

The Lincoln Courier.

State Library

VOL. VII.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1893.

NO. 24.

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.

LINCOLNTON, 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. 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 Sperm Liment removes all hard, soft or calloused hums and blains from hoists, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweency, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs etc. Have \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blain 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 Scurfy 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 Toe. This makes the best fitting, nicest looking and most comfortable in the world. Prices, \$2, \$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 Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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 liberal, any one can do the work; either sex, young or old, no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out 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 night after night, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, eczema, fever sores, tetanus, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, 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.

A LEADER
Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medical tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidney. It will cure Sick headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50¢ per bottle. Sold by J. M. Lawing

They Don't Think So.

[Lady Colin Campbell says kissing injures the complexion.]

The Boston girl arises
Tranquillantly sedate,
And taking off her glasses,
Says, "I guess I'll oenlate."

The comme il faut New Yorker,
With a radiant high bred smile
And bluish, says "My complexion's
Got to stand it for awhile."

The Philadelphia maiden,
With a Quaker quibbling ooo,
Prepares her lips to pucker
In the quiet drab "O-o, o-o!"

The legal Baltimorean
Straps to conquer with her wit—
"Just look at my complexion!
It isn't spoiled a bit!"

The Washington dame,
Such a dear cosmopolite,
With a bluish remark, "The lady
Isn't altogether right."

The Richmond girl, in whispers
Like some dreamy music, low,
States firmly, "My complexion
Isn't everything, you know."

The bright Atlanta maiden,
With a pretty harmless flirt,
Is sure that her complexion
Isn't quite so easy hurt.

The famed Kentucky beauty,
In a voice as soft and clear
As blue grass skies are, murmurs,
"It is my complexion, dear."

The young Chicago woman
Titters in her fond delight,
"I want a good complexion,
But the price is out of sight."

The coy St. Louis maiden,
Who's as cute as she is fair,
Announces: "My complexion
Isn't in it. See? So there!"

The Denver dear delightful
Inquires: "Where am I at?
You bet that Lady Colin
Is conversing through her hat."

The fair Pacific angel
Says that she would like to say,
She loves a nice complexion
If it isn't built that way.

And thus in every city—
Who will say it isn't so?
Complexions are not in it
If the kisses have to go. —Life.

Stonewall's Widow.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is the Lady's Home Journal.

No character is so difficult to depict as that of a lady; it can be described only by negations, and these do not convey the charm and beauty which positive virtues impress upon us. This thought has been suggested to me by the request for a sketch of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. Outside the limits of the States in which she has lived little more has been known of her personally than that she was infinitely dear to her heroic husband and that she bore him a little daughter, who sat on his bed cooing and smiling, "all unknowing," while he was slowly entering into the rest prepared for him.

Mary Ann Morrison—this was Mrs. Jackson's maiden name—was the daughter of the Rev. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister, and the first president of North Carolina, which he founded, and which still remain as his memorial. Dr. Morrison graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1818 with President Polk and many other prominent men. Mrs. Morrison was one of six daughters of General Jos. Graham of Revolutionary fame, who was successively Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator and Secretary of the navy under President Fillmore. Mary Anna was one of ten children born to the couple. Dr. Morrison on account of his large family, removed to a quiet country home near to several churches at which he officiated for his neighbors as occasion demanded. The society about their home was of exceptional refinement and the associations of the family were with the best people.

In due course of time the girls married Southerners who afterwards became—or then were—men of mark, such as General D. H. Hill, General Rufus Barringer, Judge A. C. Avery and J. E. Brown. In 1853

Anna, with Eugenie, her youngest sister, made a visit to their eldest sister, Mrs. D. H. Hill, of Lexington, Va., escorted thither by one of her father's friends, General—then Major—Jackson was at that time engaged to Miss Elinor Junkin to whom he was soon to be married. He was a frequent visitor to General Hill's house, and became so friendly with the cheery little country girls that he rendered them every social attention in his power. Maj. Jackson left Lexington for rest in the summer vacation, but in August suddenly returned and spent the evening with his young friends, listening to their songs and parrying their teasing questions. In the morning they learned that he had married and gone on a bridal tour that day, so shy and reticent was the grave young Major, even to his intimates. After the marriage of her sister, to Mr.—afterward General—Rufus Barringer, Anna resided at home for three years.

In the interim Major Jackson lost his young wife, his health failed, and he went abroad to recuperate. After making an extended tour he returned, and wrote to Anna in such ardent fashion that every one but the object of his affection suspected his state of mind. Soon after he followed and they were quietly married from her father's home. The young couple set out upon an extended Northern tour, returning only in time for the session of the Military Institute, where the Major's duty lay. Major Jackson soon established himself in his own house, and his young wife in the privacy of their home, pursued the busy tenor of a Southern woman's way. Before the expiration of a year a little daughter was born to the young couple which was not long spared to them. Their lives seem to have flowed on untroubled by domestic dissonance. Her husband's letters call her his "gentle dove" and his "sunshine," and he gives in the life of her husband, which she published a little over nine years ago, a pretty picture of her sitting at his request, and singing "Dixie" so that he could learn the air. After four years has passed the dread realities of war broke over the young people. Major Jackson was summoned to take the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute to Richmond for occasional service. The first military duty was followed by his offering himself to the Army of Virginia. After a short time he went into the regular Confederate service, and then the young wife was sent to her father, as it was too lonely for her to remain in Lexington.

Here practically ended her married life, save for a few happy weeks at Winchester in the earlier part of her husband's service, and an occasional visit to the camp. These, and the loving letters he wrote to her, were all that was left of her domestic joy. She does not seem to have lost heart, however, but looked forward patiently and prayerfully to a happy end of her many trials and deprivations.

When, in 1862, little Julia was born Mrs. Jackson met, alone and uncomplainingly her illness. The baby was five months old before there was a lull in the fierce strife in which Gen. Jackson was so powerful a motor, which allowed the young wife to take the child to its father, and she, with the infant and nurse, went to find him in the field. After jolting over miles of new-made road Mrs. Jackson at length found shelter and the comfort of her husband's companionship, but this indulgence lasted only a little over nine days. The dreaded call to arms to confront Gen. Hooker's advancing army, and the non-combatants were ordered on to Richmond. Gen. Jackson hurried fasting to the field, after a hasty farewell, expressing the hope that he might find time to return to bid his dear ones adieu. God speed but this privilege was not to be granted. Time passed and the roar of battle shook to its foundation, and Mrs. Jackson was forced to leave the scenes of her happy reunion, while a procession of litters bearing the wounded were being brought into the yard for medical attention. Haunted by the

memory of carnage and death, the poor young wife, with a child's faith and woman's anguish, left her treasure on the battlefield. Then came the death wound and after a week's detention Mrs. Jackson reached her husband's death bed. Spent with the anguish of his wounds, he lay dying, too near the silence of the grave to do more than murmur to his wife: "Speak loudly, I want to hear all you say," and feebly to caress his baby with a whisper: "My sweet one, my treasure," while the innocent smiled in his dying face. Then was the heartbroken wife and mother given strength to minister to both these objects of her love. From her firm lips the dying hero learned that the gates of Heaven were ajar for his entrance. Controlling her bitter grief she sang for him the sacred songs on which his fainting spirit soared upward to its rest. When all was over and she had followed him to his grave, she again sought her father's roof, and there hid her bowed head among her own people, to live only for her baby. In strict retirement the young widow husbanded her means until her daughter was grown a pretty, graceful young woman, and then, to promote her child's happiness, the mother emerged from the privacy in which she had lived since her husband's death, and visited both the Southern and Northern States. In the course of time Julia became engaged to a young Virginian, Mr. Christian, of Richmond, and a few months later was married to him. Shortly after this marriage Mr. and Mrs. Christian removed to California, whither Mrs. Jackson accompanied them. They returned a short time later to Charlotte, N. C., where they took a house and lived together. Now, however, the widow's next trial was eminent. Mrs. Christian was attacked by a prostrating fever and snowed out of her home. She died in her twenty-seventh year.

Mrs. Jackson for a time was stunned and inconsolable. Eventually she occupied herself by writing a biography of her husband. When the book was finished she came to New York, and having secured a publisher without difficulty, gave the tragic and tender history of her hero's life to the world.

Then, for the first time, the writer saw her and was very much impressed by her cheerful and simple personality. The most impressive thing about her was her spirit of resignation and contentment: in fact I left her with the feeling expressed at the outset of this sketch that the most difficult of all tasks is to depict a lady, but so gently exercised that one does not confess it.

For Pretty Girls.

Many people seem to think that because a girl is plain or only ordinary in appearance that she necessarily makes the best wife. Ask the opinion of male friends, and more often than not the answer is something in this style: "Oh pretty girls are very well, but the plain sensible maiden is the one to be desired for home comforts and domestic happiness." It is certainly true that plain girls marry more easily than their good looking sisters, and so it is time something was said in their defense.

Does it signify then, that because a girl is endowed with more than ordinary charms that she is certain to shirk the duties necessary to man's comfort, and yield unwillingly to the ordinary routine of domestic toil? By no means! She can just be the sweetest and prettiest little creature in all the world and still attend to her work cheerfully. She may spend more than ordinary time before the glass, but then is it not her duty to look her best? Her beauty is a gift, and does not behoove her to take the greatest care of nature's endowment?

Yes, the pretty girl can be pretty as well as look pretty.—Sel.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES.
If you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.** It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.

A Plea For Better English.

There is a criminal carelessness in colloquial English, especially among educated people, with whom rests the greater responsibility. We hear the King's English murmured on all sides not only in the strata of society, there we expect it, but in the best circles, and from lips that take us by surprise. In fact, many people are so injured by bad grammar and false pronunciation that they can't tell for their lives the good from the bad, and occasionally hearing a correct pronunciation, put it down as "eccentric or fatted." These people have had ordinarily good educations, but have not thought of their grammar since they left school. There is another class who have not lapsed quite so far, and are yet able to recognize the right the moment their attention is called to it, but allow themselves slipshod habits of speech. Not long since I heard a Supreme Judge's daughter, a young lady with a fine education, say: "I ain't got none no how." Astonishing, is it not? Well, just take the pains to observe a little and you will hear things equally astonishing every day. Now this lady belongs to the last class mentioned above; she has settled into domestic life, with no special literary stimulus, and is allowing herself to drop into the habits of speech of those about her. It would be interesting for some member of the family to jot down the conversation at meals, for example; then read it aloud, I think the grammar would be a surprise to most of them. Now some ladies, when on their P's and Q's speak very good grammar, but the moment they become confidentially allow themselves all kinds of liberties with their mother-tongue. The impression seems to be that bad grammar is better suited for the "language of good fellowship." Good English is to be found in the letters of cultivated women. I think their conversation no less important for the preservation of a pure vernacular. It has been deplored that the art of conversation is among the lost arts. What an interesting opening this in the field of woman's work! Though we have no Margaret Fuller classes in social etiquette we can have every woman doing her best, however small, toward the restoration of this art. Every one can help to lay the foundation for the beautiful superstructure to come afterward by insisting on good grammar and correct pronunciation in her own home. Home influences cling to a child longest; they become second nature, while the school training, unless it supplements what has already been learned at home, is artificial and ephemeral by comparison. Think of the immense advantage, the start in life, the child from a cultured home, has over others not so fortunate. Parents should remember that comparisons will be made between themselves and the teachers, and the child's confidence and respect will naturally be drawn toward the apparent superior knowledge.

Perhaps this is the true secret of the deplorable state of affairs to be witnessed in the home nowadays, where parents are almost entirely suppressed, and are the ones "to be seen and not heard," or heard only to be corrected by the children.—Ex.

Punishing Children.

A mother whose success in the training of her little folks is something beautiful to behold, believes in "making punishment fit the crime," and finds this rule to work far better than measures that have no real bearing on the case. For instance, the untroubled little one is not permitted to speak until only correct statements are promised faithfully to be uttered. If a child disarranges the work basket or litters up a room it is not sent away after a shaking or a slap, while the mother spends an hour in putting things to right, but is made to pick up everything and arrange things just as they were before the busy little fingers did their mischievous work.

Physical Culture for Women.

Dame Naturo is as a rule kind to the fair sex, and they can manage their limbs much better generally than men, but there is still room for improvement in the appearance of most women. The majority of young women never give the art of cultivating the body any attention, hence so many weak and undeveloped figures. Women can become ideals of graceful motion and beauty by cultivating the body, and they can preserve health and beauty of figure until old age by physical training.

Women need physical exercise quite as much as men, yet it is only within the last few years that steps have been taken to provide instruction for girls in this useful art of physical culture. At the present time however interest seems to have been awakened in this important matter, and in most cities there are colleges where physical development is taught and a number of private gymnasiums where girls and women can enter upon a course of physical training, and it is beyond question that the pupils of these **Halls of Health** are greatly improved in personal appearance and health by systematic physical training—rosy cheeks, bright eyes, grace of action and clear ringing laughter follow as a result of judicious exercise.

Present day methods of life are highly strained and it is necessary that the body should be fully developed and kept in permanent strength by habitual physical exercise and wholesome food, otherwise the physical life becomes degenerated and eventually the body breaks down and women become nervous and suffer almost countless ills. Women are more prone to "nervous prostration" than men, and especially so in this country. Society women for the want of regular physical exercise become pale, listless. To get and keep the body in perfect health is of the utmost importance; thorough enjoyment of life will follow as a result.—*Wilton Tourner in October Godey's.*

Though He Was a Tooth Puller.

The Raleigh correspondent of the *Messenger* get off the following:—

There was an extremely laughable incident on the train on the Seaboard Air Line which arrived here this morning, in which conductor Wilson and a negro woman figured. The woman got on the train at Sanford. Conductor Wilson placed his hand on the back of the seat in front of the woman. In his hand was a ticket pouch. He asked the woman for her ticket. She replied: "They are in my mouth." He asked her again and the same reply was made. He then pulled the cord to stop the train, to put her off. Suddenly she cried out, "Why, mister, you'd be conductor, ain't you, and you want my ticket. Bless de Lord, I thought you was a tooth puller." The passengers roared with laughter.

How do you pronounce "tomato?" The dictionary says you may call it either to may-to or to-mah-to. One lady writes that she will call it to-mah-to to the end of her days, because "all refined people" she knows call it that with one exception. That one lady sturdily insists that to-mah-to is right. So it is, unless you broad-n the "a" also in potato, for they are just the same kind of words. Would you say potato-to? If not, then don't say to-mah-to.—Ex.

Capt. Bell Goes to Texas.

Capt. W. T. R. Bell, who was principal of the military institute at King's Mountain, and who afterwards moved his school to Rutherfordton, has accepted the superintendency of the Military Institute at Corsicana, Texas. "This is one of the largest schools in that State and the position is a lucrative and important one."

FOR DYSPEPSIA.
Indigestion and Stomach disorders use **BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.** All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark—crossed red lines on wrapper.

Manicuring the Hands.

In manicuring the hands, they should first be softened by submission in tepid water, in which have been placed a few drops of ammonia and a small piece of Castile soap. The cuticle around the nail should then be carefully loosened with the little spoon-shaped implement provided for the purpose—never with a knife, the use of which is always detrimental. The nails should be filed into a round oval shape, avoiding the French point, which is no longer in vogue. Should the rough pieces of skin known as "hangnails" appear, they should be cut away with a sharp pair of scissors, and should never in any circumstances be torn out. They will soon cease to be troublesome if the hands are carefully and systematically treated. The white spots which so often disfigure the nails are said to be directly attributable to physical debility. They are by no means easily got of, but a little refined pitch mixed with myrrh, laid over them at night and rubbed off to the morning with a bit of cocoa butter, is said to be an efficient agent in removing them.

They Met.

The Old Man was trying to sleep a part of last night away—he wanted to lie down to pleasant dreams. He wanted to dream that no one called to "lick" him, and that all who are in arrears called and whacked up—he wanted the sweet slumber to restore him, to dish him up in good shape, as we would say in the kitchen.

But slack and alas! And a boy! The Devil and Tom Walker. He didn't sleep much. Just as he got a good hold on the sweet restorer, a delegation of mosquitoes held a mass meeting about his ear. Are they hummers? Well, we should buzz! They met. And the meeting was full. The discussion seemed to be a *corpsa silver* question. We take it way and length of time congressmen discuss it. They resolved and they resolved. They said the stringency of the times caused them to present their bills as often as possible—and the good Lord knows they did throughout the meeting. It was finally resolved to put us on a party with everything else which they could eat. It wasn't sixteen to one—and we happened to be the one.

Anyhow, after dragging us out on the Yam Farm, and leaving us with the silent stars, they adjourned. It may be that they tackled the Old Lady, as we have not seen her for several days. Maybe they chewed her up into mince meat as our esteemed friend, Simon Large, used to say when he was playing Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is truth—all this—and Truth, like corn likker, is Terrible.—*Durham Globe.*

Mr. Beecher Was Surprised.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's love for children was well known. He always listened to their prattle with interest, and they talked to him with fearless frankness on all subjects. He was sometimes rather startled by their remarks. He used to tell the following story with enjoyment: One Sunday, as he was returning from church, he was overtaken by one of his parishioners who held his little daughter by the hand. In his sermon that day he had earnestly exhorted every one to practice human kindness. The little girl, evidently anxious that her father should be rebuked volunteered the information that papa had scolded Mary that morning.

"And who is Mary?" inquired Mr. Beecher.

"Why, Mary is our cook," replied the little gossip.

"Well, well, that is too bad. But I hope papa doesn't scold mamma," said Mr. Beecher, with a twinkle in his eye as he glanced at his old friend. "Well, I guess not!" said the small dame. "My mamma isn't a servant—none of my parents ain't servants. Why they ain't even servants of the Lord."—Ex.

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