

# The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 19.

## 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. W. Alexander

DENTIST,

LINCOLN, N. C.

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. Guarantee to give satisfaction or no charge.

A call from you solicited.

Aug. 4, 1893.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## THE NEW VERSION.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

"Dolly, come down out of that tree!"

The speaker, whose hoarse, shrill voice pierced the air like an engine whistle, was a plain-looking, middle-aged woman, who, to all appearances at least, had tried to make herself older and homelier than she actually was. Her iron-gray hair was drawn tightly back from her temples, and primly knotted in a round lamp like a door knob. Her long, yellow neck was unrelieved by any thing save a low, stiff, lined collar. Her rusty black alpaca dress was guilty of all adornment in the way of drapery, fold, flounce or ribbon. Perhaps she had once been pretty—her dark eye-brows formed perfect arches; her eyes were bright and black, there was a faint trace of color in her cheeks and a certain amount of softness about her lips—but it required more than a second glance to suspect anything of the kind.

"Dolly, did you hear?"

The old lady—for we must consider her old—looked upward through the rustling branches of the cherry-tree, forming a netty canopy about her head, then around the old-fashioned lawn, as though the blue and mock-orange bushes brought visions of switches, and then at the walls and windows of the antiquated country mansion, as if one could glance through them into dark closets and dusty garrets. It was quite evident that she meditated vengeance dire.

A sudden whizzing sound through the cherry-tree, and a young girl leaped to the ground with all the agility of a flying squirrel. She straightened herself up proudly, and gazed unflinchingly at the woman before her. As she stood, an observer might have seen that "Dolly" was a tall, slender maiden of about twelve or fourteen years of age, having liquid-brown eyes, creamy complexion with great patches of crimson in the cheeks and a thick braid of chestnut hair, all giving promise of a splendid beauty to come.

"Well, aunty," began Dolly, after a pause, "what did you want?"

"What did I want?" jerked out the ancient dame, viciously, "I wanted you to come down out of that tree! Don't you know you are too old for anything like that? It's time you were beginning to be lady-like!"

"Ladylike!" repeated Dolly, cynically. "What for?"

"What for, indeed!" her aunt snapped. "Why, if you're not ladylike, no gentleman will have you."

Dolly tossed her head defiantly, with all the offended dignity of a young woman ten years older.

"No gentleman will have me!" she exclaimed. "Very well, then, I won't have him!"

This little incident—little as it seems to us—was a turning-point in Dolly's life. Not one of her young friends, or older ones either, could guess the reason why she so constantly reiterated the assertion: "I'll never marry!"

"Dolly," said her aunt one day, "I positively forbid your going out without a veil. Why, you're getting freckles on your nose. You'll spoil your prospects."

"Why don't you wear a veil?" asked Dolly, saucily.

"Oh, my fortune is made," answered her aunt, complacently. "I was married when I was seventeen."

"Has she tried to make herself ugly ever since?" thought Dolly.

"Did she think getting married at seventeen success enough for a lifetime? Well, it she did, I don't!" Then aloud the girl declared: "I don't care whether I spoil my prospects or not. I value my health and my freedom."

"Well, anyhow," cried her aunt, driven into a corner, "you needn't wear white dresses to climb trees. If you do, you'll have to iron your skirts yourself."

"Do you suppose I'll stand three hours to iron a white dress to pay for a little fun?" queried Dolly.

"I'll wear calico."

"But, Dolly," remonstrated her aunt, "you can't do it. I'm telling you this for your own good. You must act properly and you must look decent. And it's time you began to lace yourself a little tighter. Before you know it, you'll be seventeen and eighteen, and what will become of you if you're not married?"

"What will become of me—how?"

"Why, who will keep you?"

"I'll keep myself—I'll earn my own living."

"But, Dolly, a lady can't earn her living. A common girl might work; but you're not common."

"No, I'm not common," declared Dolly; "and just because I'm not common, whatever I choose to do ceases to be common. If I work, any lady can work."

"How you talk!" laughed auntie.

"Don't you know that a gentleman wants a wife who has always been dependent?"

"I don't care what a gentleman wants," asserted the girl daringly. "I know what I want. I want an education."

"But you're got education enough," said her aunt. "A woman ought not to know as much as her husband—she must look up to him. It's time you began to learn something about housekeeping and sewing—if you marry, you can't expect to hire everything done."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Dolly fiercely, "that if a gentleman wants me, he wants me for the work he can get out of me? Or that he wants to keep me ignorant so that I'll overrate him?" Now, I never saw the young man yet that I thought was good enough for me."

"What if you haven't? A woman must make what she can and be thankful."

"Well, God be merciful to me, a woman!" ejaculated Dolly, desperately.

A few years after, the neighbors were startled to hear that Dolly had left her aunt's house to work her way through college. "She says she'll never marry," was said one day by one busybody to another. "So unnatural, so unwomanly. It's flying in the face of Providence for a girl to try to be like a boy. Why, they say she really talks of studying dentistry!"

"Why shouldn't she, if she wanted to?"

The busybodies started. The voice breaking in upon them was that of a young man.

"Are you taking her part?" queried one old tattler, curiously. "Why don't you marry her then?"

"Because I know she wouldn't have me," declared the honest youth. "She's too far above me."

"Yes," added his pretty, lovely sister, "she's too good for any man. She says she doesn't like the idea of trotting women out like horses, for men to inspect their points and pick out the ones they like or can afford to keep. And I don't either."

The busybodies shook their heads. "You see how that girl's influence is spreading. Heaven only knows where it will end. You mark my words—she'll disgrace us all!"

Years passed. Then it was rumored that Doctor Dolly was coming back to her early home for a brief vacation.

"The audacity!" exclaimed her aunt. "She didn't bumbly beg me to allow her to come—she merely announced that she was coming. I don't know whether to have her in my house or not."

"I guess you'd better," said her cousin, passing an egg-shell china cup across the table, for a sixth installment of tea. "She goes into society that you couldn't, if you got down on your knees and begged."

"What?" cried Dolly's aunt, "this to me, to my own house?"

"It is true," declared the other old lady. "I know all about it. Our Tom knows, for he has kept up a correspondence with her, ever since she went away. She goes with the Worthingtons, the Van Ettinghausens and all the rest of them."

"Well—I never!" Dolly's aunt gasped for breath, then suddenly recovering herself, cried: "I hope she

isn't coming to ask me to help for her extravagance."

"Not at all. She doesn't need to—she makes six thousand dollars a year. You ought to hear Tom tell about her pictures and lace and diamonds."

"Tom!" The old auntie picked up her ears, suspiciously. "Do you think there's anything between them?"

"I don't know that there is. But he took her part from the first. So did Lillie."

"Dollie shall come," thought her mollified aunt. "If she can get Tom, she may come out right even yet. It may be her last chance." Then, aloud: "I suppose I must give Dolly a party. Tell Tom and Lillie to come over and help me about the decorations."

Mrs. Warren belonged to that element in Pennsylvania which in these days has come to be considered antiquated grandeur, if not positively decayed. It once controlled everything that pretended to be or relate to society at all, but in this progressive age of Anglomaniac and shoddiness, it is half forgotten. Still, no parvenu can dare ignore it altogether. If Mrs. Warren had only known it, her niece represented a power which the Worthingtons and Van Ettinghausens were anxious to conciliate, while they had never heard of Mrs. Warren herself at all. They would have recognized her maiden name Sharpless, however, because it was the same as that of her niece, and there is but one Sharpless pedigree.

Mrs. Warren owned a small farm in the neighborhood of Philadelphia; a property inherited from her Quaker grandfather. The old-fashioned mansion still stood, unspoiled by any so-called "modern improvements," with its long, low, picturesque, gray-stone walls, its broad piazza, its sloping roof and quaint dormer windows. Catalpa, wild-cherry, ash and maple-trees overshadowed the house, while the extensive grounds rioted in lilac bushes, snow-balls, privets and crown-roses.

On the evening of Dolly's party this old-fashioned shrubbery and the drooping branches of the ancient trees were illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Within, the great parlors were decorated with trailing vines and plummy ferns brought from the woods. Who, then, would notice that the gorgeous-flowered Brussels carpet looked a little shabby, or fail to see the real elegance of the massive rosewood and mahogany? Did not the dainty family portraits display aristocratic noses? And if any guest, arriving a little early, should chance to stay into the immense, low-ceiled dining-room, might he not see that the tiny silver spoons each had a real crest? In short, the whole house looked what it was—a museum of artistic antiquities, with just enough of modern touch to give it life and character.

But the house is rapidly filling, with town and country guests, old and young, wise and otherwise, well dressed and ill. When Mrs. Warren appears, those who know her are amazed at the change. Her black silk gown has been made a robe of elegance, by its graceful drapery improvised from a lace shawl. Her long neck is wound round with a voluminous mass of white tulle, caught with a diamond star. Her gray hair is banged and puffed, and surmounted by a square of real point, trimmed with loops of pale-pink ribbon. For Dolly had said:

"Yes, auntie, you can wear lace. And pink looks pretty with gray hair. And gray hair is lovely when it's properly dressed."

And Dolly herself? Well, her dress was a poem in creamy crape and pink roses. She herself was a poem, in her slender figure, her chestnut hair and her perfect complexion—just what any observant person might have expected of the girl of twelve.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed one of the old-time busybodies, adjusting her glasses. "I thought she'd wear pants like a man!"

"How did she acquire that magnificent carriage?" queried a benevolent-looking old gentleman, addressing no one in particular. He was a little startled to hear an answer from a tall young man at his elbow:

"By using her uncommon sense when she was a child—that is, by racing the hole and climbing trees."

And then a sort of shadow crossed the young man's rugged face as he murmured to himself: "I feel my hominess more than ever." But he wasn't half as homely as he thought he was, even if his eyes were pale gray and his hair and mustache of a more tint than autumn. He looked honest and sturdy, and no one could deny that he was erect and well-formed.

"Tom!" The young man heard the soft whisper, and made his way to Dolly's side.

"Auntie wants to see you," she said. "I don't know what for. She told me to call you and send you out to her in the sitting-room."

Supposing he was wanted for nothing more than trying up a vine, Tom found his way to Mrs. Warren. He was a little surprised at the mysterious manner in which she shut the door and motioned him to her.

"Tom," she began, a little nervously, "I ought to tell you that I feel guilty of gross neglect. I have left Dolly too much to her own devices during the last few years. Heaven knows what she has escaped! I feel it my duty to help her now if I can."

"But I don't understand," blurted out Tom. "I don't see that she needs anybody's help."

"She does!" declared her aunt. "She needs—yours!"

And the old lady blushed to the roots of her hair, feeling that she had made a terrible plunge.

"Mine!" cried Tom, as blind as a bat; "how?"

"Why—why—you see, Tom, it rather hurts a girl if people think she has no admirers. Now, if you—if you—would show her some little attention, the people her tonight might think—"

But Tom had risen to his feet.

"Mrs. Warren," he began, impressively, "your niece does not need any such help from me. She has hosts of admirers, but has never been known to give encouragement in one. As for me, Heaven knows, I would gladly show her all the attention in the world, but it would be of no use. I couldn't stand the ghost of a chance."

And he stalked out upon the long piazza to confront—Dolly, the pink in her cheeks turned to a crimson riveting the peony.

"Tom," she said, quietly, "I heard I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. I came right after you, because I had no idea of what auntie wanted you for. How could she say that she did? Why, I don't care for admiration!"

"I know you don't," assented Tom, "and I never could understand why. I always heard that every woman did."

"You don't know why?" murmured Dolly. "Come out here on the side-porch and I'll tell you." And under the tangle of dog-rose and glycine, Tom awaited her revelation:

"Because I never believed it genuine."

"Never believed it genuine!" cried the young man in amazement. "Why, how could you doubt it?—a woman with your beauty and your gifts?"

"Because—because—" Dolly hesitated a little. "Auntie always impressed it on me from a child up that no gentleman would have me. So, when gentlemen said they admired me, I thought they didn't mean it."

"Do you mean to say that your aunt made you believe such stuff as that? Did you let a childish impression influence your whole life?"

"I did—it was that childish impression that spurred me on to show what I could do. If gentlemen wouldn't have me, I could get along without them, and do just as well as they could!"

"Oh, Dolly!" Tom's voice had a tinge of bitterness in it. "You'll never know how many hearts you've

broken."

"But I haven't broken yours," asserted Dolly, with a slight suggestion of confidence.

"But I suppose you will!" explained the young man despairingly.

"But why should I?" asked Dolly reassuringly. "Remember, I heard what you said. You said you would show me all the attention in the world, but you hadn't a ghost of a chance. Now, I never supposed before that you would show me any attention at all—I never believed such a thing possible."

"Then you could have cared for a little admiration from me?" cried Tom, joyfully. "You could have believed it genuine."

"What would you think if I say that you had a 'ghost of a chance'?" asked Dolly, answering Tom's questions liberally.

"But I never dared believe that I could be more than a humble friend following you at a long distance," declared Tom, wonderingly. "I am afraid to believe anything else now; it seems incredible. Surely, you would never give yourself to me?"

"Tom," gasped Dolly brokenly, "—oh, I felt very much the same way toward you! If no gentleman would have me, of course you wouldn't."

"Poor child!" thought Tom to himself. "I don't believe it was pride that carried her through the world. But it was excessive humility."

"Well," snapped Mrs. Warren, a few days later, when Dolly saw fit to acquaint her with the new state of affairs, "you'd got a gentleman to have you, after all!"

"Oh, no," Dolly laughed, but with a certain indication of strength and dignity; "it wasn't who'd have me. It was—whom I'd love!"

**Wise Words.**

Do not peddle your principles for a living.

Tears are the tribute of humanity to its destiny.

There's many a leap 'twixt the boat and the slip.

Pay as you go and save enough to come back on.

Do not permit the good luck of others to discourage you.

A wise man always keep on hand enough resignation for any emergency.

A rational nature admits of nothing that is not serviceable to the rest of mankind.

For his bounty there was no winner to it; an autumn it was that grew more by reaping.

Nor for thy neighbor, nor for thee, be envied, was life designed to be a draught of dull complacency.

Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality to-day and it will appear again to-morrow.

Covetous men need money least, yet most affect and seek it; prodigals who need it most do least regard it.

To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives to a man of doing good.

**Barrels of Money.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—The steamer *Sprea* yesterday discharged \$4,248,750 in gold. While the *Sprea* was discharging her cargo here, other brokers, on behalf of American ships, were taking \$1,210,000 from the bank of England. There is now landed or afloat between \$20,000,000 and \$25,000,000 in gold coin and bars.

While this vigorous increase of the currency is going on in one direction, the paper money machinery in Washington is working at an extra rate, and orders have been pouring into the Treasury Department for bank circulation at the rate of \$1,500,000 per day. Bonds of the United States will be put on deposit to secure this overflow of paper money, and already since the stringency because embarrassing about \$40,000,000 of new money injected into the volume of circulation and will tax the ability of the hoarders to get this sum salted away. In fact the backbone of the boarding craze has been already broken.

## Musie At The Fireside.

Every family should have its melodion or piano, and every day gather about it and listen to its harmonies. The child that has "no ear for music" will develop one and the child that has an aptitude for music will have that aptitude strengthened. Children who sing together every day will have a bond of enjoyment that will prevent many a jar, many a dissonance, in their intercourse with each other.

A lady now so immersed in domestic care that she cannot "keep up her practice," yet she plays and sings beautifully, "ant," she says "only the songs and pieces I learned in my girlhood. I cannot forget them, and the longer I sit at the piano, the more they come back to me. When the children are tired I play for them, and they have their favorites among the great composers, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and Hayden." Fortunate children, to be thus made acquainted in the nursery with the crowned kings of songs!

But if one can play only psalm tunes and the simplest airs, better than nothing music at home will prepare for music abroad, and be a stepping-stone to higher things.

—*Christian Advocate.*

## Dr. O. W. Holmes On Heart-Love.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human face. Elegance fits man; but do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I got a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty tin. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home; and I would give more for a spoonful of real heart-love than for whole ship-loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.

## Misunderstood.

He had been worshipping her for months but had never told her, and she didn't want him to, he had come often and stayed late, and she could only sigh and hope. He was going away the next day on his summer vacation, and he thought the last night was the time to spring the momentous question. He kept it to himself, however, until the last thing. It was 11:30 by the clock, and it was not a very rapid clock. "Miss Mollie," he said tremulously, "I am going away to-morrow. 'Are you?' she said, with the thoughtfulness of girlhood as she gazed wistfully at the clock. "Yes," he replied. "Are you sorry?" "Yes, very sorry," she murmured. "I though you might go away this evening," then she gazed at the clock wistfully, and he told her good-night.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The wife market is improving. Some weeks ago a man in western New York sold his wife for 45 cents. A Kentuckian, the other day, sold his better half for 70 cents. This is encouraging. When money becomes more abundant a tolerably good wife will perhaps bring as much as a dollar in localities where the traffic is carried on.

There is a New England woman whose pastor recently asked after her health. Her reply was: "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterward."

"I never turn out for scoundrels," said a bally meeting a Quaker, and