

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1893.

NO. 30.

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

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 anaesthetic applied to the gums. Positively destroys all sense of pain and causes 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.

E. W. HOKE,

Livery & Feed Stables,

Two Blocks west of Hotel Lincoln.

LINCOLN, N. C.

Teams furnished on short notice. Prices moderate. Patronage solicited.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs etc. Cures \$30 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

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.

Rich on human and horse and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

PATENTS

Patents and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent Business conducted for Moderate Fees. Our Office is OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," free of cost in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address: **C. A. SNOW & CO.** Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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 right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address: True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc. For information and free Handbook write to: BUSH & CO., 25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Claims allowed for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by notices given free of charge to the **Scientific American** Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No subscription sent abroad without D. W. WOOD, 25 DECATUR ST., NEW YORK. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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

The Reason.

Grandma Graff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle, but girls may not sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.
"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way,
But for the life of me, I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

"First you do that, then you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss."

It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle, but girls may not";

A whistle's song with the noise knocked out—
Strayed off somewhere down in the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said: "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a singular thing."
And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache

When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say;
"They will make you whistle enough
some day."

—New Orleans Picayune.

Gold in Ocean Water.

The waters of the ocean contain gold. In 1851, Malaguti and Durocher determined the occurrence of silver, but did not extend their inquiries into the question of the presence of gold in sea water. This fact was first accurately determined by Sonstadt in 1872. His experiments were not quantitative, but he stated, in parenthesis, that the amount was "certainly less than one grain in a ton." More recently, however, Munster found an average of five milligrams per ton. In endeavoring to arrive at an approximate estimate, it must be remembered that local conditions, such as the temperature of the water, will affect the amount in solution. Sonstadt's researches were made with water obtained near Ramsey, in the Isle of Man, while Munster got his from the Kristiania Fjord. In each case the sea water was that of a northern latitude. In warmer regions it is probable that precipitation, due to the presence of putrescent organic matter, may diminish the amount of gold held in solution. Let us, however, take five milligrams (equivalent to one-thirtieth of a grain) as an approximation. This, though in itself a minute quantity, will be found to represent an enormous total amount of gold in the waters of the ocean. From the result obtained from the careful soundings carried out by the Challenger and similar scientific expeditions, it has been computed that the ocean has an average depth of 2,500 fathoms, and that it contains four hundred million cubic miles of water. This is equivalent to about 1,837,030,272,000 million tons, which upon the basis of five milligrams per ton would represent 10,250 million tons of gold. By way of contrast, it may be added that, according to Soetbeer, Leech

and others, the gold production of the world, from the beginning of

1493 to the end of 1893—a period of exactly four centuries—has amounted to only 5,020 tons. The present output is equal to about 200 tons per annum.

The gold in sea water is kept in solution as an iodide. The amount of free iodine present in the ocean is very minute, but a large proportion of that element occurs combined as an iodate of calcium. From the results of a series of six experiments, Sonstadt found that a cubic mile of sea water contains about 17,000 tons of iodate of calcium, or 11,072 tons of iodine. This represents the occurrence in the entire ocean of no less than 4,428,000 million tons of iodine.

The iodine which maintains the gold in solution is obtained from the iodate of calcium. Gold is soluble in extremely dilute solutions of iodine, which, under ordinary conditions, are in turn readily reduced by organic matter. That the gold in the sea is not precipitated is due to the presence of the iodate of calcium, in which it is not soluble, but which, being readily decomposed by putrescent organic matter, liberates the iodine required to keep the gold in solution.

There is reason to believe that the sea waters of today contain much less iodine than those of former geological periods. That there is so little free iodine in the ocean is due to causes parallel to those which bring about the noteworthy absence of carbonate of lime. Marine animals abstract the latter while marine plants absorb the former. How great is the work done in this way is evidenced by the dimensions of the coral reefs and by the extent of the foraminiferous and other marine limestones.

The abstraction of iodine is no less striking. Seaweeds, and more particularly those which grew at great depths, are the chief source of the iodine of commerce. When, after a storm, such seaweeds are cast upon the shores of Great Britain, France and Sweden, they are collected and burned, and from their fused ashes, termed "help," the iodine is subsequently extracted by a simple chemical process. From 13,000 kilos of help, about 10 kilos of sodium carbonate and 15 kilos of iodine are obtained.

That iodine is not now so plentiful in the sea as during former geological periods has been suggested by chemical investigations into the composition of rocks. Certain sedimentary formations contain notable quantities of it. It has been found in some aluminous shales in Sweden and also in certain varieties of coal and turf. The saline waters of several springs contain large amounts of it. Even rain water has been known to give a recognizable iodine reaction when tested, such iodine having been obtained by the agency of winds which have been blowing over certain areas of the sea where it was being liberated by the action of organic matter upon the iodate of calcium.—*Et.*

Love at One Glance.

Some years ago, there used to be pointed out, upon the streets in Glasgow, a man whose intellect had been unsettled by a very strange incident. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost amid the common-place crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings that he could not pursue or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterward forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and of pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunder-struck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when

the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went away a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not; he felt disappointed; he tried again: still she did not pass. He continued to traverse the place till evening, when the street became deserted. By and by, he was left alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were vain, and he left the silent lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy thoroughfare.

For weeks afterward he was never out of the streets. He wandered hither and thither, often visiting the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her there than anywhere else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission, and he made the tour of all the churches. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present to his mental optics, but she never appeared again in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world beside was to him as a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods overmuch or over-long upon some engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of Scotland tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in an intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour, with some things, too, about him which, like the motionless indices of that machine, pointed out the date of the interruption. As, for instance, he ever wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neckcloth of a particular spot—being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to everything which bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure anything that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day, that circumstance, and for himself, as he then existed, which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When last seen, this unfortunate person was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good-looking, he gazed at with an inquiring, anxious expression; and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments, and mused, with his eyes upon the ground. It was remarkable that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figures most nearly resembled those of his unknown beloved at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love! Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!

A Famous North Carolina Saying.

There are few sayings more widely known throughout this country than the following: "The Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, 'It's a long time between drinks.'"

We have been asked many times to give the circumstances of a saying which originated in North Carolina and has now become almost national in its use. Even travelers in foreign countries frequently bear this famous expression where least expected. The history of this saying, as given to us by a friend, is as follows:

The story runs, that early in the century a native North Carolinian who had moved across the border into South Carolina was forced to fly back again to escape arrest. The Governor of South Carolina straightway issued a requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal; but the latter Governor hesitated. The criminal had many and influential friends. Finally the South Carolina executive, with a large retinue, waited on his official brother at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. The visitors were received with all due honors; a banquet was given them; wine and brandy were served. When at last the decanters and glasses had been removed the Governor of South Carolina rose to state his errand. A long and acrimonious debate followed. The Governor of South Carolina lost his temper. Rising once more to his feet, he said: "Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State and take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?" All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina. The latter rose slowly to his feet and became to a servant who stood some distance away. His bearing was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?" And the Governor of North Carolina answered: "I say, Governor, that it's a long time between drinks."

Not Stuck Up.

It is always sad to see one who has risen to a higher position in society forget the honor due his relatives in a humbler station, or fail to recognize old neighbors, because they are not well-dressed, or so well-versed in society manners as himself; but it is pleasant to meet those who, however exalted and honored, yet retain the frankness and remember "auld lang syne." The following pretty story is related by *The Youth's Companion* of one of the Washington's social leaders; and how much more we respect the lady for her kindly act.

At one of the receptions of Mrs. Senator — a countryman was shown into her parlor. He was a "constant," and was dazed by the lights, the crowd, and the elegance about him. He stood helpless and awkward, tumbling with his hat and shifting his feet in embarrassment.

Mrs. Senator — stepped forward, held out both her hands, and in her fresh clear voice, cried after the old Kentucky style, "Why how do you do? and when did you come?"

"Lord, child," he answered, "how'd ye know me? I ain't seed you since you was a little thing."

"No," she laughingly answered, "the last time you saw me I was up to my elbows in soapuds, washing my dress to go to a picnic on your farm."

The old man smiled. "I declare," he said, "it does my eyes good to look at ye, an' to find ye ain't a bit stuck up by your fine position."

And she made much of the man, introduced him as "an old friend of mine," and made his visit one of the events of his life at only a trifling cost to herself.—*Et.*

Mark Twain's Latest Romance of an Esquimau Maiden.

A magazine is usually satisfied with one strong feature for the month. The cosmopolitan, however, presents for November no less than five very unusual ones. William Dean Howells gives the first of the letters of the traveller, who has been visiting this country, from Alurrian. We have read Mr. Howells' impression of the Alurrian; but in this first letter we have the Alurrian's impressions of New York with some comments upon our government and society, calculated to awaken the most conservative minds. The second feature of the Cosmopolitan is the portion of the magazine given up to color work, no less than ten superb color illustrations being presented for the first time in magazine history, accompanying an article by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor on "Changes in Women's Costumes." The third feature is "American Notes," by Walter Besant, who was recently in America and is doing the United States for *The Cosmopolitan* a la Dickens. The fourth feature is an article by General Budeau on "The Forms of Invitation Used by the English Nobility." The article is illustrated by the facsimile of cards to the Queen's drawing-room, to dinner at the Princess of Wales, and to many leading houses of England. Finally, we have a new and curious story by Mark Twain, called "The Esquimau Maiden's Romance." It is in his happiest vein and is illustrated by Dan Beard. The November number presents the work of many artists, among whom are: C. S. Reichart, Otto Guillonnet, J. H. Harper, G. Hudson, Franz von Lebach, George Wharton Edwards, F. Schayler Matthews, Dan Beard, W. D. Sonsteg, Jr., F. G. Atwood, C. Hirschberg, J. Haber-Dys, August Franzen, Louis J. Read, J. N. Hutchins and Hamilton Gibson.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

Produced in Saxony during last

Longfellow's Motto.

It is said that when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a professor in college he gave as a motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best there is in you." We cannot vouch for the truth, there is in the anecdote, and don't know what its authority, but the thought which it suggests is a noble one. There are two natures in every man—one looking down, the other looking up. One prompts the lower life, the other the higher. One says, "Have a good time, never mind to-morrow," the other says, "Love not pleasures, love God, this is the everlasting life." One seeks to gratify desire, passion, ambition; the other seeks to know the right and the noble, that he may do it. Every youth at every moment is living either for the better or the worse that is in him. There are moments when even the commonest of us have aspirations and longings, and there are moments when the best of us have temptations and impulses towards a baser life. We choose our own aims and ideas, and consciously, or unconsciously we grow towards them.

We can if we choose live down to the lowest that is in us, and we need not look outside of ourselves to find that which is as low as hell itself. We can live up to the best that is in us, and we can find aspirations that do not stop short of heaven. Let us seek those things which are above and live up to our best thought and character and aim.—*Southland.*

Don't Worry.

One day at a time, conscientiously lived up to, will keep the eyes bright and the cheeks round and rosy. Don't begin to worry about things days beforehand. It will be time enough when they happen. It is the dread of what may come, not what is, that makes one old before the time. If you lie awake half the night worrying about something that is going to occur the next morning, you will be far less able to face bravely and work out the problem than if you had made an effort and thought of something else till sleep came. It is not half as hard as it sounds, and will grow easier every time you try it. Perhaps, after all, the disaster will not befall you, or will be less awful than you anticipated, and just think what a lot of unnecessary wrinkles you have worried into your face!

Another thing, don't torment yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone, some one will criticize you severely, and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is, after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course, pursue it calmly, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers-on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside, they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think.—*Et.*

Red Pepper for the Burglars.

New Jersey Burglars will henceforth steer clear of Lucy Harvey's house. Lucy is only 14 years old, but she carries a cool head on her. She was in her room and heard the burglars trying to open the blinds. She didn't yell, but went up stairs and took a big package of red pepper with her that happened to be near by. From a window just above where they were at work she hurled that package of red pepper, which struck one of them on the head, burst and made his eyes so hot that he howled with the pain. The other fellow cut out. It was better time to yell, and between her yelling and the fellow's howling it brought a couple of policemen who pounced on him while he was trying to scoop the red pepper from his eyes.

He proved to be a noted burglar, for whom the police of New York had been on the look out for some time.

Subscribe for the COURIER.