

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893.

NO. 11.

## 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

1v

**Bartlett Shipp,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

1v

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## HELEN'S MATCH-LESS VALOR.

BY CLARISSA DOWNS.

WE had committed a raid on his watermelon patch. Now, John's melon patch, a source of revenue to him, was on the edge of the cliff, nearly half a mile from the farm house, and while we could eat melons from our own patch every hour had we so wished, yet John's melons looked so much better, that at Harry's suggestion we had stolen hither, and eaten a number of the finest melons, throwing the rinds over the cliff. Moreover Helen had aided Kate in playing a practical joke on John that very afternoon, and together with the stolen fruit wrought John to exceeding wrath. Helen certainly felt a little penitent for the part she had played, yet she was the first to set the example resulting in our irreverence. Family prayers were held in Aunt Ellis' bed-chamber. Very white and stately were all the appointments, the bed being a large, high, four-poster, draped in white curtains, with a deep white valence around it falling to the floor. Helen knelt by the bed, as Aunt Ellis closed the Bible, and began the prayer, when a few moments later an unwary bat, attracted by the candle on the table, swept in at the window. Whirr! it came, swooping and swinging over us, but Aunt's voice continued peacefully. In a moment Helen slipped quietly under the bed. Dick followed, then Harry Leigh, Maggie and John slid under the valence dexterously as the bat wheeled in their direction, and when Aunt opened her eyes, with "Amen," to every child had vanished, and only a little swinging of the valence, and another giggling betrayed our lurking place. Aunt called us, and we crawled out shame-faced and red.

"Children," she began, but something not at all stern twitched her lips, and we were not surprised when she concluded mildly, "go to bed, at once."

So we retired approved to meet our just deserts in another way.

Helen met John in the outer hall. "Oh! John, say you are not mad at me still?"

"Only dogs go mad, Helen. I am sorry, exceedingly sorry, any whim should lead you to the folly of today. It was neither kind, right or sensible."

"Thank you," with a toss of her pretty head. "I see I am beneath your notice." And she sped away, angry at his reception of her lame apology.

The following morning found John still with a stern look. This was unusual, and surely was the result of letting the sun go down upon his wrath, and absenting himself from evening prayers. Aunt Ellis evidently had fathomed his trouble, but she wisely let us settle our disputes, else there would have been little peace for her during the summer.

About noon a neighbor came over to great haste for Aunt Ellis. His wife was very ill, and he wanted Aunt Ellis to come at once and stay with her, while he rode four miles for the doctor. Aunt Ellis looked at Kate and Helen in dismay, but such a call could not remain unheeded. There was no one to call in to take charge of us, for with the exception of an old Irish woman, named Higgins, living half a mile away, and old "Uncle Charlie," a colored man, a mile across the fields, Mr. Allen, who desired her attendance on his wife, was our nearest neighbor, so aunt could only make haste to depart, warning us in the while to be good children, to be sure and not let the fire go out, as we none of us knew how to use the flint and tow. And to stay near the house, and of all things not to go to the river, or "try to ride old Dobbin."

We younger children stole a glance at each other at this last injunction, whereby Aunt Ellis betrayed a knowledge of our latest escapade. That very morning Harry had suggested that a ride before

breakfast would improve the appetite, so five of us had perched on Dobbin's back, when the old horse leaped the barn-yard fence and sent us sprawling. We thought no one saw us, but some of the farm-hands had reported the result of our early ride.

Aunt Ellis sent Helen to hunt John, for as the eldest he would guard us from mischief; but John could not be found, and Will had driven to Manchester quite early, so Aunt must fain leave us, with many parting injunctions, and ride away with her neighbor. Her last words were as follows:

"Kate, be good to the children. Don't quarrel. There is plenty of cold meat in the pantry, and cake and cookies in the tin box. You will not have to cook anything. I will be home to-night at seven o'clock. Do not let the kitchen fire go out."

II.

We were not grieved at aunt's absence. There was novelty in finding ourselves without any higher authority than that represented by Kate and Helen, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen. We five smaller children busied ourselves as usual. Paddled in the pond, built a mud fort, and Dick, Jim and Harry were Indians besieging it, tactfully attired in yellow ham bags, with wood bow and arrows.

Helen and Kate went down into the orchard with their books, and gave little heed to our yells of delight, when Harry Leigh sent his arrow through Maggie's sun bonnet, which had been erected as a scalp. John appeared at noon and we enjoyed a cold luncheon from the pantry, everyone taking what he liked best. Aunt had arranged that the farm hands should go to old Mrs. Higgins for the mid-day meal.

Perhaps John thought it a fine opportunity for giving us a piece of his mind, or the poor fellow really felt he must relieve his pent-up wrath, for he gave us all such a going over, between bites, that Maggie Keith choked on a crust of bread, and Helen pounded her on the back until she declared her arm was tired, before Maggie recovered.

"There, John," said Helen pettishly, as Maggie gasped, and seized her raspberry shrub. "I hope you are happier. You have nearly choked Maggie and all vent your spleen about the old watermelons. I'll give you enough out of my pocket money to cover the loss of the melons they ate."

The color rushed to John's forehead, and we all held our breath, for we understood the unkindness of such a speech. It was not the moneyed loss John deplored, although he had little enough to spend. He had been speaking to us of the dishonor, the contemptible meanness of our behaviour. Maggie's crust had encountered a penitent sob.

"You know, Helen, it was not the money I cared about. Besides I never touch a cent of yours, when you so willfully misunderstand me. It is the—"

"John, you have been all over that once," said Kate pertly, "so do be quiet and let us finish our lunch in peace."

"All I will say is just that, and I address myself to the boys. If any of them dare set foot on my melon patch again, I will thrash every mother's son of them. See it I don't."

"John, did you ever hear a story noted in American history—" began Helen, teasingly.

"First catch your hare? yes, Helen, and I will boast no longer. I have neither wealth, courage or good temper, but I can hold my tongue, and I will do so hereafter."

He looked his favorite cousin steadily in the face, and Helen's eyes dropped, and she was silent. She was not naturally unkind, but she was full of mischief and still vexed by John's words spoken the night before, but now she felt she was entirely in the wrong, if she would only acknowledge her error. So the midday meal left us all ruffled in spirit, and John's injunction

as he left us, not to go far from the house, delivered with offended dignity, created a wild desire to disobey.

Helen was loud in her scorn for his authority, for she smarted from the justice of his rebuke. So, about three o'clock Harry Leigh's proposition that we should all go to the river and row over to Wardle's peach orchard, on the island, was received with enthusiasm.

To be just, we none of us remembered that aunt had said we must not go near the river. We often went hither, but usually John or Will accompanied us.

"We always fancied the Wardle peaches tasted better than my aunt's, just as poor John's pilfered melons had a more delicate flavor. We had a standing invitation to go to the peach orchard, however, from Mr. Wardle."

So off we started, and had a great frolic descending the rugged stairway of the cliff, and threading our way through the woodland, where all sorts of delights awaited us. We found "paw-paws" ripening, and got branches of sasparilla bark to chew. Jim found a slippery elm tree, and the entire party were regaling themselves with various delicacies before we reached the river.

The water was not very high, and we put off in two boats, Harry Leigh managing one and Kate Ellis the other. We found some delicious late peaches, and, after staying until nearly five o'clock, returned across the river. Then the boys, in spite of Kate and Helen's remonstrance, determined to go further up the river and have a swim. It was growing late, and the girls were apprehensive of dark overtaking us before we got back through the woods. Maggie and Bertha were sure the foxes would eat them if we met them after dark!

The lads persisted, however, and went up the stream some distance, after promising to return at a given signal. We played about waiting for them, when Kate, with her usual love of a practical joke, proposed to slyly steal up to where the lads had left their clothes and hide them. The thought of their consternation, on emerging from the water at the signal, to find their clothes missing, filled her with glee. Helen begged her not to do it, but Kate was off, and the mischief quickly accomplished.

For some time it had been growing dark, and now an ominous growl of thunder warned us of the cause. A vivid flash of lightning and a still louder peal of thunder roused us to the fact that a storm was closely upon us, and not the shades of night. At the first clap of thunder Kate was wild with terror. She was afraid of thunderstorms, and Bertha shared her fear. Maggie began to cry. Helen alone stood firm.

"Stop crying, Mag," she said; "the thunder cannot hurt you; but we must call the boys and hurry home, or we shall get caught in the rain."

A sharp flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder, broke in upon her sentence, while the first wind came, bending the trees and snatching the call from Helen's lips, as she strove to give the signal.

Helen seized Maggie. "We must run for the cliff; the boys must take the chances. Come."

We dashed forward, Bertha crying, and Kate shivering and terror-stricken, when just as we reached the cliffs, the rain falling on us in great drops, and the wind beating against us, we heard a shout in the tear, and turning beheld Jim, Tom and Dick rushing towards us, wildly gesticulating, distress in their countenances, and not a thread of clothing on their bony little bodies.

"Oh! Kate, you hid their clothes," cried Helen.

"I cannot go back, I can't indeed," meant Kate.

"Run on then, to the old hollow tree, get the children under shelter," cried Helen, and rushed off to the little boys who fled at her approach like so many young Adams. But Helen had no time for blushing. The wind was tearing at tree tops

and ruffling the river; the rain was pouring upon her, her hat had blown off, and every flash of lightning seemed to blind her, as she searched for the shelter, and called earnestly to Harry Leigh to come ashore. The lad only waded out further into the stream at sight of her.

"Come in!" screamed Tom, joyfully accepting his sister's help, as she shook him into his clothes, and bade him run, while she seized upon Jim with like assistance.

"Don't be silly, Harry," cried Helen, lustily. "Come ashore, we will all be drowned. Oh!"

The latter exclamation broke from her involuntarily, for a flash of lightning seemed to crash the very heavens asunder, and even Helen crouched under the heavy crash of thunder, as it roared through the forests, and great sheets of rain followed. Harry forgot his modest scruples, and rushed, with a scream, to shore, to fall on the beach, just as John Ellis, panting breathlessly, reached Helen's side.

"Quick!" he cried to Helen; "run on to the others, I will bring Harry. Go to the old boiler tree at the right of the cliff steps."

In a few moments Helen was with us, where we crouched trembling, and hither he came running, bearing Harry in his arms, half clad, the blood trickling from a wound in the lad's foot.

Harry was very pale, and John scarcely less so. We could not speak, or make ourselves heard for the fury of the storm. We could only watch John as he tried to staunch the blood, and bind up the foot. Helen silently contributed her handkerchief, and tried to soothe Harry when he broke into sobs, even at John's gentle touch.

The storm was all over in twenty minutes. It was one of Nature's temper-fits, and the sun was soon smiling at us, reflected from every quivering leaf, and laughing into the heart of every rain-laden flower.

Then we found poor Harry could not walk a step. He had cut his foot on a mussel shell, and had lost so much blood he was quite weak.

John lifted him in his arms, and we took up our march, a melancholy little procession.

"Helen, we are so wet. I never thought once of the kitchen fire. Do you suppose it is out?"

"Oh, Kate, how could we be so careless. But, perhaps, John can light it with the flint and tow, and I'll beg him not to tell aunt, and she will never know how naughty we were. Poor aunt!"

It was a weary climb up that cliff in wet clothes. Helen could hear John panting as he reached the top, and remembered he had never been very strong. Her conscience was picking her like a small needle, as she saw how tired he looked.

"John, hadn't you better rest awhile? Isn't Harry very heavy?" she said.

He shook his head and walked on, but not without a reassuring glance, for Helen's gentle tone.

Very little rain had fallen on the plateau, the storm had spent its brief fury on the river bank. But Harry was shivering with a chill, and John said briefly, as we got into the big kitchen:

"We must have a fire, and hot water at once."

"Oh, John, the fire is out," cried Kate.

A blank despair fell upon us, as we gazed at the chimney place in dismay. Not one of us could ever remember seeing that fire out. It was as if the heart of the household had ceased beating. Jim began to whimper, and even John stood a moment with his hand to his forehead. He had placed Harry on a low bench. He now caught up a shawl and flung over the lad.

"Never mind, Helen, I will soon have a fire. Keep quiet, Jim," he said resolutely, and started from the room, but reeled, clutched at a chair, and fell prone upon the floor, his face white and set.

"Oh, he is dead!" cried Kate wildly. "John, dear John, speak to me! We will never treat you so!"

(Continued on last page.)

## INTERESTING TO POTATO GROWERS.

### Prevention of Scabby Treatment of Seed Tubers with Corrosive Sublimite.

Recent writers who claim to have investigated the subject of preventing potato scab by treatment of the seed tubers before planting have not greatly encouraged the idea or indicated that it would be economically possible. H. L. Bolley of the North Dakota station, who has been a firm advocate of this course, has, however, just given the subject a fresh airing in *The Rural New Yorker* with the aid of illustrations, and he states that after another year's trial not only at the station, but among potato growers, the corrosive sublimate treatment has proved effective in a degree beyond previous expectation.

Under date of Oct. 10, 1892, T. B. Terry, the famous Ohio potato grower, is quoted as follows: "I treated some 40 or 50 bushels of badly scabbed seed as recommended and have a crop almost perfectly smooth. Crop from badly scabbed seed (untreated) worthless."

Mr. Bolley reports that tests of 1891 showed a net gain of half a pound per hill in favor of the corrosive sublimate treatment as against untreated seed of like character, while the number of tubers set upon the vines was on an average five less per hill than in rows heavily diseased.

The results of the past summer's work, when averaged for all tests of the treatment, show an average gain of a fraction over half a pound per hill in favor of the treatment and 99.33 per cent of total product void of disease, while the untreated seeds of like character and weight gave a product in which less than 1 per cent of sound tubers were found.

A number of other promising treatments were tried at the same time and under the same conditions as the corrosive sublimate test, among them the bordeaux mixture. Concerning these it is simply said that after no treatment which at all lessened the percentage of disease did the yield fall as low as that of the highest yield from untreated seed.

In all these tests soils that had never known a previous potato crop or a fertilizer were used, subjected to equal conditions and planted at the same time. The seed used was Early Ohio tubers of like weight and amount of diseased surface as could be obtained.

The method of application is as follows: Dissolve corrosive sublimate (mercuric bichloride) in water at the rate of 2 ounces of the chemical to 15 gallons of water. Soak the seed potatoes in this solution 1 1/2 hours cut and plant as usual. From this it will be seen that no plant disease which is successfully combated is susceptible to so simple a treatment, one so easily carried out.

Prominence is given to this caution: Mercuric bichloride is a strong poison. Be as careful with it as with all other poisons. The mixture should stand some time before it is used, to insure complete solution of the chemical, which should be thoroughly pulverized before it is added to the water. Plant only on ground known to be free from disease.

### Harsh Treatment to Children.

Baltimore Sun.

A six-year-old child is lying ill in New York with meningitis, said to have been brought on by a slap on the face. The physician declares that he is as likely to die as live. The custom of striking children on the head, slapping their faces and cuffing them on the ears is a brutal and a cruel thing. It is often done ignorantly and hastily, but it is not a proper manner of administering punishment. Such blows are usually given in anger, and a little child is assaulted in this way because it is defenceless. Parents frequently slap their children on the ears without knowing that they may be inflicting serious damage. The skull of a child is thin, and a blow upon it reaches the brain. But the use-

al result is some injury more or less serious to the ear.

A child should not be trained by brute force any more than a colt or young cow. All young animals should be treated with gentleness. Boys are subjected frequently to cruel treatment by those who have charge of them, and then blamed because they grow up to be ill-mannered ruffians. It is often the natural result of harsh treatment. Children should be treated with as much consideration as grown people, and in this way they will learn true gentility.

### A Pocket Night Lamp.

Philadelphia Press: To instantly obtain a light sufficient to read the time by a watch or clock by night, without danger of setting things on fire, is an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest of glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, pour upon this some pure olive oil, heated to a boiling point; the bottle is to be filled about one-third full, then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter, then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light thus obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter.

In very cold weather it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil, and one bottle will last a winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and it is used by watchmen in Paris in all magazines where explosives or inflammable materials are stored.

### Took Horrible Revenge.

MILAN, Tenn., June 21.—For some time past Dr. John Hood, of Ader, sixteen miles north of here, has suspected that improper relations existed between his wife and William Piper. Monday night Dr. Hood left home ostensibly on a visit to a patient, hid in an out building near the house. Dr. Hood forced his way to his wife's bedroom and found his wife and Piper in a compromising situation.

The doctor attempted to shoot Piper, but the pistol snapped. Snatching a coal oil lamp burning on a table near by, the wronged husband dashed the missile at Piper's head, the glass horribly cut his face.

The lamp exploded, the oil running in streams of fire over Piper's body, burning right ear off, destroying the sight of both eyes, literally cooking his breast and shoulders, and burning his hair and beard. He died in less than an hour.

The unfaithful wife threw herself upon the body of the mass of charred flesh and cried for death to take her with her lover. All the parties are prominent people in this section.

### The State Crops.

The weather crop bulletin says that the week ending June 19th was not so favorable to crops and farm work as the preceding week. The temperature was slightly below the normal; sunshine deficient; rainfall generally above the normal, with great excesses in some localities. A severe storm moved up the coast on the 16th produced very heavy rains and high winds in the counties along the coast. Hail occurred on the 12th, 13th and 14th, the damage generally being slight, but on the 13th greatly injuring all crops on a few farms in the west. The frequent rains in the central and western portions of the State greatly interfered with harvesting of wheat and caused some slight loss. Reports on tobacco very encouraging; plants growing up nicely. Corn generally very good. Only a few discouraging reports received. As compared with last year all crops seem to be in good condition.

—Charlotte News, 20th.

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