

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1893.

NO. 26

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

1y

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

1y

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.

I guarantee to give satisfaction or no charge.

A call from you solicited.

Aug. 4, 1893.

1y

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HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

English Spain Treatment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood-spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of our bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blood-cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

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Old Bob White,

Now the hills are turning yellow and the brown is on the corn;

There's a melody that's mellow in the music of the horn,

And the sassafras is blazing and the sumach all aglow

Where the old bell cow is grazing on the fallows down below,

And the pea vine gladly rustle where the soft winds are at play

And the young quail chirp and hustle, growing plumper every day;

And the cunning old snorter in the bushes to the right,

Perched upon the low fence corner, whistles

"Old Bob White!"

Get your ammunition ready, now, and lumber up you gun.

Train the young dogs to be steady so as not to spoil your fun,

For the time is swiftly coming and October's nearly here

When we'll set the wood a humming with the music far and near,

And we'll fill each hunting jacket with the sport our powers yield

And we raise a merry racket on the forests and the fields,

For the challenge is temptation as they sit there out of sight

All around the big plantation whistling

"Old Bob White!"

—Montgomery M. Folsom in Atlanta Journal

A Marriage License.

It was a clear winter morning after a fresh fall of snow. Mr. Amos Brownlow stepped into his sleigh and took the reins from the man-out-of-work.

"I am going over to Candia to get the school teacher," he said.

"If anybody comes for me, tell them I will be back about four o'clock this afternoon."

The little Lambert mare gave an impatient bound, as the reins tightened over her neck; the sleigh bells burst into a sudden clear chime, and the damp snow, thrown by the mare's hoofs, flew to right and left of the cutter, as Mr. Brownlow drove down the low level village street and out into the open country beyond.

For three or four miles he sped on as a dashing pace. Then he came to a long hill up which he compelled the little mare to walk.

At the top of the hill there was a piece of woodland. Brownlow could hear the steady blows of an axe echoing among the trees, and presently he came in sight of the chopper, a grizzled-headed man of about sixty or sixty-five.

At the sound of the sleigh-bells the man looked up, then struck his axe deep into the tree he was chopping, left it sticking there and came toward the road.

"Good-morning, Pattison," said Brownlow, reining up. "Did you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, if you ain't in too much of a hurry," replied the other, stepping out into the road and laying his hand on the dashboard of the sleigh.

"Going to Candia?"

"Yes," said Brownlow. "Anything I can do for you there?"

"Wal—I guess so," responded Pattison, "if it ain't asking too much of a favor. You see, I calculate to get married again next Wednesday, and I thought if you would just step into the town clerk's office at Candia and get me a license, 't would save a trip for me. Oh, it'll be all right. You see, three fourths of my place lies in Candia limits and I've always got my marriage license there. Here's the money. The clerk'll understand."

Brownlow looked at the old man with a whimsical smile. "Supposing I hadn't come along," he asked, "what would you have done for a license?"

"Somebody else would 'a' ben goin' over, most likely," replied Pattison dryly; "and if wunst come to wunst, I might 'a' gone myself."

Brownlow leaned back in the sleigh and laughed.

"Well," he said tucking the bill

which Pattison had given him into his overcoat pocket, "I'll go and see what the town clerk has to say about getting a marriage license by proxy. If he says all right, why, I'll get you one, of course. Good-morning."

There was a silvery laughter in the sleigh bells for Brownlow all the way to Candia. He wondered what made him so light-hearted, so unwontedly cheerful. Surely, it could not be altogether amusement at the idiosyncrasies of poor old Pattison, whose high Sahara of widowhood was now about to be brightened by another oasis of matrimony. Could it be because he was going to meet the school teacher again? At this rather startling self-suggestion Mr. Brownlow's heart gave such a jump that he could fairly hear it, as well as feel it, impinge upon his epiglottis.

Amos Brownlow was a bachelor of thirty-three, whose timidity in matters concerning the fair sex had become so proverbial that the most sanguine and successful watchmakers in the country had long since given him up as a hopeless case. Indeed he had given himself up, with a certain self-pity mingled with indignation; for he knew perfectly well that, if he could only muster up courage enough to woo and win a woman, he would be positively the happiest man under a canopy of stars two thousand million miles square. But he hadn't—or at least he thought he hadn't—and there was an end of it.

Now, then it happened it that this bashful bachelor, apparently reordained to celibacy, was gliding along in a trim, mouse-colored sleigh, behind a mare which was the envy of the country, for the sole purpose (exclusively of Mr. Pattison's unexpected and common place errand) of bringing Miss Hungerford, the village school-teacher, back to her boarding place after a two week's visit at Candia. This was a question which more and more puzzled and disturbed Amos Brownlow, as he drove along. And yet the situation had evolved itself naturally enough. The Widow Murchison, at whose house Miss Hungerford boarded, was an aunt of Amos Brownlow's. Amos managed her property, and consequently was a frequent caller at the house. He had met Miss Hungerford perhaps thirty or forty times during the school year, thus far. Very often he found her assisting Mrs. Murchison with the latter's accounts and his customary embarrassment in the presence of a young and attractive woman had been considerably lessened under the influence of a clear businesslike way in which she helped him straighten out the widow's rather erratic memoranda of "paid out" and "received."

Once, to the wild gossip of the whole village, he had escorted the pretty teacher to church during a rain-storm which required something more expensive in the way of an umbrella than either of the feminine articles in the widow Murchison's rack. That experience had been to Amos Brownlow like a draught of nectar cunningly seasoned with gall. Never in his life had he felt so terribly uncomfortable and at the same time so exquisite happy. It was like the experience of an eastern pilgrim walking through some splendid Persian garden with peas in his shoes.

only this once had Amos Brownlow and Myrtle Hungerford been together without the presence of some third party. And that they had not was all Amos' fault, of course. He felt as if the delicious agony of that unique experience was enough to last him for a life time. Nevertheless, a remarkable complexity seemed to have somehow gotten itself into the Widow Murchison's financial affairs, for scarcely a day elapsed (previous to Miss Hungerford's vacation) when Mrs. Murchison's nephew did not drop in (after school hours) to look at the accounts. So it was perfectly natural that when the time came for Miss Hungerford to return from Candia, it should occur almost sim-

ultaneously to Mrs. Murchison and her nephew that it would be more agreeable for the young lady to ride behind Brownlow's fast Lambert mare than in the creeping old stage, with its boxes and bales and often uncougenial company. So Mrs. Murchison dropped a line to Miss Hungerford saying that her nephew had business in Candia on Saturday, and would be happy to call for her and bring her home in the sleigh. This was the way it came about.

By the time Amos Brownlow drove into Candia he had clean forgotten Mr. Pattison's errand. As it was nearly noon, he proceeded at once to the hotel and procured dinner for himself and the mare. Then he had a cigar in the waiting room, blowing wreaths of smoke ceiling ward, in which diaphanous framework constantly floated, and dissolved and reshaped itself, the sweet oval face of Myrtle Hungerford. Before he finished smoking, Mr. Brownlow's courage had nearly forsaken him, in view of that long lonely ride with the young lady, and had it been for the note sent by his aunt, he certainly would have turned tail and scurried home, in advance of the stage, as fast as he could go. But there was nothing for it now but to face the music—music, truly, of form, feature, and tone, embodied in the person of pretty Myrtle Hungerford.

At fifteen minutes past one o'clock P. M. Mr. Amos Brownlow again stepped into his sleigh. Setting his teeth firmly together, he drove at a slashing pace to the house where Miss Hungerford was stopping, hitched his mare and rang the door-bell. Miss Myrtle herself met him at the door, with a smile and a blush which caused a sensation to pass through the young man's body as if he had plunged through a combing breaker of speed wine.

"Why didn't you come to dinner?" cried the girl. "We were all expecting you and were so disappointed."

Brownlow stammered something about lateness of arrival and basty refreshment, which, in view of the fact that he had dined leisurely for forty minutes upon one square inch of fried steak and cup of tea, was wholly irrelevant and misleading.

"But you must come in, at any rate," cried Miss Hungerford. "We want to have you visit with us for a little while."

Brownlow caught sight of other feminine faces in the hall and quailed. Ah, happy thought—Mr. Pattison's marriage license!

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have an important engagement yet to attend to, and have promised to be back home at four o'clock. I really think we shall have to be starting, Miss Hungerford."

The young lady's traveling-bag stood in the hall door. Brownlow pecked it up without further ceremony and carried it out to the sleigh. Then he mounted the mare and waited while Myrtle was putting on her wraps, conscious all the time that the family were looking at him curiously from the windows.

Presently Miss Hungerford came tripping out. She looked fairly bewitching in her neatly-fitted sack, mink box and sassy fur trimmed cap. Brownlow helped her into the sleigh, tucked the robe on her side of the seat, got in himself and gathered up the reins. In an instant they were whirling away toward the town clerk's office.

"Well you be afraid to hold the mare for a few minutes?" Brownlow asked, as they drew up in front of the little town hall.

"Oh, not a bit," cried the girl.

Brownlow handed her the reins and plunged into the building. The town clerk was very busy and up to his ears in papers; but Brownlow was excited and in a hurry.

"S. H. Pattison wanted me to call for a marriage license," he said throwing the bill which the old man had given him on the desk. "Is it all right?"

"All right Mr. Brownlow," replied the clerk, absent-mindedly. He was evidently searching with some anxiety for a missing paper among the heap on his desk. "Will attend to you pres-

ently."

Brownlow glanced nervously out at the window. Was the mare getting a bit restless, or did he only imagine it? Yes; Miss Hungerford tightened her grasp on the reins and looked appealingly toward the window.

"I'll wait for it outside," cried Brownlow, and dashed out of the building.

In about five minutes the town clerk found the missing paper and filed it. In the meantime the young assistant had come in from dinner.

"Let's see," mused the clerk. "Who was it called for a marriage license? Oh, yes, Brownlow, of Weybosset. Well, who's the girl I wonder, and where does she reside?"

The clerk rose and went to the window. Brownlow and Miss Hungerford were chatting together in the sleigh, confidently. Brownlow's impatient seemed to have evaporated.

"Martin, do you know who this young lady is?" asked the town clerk to his assistant.

The young man looked out.

"It's a Miss Myrtle Hungerford. She is teaching school at Weybosset. Resided here previously, I believe."

"Oh, well," said the clerk, returning to his desk, "if the lady's residence is here, I can give them a marriage license, I suppose."

He hastily made out the document, inclosed it in a big brown envelope, and sent his assistant out with it. Two minutes later the little Lambert mare had struck into the main road between Candia and Weybosset, and the sleigh-bells were jingling merrily homeward.

On the way Brownlow told Miss Hungerford about Mr. Pattison's marriage license. Subjects of conversation are none too abundant between young people whose minds are preoccupied by the most engrossing of possible subjects, which, however, must not yet be mentioned. Besides this story was too good to keep. They both laughed over it heartily.

"I wonder who his next wife is to be?" speculated the young lady.

Brownlow almost unconsciously drew the big brown envelope from his overcoat pocket. It was unsealed, and as he held it up tantalizingly the precious paper slipped out and half unfolded itself in his companion's lap. Being a woman how could she help gazing curiously at it? Suddenly, a furious blush overspread the girl's face, followed by an ashen whiteness.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "There's my name!"

She snatched up the marriage license, opened it and read the two names engrossed therein.

"Stop the sleigh this minute, Amos Brownlow, and let me get out!"

The clear, young voice rang like an alarm bell; the brown eyes flashed fire. At the girl's startled cry, the little mare only bounded forward the faster. Amos Brownlow was simply paralyzed. Think of it—that a man of his abnormal sensitiveness to the feminine, entirely without his own fault, should be thus addressed by a young woman.

Myrtle Hungerford read his complete bewilderment and exquisite suffering in his face and the thought flashed across her mind, "Perhaps it isn't his doing."

"Read that!" she said, thrusting the paper into his hand. It rattled and fluttered in the wind as the mare sped on, but Brownlow read. It was a marriage license, duly made out to himself and Miss Myrtle Hungerford, and certified by the town clerk of Candia.

"It's a mistake, a dreadful mistake!" groaned Brownlow. Then he broke out fiercely, "Confound old Pattison!"

The girl's face softened. A vivid blush sprang to her brow. She began to see how the "dreadful mistake" had occurred.

"Oh, say it was not intentional on your part, Amos!" she cried appealingly. "Say you did not mean to do me a wrong."

"I swear before heaven," he cried "that I would sooner die than suffer one wrong thought toward you, Myrtle!"

Myrtle! How strangely sweet the name sounded on his lips. The girl looked up and met the earnest, tender, worshipful eyes of the man at her side. There was no mistaking what those eyes said. Slowly Myrtle's head sank down until her jaunty, fur-trimmed cap nestled against Brownlow's shaggy overcoat. The marriage license dropped from Brownlow's left hand and fell into the bottom of the sleigh.

"Shall we keep it, darling, or tear it up?" he asked, a minute later, as his eye fell upon the fluttering paper.

"Keep it," whispered the girl. And the western sun seemed to meet a kindred light from her upturned face that was like the flooding forth of a soul's unspeakable joy.

The American Standard of Living.

The fact is not only demonstrable, but stands proved and unquestioned that the average standard of living is higher in the United States than in any other country in the world. The industrial masses, who embody the vital forces of the nation and represent its life and character, eat more and better food than any other classes of other lands, wear ampler clothing of superior quality, occupy larger and better furnished apartments, enjoy higher opportunities for culture, and find open avenues to advancement in industrial, social and intellectual lines. Every statistic investigation of the comparative condition of the world's workers bring into prominence the physical status of our own people. It is shown that the meat consumption here is more than thrice that of Europe for each individual, and fifty per cent more than that of Great Britain, the nation which takes most of the surplus meat of this country. More than seventeen pounds of cotton per head and eight of wool, besides a liberal quantity of silk and linen, are required for each individual—two or three times as much as the average in Europe. A country containing less than one-twentieth of the world's inhabitants uses one-fifth of the wool in the world, and nearly as large a proportion of the cotton. In other words the clothing required by an average Yankee would clothe an average family of the other inhabitants of the globe. This is not a guess but a demonstration, as the world's supply of clothing material is approximately known, and the room and furniture share in similar liberality of supply, and are supplemented by ingenious appliances for comfort and convenience in housekeeping.

Educational facilities, public and private, are extraordinary in extent and variety, including all that is comprehended between manual training exercises and post graduate university courses, available alike to the child of fortune and the son and daughter of the industrious laborer. It is possible for the child of a common laborer to attain the highest honors of the university, as is constantly demonstrated in conferring the highest scholastic degrees. It is demonstrated that few of the more advanced nations in industrial skill and civilization pay wage rates two-thirds as high as ours, and many European states pay scarcely more than half as much. While a large part of this generous difference goes toward better living and higher intellectual development much remains to the pecuniary credit of the individual, in home ownership or saving banks deposits or other property. A surprising illustration is furnished by the industrious and thrifty people of New Hampshire, whose deposits in saving banks alone average about one thousand dollars for each family, with nearly twice as many depositors as there are families.

This republican independence of spirit, this training of head and hands, with generous living and thrifty surplus saving, inspires ambition for continued advancement, and insures the breaking of all barriers of class, which in foreign lands are chains of steel that bind to ancestral occupations and hold fast the birth-right of caste. We have here a field of action which is at once an opportunity and an inspiration. This continent is a new world, furnishing at the same time a wide theater of action and a worthy inducement of effort. With every variety of climate, the result of altitude and subtopical, of configuration of surface and the course of adjacent ocean currents, all products of temperate and sub-tropical zones are certain rewards of labor.

The vines of France, the olives of Italy, the fruits of Spain and the Mediterranean isles, are all grown on our southern and western coasts, while the cereals, fruits and vegetables of the temperate zone are produced in profusion elsewhere. Soils are equally various, in richness and mechanical and hygrometric condition, available for the growth of almost everything required for use of man or beast.—Dr. James Richard Dodge, in the Chautauquan.

Vulgar Women.

Vulgar women like to attract attention; they are loud in their dress and talk; they can be seen and heard at a distance; they are unassuming, generally annoying and often offensive.

Vulgar women walk like grenadiers; they come down on their heels with force enough to shake anything from an "L" road station to a summer hotel piazza.

Vulgar women discuss private affairs in public; their conversation is audible to passers by; they invite the observation of strangers, and they are flattered by the familiar comments of hucksters, flirts, fairs, gutter merchants and Broadway loafers.

Vulgar women appear in public wearing brilliant colors, brilliant cheeks and audible perfumes, jewelry and sensational styles.

Vulgar women may win admiration, but they never win respect; before an individual is respected by others she must be respected by herself.

Women who wear doll baby dresses and powder their face like clowns may come of very good families, but they are vulgarisms.

Women who bear tabs, who betray confidence and make mischief with their tongues are vulgarisms of the most despicable type.

Vulgar women are dangerous; they not only corrupt good manners, but they are a bad example for the ignorant and innocent, and a disturbing element among refined people.

—New York World.

Cleaning Silverware.

About the last thing done to silverware in the factories is to cleanse the surface of all pieces and super material used in the polishing, a process that usually involves a deal of hard labor. A mechanic who had noted the expensive character of this work invented a bath in which the foreign substances that cling to the surface of silverware are easily and quickly removed. From this bath the silverware comes clean and brilliant. The inventor of the invention has patented the process, with his consent, and the patent is regarded as a valuable property.

Dear Food Not the Best.

Prof. W. O. A water, written in the September Forum, claims that the maxim "the best is the cheapest" does not apply to food. The best food in the sense of that which is sold at the highest price is rarely the most economical for people of health. The food which is best fitted to the real wants of the user may be the very kind which supplies the most nutriment at the lowest cost. Round steak at 15 cents a pound contains as much protein and energy, is just as digestible and is fully as nutritive, as tenderloin at 50 cents. Mackerel has as high nutritive value as salmon and costs from an eighth to a half as much. Oysters are a delicacy. If one can afford them there is no reason for not having them, but 25 cents invested in a pint would bring only twenty-nine grams, about an ounce, of protein and 260 calories of energy. The same 25 cents spent for flour at \$6 a barrel, or 3 cents a pound, would pay for 420 grams of protein and 13,700 calories of energy. When a day laborer buys bread at 7 1/2 cents a pound, the actual nutritive material costs him three times as much as it does him employer who buys it in flour at \$6 a barrel.

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.