

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLNTON, 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,

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. 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.

GO TO

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 spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stiles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Sells \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton N. C.

Each one human and horse 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 & JOINTS.

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

Prices, \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50.

Consolidated Shoe Co.,

Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass.

Shoes 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.

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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 heavens 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 inkiness plain the waters spread—

So motionless, since life was fled.

Amid the elemental lull,

When nature died and death lay dull,

As though itself were sleeping there—

Beamed upon that dismal flood

Ten fated 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 Caribæe

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,

Aimed the midlight din of war!

False Hatteras! when the cyclone came

Your waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim

And wrecked on wrecks of snow—

For'er nine sank! That lone bulk stands

Embedded in thy yellow sands—

An hundred hearts in death then stilled,

Are now careased by thee!

Smile on, smile on, thou watery hell,

And toss those skulls upon the shore,

The sailor's widow knows thee well;

His children beg from door to door

And chiver while they strive to tell

How thou hast robbed the wretched poor!

Yon lips shall speak for me,

This is Gogoltha of the sea!

And its keen hunger is the same

In winters frost or summer's flame!

When life was young, adventure sweet,

I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,

But here my scattered bones have lain

And bleached for ages by the main!

Though lonely once strange folks have come

Till peopled in my barren home

Enough are here. Oh, heed the cry,

Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!

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 wear-

ing 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 roman-

ce 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 un-

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, vel-

vet 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 any-

body else until you examine into

the private affairs of that individ-

ual.

In the story I alluded to, the

wisher wished himself "that king

there," seeing him in a magic mir-

ror, and, behold! he was transform-

ed 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 or-

der, only proved that he was dread-

fully 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 deli-

cate, ivory-studded 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 ex-

cept 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, re-

paired 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-

ing out of an extra pair of bedroom cur-

tains, very good indeed, when she

pinned one crimson rose at her

throat and another in her black

hair.

The last of a large family early

gathered to the tomb, following

their consumptive mother thither

only a year or two apart, Miss Sally,

at eighteen, was the picture of

health. The family sorrows were

not hers. All was over when she

was born, and life was before her,

and her home was lovely, and she

felt as much above common folk as

a queen. Only asking for house-

keeping money and having no

wardrobe to speak of worried her,

until the makeshift was concocted.

Sally had rummaged the garret for

years, and had made a cloak out of

a brown table-c