

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1893.

NO. 22.

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

DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of an anæsthetic applied to the gums. Pain 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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BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial 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 spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stiles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs etc. Save \$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 ailments cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton, N. C.

ONE MILLION LADIES

Are daily recommending the

Perfection ADJUSTABLE Shoe

It Expands Across the Ball & Joint.

The best fitting, most looking and most comfortable in the world.

Price, \$2.50, \$3, and \$5.00.

Consolidated Shoe Co., Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass. Shows Made to Measure.

To be found at Jenkins' Bros.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Hatteras.

BY JOSEPH W. HOLDEN.

The Wind King from the North came down,

Nor stopped by river, mount or town,

But like a boisterous god at play,

Resistless bounded on his way.

He shook the lake and tore the wood,

Nor feared them till he spied afar

The white caps dash on Hatteras bar,

Where the fierce Atlantic landward bows

O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, and wreathed his horn of cloud

And blew defiance long and loud;

"Come up! Come up, thou torrid god,

That rul'st the Southern sea!"

Ho! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,

Come wrestle her with me!

As toasts thou the tangled cane

I'll hurl thee o'er the boiling main!"

The angry heaver hung dark and still,

Like Arctic night on Hecla's hill;

The mermaids sporting on the waves,

Affrighted, fled to coral caves:

The billows checked its curling crest,

And trembling, sank to sudden rest.

All ocean stilled its heaving breast.

Reflected darkness, weird and dread,

An inky plain the waters spread—

So motionless, since life was fled.

Amid the elemental hull,

When nature died and death lay dull,

As though itself were sleeping there—

Beamed upon that dismal floor

Two faded vessels idly stood.

And not a timber creaked!

Dim silence held each hollow hull.

Save when some sailor, in that night,

Oppressed with darkness and despair;

Some seaman, groping for the light,

Rose up and shrieked.

They cried like children lost and torn:

"Oh, Lord, deliver while you may!

Swob Jesus, drive this gloom away!

Forever fled, oh, lovely day?

I would that I were never born!"

For stoutest souls were terror thrilled,

And warmest hearts with horror chilled.

"Come up! Come up, thou torrid god,

Thou lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,

And wrestle here with me!"

'Twas heard and answered: "Lo! I come

From azure Caribbes

To drive thee covering to thy home

And melt its walls of frozen foam!"

From every isle and mountain dell,

From plains of pathless champaign,

From tide-built bars, where sea-birds dwell,

He drew his lurid legions forth—

And sprang to meet the white-plumed

North.

Can mortal tongue in song convey

The fury of that fearful fray?

How ships were splintered at a blow—

Sails shivered into sheets of snow—

And sea-men hurled to death below!

Two gods commingling, bolt and blast,

The huge waves on each other cast,

And belted o'er the raging waste;

Then sped, like harness-steeds afar,

Amid the midnight din of war!

False Hatteras! when the cyclone came

Your waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim

hand and heart and ended:

"If you do not answer, I shall know that you cannot love me, and shall go away."

No answer came to him. Sara had sent the dress, pocket and all, away in a box to the wardrobe, where she put dresses she was weary of. She had not looked into the pocket and knew nothing of the letter.

Andrew Peyton took silence for refusal, and left the country within a month. In a year, pretty Sara was dead. Nobody knew it, but she had broken her heart over the departed lover. And so one romance ended. Our story is of another.

Twenty years had passed. Moss grew on the white stone over the breast of Sally La Rue. And at the old La Rue place her brother lived—a widower, with one daughter.

Looking up at La Rue from the roadside, you would assuredly have believed that the people who lived there were rich.

It was the residence, you would naturally have said to yourself, of people of means. And being so blessed with real estate, you might have sighed, with a little spice of envy, for folk who owned such a solid dwelling, such rare old oaks—such a smooth-shaven, green, velvet lawn, such a garden, and yes, such a gardener. There he was now among the roses; but when you have three wishes given you by a fairy, it is wise, as the old tale proves, never to wish yourself anybody else until you examine into the private affairs of that individual.

In the story I alluded to, the wisher wished himself "that thing there," seeing him in a magic mirror, and, behold! he was transformed into a monarch who had been conquered and was about to be put to death by decapitation. Thus the envious admirer of his property, who had wished himself Mr. La Rue because he thought him a rich man, would have been greatly astonished to find himself sitting before an old desk, trying in vain to arrange chaotic papers, which, when in order, only proved that he was dreadfully in debt; or to see his daughter waited behind him, with trembling anxiety, knowing that he could have no dinner but the salt-pork he so hated, unless, by chance, he had a little money about him. If he had, it all went well; but, alas! if he had not, he would turn his wild, black eyes on her, when she had spoken twice, or thrice, and with his delicate, ivory-tipped fingers running through his fine, curling white hair, would ask her, in tones of Lear-like reproach, where she supposed he could have gotten money? He!

It was in the old days of the South when a Southern gentleman might not work, and that wonderful gardener was their only servant. He was older than Mr. La Rue, and prouder of the family. He did the cooking. He did all the work except that done surreptitiously by Miss Sally in the privacy of parlor and bedroom.

This is a fascination to people of his race in making believe a great deal, and Scipio spoke of his fellow-slaves, sold one by one away from their old home, as though they were about the place still, and, through his zeal, La Rue looked as well as ever. He mended the fences, repaired the verandas, kept the lawn and garden in order, trimmed the trees, and flourished a long-handled duster among the cobwebs that gathered so fast in the long, low-hung hall that the spiders loved.

Everywhere the rich old furniture, with little upholstery and much carving about it, resisted decay.

Unless you had staid to dinner on a meager day, you would never have guessed that anything was wrong; and then the table would have been set with old china and good cutlery and silver spoons. Neither did Mr. La Rue's great Panama hat, indestructible and costly, or his well-laundried linen suits tell anything.

Other women knew that Miss Sally had not a good gown to her name; but a man would have thought the afternoon dainty, made

down for me off the wardrobe in the garret."

Scipio stamped upstairs, set an old table against the piece of furniture, and climbed down. On his way he stumbled and fell, the box burst open and spread abroad on the garret floor lay a pink dress of old-fashioned silk, a bow of ribbon to match a fan and a gauzy scarf, all little bobs and fringes. Yes, and a little muslin bag, from which protruded the toes of a pair of slippers, and gloves all rose-color and white.

"Why! has my fairy grandmother been here?" cried Sally, joyously.

"What does it mean?"

"I kin explain it, miss," said Scipio. "Dat yar dress was worn by yo' aunt, Miss Sara. Dey called her Miss Sally, jes' like dey call yo', fo' evan yo' was born."

"She was mighty pretty jes' like yo', Miss Sally; jes' like yo'." And she went to a ball in dis yar dress, so bright an libely an' happy. She came home pale an' wan' and she sent dis dress all folded up in de box up de garret. Said she never would wear it no mo'. She hated it, I think I'll take the dress down-stairs 'fore it do down for me right away."

"Yas'm, Miss Sally," said Scipio, "an' jes' sense me for offering one word of advice: I see de opinion dat ef dat yar dress seems to you de suitable fer dis yar ball you needn't hab no scruples ob conscience about wearin' ob it. Miss Sara would hab de honor ob de family at heart fer you to dress well, and she was jes' your height, jes' your build. Dat yar dress will fit you like de skin fits de coon, at dis Sally."

It did.

"I'm sure," thought the girl, as she tried it on before the glass, "my poor little auntie never, never care. I shouldn't if I were any one but the prettiest, quaintest thing."

Then she brushed her hair into the smooth, bat-swing style of the period, and saw a picture so like the portrait of her aunt in the parlor below that she almost screamed.

She wore it to the ball. How pretty she looked! How quaint! How sweet! And who ever lacks a compliment when Southern gentlemen are near to whisper it! The sweet intoxication of flattery that is founded on fact had thrilled the girl's young blood before her hostess had the lion of the evening and brought him to the spot where Miss Sally stood among her admirers. A handsome man of forty-five, young enough in all outward seeming to be still charming; tall, broad-shouldered, picturesque; with no gray in his hair as yet, and with his own splendid teeth. For the first time in her life, Sally's heart fluttered.

"Uncle, this is my friend, Miss Sally La Rue," said the young hostess. "Sally, dear, Mr. Andrew Peyton."

Then the pretty creature fluttered away, and the rest of the ball was Mr. Andrew Peyton to Sally. We all know what that means. For his part, Andrew Peyton went home with strange sensations in his heart. It seemed to him as if he had once more seen his Sara. He had read her name on the mossy tombstone in the graveyard, and the barb of unanswered letter had rankled in his heart his whole life through; but here, fresh and young again, with a look in her eyes that seemed to say to him: "Try, and see if you can win me," she stood in the person of Sallie La Rue, her niece, actually in a gown of the same pattern. He did not know it was the very same, with a pink pocket at its side, into which he had slipped the letter twenty years before. He dreamed strange dreams that night, in which twin girls in rose color ran before him. One was his love, one a vision; but whichever he grasped proved to be the ghost, and melted in his grasp to nothing.

At dawn he slept. He still slept at eleven o'clock, when Sally, in her dimly morning robe, made out of disused bed-curtains of her grandmother's, folded the ball dress in its

box again. She examined it closely. How well they used to sew; no slighting as we slight our dressmaking, and this pocket—how perfectly every stitch was set. She took out the kerchief, and why! what was this? A letter—a little faintly perfumed thing with her name upon it:

MISS SARA LA RUE.

Of course she was christened "Sara," though Sallie was her home name. She opened it, her heart beating wildly. It was an offer of marriage from Mr. Andrew Peyton.

What a strange romantic thing to do—a man of five-and-forty—a rich man, a man of the world. It was love at first sight, and what she had always longed for. And she knew she also had fallen in love with him. She was sure now.

All morning Sally was in a dream. That afternoon she wrote this answer:

DEAR MR. PEYTON:—On reaching home, I found your letter in my pocket. Since you say silence will mean refusal to me, I reply. But you know so little of me—are you sure your feelings will last. You may call it love; papa will be glad to see you—so shall I—but before you do, let me tell you I am a poor girl, indeed. Everything I am going from us. Even La Rue, I fear. Even Scipio stays with us out of love; and though my costly dress last night might make you think I had some money, even that was an illusion. It was a dress an aunt of mine, who died young, left behind her, else I could not have been at the ball. I conceal nothing; but you ask me if I like you. Surely as well as I could like you more; but we must know each other better.

"SARA LA RUE"

Scipio took this note to Mr. Peyton, who awoke from his strange dreams to read it. He understood it. Sara had never found the letter. It had remained in the little pink pocket twenty years for her niece to answer, and he shed tears for the first time since he left his babyhood behind him. However, he called that evening on the new Sara La Rue; and they are married now, and his wealth has restored the old place, and its master is happy. And Sally, who loves her husband so well, will never dream that she answered her aunt's love letter. It is a secret buried in the depths of that chivalrous breast on which she reposes.

TREBOR

Aug. 31st, 1893.

Do Ants Talk?

This query is made by a writer in the magazine of Natural History, and he then goes on to say: I one day saw a drove of small black ants moving perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some 150 yards. Almost all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what may have answered for their bacon or meat, some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close to each other as if greeting one another, and no matter how often the meeting took place this same thing occurred, as though a short chat was necessary.

To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye witnesses to the murder went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting it was sad news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say, "For the king's sake and for your safety do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind, that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family. I do not know how many more are killed." So the news spread, and it was true. How was the news communicated, if not by speech?

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children who want built up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

For the COURIER.

Items from Rutherford College.

On yesterday we had the most powerful storm of wind and rain that has been experienced here since '52. The clouds and wind came from N. E., and kept up one continual blow from 2 A. M., to 7 P. M. The corn lies as flat as if a log had been rolled over it. The corn blades are torn into strings. Corn is certainly greatly injured.—Today, 31st inst., it is raining again, though there is no wind.

Our community is remarkably healthy and peaceful. Alcoholic liquors seem to have "signed us a quit claim" thanks be to God. Our students are a quiet, studious, peaceable set of young people. We have a goodly representation from old Lincoln Co.; and some of the best materials, found in humanity.

Rev. Prof. J. E. Abernethy, our accomplished pen-man, has "stacked his young wife out" at her home and returned to his place in the college. We shall have to give him up in November; for he has determined to drop the pen and take his saddle bags as an Itinerant, Methodist preacher. Prof. Abernethy has been our Prof. of Penmanship for a number of years, and I am sure he has no superior as to the Science or Art of Penmanship in N. C. We shall part with him with much regret, and know not, as yet, how to fill his place.

The college here opened with 50 odd the first week and additions have been made almost daily. Our Theological class is smaller than last term, because seven of its number have been licensed to preach and are making arrangements to enter the regular pastorate.

Several families from about Olin and elsewhere are moving here to educate. We could rent a dozen houses just now if we had them.

News reached us here yesterday upon the wires that Mrs. Minnie Alexander, formerly of Charlotte, now of Hickory, is dead. I note this death, because she was a notable lady, well known all over these counties.—The Waldenses are still increasing in number by the addition of families from Turin in Italy. They are an excellent class of people.

Success to the "COURIER" and its accomplished, present Editor, Old Lincoln County is our childhood home, and we feel a deep interest in all her public enterprises.

TREBOR

Aug. 31st, 1893.

Two Old-Time Love Letters.

Rural World.

In an old book, dated 1892, there is the following curious love epistle. It affords an admirable play upon words:

MY DARLING:—Most worthy of admiration! After consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration, and if such obligation is worthy of consideration, it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of

Yours,

SANS DISSIMULATION.

This was the still more curious answer:

SIR:—I perused your oration with much deliberation at the great infatuation of your imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But, after examination and much serious contemplation, I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now, without disputation, your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation

Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

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