

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1893.

NO. 31.

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 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 away 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 Spanish Language. I move all hard, soft or colored lips and bleedings from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, greenies, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blood 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.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 10 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

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NEEDING a tonic or children who want build up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaint.

Godley's Lady's Book.
The Girl in Black.
CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.
I
LEWIS TEMPLE,
ARTIST.
Crayon Portraits, Photographs Reproduced.

When I had fastened the tin sign—painted by myself, for economic reasons—to the door-post, I stepped back and surveyed my work with a mixture of complacency and contempt. The sign, in its respectable black and gold, was very satisfactory—as a sign. It was neat, and at the same time attractive, persuasive yet not vulgarly obsequious. But, oh, ye powers that rule the fortunes of men! What a fall was here! What a plunge from Olympian heights of ambition to the nethermost depths of the obscure common place. Photographs reproduced, forsooth! And by that same Lewis Temple, whose name was so proudly to grace the great historic canvases before which admiring crowds should stand, while the awed world battled the rising of a new star in the firmament of fame. Alas, poor dream! phantom, rainbow-winged, blown into the limbo of lost hopes by the breath of poverty; the golden halo of immortal genius pawned for a pennyworth of bread and cheese!

Yes, I had put my vanity in my pocket, together with the small silver which constituted my whole capital, after paying the first month's rent for the dingy room, which was hereafter to be my studio, and had any decent tradesman of the quarter depended along at that moment possessed with the fancy of having his smug features transferred to canvas or cardboard, I should have taken off my hat to him with gratitude. For things had indeed come to a desperate pass with me. I had returned from abroad with a portfolio full of sketches, which the great Jerome himself had turned over with an indifference which did not conceal his envy, and a dozen paintings whose wonderful—but there, I am a modest man by nature and despite the egotism which has always seemed to me the prime defect of the artistic temperament. It will suffice if I say that it was no want of power on my part which had reduced me to a back street tenement and to copying photographs.

Having satisfied myself that my sign was properly adjusted, and having nothing else to employ me, I strolled discontentedly down the shabby street and entered a small park a few blocks distant. It was a dreary little place, where arid soil gave grudging support to a score of dinky trees and some patches of straggling grass, where rival colonies of sparrows met to settle and contend. At intervals along the ill-kept walks stood weather-beaten settees, where, on clear days, nursemaids read cheap literature, while their juvenile charges quarreled or played about unheeded by guardians deep in the woes of Lord Alington and Lady Alice. On this dull, gusty morning, however, the only visitor beside myself appeared to be a woman sitting upon a settee in one of the cross paths. Led by the merest idle curiosity, I turned aside and walked past her, bestowing a casual glance as I went by.

Her slender figure was clad in deep black, and her attitude betokened either profound meditation or dejection. At the sound of my step she raised her head and looked at me. She had been weeping, and the tears still glistened upon her long lashes. I had seen many beautiful women, both abroad and at home, and men of my profession are supposed to be judges of beauty; but I had never seen a face like the one I now gazed upon. Not that it was so remarkable in form of coloring; indeed it was unobtrusively pale and pitifully thin. But there was something in its expression, a sweetness, a delicacy, a—but who ever yet described a woman's face in words? It cannot be done, because her mere outward presentment is only a part of a quality of which herself, her soul—call it what you

will—is by far the more important component.
Arrived at the end of the path I paused irresolutely. What was it in those clear, gray eyes, with their tear-wet lashes that appealed to me so powerfully? The girl was in trouble; she had been weeping. But what business was it of mine? I surely had anxieties enough of my own at that moment without sentimentally sanding myself with those of other people, even pretty girls with large appealing eyes. I went on determinedly a few steps, then abruptly turning on my heel, and walked back to where the girl sat. I was going to speak to her. I was going to ask her—I was going to make a stupendous ass of myself, in short.

Exactly what folly I might have been guilty of I do not know; but when I reached the seat which she had occupied, it was vacant; and some distance ahead I beheld the slender, black-robed figure just leaving the park, and too far away to be overtaken, except by a most undignified pursuit. With a mingled sense of chagrin and relief, I betook myself to my studio, where, in default of more profitable employment, I made a dozen sketches of the girl's face from memory.

A little before noon on the following day, after having waited all the morning for the lucrative sitter who obstinately persisted in not presenting himself, I was preparing to go out, when there came a timid knock at my studio door. With pleasant previsions of "full lengths," "half lengths," and "heads," I ushered in my visitor, and paused abruptly in the very middle of an elaborate bow. For there, looking at me with the eyes that had haunted my dreams by night and my thoughts by day, stood the girl in black!

She paused irresolutely near the door, the delicate color coming and going in her pale cheek. I saw that she had recognized me in turn. I am not easily embarrassed. Indeed, I rather pride myself on my *sans froufrou*, as befits an old student of the *Lein* quarter in Paris, and a citizen of this great American republic. But for a moment I stood staring at her stupidity, possessed by an utterly inexplicable feeling of doubt and anxiety. Then I pulled myself together, completed my bow, and invited my visitor to be seated.

"Mr. Temple, the artist?" she asked, in a faint, hardly audible voice. I bowed again with dignity. She proceeded to unwrap a small, oblong parcel which she carried. "You reproduce photographs?" she continued.
I bowed a third time, stiffly. Yes, I did reproduce photographs.
"This," she went on hurriedly, "is a picture of my poor father, taken some years ago. You see it is faded and stained, but I thought, perhaps you might make a portrait from it. He died suddenly, and I have nothing else." She choked, and the tears swelled in the sweet, gray eyes that were lifted to mine.

"Yes," said I, assuming a matter-of-fact tone to cover my own emotion. "I can make a good picture of your father from this photograph, with a few suggestions from you as to detail. I have no doubt the result will be very satisfactory."
"Will it be dear?" she asked, wistfully. "I haven't much money. There were debts—my father's cousin—"
She paused as if she had said more than she had intended. Unconsciously my eye ran over her attire, and I noted how plain and even poor, it was. Take money from this lone child! As soon rob a dove's nest.

"My dear young lady," I began, awkwardly, "we will not talk of the price at this stage of the proceedings. Let us leave that until we are certain that the picture is what it should be."
She shook her head, and arose with a flushed cheek. "I wish to pay your usual rates for such work," she said, with reserve, drawing forth a very slender purse.

I turned hot with the consciousness that I had committed an egregious blunder.
"The truth is," I stammered, "that

I have had so little experience in this branch of art, that I am not sure whether I shall succeed or not. If you will leave this photograph with me until tomorrow, I will make a sketch of the picture and we can then talk about the price."
She looked at me doubtfully a moment, then apparently seeing something in my face which reassured her, she returned the purse to her pocket and prepared to depart. "I will come to-morrow," she said.

I watched from my window the slender, little figure in its sombre attire, until it disappeared at the end of the street, then I took up the photograph she left and began to study it with something more than mere artistic interest. It represented a man of middle age, with clear-cut, refined features—a professional gentleman or a student, I judged. In the large, mild eyes, and the delicate, sensitive mouth, I could trace a distinct resemblance to my late visitor. It was one of those faces we sometimes meet which seem to be clouded with the mysterious shadow of ill-fortune—a sort of intangible prophecy of sorrow to come. This man had died suddenly and in debt, leaving his daughter in straightened circumstances, if not in absolute want. That much I had gathered from her words. And this cousin! Who was he and what part had he played in the history of the father and daughter?

As I sat gazing at the portrait, with these questions rising one after the other in my mind, I felt myself growing cold with an evil, formless, utterly senseless suspicion—of what, of whom, I could not have said.
I arose hastily, and shaking off the ridiculous oppression of spirits which had fallen upon me, prepared my materials and proceeded to sketch the portrait. In a few moments I became profoundly absorbed in my work. I gave no heed to the passage of time. I forgot everything but the face growing into the semblance of life beneath my rapid touches. The afternoon slipped away insensibly. The shadows of twilight thickened in the room until I could no longer see. Arousing myself as from a strange dream, I got up and stretched my cramped limbs. Then I lighted the gas and placed myself before my easel.

The instant my eyes rested upon the picture, I started back with a cry of amazement and terror, and fell into a chair, trembling from head to foot. The face upon the easel was not that of the photograph! It was the face of an entire stranger!
And such a face!
It was that of a man of about forty, tall and thin, with close-cut black hair, and pointed beard; one of those mysterious, half-invisible heads that peer at you from the gloom and stains of the old Italian pictures, like beings from another world. But it was the expression that held me spell-bound and distrustful of my own senses. If ever a soul were utterly given up to the devil, it was that which now looked out at me through those narrow, sombre, threatening eyes. Firm-set, with iron resolution, yet agitated with the terrors of conscience; savage, and at the same time timid, it was the face of a murderer, nerving himself for the irrevocable deed. So lifelike and so fearful was it that I recoiled, appalled at my own handiwork.

Who was this man? What power had controlled my brain and hand in the creation of this evil being? Utterly unnerved, I put the drawing in a corner with its face to the wall, and hurriedly left the studio. It was near midnight before I returned home, fatigued by my long walk and somewhat composed in mind.
The next morning I made another attempt, and this time succeeded in producing a very passable sketch of the photograph. When the lady in black called at the hour agreed upon, she declared herself perfectly satisfied with the work, so far as it had progressed. Without knowing why, I refrained from mentioned my

singular experience of the day before, and devoted myself to learning something of the history of my interesting visitor. She was very reserved, and my cautious questions elicited merely that her name was Ursula Willis, the only daughter of a well-known scientist, whose sudden death I had read of in the papers. He had been accounted wealthy, but after his disease it was found that he had dissipated his fortune in reckless experiments and chimerical inventions. Even the house he lived in had been mortgaged to his cousin, Gregory Talland by name. Talland had generously offered Ursula a home in the dwelling which had once been her father's. Penniless, friendless, and utterly without the means of earning her own livelihood, she had refused to do so. I say compelled, for it was evident that she regarded this man with dislike, if not with downright dread.

Day after day, during the progress of the picture, which I was in no hurry to complete, Ursula visited me, and the interest which I had felt in her from the beginning ripened into love. I exerted myself to win her confidence, and I succeeded. My heart bonded with a new hope as, little by little, I saw the look of sorrow and despair in her sweet face give place to one of gentle trust and contentment, as if into her life, too, a new light were beginning to dawn.

I had not ventured to reveal my feeling to her by look or word, though she would not have been a woman had she not been able to read my heart and guess my secret. But one morning, when the picture was nearly finished, I saw that some thing had occurred to alarm and disturb her. Very gently I urged her to tell me her trouble, and, as if the unexpressed tenderness in my voice had broke through her self-control, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

In the midst of her sobs she told me that Gregory Talland had asked her to be his wife. On her refusal he had taken off the mask he had hitherto worn in her presence, and shown himself the heartless villain we was. He held the proofs, he said of her father's dishonesty, and, unless she consented to marry him, he would publish her dead parents disgrace to the world. He had given her a week to decide. If she still refused, the blow must fall.

The effect of this story upon me may be easily imagined. I sat myself beside her, and taking one cold little hand, I told her a few simple words that I loved her. "I am poor," I said, but your love will give me strength and courage to work for us both. It is but a bare and cheerless home that I can offer you, Ursula, but it is better than the fate that is forced upon you by that man. Let him do his worst he cannot harm my wife. And I do not believe his story of your father's sin. It is a lie, invented to frighten him into compliance. Give me your answer, darling. Can you care for me?"

She had ceased weeping as I spoke, and now in a whisper so low that I could hardly catch its sweet import, she uttered one word: "Yes."
Long after she had departed I sat dreaming, and out of the golden mists of the future arose always one dear face, the face of her who was so soon to share my lot and brighten my life. Many times during the past month I had tried to transfer that face to canvas, but had never satisfied myself. Now, under the influence of my new found happiness, I tried once more.

Again that profound trance-like absorption seized me. As when I had painted the unknown face which I had never drawn from its concealment in the corner of the studio, I became utterly oblivious of time, place, thought and feeling. As I recall it now I perceive that I was literally like a man in a deep sleep. It was dark when I came to myself with a sudden shock.

For some moments I sat dazed and bewildered, my hands cold and my limbs trembling.
For some moments I sat dazed

and bewildered, my hands cold and my limbs trembling.
After a time I recovered sufficiently to arise and light the gas. If that strange face had startled me, what I now saw on my canvas applauded me. I stood staring, mute, rigid, with the hair actually arising on my clammy forehead. For where I had meant to paint to paint a single face, that of a sweet young girl, were the figures of two men in positions of awful significance.

The picture represented a room which I had never seen. It was handsomely furnished, and from the shelves laden with books and scientific instruments, appeared to be the study of a scholar. At a table in the centre of a room, covered with papers, sat an elderly man with his head bowed in the act of reading a sheet which lay before him. This figure I recognized as Ursula's father. Behind him, in the attitude of one taking a stealthy step, with upraised arm, stood another man, the same whose portrait I had painted unawares a month before. His face was toward me, and it wore the same savage, conscience-stricken murderous expression which characterized the portrait.

In his upraised hand he clutched something that glittered in the light of the reading lamp like a thread of silver. It was a dagger of antique workmanship, scarcely thicker than a needle.
Whatever had been the mysterious power which had controlled me, it had caused me to paint with a realism and accuracy that were beyond limits of normal art. It was as if the dreadful scene itself were being enacted before me, and I grasped its import with a sickening sense of certainty that it had really occurred. All that Ursula had told me of her father's sudden death, his supposed ruin and shame, his cousin's possession of the dead man's property, nor own instinctive fear of the dead man's property, her own instinctive fear of the man, flashed into my mind. The dreadful truth stood revealed in all its monstrous ugliness. A bee's sting would have been more easily detected than the puncture of that delicate blade.

I slept none that night, but when the dawn stole coldly in at my windows, I had resolved upon my course of action.
When Ursula arrived the completed portrait of her father stood upon the easel as before. Strive as I might to conceal my agitation, her quick eye detected it. To her anxious questioning, I merely replied that I had made a strange discovery. Then I drew forth the portrait of the strange man and placed it before her.

"Gregory Talland," she cried, "and oh what a frightful face! But I don't understand! I did not think you knew him!"
"Ask me nothing now," I said, "all I can tell you is that I am certain I can have nothing more to fear from that man."
I dismissed her earlier than usual, and ten minutes later had dispatched a note to Mr. Gregory Talland, inviting him to inspect a picture on exhibition in my studio. I had so worked the note that I believed his curiosity impell him to come.

At three o'clock, the hour named, there was a knock at my door and Gregory Talland entered. I should have known that sallow face with its darrow furtive eye, among a thousand; but it was composed now in an expression of cold and indolent pride.
"Your request was a singular one," he began, "and I have come to have it explained."
"I have a picture upon which I should wish to have your opinion," I said, as calmly as I could. "It was painted under rather remarkable conditions. Indeed, if I were inclined toward occult beliefs, I should say that spiritual influence had something to do with it."
"I have no faith in such superstitions," he replied, still more coldly. "So much the better for your peace of mind," I said, wheeling my easel, on which stood a canvas covered with a cloth, into a full light of the window.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with sudden sharpness.
"Look!" I said, jerking the cloth away from the picture.
I had been prepared for amazement, alarm, perhaps pretended ignorance, but the effect startled me. The man stood like one smitten dead on the spot. His hands were outspread before him as if to ward off a blow; his jaws dropped, his eyes started from their sockets and his sallow face turned vivid green. For a moment he stood thus staring, breathless, paralyzed, then a long low groan of intolerable agony escaped his white lips, and without a word, without looking at me, he turned and staggered out of the room.
Early the next morning Ursula entered the studio in great excitement. "What has happened?" she exclaimed. "Cousin Gregory has gone. I found this note pushed under my bed-room this morning. Read it!"
It was a brief scrawl in an almost illegible hand, and every line betrayed the agitation of a mind on the verge of madness.
"My sin has found me out. He has come back from the grave to accuse me. In no other way could it have been discovered. I am going—where, I know not—where, indeed, I shall be safe from his pursuit? What care is deep enough to hide the guilty wretch from the vengeance of the dead when they come armed with the justice of an offended God? I leave all behind me and go forth an outcast and a beggar. You will find the deeds and papers in my desk. Take them; they are yours. You will never see my face again."
We found the papers, as he had said, transferring the whole estate to Ursula Willis. He had taken with him literally only the clothes he wore. I burned that dread picture and have never revealed to Ursula the crime it brought to light. I sometimes think she has guessed the truth, for she never refers to the subject, and never speaks the name of Gregory Talland. Through what mysterious influences I painted that strange picture I do not pretend to say, but it is another proof, if proof were needed, that the inhabitants of the other world do sometimes interpose in the affairs of this.

Impure Water.
Impure water should not be used for any domestic purpose.
Boiling is the most common method of rendering innocuous or sterile any water suspected or known to contain material which might produce disease conveyable by water, such as typhoid fever or cholera.
It is safe to say that half of those who give orders to have the water boiled, and even of those who themselves attend to the boiling, drink water from vessels rinsed with un-boiled water.
It is plain that the good effects of boiling water which is to be used for drinking purposes are lost if the pitcher or milk can has been rinsed with unboiled water. The boiling of water is an excellent precaution, but the use of boiled water should be extended.
Of the water used in the household, the proportion devoted to drinking purposes is relatively small. In the kitchen water is used for washing vegetables and for rinsing dishes and table ware. One or two germs of disease clinging to the sides of a vessel into which milk has afterwards been poured may find the milk an excellent place in which to grow and propagate their species.
From food which has been subjected to roasting, to boiling, or to any thorough cooking there is nothing to fear. From uncooked foods and from fluids danger is possible, and in the process of their preparation for consumption they should be guarded from every possible source of contamination.
In time of an epidemic milk should always be subjected to boiling or steaming before it is used.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS