

The Lincoln Courier.

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LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1893.

NO. 14.

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

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WINYAH'S LOVE.

"You must not believe there dark legends handed down from generation to generation and repeated to you by a superstitious old woman." The slight form straightened up and a soft voice responded: "I love my grandmother, and never yet has she lied to me. Last February, when the birds were mating, I stole from home just as the moon came up from behind the mountains and ran down here to this little stream. With bare feet I stood in the cold water till seven stars were shining over my head. I had heard granny say when I was only a child that the maid who would do this on the fourteenth of February would meet her future husband before March's rough winds blew him away from her forever. Ah, Richard, I had seen your dark eyes in the steam that comes from our kettle at night, so you cannot blame me for trying to bring you to me."

The man's white lids drooped over the handsome eyes. No, he would not, could not censure the tiny being sitting by his side in the sweet spring gloaming, making the air vibrate with her low, soft voice. He only thought then of the wild innocent love she bestowed upon him, and excused her crude ideas of goblins and witches that crowded the lovely head. He put out his hand in the deepening gloom and drew her to him. They were alone, surrounded only by Winyah's rough friends, the jagged rocks and stately peaks.

Richard Caning thought fate's hand had guided him to this unrequited part of Arizona. The two months spent in his camp at Nona's rough feet had brought little game to boast of to city friends, when in a few more weeks he mingled once again in Memphis' fashionable society. But the chords of love in his heart had been touched by a soft little hand. Ah, this love lesson comes to all. Usually the story is beautifully sweet, but sometimes bitter, bitter. God pity the hearts who find only gray dead ashes in life's golden fruit.

"Richard, your mother and sisters would like you to marry one of your own station, wouldn't they?"

The man started and his clasp tightened. How would his proud mother and fashionable sisters receive the little girl? They might be pleased with her beautiful face, but she would suffer many a heart-ache when transplanted from her native mountain soil to a sphere of life she knew nothing of. They would treat her kindly for his sake, but she must learn the relentless laws of society; she must bow at dame fashion's feet before they could look on her with friendly eyes. His heart beat painfully for her when he replied:

"Oh, Winyah, no one could do otherwise than love you. But the life you are about to enter will be a great, great change, dear, and some hours of sadness will come to you; but Winyah, my love shall be your shield."

"You said we would travel before going to your home, and I will learn oh so much; for your sake, dearest, I will try with all my strength and mind. I do not want you to feel ashamed of your wife. I am uneducated—heavens! the difference between us—but, Richard, Richard, I love you."

The last sentence was a low, sad wail, and Richard Caning caught her to his heart and showered kisses on her golden brown head.

"I must leave you now. Granny never likes for me to stay out late when the moon does not shine."

"You must tell her to-night, dear, that we love each other. To-morrow I will call myself and ask for you. I will arrange everything for her comfort before we take our departure. But, Winyah,—if she refuses?"

"She has never yet denied me a single wish of my heart, so far I have desired little; she could not refuse to give her consent to filling my life with golden sunshine. Dear Winyah, she loves me, too, Richard,

One would not be drawn towards her, but she was my all till you came. Poor granny."

"She has had you for twenty years; now I want you."

Her head fell on his breast and the childish eyes looked up into his own.

"You have never seen one so beautiful as I am?"

"Never, Winyah."

"I will be like other women when I am dressed in other clothes?"

"Yes, soft, clinging drapery will suit you best."

"But, Richard," and the innocent eyes filled with tears, "if I lose my beauty your love can never change?"

He had never thought of that. Winyah without her loveliness—Winyah old and wrinkled—bah! his only reply was a caress, and that satisfied her tramping heart.

She stooped, and plucking a purple wild flower placed it in his hand and bounded lightly away over rocks and brooks to the dark old gloomy house she called home. She was leaving Richard, her love, her life, in the distance, and she was going home—to granny.

Richard stood where she had left him, smiling down on the purple bloom in his hand. She had given him this flower before at their partings, and he knew the little purple blossom meant to Winyah, "God be with you till we meet again." Her last words about her waning beauty caused Richard's heart a sudden chill. How could she entertain her liege lord without her piquant western beauty. When Winyah told that she lost her all. But, then, her trusting heart could know no change. So Richard walked away from their old trysting place, singing softly:

"I am fair and young, but the rose will fade from my sweet cheek some day; Will you love me 'mid the falling leaves as you did in the blooms of May?"

His tent reached Richard at the supper prepared by his negro man, and after smoking several fine cigars threw himself on his cot. Soothed by the rising wind, slumbers came, and with sleep sweet dreams of a fair young girl standing in a clear stream laving her white feet kissed by tiny blue ripples; above her seven golden stars, around her great dark mountains, in her heart loving, excited thoughts of Prince Charming, who was sure to come. The sleeper smiled—poor little superstitious Winyah.

Home was soon reached. Winyah's nimble feet did not pause till she stood in the grim, dark doorway.

"Aye, child, 'tis well you have returned, for the wind is rising, and I fear a storm will be upon us before the morning's sun."

Winyah threw aside the roughly-knitted shawl and took a seat before the bright fire, the only cheer in the room, for the two small windows admitted little light, and the long row of shelves of curiously shaped bottles filled with strange mixtures were sufficient to give rise to the name of "witch stew."

"I fear no storm when safe here granny. Only the rain and lightning makes me think of mother. You have often told me about the terrible storm her poor soul had to fight its way to heaven in."

"Yes, but always in trouble she used to scorns," granny replied, sulkily poking the fire and making hundreds of crimson sparks rush gaily up the smoky chimney.

But the words fell lightly on Winyah's ear, for her heart was nearly bursting with the story of love she had to repeat.

"All caused by one of those dare devils with a handsome face," granny continued, "d'rat 'em. Deserted—I told her he would only love her a few months. He went back to the world and left her to die. Fool, fool, she would never listen to reason. Another one of those eastern devils is hanging around here, but if he dares speak to thee, child, I'll—"

She was getting angrier, but Winyah's wild cry silenced her. "They are not all devils—Richard Caning—we have met—oh, granny, I have promised to marry him. I

love him—he loves me," she moaned pitifully.

The old woman's face was black with rage.

"I will tear out his cold black eyes before you shall follow in your mother's footsteps. Love him! Oh, you little fool—love him!—can't you see the difference between you and ye blind?"

Winyah knelt at the old woman's feet, and in a calm voice replied: "Yes, to all his faults I am blind. I shall never smile, sing, nor dance again if I am separated from Richard Caning. Give your consent! I have ever tried to obey you, you have always been so good to me."

Her kind words stopped the volley of abuse, but though granny's next words were not roughly spoken, they shot a wild dart of fear and terror into Winyah's heart. She raised her shrill, cracked voice and blended with wind and rain, Winyah heard the fearful cry:

"A curse rests on your life."

The girl's lovely head fell forward, her eyes grew wild and vacant, and a deathly pallor overspread her entire face.

"For God's sake," she cried in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "what do you mean?"

"Child," groaned her grandmother, rocking to and fro, "I will tell you, though I never meant to; but I must save you from a marriage that could only end by breaking your heart."

"You were only two days old when your mother died, and taking you in her arms she cried aloud, while her beautiful face grew dark with hatred for the man who had deserted her. 'Back heaven, you are a girl; you can, in some measure, revenge me. I leave you a legacy—my curse; if ever loved by some rich worldly scoundrel and he should marry you, six months from the day of your wedding his entire right side shall begin shriveling and darkening, shriveling and darkening till life becomes a burden and his one cry is for death.' Winyah, I always feared her—she was more lemon than woman—and when she uttered those last words with a horrible laugh she fell back—dead; so what will ye do now?"

"Never look on his face again," she said in a heart broken tone. "Richard, you shall never suffer for me, dear."

Granny's anger, commingled with some grief, had overpowered the old woman, so with faltering steps arose and went towards her room. Just as she closes the door she turns and says hoarsely, "What will ye do? What will ye do?"

"I will die," Winyah replied, but her words fell not on human ear. Granny was gone. She was alone; alone with the pitiless storm, alone with a broken heart. She crouched down on the floor and gazed at the glowing embers. She could picture him, proud Richard, vain of his handsome, winning face, all shriveled and darkened—miserable, miserable, crying for death, hating the world, life—herself. He called her his majestic; he would despise her now—oh, agony, agony. If she told him all he would laugh in his superior way and call her superstitious, silly, foolish; but she knew. Did not people think witch blood ran in their veins? Had ever one of granny's prophecies failed? Never. Kula his beautiful, bright life? Handsome, gay Richard darkened, shriveled—horrible, horrible. If she waited till day, saw him once more, he would plead, persuade; she might weaken—ah, would she have the strength to resist?"

When God's golden sun shone in the heavens next day granny, coming into the room where she had left Winyah the night before, found her cold, lifeless, dead. Loyal little Winyah, dead by her own hand. When Richard Caning, came in the afternoon to ask for Winyah's hand granny led him to the side of the beautiful corpse and told the heart-rending tale; then she left him saying, better this than the death of her mother. Richard wanted to be alone. He showered tears and kisses on this lovely piece of clay; then taking the little purple blos-

som from his button hole he laid it on her heart, "God be with you till we meet again."

This ball is a most brilliant success. What jewels, what dresses, what beauty. That tall stately, handsome woman, who is she? Mrs. Richard Caning? How attentive her husband is. What fascinating manners she has! A splendid looking couple, but both society devotees; one can plainly see that. Do Richard's thoughts ever travel to a far away country and pause beside a little grave? When standing in handsome picture galleries does he happen suddenly on a wild, sweet face with pensive eyes? Does the superb music now falling on his ear ever wail and sob the dear name, Winyah, Winyah? Ah, yes; but Richard Caning is a man, he finds no trouble in forgetting. He is now smiling into the flashing eyes of his beautiful wife; she admires him, her handsome, dashing Richard.

Sleep on, sweet Winyah, for Richard Caning is only a man after all.

FRANK HENDON PRATT, Leesburg, Fla.

How a Little Girl Asked for the Butter.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, Rev. Charles Stowe of Hartford, Conn., met with an experience the other evening which completely nonplussed him. One evening quite recently he dined with Mrs. J. W. Boardman, proprietress of the hotel Woodruff. Visiting Mrs. Boardman is a cute little niece about five years old. She is a regular chatter-box and makes many bright remarks during the day. Fearing lest the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying her aunt warned her to keep mum during the dinner.

The administration was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared look at Mr. Stowe, not wishing to commit a supposed sin. While the servant was absent from the room the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small pink dish. She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter, that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and lo and behold the butter dish was directly in front of the preacher. Wistfully she gazed at both for a few seconds. Never in her brief existence did she appear so pensive. Then gathering all her courage and clearing her throat she said:

"Dear pastor, would you please for Christ's sake, pass the butter?"

Rev. Mr. Stowe never received such a shock. He learned over his chair to pick up his napkin, which of course had not fallen. Mrs. Boardman must at that moment have arranged a window curtain, and other guests were suddenly touched with a friendly cough. Little Mabel, self-satisfied that she had done the proper paper, was the only one at the table who could positively prove that she was alive.—Old Homestead.

About Sweethearts.

To the girl who has a sweetheart I would say be careful of your love as if it were the most fragile china, and do not let it be fret or bickered in any way, for you want nothing less than perfect love, writes Ruth Ashmore in "Side Talks With Girls," in the Ladies Home Journal. This may be yours if you guard your love. Your love may be as ideal as you please, and yet, because love itself is above the mere things of earth, it can yet govern your life practically, so that for dear love's sake, the unkind word will not be spoken and the cruel thought will never enter your heart, sometimes for dear love's sake we suffer, but the love itself is so well worth bearing that one can endure the pain.

To you and your sweetheart I say be faithful, be true, be loving, have a great affection for the friend, with the great love that goes to the sweetheart, and you will obtain that perfect union that on the day when you two become one will show itself in your lover's face, and the lookers-on will know that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

Where Whiskers Don't Go.

Washington Cor. Atlanta Journal.

Whiskers have been known to get men in office, but never until last week has the absence of them been an open sesame to Cleveland's grace.

Most men before coming to Washington seek to cultivate a beard and only one instance is known where a candidate resorted to shaving one off to secure an appointment. If a man has whiskers the first thing he does before calling on the President is to have the hair, seed washed out and made into "a beard of formal cut." Young men—beardless youths—who aspire to foreign posts assiduously use hair stimulants and let the beards grow with full vigor before facing the President and Secretary of State.

It is generally understood that the President admires whiskers and Greenham is known to have a decided penchant for them. Knowing the predilections of the official autocrats the office seekers mainly strive to pander to the taste and never fly to the face of Providence and shave them off.

It was with such hope in his breast Dr. J. D. Landrum, of Columbia, S. C., a veritable patriarch, presented himself as a candidate for a special agency in Oklahoma Territory. The South Carolinian was erect, with good address, but he laid little store on these things and rested his case on his whiskers. He thought of Jim McKenzie and other bearded pards who had found favor and rich emoluments in Cleveland's eyes.

His hair was dark, but his whiskers were gray until they looked almost white.

Arriving a few days ago he called on the President and, with the urbanity of the southern gentleman of the old school, told Mr. Cleveland what he wanted. The President eyed the aged gentleman for a few moments. Then turning to him in a quiet, but firm way which was intended to end the interview, said:

"I am very sorry, doctor, but I cannot give you what you want." Dismissing the applicant with a polite bow he turned to others who were waiting.

Dr. Landrum left the White House inwardly enraged, swearing to himself never to visit it again or to ask another favor. On returning to the Metropolitan Hotel he aired his grief to his friends, telling them how badly he had been treated and how utterly he had failed.

Going to his room that night he opened his heart to the elevator boy who has become a professional sympathizer with the southern colonels.

On reaching the top floor the boy turned wistfully on the doctor and said:

"I know'd you warn't going to get nothing with them whiskers. They make you look too old."

"Age, my son, is never counted a disgrace," said the doctor, kindly patting the boy on the head.

"General Ransom, who boards here, says it is. He says that folks with white whiskers never does get anything."

expressly charged him not to say anything about the whiskers episode.

The boy has not, but the doctor's friends have told the joke as "one on Cleveland."

Danger From Thread Biting.

Ladies who do a great deal of sewing says the Philadelphia Times frequently suffer a great deal from soreness of the mouth and lips and are often at a loss to ascertain the cause of the trouble. Half the time it is simply the result of biting off thread instead of cutting. In the case of silk thread the danger is quite marked, because it is usual to soak the thread in acetate of lead, partly to harden it and give it a good surface and also perhaps to increase its weight somewhat. If this practice is followed regularly and very much silk thread is used the results may be quite serious and even lead to blood poisoning.

Our contemporary might have gone further and stated that arsenic is used in dying and there is more probability of arsenical poisoning than anything else. It is believed that much of the paleness of seamstresses is attributable to arsenical poisoning, and even deaths may have occurred without the cause having been suspected. Moreover, the biting of thread is exceedingly injurious to the teeth. The acids and dyes destroy the enamel and the thread cuts through the enamel often leading to the decay and breaking of otherwise healthy teeth and ultimately to their total destruction.—Ex.

Vance's Best Wit and Wisdom

The very best of the many good and bright and humorous things that Senator Vance has "got off" in the last forty years, we think is the following. It is very happy. It is both witty and wise. It is but a little known and yet it is authentic. Here it is: "Just after Vance was elected to the United States Senate and was not allowed to take his seat on account of his war record, he was returning home sad and dejected. In front of him on a car sat a Presbyterian and Methodist preacher discussing the doctrines of their respective churches election, predestination, free grace, etc. Coming to no agreement, as might have been expected, the two theological disputants of opposing schools never accomplished the impossible feat of convincing each other of their gross errors, and noticing the interest of Vance, who was a stranger to them both, they asked him what he thought of the question. Vance's reply was: "Well, gentleman, I'm a Presbyterian myself, but my experience has taught me that your contention is not worth a continent, if you don't have your disabilities removed."—Wilmington Messenger.

A Natural Born Trader.

An Iredell boy who is only 14 years old has, since January 1st bought and sold, all by himself and entirely on his own judgement, 37 mules and 33 horses. He also made 21 exchanges, and made seven trips 25 and 35 miles from home, carrying each trip from three to seven head of stock which he sold and exchanged. In addition he has bought, sold and exchanged 17 head of cattle and four wagons. Along with all this trading he is doing some farming and has 14 acres of corn in fine condition. In all these trades the boy has made a good profit and although so young in years can give veteran horse-traders points about the business.

While this story has a fishy sound it is really an underestimate of what the boy has done. Its truth can be substantiated by a number of well known and reliable citizens, and the boy produced it necessary.

The moral of this is, give your boy a show. Give him a chance to do some business on his own hook. You don't know what's in him until you try him.—Statesville Landmark.

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