

The Lincoln Courier.

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LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893.

NO. 15

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.

14

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

14

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.

Jan. 28, 1891.

14

420 Top

BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done; customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonsorial art is done according to latest styles.

HENRY TAYLOR Barber.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood-sweats, cuts, splints, aesculus, ring-bone, stiffness, strains, all swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful balsam ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton, N. C.

Linch on human and horse and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Liniment. This never fails. Sole by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton, N. C.

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Perfection ADJUST- SHOE TABLE It Expands ACROSS THE BALL & JOINTS
This makes the best fitting, most comfortable in the world.
Photos. \$2, \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50.
Consolidated Shoe Co.,
Manufacturers Lynn, Mass.
guaranteed made to Most Vene-

To be found at Jenkins' Bros.

—BUCKLENT'S ARNICA SALVE—
The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tender, cracked hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures rashes or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

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INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay internal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital and medical you are shaded free. Cut the cost and return to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she began to walk, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

A MILLION FRIENDS.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. If you have never used this Great Great Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Hark! There it is! The music! A moment more and the great wagon had come and gone, Dorothy's

contribution being carefully laid in with the rest.

"Now, mamma, may I go?"

Hardly pausing for a reply she skipped out into the garden again, and taking her little bouquet in her hand, started for the nearest cemetery.

Beautiful indeed it looked, this "city of the dead," its inhabitants lying side by side, silently, under the shadow of the great spire. Trees dotted it here and there, and the quiet beauty impressed little Dorothy only with its perfect repose. Even to a child there was nothing of awe in the perfect scene.

She had come here because she knew that it was the last place to be visited, and she felt that she must be alone to carry out her plan. It would have thrown her into an agony of mortification to confide her scheme even to her beloved mother.

Slowly she wandered round the enclosure, seeming to be ever seeking something she did not find. She did not seem to be attracted by monuments or inscriptions, for she passed them all by with indifferent eye.

Gradually her face assumed a disappointed expression and she seemed almost inclined to give up her weary search, when, turning her head to the left, her glance fell upon what she sought, about thirty feet away. It was a neglected grave, so overgrown with wild vines that one could hardly recognize the mound beneath. With a look of solemn pleasure she hastened to the spot, and softly murmuring "Here be it!" she gently dropped the flowers upon the mound, tenderly arranging them until they suited her fancy. Then she sat herself down and thought. Dorothy was given to thinking, far beyond her years. Who shall say what solemn message was delivered to that baby soul as she sat there in self communion? A light step aroused her slightly, but so deep in reverie was she that the stranger seemed a part of her wakening dream. He paused, this tall bearded stranger, and gazed curiously at the demure little figure watching the neglected mound. An irresistible impulse led him to address her.

"I am a stranger in this town, little one, can you tell me the name of this church?"

"St. Peter's sir," answered the child unhesitatingly.

The conversation thus opened, he adroitly led her on to talk of herself, and finally began to question her about the mound before them.

"What is the name of this person?"

"I don't know, answered Dorothy, in a hesitating way.

"It doesn't seem to be a soldier's grave," he observed, carelessly, hoping that the child would say more. He was haunted by a resemblance which he could not fix and he wanted to keep his little companion talking.

"No—I know—I only made believe," stammered poor Dorothy, in an agony of confession.

Whatever his thoughts might have been, this gravedigger, man kept a perfectly unmoved exterior. "Do you ever make believe?" he exclaimed. "How charming that is! Do you know when I was a little boy I used to make believe so much. I enjoyed it more than anything else."

"Oh, did you?" exclaimed Dorothy delighted, borne out of herself in a moment; "then you'll understand."

"Understand what, little one?"

Then she told him all the story of her unfortunate circumstances in not having lost any relative in the war.

"But I told mamma about it last night, and she says my step-father was killed in the war, so I made believe that that was him; I didn't believe he belonged to any one, cause nobody seems to take care of him."

The idea of a child seeking out an unknown grave, and decorating it without any idea of the sex of its occupant, in honor of a step-father who was killed in the war, struck this man as a most original proceeding, and his gravity almost gave

way.

"Then a thought occurred to him, and he said, "But, my child, you are too young for your step-father to have been in the war. You must have misunderstood your mother?"

"Well, she didn't just say *that*,"

answered Dorothy, the truthful!

"She said he was her step-husband — not, nor that," Dorothy was growing helpless.

"Wait! let me see if I can help you?"

A "step-husband" was a new relationship which was worth investigating. "Start again!"

"Well, you see my father was my brother Bertie's step-father—now wouldn't Bertie's father be my step-father?"

She paused, with her

head turned upon one side like a bird, her expectant eyes raised to him.

Receiving no immediate reply, she continued, "and if my father was her husband (and I know he was because he's only been dead two or three years, and I've often heard her call him so), now, would Bertie's father be her step-husband?"

The whole course of reasoning was certainly unique, and had been carried out with much ingenuity.

Little Dorothy had evidently taken

much satisfaction in her close relationship to her mother's "stephusband," and it seemed a pity to disturb her peace of mind. It was an innocent delusion—let her have it!

"But what is your name?" he asked, suddenly, to change the subject.

"Dorothy Kent."

A pang shot through the stranger's heart. A few years ago Dorothy Weis had been all in all to him, but now—

"And what is your brother's name?"

"Herbert Donaldson. But he's a

great big boy; mamma says he was

named for—Ou, what is the matter,

sir! Oh, you frighten me! I want

to go home!"

"Come then! we'll go together!

Quick! Where do you live, child?

Come! come! come!"

Obeying the commanding voice, Dorothy was soon trotting rapidly by his side, trying in vain to keep up with his long strides.

A short walk brought them to the house, and Dorothy had politely deposited her strange visitor in the parlor, while she went to call mamma.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she ex-

claimed, entering her mother's room, "there's the queerest man

downstairs. I found him in the

grave-yard."

"Mercy, child! found a man in

the grave-yard?"

"Yes'm, and he's down in the par-

lor. He—"

"You brought him home? Good-

ness, child! I must go right down

and look after him."

"That's what he wants," called Dorothy at the top of her voice, for by this time her mother was at the foot of the stairs. Dorothy followed as rapidly as her stout legs would carry her, for curiosity, that great factor in human events, was urging her onward. She reached the door in time to hear her mother give a short, smothered cry, and entered to see her fall back into the arms of the stranger, in a dead faint. Too frightened to move, the child stood rooted to the spot, while the man whom she had brought home seemed to be trying to force some horrid stuff out of a bottle down her throat.

"Let my mother alone!" she cried, at last finding her voice. "Ross! Bridget! Come quick, oh, come quick!" she screamed, running to the door. At this moment her mother opened her eyes and looked around in a dazed kind of way. Then her eyes fell upon Dorothy's "man" and she smiled.

Poor Dorothy! this she had not

expected, and she sat down to await

results.

"Dorothy, little girl! Come here,

Bertie!" called her mother, softly.

"Sweetheart," she went on, "you have done a wonderful thing to-day without knowing it. You have brought back from the grave one who has been lost to me for many years. Can you guess who this man is?"

"Is it—is it—" stammered Dorothy—"your step-husband?"

Mrs. Kent looked at the stranger in perplexity a moment, but he, being in the secret, nodded with a smile.

"What does the child mean, Bertie?" asked she.

"I'll tell you—don't disturb her peace of mind," he replied, in an undertone.

"See, Dorothy, this is Bertie's papa I told you about last night. He thought I was dead and I thought he was dead, and he didn't know there was such a boy as Bertie. So now he has come back to live with us all."

A smile of contentment came over the little one's face. Just then a step was heard in the hall. Bertie had come home.

A moment later she had flown out and they heard her exclaim excitedly, "Bertie! guess who's come home after being killed in the war, and being dead and away ever 'never so long!' and then without

waiting for a reply, answered triumphantly, as one who is the first to announce important tidings.

"Why, my step-father!"

Habits.

Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up comes at first from mere accident or want of thought says a thoughtful writer. They might easily be dropped, but they are persisted in until they become a second nature. There are disagreeable habits of body, like scowling, winking, twisting the nose, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing or twisting a chair, or whatever you lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. There are much worse things than these, to be sure; but we are only speaking of these little things that are only annoying when they are persisted in.

Dorothy Kent.

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"And what is your brother's name?"

"Herbert Donaldson. But he's a

great big boy; mamma says he was

named for—Ou, what is the matter,

sir! Oh, you frighten me! I want

to go home!"

When we think of this, what a horrid notice that was on the lawyer's door: "Gone to dinner—be back in five minutes."

If we don't take time to chew our food, we become dyspeptic we are liable to become wicked.

All life looks black to a miserable man, with a stomach in which his food lies like lead. Woe to his companions if they expect good fellowship from him! Woe to his wife unless she has womanly intuition that will make her humor him as though he were a cross baby!

Man delights him not, nor women either; nor is he best pleased with himself, though he jealously demands homage from others.

A man with a good digestion is more likely to be true and loving and charitable and honorable than one who has ruined his temper and digestion together; and since one of the best assistants to digestion is a good use of the teeth, let us sit calmly down to our dinner as our English friends do, and as we enjoy our meal, rebuff any whispers of wasted time by remembering that the body is not cared for the mind and soul go wrong; that to eat and sleep and bathe well will not only make us healthier and handsomer, but as a consequence, smarter and better. A good digestion makes a good man, and though there may be demons who chew their food well, there never was an angel who did not masticate his food well.

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