

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUG. 11, 1893.

NO. 17.

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,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of an anæsthetic applied to the gums. Positively destroys all sense of pain and cause no after trouble. I guarantee to give satisfaction or no charge.

A call from you solicited. Aug. 4, 1893.

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HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

Charlotte Seminary.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

For Young Ladies. High grade of Scholarship. Board and English tuition for one year, \$250. Class, Singing, Physical culture, Free hand Drawing free to all pupils of the school. Address: Miss Lily W. Long, Principal. July 17-41.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stiffs, strains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Price, \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincolnton, N. C.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincolnton, N. C.

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Shoes Made to Measure.

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the world during the

last half century. Not least among the

wonders of inventive progress is a method

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all over the country without separating

the workers from their homes. Pay liberal;

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Capital not needed; you are started free.

Cut this out and return to us and we will

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money right away, than anything else in

the world. Grand outfit free. Address

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

It will cost you nothing and will surely

do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or

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Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption,

coughs and colds is guaranteed to give

relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers

from La Grippe found it just the thing and

under its use had a speedy and perfect

recovery. Try a sample bottle at our

expense and learn for yourself how good a

thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's

drug store. Large size at 50c and \$1.00.

Godey's Lady's Book.

Kitty's Romance.

BY MAURICE GORDON.

"Oh, come now; I say, Kitty, Althea tell her not to go, your mother will be vexed to death."

Ailsie looked appealingly at her charge: "You'll be that tired, Miss Kitty," but Kitty broke in; she was used to having her own way, and her recent illness had by no means weakened her will.

"I have the doctor's own permission, and why should I grow tired? You, Master Jack, shall carry me down. As to uncle's being vexed with me," she laughed at the mere prospect.

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "It is the most imprudent of you, I am bitterly opposed to the idea, why not call Cousin George up here?"

"Don't you think I am tired of these stupid rooms? I have grown to hate this boudoir," she gazed listlessly around; "besides there is another reason, uncle is busy in the evenings and I don't want to disturb him. I suppose," hurriedly, "you think my going down will disturb him, but indeed it will not!"

Often end often again I have sat as still as a mouse, while he was working with his books. Dear Jack, you used to be a kind, good cousin before you went to college, play you are just what you used to be."

He looked down at the little hand on his arm, and the blood rushed over his face up to the roots of his curly hair. Ah, that he might indeed be "what he used to be," her kind good cousin, but it was too late to wish for that now. The spoiled child of three years ago was the beautiful girl of today, and the old cousinly feeling had been overpowered by a love that swept all before it.

"Well," she said archly, "am I to wait all night! You have often carried me before, it will be too great a task. Don't you remember when I sprained my ankle?"

His brow did not clear. "Since you are bent upon going, I shall make it as safe for you as possible; but remember I had no hand in this. Go ahead, Althea; she stooped and lifted her in his arms.

"Why, Kitty, you are no heavier than a feather."

"No comments please! You should be glad to have me at all. Just think, there was one night when they said I would not live till morning. That was before you came, would you have been sorry Jock?"

Would he have been sorry! Something rose in his throat, the arms that held her, trembled; but aloud he said: "What a question, as if one could help missing one's playmate, one's life long friend? Ah, Althea, here we are, open the door."

"No, no," cried Kitty, "first let me get to my feet; dear old uncle wouldn't be surprised? Here, Althea, straighten my hair; Jack, you mustn't come; uncle and I are old-fashioned, you would laugh at us."

"Very well," he said, and after watching her through the door, he turned and made his way to his own room.

George Raleigh, the editor of "Through the World" was one of the literary celebrities of New York; he was a handsome, proud-featured man, and despite a dash of gray on the temples, retained a look of youth that was most attractive.

He had not always been prosperous. There were days in his recollection when poverty had stared him closely in his face, but that was all past now, and to-night, as he sat in his study, he was a picture of earnest successful manhood.

When his door opened, he was too busy to even turn his head, but when a hand laid itself on his shoulder, a glad voice called his name, he started to his feet, "Kitty," he cried, "Kitty!"

She leaned against him trembling with delight, her eyes were full of laughter, but her voice faltered in spite of herself, "I knew you'd be glad to see me; you aren't vexed with me, are you? I had to come. I felt as if I wouldn't grow better, until I had been here again. Oh,

uncle, I'm glad I didn't die." He stroked her hair in silence, words were inadequate, language could never express his gratitude.

"Why, darling," he said, leading her to her favorite chair, "do you know since your illness I haven't worked with any heart? A little longer absence on your part, and poor old 'Through the World' would have fallen off sadly."

She smiled. "How kind you are, it is good to be here, just to ourselves in this dear little room. Nothing is changed, the same books the same paper, the same queer little vase on your desk."

"Yes," he answered, "but the rose somebody never forgot to bring me, have missed it."

"Have you? Well, in a week or two I shall be myself again. But I am keeping you, if you wish, you can pull my chair near yours. Oh, what a lot of manuscript, shall you look them all over?"

"Yes; don't you want to help me?"

"Her eyes sparkled. 'If I only could pretend I am the editor, the harsh, unfeeling editor,' to decide whether they shall be available, isn't that the word?"

He laughed, it was easy to gratify her whim, if the story she selected as worthy, proved to be quite "impossible," it would be hard to coin some reason for its rejection.

"Very well, you shall be good or bad angel to some ambitious writer; which manuscript do you prefer?"

"That one," pointing with one thin finger to a flat package addressed in dashing characters to the editor of "Through the World." "I like its looks, I hope it's a love story. Oh," breaking the seal, "what a pretty name! 'Digby Kent, Belle-Terre, Louisiana,' but what an odd title, 'After the Crevasse.' Why should he call it that?"

"Read, and perhaps you will find out."

"I will now for my first venture as a critic."

If Digby Kent, of Belle-Terre, Louisiana could have guessed who would be the reader of his manuscript, he would not have suffered such anxiety as to its fate, but he could not well foresee that fortune would play him so pretty a jest as that a feather."

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"Yes," he answered, "but the rose somebody never forgot to bring me, have missed it."

"And so they were," he insisted. "And so they are," cried Raleigh. "Mrs. Clendenning," to the stately woman who had entered, "permit me to present to you my niece, Miss Delamore, and my cousin, John Carre, Miss Clendenning," smiling across at the young and graceful girl, "my little ward has long desired to know you. Behold, Kitty, your Digby Kent!"

Kitty could only stare, even when her new acquaintance, clasping her hand, murmured some pretty words of gratitude and pleasure she did not altogether understand.

"If you could guess," said Miss Clendenning, warmly, "how much your note encouraged me, you would not regret having sent it. My life had always been an idle one, but after the crevasse, with rain staring us in the face, I saw that something had to be done, and so I wrote that story."

Kitty gazed at her reproachfully. "Your handwriting," she said, "is not like a girl's."

"No," with a glad laugh, "your uncle tells me that he, too, would have been deceived, but for certain tricks of impression; he recognized them to say, as essentially feminine."

Kitty looked up. "You speak as if you knew my uncle very well?"

Miss Clendenning colored. "He has been very kind," she said.

Just then Raleigh crossed the room and something in the glance that passed between the two suggested to Kitty possibilities that were disquieting.

She told Jack afterwards that she felt as if the world were spinning around, but at the time she managed to hide her dismay.

After a moment, however, she got up and left the room; it was not a very polite thing to do, particularly as Mrs. Clendenning had no one to talk to (Jack having already slipped away), but her brain was in too great a whirl to worry over such small matters as courtesy.

With hurrying steps she made her way to the conservatory; to her surprise she found Jack awaiting her there.

"I thought you'd come," he said; "here take a seat," she shook her head.

"Let me be for awhile, I'm all shaken up." She stood with her face pressed against the pane, the small hands clenched together. One by one, the tears forced their way through her lashes.

Illusions are always hard to part with, even when we are old and worldly-wise we cling desperately to our poor little articles of faith, and to light-hearted youth, nothing perhaps is sadder than the feeling of an air castle, the shattering of a dream!

There are times in the life of each human being when everything seems to go wrong, when no one appreciates us as we should be and when this good old world strikes us but a poor place after all.

Kitty, whose short life had gone as "merrily as a marriage bell," was suffering this experience for the first time; long before that illness, every thing had been different, she was the best beloved, the most cherished of the household. And now Jack was cold and strange, and her uncle had found some one else to care for. The air castle she had built lay in ruins about her. The slim young Southerner, whom she had invested with all manner of gifts had never existed; in his place stood a proud-featured girl, whose first act had been to repay her generosity by stealing her uncle from her.

Jack's heart bled for his cousin; he longed to comfort her, but he knew the self-contained nature too well to offer any sympathy. He sat silent in his place and bided his time. After awhile she turned her head.

"Are you still there?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you talk to me, you might know I am bored to death!"

"Will you listen to anything I say?"

"Oh yes, anything that is not too foolish. This has been a wearing sort of evening, hasn't it?"

"Indeed it has, but by to-morrow you'll be reconciled to things."

"No I won't! Uncle used to love me best, I was his first, his dearest, and now—"

"And now," he finished, "you are dearer to me than anything on earth. He drew her to him and kissed her tenderly.

"Why, Jack! she exclaimed; "do you love me like that; I thought you liked me once, but lately—"

He laughed. "You were so pretty, Kitty, I thought I hadn't any chance, and when I saw you so carried away by that writing fellow—that Digby Kent—"

"With Digby Kent? indignantly, "why I only felt a friendly interest in him. After all, with an irresistible laugh, "he is a myth and you are something real."

"And you care for me a little?"

"I like you very much, and one of these days—"

"Yes, one of these days!"

"Perhaps I may get to love you. There, uncle is coming."

A Word to the Girls.

Girls, do you know how much more your brothers know about some things than you do—things which are just as necessary for you to know as for them? I have reference to your lack of ability to express yourselves in regard to distances and measurements.

"How far," asked a lawyer of a woman witness, "was the man from your house?" "About as far—as far," hesitated the witness, "as from here to the other side of the street."

A man would have given no such answer, but would have stated the distance approximately in rods or feet.

"I wish you would make this short about this much shorter," said a woman to a cabinet-maker, as she measured off the distance on the hem of her apron. The man laughed good-naturedly and said, "That's just like a woman, no idea of feet and inches."

"I have no idea whether there are fifteen or thirty acres in this field,"