

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1893.

NO. 52.

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. M. Alexander

DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.

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Jan 25 '91

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Given 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 affection. 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 B. B. B. I resolved to try that. My weight at the time I commenced B. B. B. 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.

J. R. WILSON.

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 cured cases of Asthma, an Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottle at J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

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Godey's Lady's Book.

HIS MOTHER'S CHOICE.

BY HOLLY HOCK.

"You are not going?" and the brown eyes look up from under the broad-brimmed hat, with a pretty air of concern, as Avis Atherton puts this question.

"Yes," answered her companion, shortly, without ever glancing at the sweet eyes turned to him.

He is angry, and she knows it; it is all so simple she can scarcely keep from laughing. They have been playing tennis, and she has praised Fred Benton's playing; has even gone so far as to say how handsome he looks in his suit of blue and white, and entered a few more thoughtless remarks of the same character, when suddenly my lord grown moody, and as soon as the game is over, announces that he is going, and she has followed him to the gate.

"Since you are so interested in Mr. Benton, I should suppose you would be glad to have me go," pulling vigorously at his long blond mustache.

"Indeed!" a shade of mischief dawned in the languorous eyes, "but you forget he is Jessie's partner, and it will not be so pleasant for me to stand at a distance and admire him, while he gives all his attention to another girl."

He looks aghast at her frankness. "Well, how pleasant do you suppose it will be for me to see the girl I am in—trying to entertain, admiring another fellow all the while?" and he glances fiercely at the top of her hat, as the face underneath is hidden from his gaze, and then his eyes travel down to the dainty hands playing idly with the blue ribbons on her dress; then down to the perfect feet, with their high arched insteps, with an all-devouring gaze.

"True," she says, in a smothered voice, which gains clearness, however, as she proceeds; and presently her face is lifted to his sight, with a confiding innocence that astounds him. "But you might stay and take Jessie for a partner, and then he would have to play with me. But then," with a pathetic drooping of the cherub mouth, "I am so much less attractive than Jess, and I could not bear to put myself in a position to be snubbed. So, on the whole, I think you had better go."

"Well, I should think it was high time, indeed," he returned, angrily. "What does the girl take him for? Every one in town knows Fred Benton is in love with her, and it was only by great cleverness on his part that he secured himself for her partner in the game this afternoon. And he looks at her with withering contempt; but, again, only the crown of her broad-brimmed hat is visible. An impulse altogether unaccountable seizes him, and he stoops, as if to pick up something, he looks into her hiding face, which is alive with laughter; the onslaught is so sudden she has no time to dissemble. He is in a towering passion, and turns on his heel without another word. But this young girl, who is full of quaint conceits, has a tender heart, and runs after him.

"Mr. Ainsworth," she says, laying a white detaining hand upon his arm, "you dropped these," and she thrusts into his hand a bunch of purple violets, which she has worn at the afternoon, and before he can speak she is off again.

A peace offering. At first he will not be appeased, and is on the point of flinging them away; then he thinks how pretty she has put it, and relents; he turns to see if she is in sight. She is not. He presses the flowers hastily to his lips, puts them in his breast pocket and returns; but Jessie and Benton are alone one the lawn.

"Where is Avis?" asks Jessie, and Benton's eyes put the same question.

"I thought she was here," he answers.

"We thought you had gone."

"So I had," rather confused, "but I came back to speak to Miss Atherton."

"Well, you will have to find her," laughs Jessie. At this moment two ladies cross the lawn, and Miss Atherton.

"Well, you will have to find her," laughs Jessie. At this moment two ladies cross the lawn, and Miss Atherton turns to meet them. But Ainsworth make up his mind that he won't go yet. After awhile they ask for Miss Atherton, then Jessie sends a servant to find her, but she is nowhere to be found; finally he is forced to leave without seeing her again.

This next day is Sunday, and Ainsworth decides he will go to church—a quaint, curious, little church, with a tiny steeple. The day is soft and balmy; and, as he walks along the seashore, he thinks he will ask Avis to take a sail with him this afternoon, and then—well, no knowing what may happen, if he only once had her to himself. Oh, yes, he knows very well he will tell her that he loves her, and ask her to be his wife. Then, surely, he ought not to be alone with her.

"Oh, why is fate so merciless," he exclaims, mentally. By the time he reaches the church, however, his mind is fully made up, and he goes in with the full determination to ask Avis Atherton to become Mrs. Ainsworth. She is seated about midway between the altar and the entrance, so he sits down near the latter, in order to intercept her when she comes out.

Of the sermon he hears not a word, for his eyes are fixed upon the nodding white plumes on her little bonnet, or the pretty pink ear, and their owner occupies all his thoughts.

At last the long sermon is ended, the final hymn sung, and the benediction pronounced. He sees Avis rise, and watches her come down the aisle, with her friend, Jessie Alton; but ere they reach him, they are joined by Fred Benton and one or two others, and he is forced to join the "throng," as he mentally styles them. After a while he gains her side, and ponders his request that she will take a sail with him in the afternoon. Really, she is so sorry, but she has promised Jessie to remain at home and help entertain some friends.

"Well, to-morrow?" he urges, growing feverishly impatient.

"To-morrow," she repeats, "well, let me see," meditatively, while he devours her with his eyes; "to-morrow—yes—I think—I can go to-morrow. I am going home next week, you know," she concluded, brightly.

"No, indeed, I did not know! but you will come to-morrow?"

"Yes; what did you say, Jessie?" and not another word does he get for himself.

He makes his appearance at the Alton's in the afternoon, and sees his love surrounded by a bevy of young girls and eager young men. She is dispensing tea.

"Oh! Avis, here is Mr. Ainsworth; do give him some tea," says Jessie.

"Thanks, Miss Jessie, I should never have dared to ask for it, myself," he returns.

"Do you drink tea?" asks Avis, over a sea of heads it seems to him.

"I will, if I can get some," he replies, insinuating that he would like to get nearer.

"Oh, Mr. Murray will hand it to you; will you not, Mr. Murray, to a young man beside her."

He bows and says something Ainsworth cannot hear, as he takes the cup from her hand; she smiles archly and looks into his face as she replies, but what she says is also lost to the eager watcher.

How inaccessible she seems; he almost wonders if he was ever near or alone with her. But to-morrow she will be all his, for a few hours, at least, and perhaps forever. He does not know how he dares hope she will favor his suit, but the little episode of yesterday lingers pleasantly in his memory and seems to bid him hope. At last he edges his way to her side, but by this time the tea is over, and the supplicants begin to disperse. As he reaches her, Fred Benton offers his arm for a stroll in the garden. Avis stands

near a tall urn filled with tropical plants; one hand is toying unconsciously with their gorgeous foliage, as she listens; Ainsworth is unperceived, as the urn hides him from view; he advances a step nearer and imprints a hasty kiss upon the hand among the leaves. Avis starts and gives a slight exclamation. Benton solicitously inquires the cause of them.

"Nothing much," she answers, "only I thought I felt something on my hand." She turns and meets the eyes of Ainsworth, who has retreated a few feet, and like a flash the truth dawns upon her. At the same time Benton says:

"Probably an insect crawled over it; those sort of things are generally full of them."

"At yes, you are undoubtedly right," she returns, flashing an amusing glance at Harold.

At last the mellow dawns bright and fair, and at the appointed hour he finds himself awaiting her presence in the Alton's parlor. Ah! here she comes; how his heart leaps for joy at the sight of this fair, slight girl. How bewitchingly the rosy lips part and display the dazzling teeth, as she gives him greeting.

"You are going away, you say?" he says, abruptly. They are far out on the dancing waves now, and for some time he has been trying to say what is in his heart; but somehow it is not so easy.

"Yes, I am going home this week; but I have been very happy here," with a little sigh.

"Are you not happy there?" he inquires.

"Oh, it is a new home," she answers; "but I think I will be."

"A new home!" he echoes, with tightening heart strings. "What do you mean?"

"I had a stepfather when I was very young, and he did not make me very happy. I think he did not like me. But he was good to mamma, so what matter? So, when she was dying, she said she had provided another home for me, and appointing an old friend as my guardian; for she knew papa and I would not get on well together, and she left me a little money, poor mamma. Then Jessie Alton invited me to spend the summer with her. And now, I am going to that new home, where I hope to find happiness." She gives a long-drawn sigh.

"Avis!" she starts at his strange, low tone. "Ah! my darling, I must speak," he says, laying one hand tenderly, caressingly over hers. "I have been choking to tell you that I love you, for weeks! You must have seen it in my every look! My every tone must have conveyed to you some meaning of my heart!"

She shrinks from him, feebly, and is silent.

"Oh! my darling, say something! Do not turn from me, or I shall die!"

"Mr. Ainsworth, you say you love me—"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!" is his eager interruption.

"Tell me, are you free to speak words of love to—me?" she falters, with downcast eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asks, in smothered accents, putting his hand to his head. For a moment he has forgotten his engagement. Is he to be denied this exquisite bliss for one stroke of the pen?"

"Pardon me, but you know," with evident effort she is speaking, "that sometimes men do not have the liberty of addressing girls as you are addressing me now; and—only misery comes of it."

"O, Avis! unless you give yourself to me, unless I can call you wife, no happiness can ever come to me!"

"Then you are free?" with a little half-terrible laugh, reaching her hands to him. "Jessie said she—"

"I did not mean to deceive you, Avis," taking the little hands held out to him reverently, "and I will tell you all now. There is not much to tell, but I meant to tell from the first."

She catches her breath, and withdraws her hands. "Go on," she says.

"Six months ago I was a careless,

heartfree fellow. About that time I received a letter from my mother, asking me to marry a young girl whom I had never seen; I had had a brief correspondence with her, and my mother's praises of her made me fancy it would be easy enough. So I wrote to Miss Courtland, asking her hand, she accepted, I send her a ring and—that is all. But when I met you, Avis, I knew then that marriage with another would be impossible, and I have not written to her since. As we have not written to her since. As we have never met, she will doubtless be as glad as I to end this ill-advised engagement; for, perhaps, she, too, has already discovered it was all a mistake. This very night I shall write and explain everything, and release myself and her from a bondage that should never have existed."

"But how, if she has learned to love you?" asks Avis, in low, broken tones.

He laughs. "The idea is preposterous! Ah! darling, I will risk it," he answers happily; she seems very near to him, and he feels sure that he will win.

"But it may not be as impossible as you imagine; your mother's praises of you may have inspired love in your breast, and—"

"Well? and—?" he says, eagerly.

"She may not wish to give you up."

"Then should she have fallen in love with an ideal my mother may have painted of me, I am very certain that when she sees the original she will straightway fall out again."

"I am not as sure of that," she whispers; but he hears, and before he, himself, is hardly aware of what he is doing, he has her in his arms, and is kissing her passionately.

"My darling, you do love me? You will be mine?"

As soon as possible she withdraws herself from his embrace.

"Mr. Ainsworth, I am astonished at you! what do you mean by such conduct?" Her tone and manner are very dignified; but the fluttering eyelids, the quivering lips, and soft, sweet blush do not bespeak anger.

"I beg your pardon," he says, humbly; "but I was wild with delight at what your words implied; they seemed to give promise of so much. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, I will forgive you."

"And, after a short silence, in which he has eagerly waited for her to say more, "how do you answer me?"

"If she is as glad to break with you as you are to annul your engagement with her—"

"Yes, yes," breathlessly.

"Well, come to me when you are free."

"Ah! that is enough!" he exclaims, rapturously. "The tie is easily broken; Miss Courtland, I dare say, is heartily sick of her bargain by this time, and will hail my proposal with delight." After a few moments' silence, in which he has been gazing at her hands, as they lie idly ungloved in her lap, he says: "I have been afraid that ring, pointing to a handsome solitaire diamond on her forefinger, "was a betrothal ring."

"Yes? Well, the ring was a present to me; but I do not think it will part us!"

"Oh, there is no if about it. By-the-way," breaking off suddenly, "when shall I see you again? When do you start for home?"

"It will depend upon the answer you receive from Miss Courtland whether we ever meet again or not."

"Oh, do not say that, for it is very uncertain when I can get my answer, but I am very certain what it will be. You see I don't know where she is."

"Don't know where she is?" she repeats.

"No; when my mother wrote that they expected to return home, I was on the eve of starting off on a yachting excursion with some friends. We intended to be gone a month, and I left a letter for my mother explaining my absence. We stopped her, and—you know the rest. I saw you—my friends"

(Concluded on last page.)

Hawaiian Islands.

Honolulu has 23,000 people and 11,000 telephones. That shows what kind of people live in the "Paradise of the Pacific." People there use the telephone upon the slightest provocation. When they have nothing else to do they telephone.

It is everywhere agreed that the Hawaiian Islands are the loveliest places in the world. The beauty of the largest island (Hawaii), the luxury of its color, its salubrious climate, and its marvelous productiveness have been everywhere talked about.

Mauna Loa has the largest crater and is one of the foremost volcanoes doing business, says the New York World: It is nearly 14,000 feet high. Its crater is a mile and a half wide and over 1,000 feet deep. When Mauna Loa becomes really active the mischief is to pay on the island. Those who remember their geography recall Mauna Loa if they have forgotten other things about the islands.

All revolutions and troubles in that region centre in Honolulu. There has never been any trouble outside of the capitol. Blood has been shed in one or two of the revolutions. For instance, in the last one, the Wilcox revolution, six people were killed and fourteen were wounded. Then the revolutionists surrendered.

A queer man is this Wilcox. He has played an important part in the Hawaiian troubles. He is a malicaste, who was sent to Italy by the government to become an engineer. While he was there he married an Italian princess, whom he took to Hawaii with him. When he arrived he found that there had been a change in the political complexion and that he was out of a job.

He, with other of the younger men, clamored for political recognition. They didn't get it. The Americans there run things pretty much to suit themselves. Then he started into stir the natives up. He has wonderful influence among the native Hawaiians. He has been their recognized leader for years.

Strangely enough he is in favor of annexation to the United States. Therein he differs from the natives who held office. All of them oppose annexation. "Hawaii for Hawaiians" has been their cry.

When Edwin Arnold visited Hawaii last summer he wrote a most entertaining description of it. Among other things he said:

"I had imagined the Hawaiian cluster to be opposed of densely wooded islets and isles, with dark foliage spread all over the plains and climbing to rounded hills. But I see a land much more broken and varied than my anticipation, the lowlands rather bare of trees and vegetation, the uplands ascending by ascending by slopes, tinted with the tender green of growing crops to volcanic Sierra, very rugged, naked, and majestic in outline, seamed and fissured with numberless gorges, each nursing a gradually diminishing ribbon of verdant embayment."

"At one extremity of the long crescent in which Honolulu nestles amid her grove of cocoanut palms and bananas rises precipitately the yellow and red steep of Diamond Head, and on the other ranges into far distant a lofty line of peaks, lifted from the bottom of the sea by ancient and stupendous telluric spasms."

"The channel is narrow by which the quiet inner harbor is reached. But there is plenty of water there. Honolulu from the sea looks a smaller town than she really is, being so much buried in groves and gardens."

"That this paradise of the Pacific is not without drawback the voyager is previously reminded as he approaches Diamond Head round into the anchorage of Honolulu. Broad on the port side of the ship, about thirty miles from the little city, Molokai rises fair and fertile from the ocean, the Island of the Lepers, beautiful enough to be a purgatory for this paradise of the Pacific."

"The waterside wharves are with

out pretension and the little town in its business portion looks commonplace and unattractive. It disappointments, indeed, at first, for the shops and offices are just like those of a third-rate American city, with the usual tram-cars running along and the usual telegraph poles blocking the sidewalks.

"But the islanders at once attract your attention; the men, well-built, brown as coffee berries, many walking or riding, with flower garlands wreathed about their straw hats; the women with nice oval faces, very often pretty, always intelligent, animated, and gentle, dressed in the long, loose colored nightgown without a waist, which the early missionaries invented for their too-tightly-clad converts. These excellent men are but poor modistes, and it is to be regretted that they did not hit on something more becoming."

"Yet the Kanaka damsels and matrons manage to wear these absurd garments with all the grace of which they are capable, and it is a pretty sight to see one of them in this clothesbag of a dress leap lightly into a saddle, astride, neatly jerking the lower part of her gown between her knees as she settles into her seat, thus making the loose sack cover her lower limbs to the ankle with perfect fitness and decorum."

Those are the kind of people which the fashionable club-man of this town will have to acknowledge as fellow-citizens if Uncle Sam concludes to take Hawaii into his fold.

The Rule is Being Carried Too Far.

Washington Post: Congressman Springer, of Illinois, has a well-earned reputation for getting more positive rulings out of the Executive and the Cabinet people than any other man on earth. Sometimes—generally, in fact—these rulings are not suited to his taste, but they are always clear. The latest instance was furnished yesterday, when he called upon Mr. Bissell and put him a case.

"I understand, Mr. Postmaster General," he said, "that you have determined to retain Republican postmaster for the full term of four years when nothing can be proved against his character and ability. But suppose that a postmaster appointed by Mr. Harrison served three years and died and a Republican successor was appointed. Will this man be allowed to serve four years dating from the issue of the original commission, or will be allowed to serve four years dating from the issue of his own commission?"

"He will be allowed," said Mr. Bissell slowly and positively, "to serve out four years of his own."

"Hump!" said Mr. Springer.

"Well, here is a case that I have in mind: Near the end of his Presidency Mr. Arthur appointed a Republican postmaster at Taylorville, Ill. Mr. Cleveland allowed him to serve four years which carried him nearly through the Democrat was appointed. Mr. Harrison promptly removed this Democrat and named Republican in his stead. This Republican served through more than three years of Mr. Harrison's administration and then died. A Republican successor was appointed. Is he to be allowed to hold the office four years more?"

"He is," said Mr. Bissell.

"But," expostulated Mr. Springer "that will give us a Democratic incumbent for little more than one year of Mr. Cleveland's two terms."

"It's cheerful," said Mr. Springer.

[If all reports given out concerning Bissell are true, he is simply a mug-wump and unworthy of the confidence placed in him.—COURIER]

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