. 50.

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.

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Glen Alpine Station, N. C. Feb 13th.

This is to certify that three years ago I had my left leg amputated four inches below the knee, caused by blood poison and bone infection. After it was amputated there came a running ulcer on the end of it that measured 2 1/2 inches one way and 4 1/2 inches the other, and continued growing worse every day until a short time ago. I was given up to die by the best doctors in Charlotte. I heard of the wonderful R. B. E. I resolved to try that. My weight at the time I commenced R. B. E. was 120 pounds. When I had taken three bottles I gained 37 pounds in weight; when I had taken twelve bottles I was sound and well, but continued taking until I had taken fifteen bottles. I now weigh 180 pounds and three inches high. I contend that your medicine has no equal as a blood purifier. It certainly worked like a charm.

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If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Gojeys' Lady's Book. OLD MATTHEW.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

It was a place of which the owner might well be proud. The fine stone mansion standing back in its well-kept grounds, surrounded by velvet lawns with parterres of choice plants and flowers, and a driveway leading up to it bordered with noble elms. In the adjacent orchard some pretty Alderney calves were tethered beneath the trees, and from there the handsome stable buildings and quarters of the coachman and gardener could be seen,—all solidly built of stone,—while stretching away in a distance, a model kitchen garden completed the picture of orderly perfection.

As the sun sank low in the Western sky, and cast its lengthening shadows across the meadows' golden green, two men came out of the stables where they had been inspecting the spirited horses and gentle cows, and walked leisurely on together.

It was not hard to see that the younger of the two was the owner of the place, and that he was showing off its beauties with pardonable pride.

"My dear fellow," said his friend, whose accent proved him unmistakably of English birth, "I congratulate you, I am sure. I positively have seen nothing to equal this place of yours since I have been in the New World. Everything about it is in perfect form,—quite English, I assure you;—you have none of the litter about, nor the slovenly outbuildings, that disgrace so many of the otherwise fine country seats I see about here, and which give one the uncomfortable sensation one has on seeing a pretty woman with slippers trodden down at the heel. Some of your wals and buildings look rather new, but that defect will rectify itself in time."

"Yes, that will rectify itself," Henry Weatherill said complacently. "These outbuildings are, in fact, quite recent,—in my father's time they were miserable wooden affairs, which I had torn down at once, and have rebuilt in this substantial way. Oh yes, this part of the place has undergone a complete transformation, and I doubt if the old gentleman would recognize it, could he return from the upper world."

"Hello, Weatherill," interrupted his friend, "Some lunatic at large has got into your place; but what in the name of wonder is he trying to do in your cabbage-bed yonder?"

An expression of annoyance appeared upon Henry Weatherill's handsome face. "It is past endurance," he said impatiently, as he watched the movements of the bent figure which stood among the rows of cabbages, now using it to point with here and there with strange gesticulation and mutterings, while with his back turned towards them, he was unconscious of their observation.

The Englishman eyed Weatherill, and curiously awaited his reluctant explanation. "It's only old Matthew," he said at last, "an old pensioner of mine,—my father's coachman for thirty or forty years; it's a pity when these people outlive their usefulness."

"Ah, but why his excessive fondness for you cabbages?"

"Well, the truth is, his house used to stand upon that very spot, a miserable, tumble-down wooden affair, which I had torn down when making these improvements. It was really a disgrace to the rest of the place, so I hired a couple of good rooms for the old fellow in the village, and paid him an outlandish bonus to get it; but since then he has taken it into his head to haunt the place where his shanty stood, until he has become a nuisance. I shall put a stop to it."

"Oh yes, it annoys you, poor fellow!"

Weatherill afterwards remembered his friend's expression with some discomfort, and wondered how he could have misconstrued its meaning at the time.

"Matthew," he called, and his voice sounded sharp and hard in

contrast to the old man's answer in its tremulous treble.

"Master Harry, bless you, sir!" He approached with a feeble, limping gait and bowed with deep respect. "I hope I see you well, sir,—and the young mistress?"

"Both well, Matthew, and you?" In spite of his annoyance, Weatherill could not help this response to the old man's courteous question.

"Better off than I deserve, sir,—thank the Lord for his mercies!"

"And are your new quarters comfortable, and the people there kind to you?" asked Weatherill.

"Yes, Master Harry, thank you kindly, sir."

"Then in the name of goodness why don't you stay there, where you belong, instead of haunting my place here, day after day? Don't you know I do not like it? If you want anything just let me know and I will see that you get it; but I do not want to see you prowling around here again; do you understand?"

"Yes, Master Harry," and the old man humbly touched his hat. "I did not mean to trouble you, sir; but I didn't think you'd mind when I got loose, like down there, for me to come up and see the place where I lived with them that was dear to me so many, many years. It seemed to bring 'em back nigher to me, when I could point out and say, 'Here the stove was, in the kitchen; and here was the settin' room; and Phebe's rocker stood just there for nigh upon thirty year,—though she's been dead an' gone these twenty years and more; and poor little Sam, with that cough of his, followin' his mother right afore my eyes. Their memory seemed to linger round this spot; and, Master Harry, they don't seem to belong to anything down in the village yonder—they seem fur off from me down there."

"You used to be a sensible man, and you shouldn't allow yourself such fancies. You understand now that this does annoy me, and I do not want to see you hanging around the place."

"Yes, Master Harry, I understand." The old man touched his hat again, and turned away.

"He's in his second childhood," said Weatherill, feeling unaccountably annoyed,—not only with old Matthew, but with himself. "You must understand my feeling!"

"I understand," said the Englishman, still following with his eyes the pathetic lonely figure's slow retreat. "Oh, yes; I quite understand—poor fellow!"

And still Weatherill felt more uncomfortable than he had ever been before.

After this, old Matthew's presence never disturbed the young Master when he paid his evening visits to the stables, or showed his friends the beauties of his place; but when the summer moon looked down from the high heavens at midnight, when Henry Weatherill lay sleeping in his stately mansion among the trees, its silvery light shone tenderly upon a lonely figure standing between the rows of cabbages, pointing here and there with his stick, and muttering softly, "Phebe's rocker allers stood jest there; and jest above it, in the sleepin'-room, was Sam's crib—poor, little sickly Sam!"

But old Matthew was mistaken if he thought these secret midnight visits were unperceived, for a discharged stableman had seen him there, night after night, and among the many grudges treasured up against his fellows in this man's evil breast, was an old one against Matthew, who many years before had almost lost him his place for having brutally beaten a high spirited young horse, in one of his fits of ungovernable temper.

When the moonlight nights were gone old Matthew still paid his stolen visits to the site of his old home—he could have found it blindfolded now—and he never slept until he had held communion there with his cherished memories of Phebe and little Sam.

One night, as he was about to leave the garden and retrace his lonely room, the faint sweet smell of smoke came to him, and with it

the consciousness of something wrong. Sniffing the night breeze like an old hound suddenly wakened to a sense of danger and duty, he peered anxiously about him, toward the stables and the Master's house, until through the darkness he saw a tiny lurid tongue shoot upward.

"Fire!" The tremulous old voice rose shrill and clear, and some of the vigor of his youth seemed to return to the feeble limbs. He knocked loudly upon the gardener's door, though he hardly stopped in passing. "Wake there, fire, fire!" He paused an instant at the stable, for he had caught the smell of burning hay, and he roused the men who slept in the rooms above with his cry of "Fire, save the horses, quick!" He already heard them snorting and stamping in blind terror, but he could not stop to help the poor, dumb creatures, for the Master's house was on fire too, and human lives were in danger. "Fire, fire, Master Harry, for the love of God, wake up!" He threw a handful of pebbles against the window of his room, and when he had aroused him, hurried on to spread the alarm and to bring them aid.

The pale dawn came at last, but never before had the sun arisen upon such unwonted confusion as now reigned in young Weatherill's beautiful place. And yet the damage done by the fire was not so serious after all, for happily it was brought under control before it could gain full headway, and the buildings themselves being solidly built of stone, had received but little injury.

It has been proved the work of an incendiary beyond a doubt, for the house and stables had both been fired in several places, and a bottle with some drops of kerosene left in it has been found near by. So an officer has been quietly sent for, and when he comes, Weatherill, with his face dark with anger, brings him to where old Matthew lingers in the background, worn out with his unusual exertions, yet loth to leave while there remains a chance of his being of use—and pointing him out, said loudly, "There is the man," and before old Matthew grasps his meaning the officer has left no room for doubt, "Matthew Brandon, I arrest you for this night's work."

From the moment that the doors of the jail closed upon him, old Matthew took to his bed. He uttered no complaint, and thanked them kindly for all they did for him—little enough in fact; and now the third day has come and it is evident that he is sick unto death. The doctor himself has said that his trial will never come off unless he is to plead at the bar of Heaven and receive his sentence of pardon there from a higher Judge than ours.

A light wagon drawn by two spirited horses now dashes up and stops before the jail, and Henry Weatherill jumps out. There is a curious expression of shame upon his handsome face as he explains he has come to settle that affair about old Matthew Brandon—there has been a mistake and he wants to see the old man at once.

Impossible, the warden tells him, gravely, for the man is very ill.

Weatherill's face falls still more at this, and he hurriedly explains that Matthew was an old servant of his father's, who had been pensioned off—and perhaps not treated exactly right—and how, in a moment of indignation at the outrage committed on his property, he had misjudged the evidence against him and so had caused his arrest; but now that the real offender had been found he wished to make immediate amends to the old man for his unfortunate mistake. An unpleasant piece of business altogether, he adds, and so even though he is ill, he must really beg to be allowed to see him, to get it settled and off his mind as speedily as possible.

So Henry Weatherill was admitted to old Matthew's cell, and the sight of the pale wrinkled face lying with closed eyes upon the pillow of the miserable cot, touched him profoundly.

(Concluded on last page.)

The story of the Atlantic Cable.

BY CYRUS W. FIELD.

(From the Youth's Companion June 2, '92)

The Youth's Companion asks for a brief outline of my life, and especially of the part it was my fortune to bear in establishing telegraphic communication between England and America.

As I am a business man, you will only expect me to answer with business simplicity. Although I have lived ever since I was a boy in the city of New York, I am a native of New England, of which I am very proud, and of the State of Massachusetts. Seventy-two years ago my father was pastor of the Congregational church in Stockbridge, where I was born, November 30, 1819. I have always counted it a great happiness to have passed my boyhood among the Berkshire Hills.

Although four of my brothers went to Williams College, I, as I was intended for business, simply "graduated" at the village academy, and at fifteen years of age left my father's and mother's roof with their love and blessing, all that they had to give, to make my own way in the world.

Coming to New York, I here completed my education in the business school of the late A. T. Stewart, one of the best training schools in the country for a thorough knowledge of business. The great merchant was a rigid disciplinarian, exacting the strictest fidelity and punctuality; and to the lessons there learned and the habits there formed, many men have owed their success in after life.

At the age of twenty-one I was in business for myself.

For thirteen years I knew nothing but business. I was up early and late, giving myself no rest in summer's heat or winter's cold. At the end of that time I had reached what at the start had been the limit of my desires. Ideas of fortune were much less than then, and having reached what I aimed at, I resolved to retire from business, that I might enjoy what I had acquired, free from anxiety, and passed the rest of my days in tranquility and peace. Little did I think that the great struggle of my life was not yet begun!

But for a time I tried to carry out my resolutions; and taking just partners to conduct the house which I had established, I went off to South America, with the artist, Mr. Frederic E. Church.

Landing in New Granada,—now called Colombia,—we ascended the Magdalena River, crossed the Andes to Ecuador, descended to Guayaquil on the Pacific, and returned by the isthmus of Panama; just in time to attend the golden wedding of my father and mother, October 31, 1853.

Now I was a gentleman of leisure! But I soon missed the excitement of business, the contact with men; and began to feel that I was sinking down from the place of an actor in the world into one of inglorious repose.

It was at this moment that a new scheme was brought to attention. It was to attempt to resuscitate an enterprise that had been begun and had broken down, to carry a line of telegraph to Newfoundland,—including a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence,—and at St. John's to connect with a line of steamers to Ireland, by which the time of communication might be reduced to five days.

Had this been proposed to me a year before, I should have given it thought, as I was engrossed in my own affairs. Had it come a year later, I should have been embarked in something else; but coming just when there was a short lull in my activity, it seemed to be what my dear old father would have called a "special Providence."

So I listened for an evening to the gentleman who wished to enlist me in his scheme. He said what he had to say, and left me to think

it over.

Beside me in the library was a globe, which I began to turn over to study the relative positions of Newfoundland and Ireland. Suddenly the thought flashed upon me, "Why not carry the line across the Atlantic?"

That was the first moment that the idea ever entered my mind. It came as a vision of the night and never left me until, thirteen years after, the dream was fulfilled.

But it is very easy to draw a line on a map or a globe, but quite another to measure out all the distances by land and sea. As I could not undertake it alone, I looked about for a few strong men to give it support.

My next-door neighbor was Peter Cooper, whose name is justly held in honor for his simple noble life, and his great generosity to his native city. He was the first to join the enterprise, and stood by it to the end. That helped me to enlist Moses Taylor and Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White, who, with my brother, Mr. David Dudley Field, as legal advisers,—six in all,—made the little company that undertook the telegraph to Newfoundland, as preliminary to the larger undertaking of crossing the ocean itself. Mr. White died a few months after, and his place was taken by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt.

The title of "The New York, New England and London Telegraph Company" indicated the full scope of the design.

As soon as we had organized, three of us, Mr. White, my brother and myself, started for Newfoundland to get a charter, which we obtained after some week's negotiation, giving us the exclusive right to land a submarine cable upon its shores for fifty years. Now the work began in earnest. The first thing we had to do was to build a line of telegraph four hundred miles through an unhabited country; cutting our way through the forests, climbing hills, plunging into swamps, and crossing rivers. When we came to the Gulf of St. Lawrence we had our first experience in laying our first cable. It was but a short line, less than a hundred miles long, and yet we failed even in that; and the attempt had to be renewed the following year, when it was successful.

Of course we felt a great satisfaction that we had got so far. We had crossed the land, but could we cross the sea? As we stood upon the cliffs of Newfoundland and looked off upon the great deep, we saw our greatest task was before us.

For this we had been preparing by preliminary investigations. Before we could embark in an enterprise of which there had been no example, we must know about the ocean itself, into which we were to venture. We had sailed over it, but who knew what was under it? The cable must be on the bottom; and what sort of a bottom was it? smooth and even, or rugged as Switzerland, now sinking into deep abysses, and then rising in mountain chains over which the cable must hang suspended, to be swept to and fro by the deep undercurrents to the ocean?

Fortunately just then careful soundings by English and American navigators showed that the ocean-bed was one vast plain, broader than the steppes of Siberia or the prairies of America, reaching nearly from shore to shore; and in their surprise on joy they christened it the "telegraphic plateau," so much did it seem like a special conformation of the globe for the service of man.

But giving it that name did not prove that a cable could be laid across it. The mechanical difficulty alone was enormous. Men had stretched heavy chains across rivers as booms to bar the passage of ships but who ever dreamed of a chain over two thousand miles long?

If it could be drawn out to such a length, would it not fall in pieces by its own weight? But suppose

all went well, and it should hold together long enough to be got safely overboard, and to be dropped in the ooze of the ocean-bed, what would it be good for?

There rose the scientific difficulty: Could an electric current be sent through it?

To get an answer to this question, we appealed to the greatest authorities in both countries. Morse said, "Yes, it could be done." So said Faraday; and when I asked the old man, "How long will it take for the current to pass from shore to shore?" he answered, "Possibly one second!"

Such words of cheer put us in good heart and hope, and yet the only final and absolute test was that of experiment. And a very costly experiment it must be.

To make such a cable as we required, and lay it at the bottom of the sea, would cost six hundred thousand sterling—three million of dollars! Where was all that money to come from?

I went from city to city, addressing Chambers of Commerce and other financial bodies in England and the United States. All listened with respect, but such was the general incredulity that men were slow to subscribe. To show my faith by my works, I took one-fourth of the whole capital myself. And so with the help of a few, the necessary sum was got together and the work began.

The year 1857 saw the cable on board two ships furnished by the governments of England and the United States, which put to sea, but had hardly got more than three hundred miles from the coast of Ireland when the cable broke, and they had to return. So ended the first expedition.

The next year we tried again, and thought we could diminish the difficulty and the danger by beginning in the middle of the Atlantic, and there splicing the cable, when the two ships should sail eastward and westward till they should land the two ends of the opposite shores.

This plan was carried out. They reached mid-ocean, and splicing the cables together, the ships bore away for Ireland and Newfoundland, but had not gone a hundred miles before the cable broke. Several times we tried it with the same result: Then a storm arose, in which one of the ships, the Agamemnon came near foundering; and at last we were all glad to get safely back again into the shelter of an English port.

I went to London to attend a meeting of the board of directors. It was not a very cheerful meeting. On every face was a look of disappointment. Some thought that we had done everything that brave men could do, and that now it was time to stop. So strong was this feeling that when the most resolute of us talked of renewing the attempt, the vice-president rose and left the room.

It was then that I took courage from despair. We had failed already; we could do nothing worse than fail again! There was a possibility of success; it was indeed a forlorn hope, but we would try it.

Again the ships put to sea, but there was little enthusiasm, for there were few in either hemisphere who expected anything but a repetition of our former experience. Such was the state of the public mind when, on the fifth day August 1858, it was suddenly flashed over the country that the Niagara had reached Newfoundland, while the Agamemnon had reached Ireland, so that the expedition was a complete success. The revolution of feeling was all the greater from the previous despondency, and for a few weeks everybody was wild with excitement.

Then the messages grew fewer and fainter, till at last they ceased altogether. The voices of the sea were dumb.

Then came a reaction. Many

(Continued on last page.)