

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1893.

NO. 29.

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

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 anaesthetic 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 Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stiffs, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful liniment cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton, N. C.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of la grippe, when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Dr. Lawing's drug store. Large bottles, 50c and \$1.

New York Ledger.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"Uph!" said Will, with a most exaggerated shudder of disgust, "if there is anything I do abominate above all other horrors, it is a strong minded woman."

"Oh," said Millicent, grandly, "I should imagine you would feel more comfortable in the society of a weak minded one."

"Now, I hope you are witted," cried Teddy, with a grin of delight over Millicent's sarcasm. "For my part, I adore strong minded women. My aversion is for one of your bread-and-butter misses, who blush if you look at them, and can't say anything but 'No, sir,' or 'Yes, sir.' I mean to marry a female lawyer or a doctor."

Now, Teddy had commenced this speech with a smile so manifest that it had already been described as a grin, but, as he proceeded, his face became clouded, and his emphasis was downright vicious.

Nobody in the room took much notice of the change, though Millicent smiled a little. As if Teddy Crawford's compliments could move her!

But there was another room adjoining the one in which these young people were chatting, and in that room a golden head drooped low, and blue eyes grew misty as Teddy spoke. Then Daisy Whyte lifted her head with a defiant toss, and said:

"I don't care!" under her breath. But as she said it, she softly opened the low French window and stepped outside.

Mrs. Furber, Millicent's aunt, had been giving a garden-party, and some of the most intimate friends, after most of the guests had departed, had sauntered into the wide drawing-room for a chat. There were Will Kraft, the only lawyer in Everdale, heir to his father's profession and a very comfortable for him, and Edward Crawford, who had just returned from a three-years tour in Europe, and who had studied medicine and "walked hospitals," just because "a fellow must do something," you know, but who owned about Everdale, and lived with an ancient housekeeper in the handsomest house in the place.

He had been Millicent's champion ever since they were at the piano age, when Crawford House was presided over by his parents, and Mrs. Furber's orphan niece and supposed heiress was the petted guest at Mrs. Crawford. In the changes of life, Teddy's absence at college, his parents' death, his European tour, the two had always corresponded and kept up a most loyal friendship.

Teddy knew all Millicent's aspirations to rise above the routine of so-called woman's work. Teddy had gravely considered the conflicting attractions of art-studies, a medical course or law-reading. Teddy wiped away the tears when Aunt Bertha positively forbade Millicent to have "nasty skulls" in her room, or to examine all the sores of the children in the village. It was Teddy who consoled Millicent when her first oil-painting was pronounced a "dreadful jaub" by the few critics who viewed it, and Teddy presided over the funeral pyre of the work, and comforted the chief mourner.

After that, Teddy went abroad and Millicent studied Sercey, taking Latin in enormous doses, reading Greek like a professor, playing upon the grand piano only the most difficult of classic music, and trying to think she understood and enjoyed it.

When Teddy came home, Will Kraft had been six months in Everdale, having won his first cases in New York, and being a full-fledged lawyer. Everdale goseeps were prone to speak of the two young men as rivals, although Will had lately taken rather a savage tone in speaking of women who were not content to be simply domestic angels and consider the broiling of beef-steak and darning of stockings as the chief end of woman.

But all this time, while conversa-

tion was lively in the drawing-room, and many merry voices favored one or the other of the above, Daisy Whyte was walking rapidly across the wide lawn, past the tables where busy servants were clearing away the debris of the feasting, through the rose-garden down to the old summer-house, where already she could see the glory of the western sky in the sunset.

It was a shabby old summer-house, built right underneath the boat-house, but of late years the only boat was a small one, in which Millicent often rowed about, when weary of brain-work.

Mrs. Furber talked often of having the whole structure pulled down and a new one built in its place, for the timbers were rotten and the ugliness of decay was only hidden by the climbing vines that covered the wall and roof.

Here Daisy was alone, hidden from the river by the ivy-clad walls, hidden from the house by a grove of trees. With nobody to see her, the pretty face lengthened, the blue eyes grew misty and the golden head drooped.

"Nobody will miss me," she thought, with a forlorn satisfaction. "There is Millicent and Carrie Tilbourne and Josie Payne and all the other girls, all rich enough to have a new dress for the party, too. No wonder nobody cares for me, in this old thing;" and she gave her foot a swing against the crisp folds of the blue muslin dress. It might not have been quite new, but it was most exquisitely laundered by Daisy's own deft fingers, fitted to perfection and had ruffles white as snow at throat and wrists.

"A cheap affair," Carrie Tilbourne, rustling in a new silk, had called it; but Daisy was at an age and had a face that made cheap affairs in dress a secondary consideration. With her peach-bloom cheeks, her soft, blue eyes large and golden lashed, her dainty figure, her baby mouth, and cluster of feathery, yellow curls, she made the blue muslin appear the robe above all others suited to her beauty.

"All rich, or with rich relatives," she thought, presently; and they all let me feel that I am only here because Millicent is so good-natured. She is kind to me, and I—I wish I loved her more. I do! I am a wicked girl, I know; but—but she she has everything, and I want so much! It is nearly the end of August, and in September I must go back to the seminary and teach scales and exercises to beginners. I can't even have the pleasure of finishing my work. Just as soon as my scholars begin to be a little credit to me, they are whisked off to Signor Folderoli's and he gets all the praise I have earned. Oh dear! life is so hard!"

Then the tears dropped slowly down upon the dimpled white hands, as pretty as a baby's, and Daisy's thoughts took another course.

"Of course Millicent will marry Teddy, though I do think she ought not to flirt so much with Will Kraft, and Teddy adores her. He is always talking about her great intellect, and her wonderful power, and quoting her to me as a woman fit to wear a crown. I know I can't talk Greek, and I'm little and shy, but I don't think I am quite an idiot. I wish I was tall like Millicent, and had brown hair and eyes like Millicent, and could read Greek and Latin, and—"

The gay party in the drawing-room was thinking of breaking up, and some were already standing saying farewell to the hostess, when two men came in, white and panic-stricken.

"The old summer-house has given way," ma'am one said to Mrs. Furber. "and there was some one there! We saw one of the young ladies go down—"

"Who?" was the cry from all.

"Oh!" said Millicent, wringing her hands, "it must be Daisy! Teddy dear—"

But Teddy was gone, swift as a flash. Teddy had missed the baby face long before. Teddy had been listening, listening, through all the merry chat for the low, timid voice

he could never win from its faint, shy tremor. Teddy had thrown one lightning glance around the room when the men came in, and was already flying across the lawn, through the rose garden, down to that awful empty space where the summer-house had gone down with a crash into the water, while Daisy was longing to be like Millicent—for Teddy's sake.

One awful moment of agony attiled the young man's heart as he looked before him, then a shout reached him—

"Come this way, Mr. Crawford; we've found her!"

Three stalwart men were working at the ruin, and amid the timbers, the ivy and the flowering vines, all protruded about her, lay Daisy, white and insensible.

"Is she dead?"

Teddy wondered even in his horror at the difficulty his dry lips had in forming the words.

"No, sir! It's only a faint. I'll carry her up to the house answered one of the men.

"And I'll go for a doctor," said another.

Dazed and feeling as if all brightness had been suddenly stricken out of his life, Teddy followed the strong-armed Irishman, who carried Daisy as easily as a child to the house. They met the whole merry party of a few minutes before, pale and sad enough now, and all turned back.

Teddy watched Millicent as she sped on ahead, prompt and self-possessed, leading the way to the first-floor bed-room, kept for a guest-chamber, and motioned the man who carried Daisy to put her on the bed. Then the door closed and a dread silence fell upon the group of watchers.

Mrs. Furber went in, and, after a short delay, the doctor came.

By and by, Mrs. Furber came out with a grave face.

"She is badly hurt," she said, "but we cannot tell yet if there is any danger."

Slowly, with words of sympathy, the guests withdrew, all except Teddy and Will Kraft.

It was long before Millicent came out, but she was very pale as she went straight to Teddy.

"Teddy, dear," she said tenderly, "you love Daisy?"

"Better than my life!" he answered, hoarsely.

"You shall see her. Stay one moment. She is terribly hurt and her voice grew husky—"there must be an operation. It may not succeed! You understand?"

He bowed his head silently.

"You will not excite her?" Millicent said, pleadingly. "She asked to see you."

"I will not trouble her," Teddy answered, and Millicent led him into the room, where Daisy lay upon the bed, white and trembling.

"Daisy," he whispered, tenderly, "my love, my darling!"

The great blue eyes flashed open in a glorious radiance that conquered fear and pain.

"You love me?"

The faint voice thrilled like music.

"I love you, Daisy. You will be brave now, for my sake?"

"Yes, yes! I only wanted to say good-bye, but now—"

"Now you will live to be my wife, my darling?"

"If God wills!" she said, softly.

He kissed her with tender gentleness and left her to Millicent and the doctor.

An hour later, while he paced up and down the garden in an agony of hope and fear the doctor came out.

"She is doing nicely," was the report; "with Millicent's nursing, she will recover. Millicent is a woman in a thousand."

"Isn't she?" said Teddy, heartily. "I never saw her equal."

"H'm!" said the doctor. "I always thought, Mr. Teddy, that you and Millicent—Eh?"

"Oh, bless you, no!" said Teddy, frankly; "she wouldn't have me on any terms."

"H'm!" But that poor little crushed rosebud—

"Yes!" interrupted Teddy. "You'll

come to the wedding!"

"Indeed, I will. Well! well!" and the doctor drove off, wondering a little at his friend's choice.

But Millicent, coming out in the dusk, after watching Daisy fall into an opiate sleep, found Will Kraft still in the drawing-room.

"Millicent," he said, coming to meet her, "can you forgive my over-enthusiastic speeches to-day? I was half mad with jealousy, because you seemed to care more for Teddy—"

"Why, of course I do!" interrupted Millicent. "Teddy is the brother of my soul, and I am so glad he loves Daisy that I could sing for joy, if I was not afraid of waking her."

"But, Millicent, if you love your soul's brother, won't there be a vacancy in your heart, and Millicent—here an audacious arm crept round her waist—"won't you take my life's devotion—"and so on, and so on.

Daisy recovered, and if Will Kraft pointed some over Millicent's constant attendance in the sick room, Teddy was always ready to share in the wait, and, as "misery likes company," these two consoled each other, until one brilliant November day, when the sunshine seemed stolen from summer to shine upon the double wedding which Mrs. Furber gave to her niece Millicent and the little orphan friend, Daisy Whyte.

And Everdale goseeps still say: "Did you ever! Why, only a few months before, Teddy was railing at bread-and-butter girls, and Will at strong-minded ones!"

The Great Storm of Oct. 2.

On October 2 a great storm burst upon the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico, coming without warning of any kind, although even if such warning had been given the loss of life and property would still have been very great. As it was, with the wind blowing upward of a hundred miles per hour and waves and backed-up water running 15 feet above the normal level, some 2,000 lives were lost, with millions of dollars worth of property. The stern came up from the Gulf, and the Signal Service officer at New Orleans had absolutely no warning of its approach. The telegraph line from Port Eads, whence the announcement of the storm should have come, broke down early on Sunday night as the storm came up.

The principal damage was done to the region about the mouth of the Mississippi, which includes islands and marshes all of very low level. One of the affected and typical regions, the St. Bernard or Lake Borgne Marsh, is a dead level ocean marsh, with more water than land, covered 1,200 square miles. It was inhabited by 200 fishermen, who lived in cabins built on piling Obanefeur Island is another place where there was great loss of life, and is also typical of much of the adjoining region. This land rose but three or four feet above the level of the sea, so that in the storm it was completely submerged. Such places as this represent the entire region, which is a net work of islands, bayous, lakes and swamps, whose highest point is only about 7 feet above the normal sea level. The devastated area extends along a point 46 miles from its mouth and runs east and west over an extent of over a 100 miles. In most places the residents were white, of the most diversified classes, Italian, Spaniards, Creoles, and others. Besides these there were a Chinese and a Malay colony. The inhabitants were devoted entirely to the maritime industries, such as fishing and oystering. The Chinese were engaged in shipping shrimp to China.

The wind blowing from the Gulf forced the water back into the bayous and lakes, where it gradually rose and began to pour back into the Gulf and Mississippi over the intervening territory. Rain had fallen all Sunday, with a strong wind, and shortly after midnight the storm broke into fury. The water rapidly rose, 9 feet of water

pour'd over the levees, the low regions were swept by the sea and submerged many feet; houses were carried away by the wholesale and lives and property were destroyed on all sides. The inhabitants were drowned or killed by the falling houses, so that only the more robust had a chance to escape. Some of them, it was estimated, floated from twenty to forty hours on rafts and logs. The entire region is literally almost depopulated. Several instances are already on record of islands near the mouth of the Mississippi being carried away in storms, but the present disaster outstrips in its extent anything on record.

The loss to shipping is very great, many smaller boats being lost entirely and others badly damaged. It is calculated that one half of the population engaged in the gulf fisheries are lost and that nine-tenths of the vessels are destroyed. Half of the orange crop is gone and many of the trees in the orchard are blown down. Many of the bodies were washed out to sea and the immediate burial of the remains of those left on the devastated coast became one of the sad necessities of the case.

In Mobile and its vicinity much damage was also done; but the appalling catastrophe at the mouth of the Mississippi outstrips and overshadows it completely.—Scientific American.

Reported Open Water Near the North Pole.

A vessel recently returned to San Francisco from carrying supplies to the whaling fleet in the Arctic Ocean north of Alaska, reports that one whaler found open water at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and had followed it in a northerly direction until he reached a point a little above eighty-four degrees, or farther north than the Greeley expedition reached. It will be interesting to know whether this report can be verified when the master himself returns to San Francisco.

Four years out of five the ice packs in so heavily between Point Barrow and the mouth of the Mackenzie that it is impossible for vessels to penetrate it, but more frequently there is an open sea off into the northeast from Point Barrow. This direction, however is regarded as a death tray by the whalers, and is religiously avoided. It is such a trap as De Long deliberately went into after being cautioned in the strongest terms by whaling masters not to be enticed into it. There have been seasons during the past twenty years when this northeastern ice disappeared, and about ten years ago, one whaling master, who was determined to find whales, if any were to be found, took the risk and went into this direction some two or three hundred miles, as he estimated. Even then he did not reach any barrier. The water was free from ice, and from whales, too; hence he returned rather than risk of going farther and ice closing in on him from behind. But he reported finding considerable driftwood and seeing land birds. This led him to believe that land yet unknown and unexplored was not very far away. Since that time no whaler has explored in that direction, until this one reported in the press dispatches. Hence it will be of importance to the scientific world to hear the full report of this voyage.—Scientific American.

Dr. Price Dead.

Salisbury Herald: Rev. Joseph C. Price, D. D., President of Livingston College, died at his home in this city of Bright's disease of the kidney, at 12:15 o'clock last night. He had been in poor health for several months and for some time it had been known that his malady was incurable and his death had been expected for several days.

Dr. Price was more than an ordinary man and his death is not only a loss to the institution of which he was the executive head and to his race but also to North Carolina. He loved his State and was respected and esteemed by all classes of

its citizens. Dr. Price was a native North Carolinian and spent his whole life in the State. He was born in Elizabeth City in 1854 and moved to Newberne when a small boy, where he lived until 1882, when he came to Salisbury. Since that time he has resided here and conducted himself in such a manner as to command the respect of all who knew him. He was well educated, being a graduate of Lincoln University and the Theological Seminary of the A. M. E. Zion church. He was elected president of Livingston College in 1882 and to his efforts the success of the institute is mainly due.

As an educator and orator Dr. Price took high rank. He was without a superior among his race in any respect, and few speakers anywhere surpassed him in persuasive eloquence and choice language. He gave the whole of his life to the elevation of the negro, choosing the task of raising them mentally and morally in preference to political or church honors. He refused the office of bishop of his church more than once and also declined the appointment of Minister of Liberia tendered him by the President of the United States.

Colors for Red Haired Women.

If women with red hair would only study how to use it becomingly, they would be proud of the distinction of having it, instead of being dissatisfied with their fate. There seems to be a general impression among women with red hair that almost any shade of blue can be worn by them, because, as a usual thing, they have fair and delicate complexions. But, as a matter of fact, blue is the one color above all others that they ought to avoid. The contrast is too violent, and the combination is not harmonious. The shades most suitable to be worn with red hair are bright, sunny browns, and all autumn leaf tints. After these may be selected pale or very very dark green, but never a bright green, pale yellow, and black unadmixed with any other color. Solid colors are more becoming to red haired people than mixed, the mixed colors nearly always giving a more or less dowdy appearance. In fact, red hair is usually so brilliant and decided that it must be met on its own ground, and no vague or undecided sort of thing should be worn with it.—Demorest's Family Magazine.

Judge Bond Dead.

Judge Hugh L. Bond, of the United States Circuit Court, died at his home in Baltimore Tuesday morning. His death was due to heart failure though he had been in ill health for some time. He had been unable to attend to his duties on the bench since Sept. 20.

Judge Bond passed the early part of his life in New York, and graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1848. His father Rev. Thos Emerson Bond, was then editor of the Christian Advocate, and was celebrated in medicine as well as in journalism. In 1860 Judge Bond was appointed judge of the criminal Court of Baltimore, which position he held for eight years. President Grant in 1870 appointed him U. S. Circuit Court Judge for the fourth judicial circuit. He presided in the famous Kluklux trials in the Carolinas, and decided the famous South Carolina presidential electoral board case in 1876.

When a glass stopper sticks in the bottle, pass a strip of woolen cloth round the neck of the vessel and secaw it backward and forward. This friction beats and causes the neck to expand, so that the stopper becomes loose. On this principle of expansion by heat a tight screw may be withdrawn from a metal socket by surrounding the socket with a cloth dipped in boiling water.—Scientific American.

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