

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1893.

NO. 33.

## 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. 1v

### Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, LINCOLN, N. C. Jan. 9, 1891. 1v

### 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 causes no after trouble. I guarantee to give satisfaction or no charge. A call from you solicited. Aug. 4, 1892. 1y

### BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work 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 Liniment removes all hard, soft or swollen lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stiles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$3.00 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful liniment 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.

Each on human and horses 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

Copyrights and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted at MODERATE FEES. Our Office is opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less than two days, remote from Washington. Send model, drawing, 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," with full list of cases in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., OFF. 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

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc. For information and free Handbook write to: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Order form for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out for us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American. Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Published weekly. No. 100,000. All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark—crossed red lines on wrapper.

### The Little Girl With the Company Face.

Once on a time, in a far away land, Lived a queer little girl with a company face, And no one outside of the family knew Of her every day face, for supposed she had two. The change she would make with wonderful celerity, For practice had lent her surprising dexterity, But at last it chanced to an unlucky day (Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say), To her dismal dismay and complete consternation, She failed to effect the desired transformation! And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason, Supplied her with half of her company face on, And half of every-day face peeping out, Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout, Contrasting amazingly with a sweet smile That shone on her "company" side all the while. The caller no sooner had hurried away Than up to her room she flew in dismay; And after a night spent in solemn reflection On the folly of features that can't bear inspection, She came down to breakfast and walked to her place, Calm sweet and serene, with her company face. Thenceforward she wore it day out and day in, Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin; But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay And her relatives think 'twas a red-letter day When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason Supplied her with half of her company face on. —November St. Nicholas.

### A MAN AND HIS OWN WAY.

BY ANEMIA E. BARR.

On a lovely afternoon, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright tints of the ladies made a kind of gala day, even on Broadway, Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual stroll uptown, have a comfortable dinner at his hotel, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward; or to cross the river, and take a train to his "brother's" pretty place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the berries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air, etc., etc.

But he knew a far better reason, if he would only have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it, too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's excess of fraternal affection; and little Nona Zabriski herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of berries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved the most powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety, they were taken off again to clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of eyes could desire to see.

Everybody pretended to believe the story about the berries, and that of course, gave him a chance to go with Nona to gather them.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the berries and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful

and so satisfying, that the young people came back to the house without any berries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "peach-er," now when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the "peach" excuse did just as well as the "berries."

Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginia springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them. For, to tell the truth, he did wish she were a little more stylish, would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters acquire; a little present from the jeweler's, a modest check, "just for spending money," made his sister Cecile sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecile," he said; "all she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress." "If that is what you like, Philip, why did you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a bear inside the dress—a pure, loving bear."

"It seems to me—" but here Cecile stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona understand his wishes and induce her to accept the invitation sent by his mother.

"I am going to please you, Philip, for I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh, I don't mean about your health, you little witch! Who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment and that kind of things."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, griefed voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and, upon the whole, I am glad you have never understood, so far; but when we are married, we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty to the country? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses and white aprons; your frank ways, all so perfectly charming here, would cause unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as stylish and fashionable as—well, as Miss Jessie Mabin, for instance."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

"Much more to the same purport, mingled truly with compliments and kisses, was said; but it did not deceive the wounded woman's heart; for Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood both all Philip said and all that it inferred.

Philip thought he had managed cleverly, and when he next saw Nona, in a most perfectly appointed traveling suit, he congratulated himself on his tact and wisdom.

It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged he was to come at intervals for a few days, and be regularly refreshed and comforted by plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually, until several days passed without any word from Nona. Still he was not much troubled, for he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays, in his own proper person, could not fail to make. This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs, and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners.

He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain: first, that her interest was "pretended;" and, second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unaccountably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly gave him the tips of her gloved fingers, with a pretty little assurance of being "glad to see Mr. Hays," and the information that Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train.

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you, too, Nona?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One honor at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his right to position with his betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie perstent, outly between them; and, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change. I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know she is really the belle? Jack Christie and Ed Forsyth and a half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well so it is, you know; very first families, and all that kind of thing; upon my word, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter, and mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Phil was not. No, not at all; very far from it indeed. That night at the hop, Nona looked grand enough for a queen; her golden hair done up in some picturesque style, yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and jewels flashing from her throat and wrists. But all in vain Philip pleaded for a dance; Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast; and she reminded him, rather maliciously, of the necessity of observing the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

But he was not the victor, and it hurt him sorely to be dragged at the chariot wheels, when he should have been holding the reins. Before the world, however, Nona's behavior was perfectly irreproachable. Not even his mother suspected any estrangement; for Nona was respectful, kind, always mindful of the proprieties—but she took marvelous care never to be left alone with him.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York and see Nona no more until he could do so in her country home. Perhaps there he could regain his lost ground; but even this determination was very humiliating to the proud young man, who only one month ago had himself dictated the very course which was making him so wretched.

He could not help blaming himself, and he did it very thoroughly and repentantly. Philip Hays was not the first man who has been sorry for not "letting well alone." However, he bade his mother and Cecile "good-bye," and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity, and gave him many kind wishes for his journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, he did not expect to see the ladies again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors, Nona turned, and for a moment a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment, as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough. But in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her

hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the great passion which had grown to a higher and deeper intensity in his suffering burst out in one imploring whisper of— "Nona!" "Philip!" Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl whose worth he had not realized until he thought her lost. Tangled curls, short dresses, ruffled aprons never again looked homely in his eyes. Ever afterwards he had the most wholesome fear of Nona becoming fashionable; and Nona to this day when Philip is in opposition, blandly reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way, even if he got it. And so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he could do.

### How to Get a Dinner in Washington.

An unprincipled scamp recently played a game upon a Washington restaurateur, says the Post, that for originality and effectiveness has not been matched in any of the time honored stories of Ben Hickman, or other "eaters of dinners, you foot the bills." He was a well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing person—and other would not have secured much attention in the cafe which he worked—and he ordered a dinner that proclaimed him an epicure, if a scoundrel. He commenced by tipping the waiter liberally, which alone would proclaim him one accustomed to secure the best of attention; and as for wine, he would have none but the best vintages, which he picked with the taste of a connoisseur.

The dinner was prepared to the king's taste, and appeared to please him until the last course. At that point he uttered an exclamation of horror, and beckoned frantically to the waiter. That functionary not being sufficient to vent his wrath upon, he summoned the head waiter, and eventually the proprietor. Then he pointed out the trouble—a dead fly in the dessert. Words could not express his well-figured disgust, or the regret of the proprietor of this unfortunate occurrence. The cook was called up and "roasted" more effectively than he ever did his meats, and the restaurateur offered every amendment in his power. But the guest professed to be almost overcome with nausea, and could not eat any more—he had probably had all he wanted. Of course the proprietor could not think of charging for such an unfortunate meal, and was only too thankful that the matter should escape the attention of his other guests. But when the disgraced guest had gone, a bystander, who had watched the occurrence, remarked to the proprietor: "Why, didn't you see him put that fly in the dessert?" And the subsequent conversation was unfit for publication.

### How to Make an Egg Stand on End.

My method of standing an egg on end is not by cracking it, but by taking the egg in one hand and striking it in the other three or four strong licks, which readily breaks the thin membrane separating the air from the end of the egg; it also breaks up the yolk of the egg; the parts of the contents of the egg being thus free to move among themselves, the heavier ones settle at the bottom, the lighter ones above, and the air at the top. This is done by placing the egg on end a few seconds and holding it perpendicularly. The center of gravity is thus easily brought within the base and the egg stands readily on either end. I find that this is a fact that is known by but few. It is sometimes used by jugglers who pretend to conjure by incantations. I would like to know if this is generally known.

W. M. GRAYBILL.

[Ans.—A common mode of detecting the condition of eggs is to try to stand them on end. If good, it cannot usually be done. If bad, it can easily be done.—ED. S. A.—Scientific American.]

"You must go to bed early," said the mother, arguing with her little Freddy: "You know the little chickens retire at sunset." "Yes," said Freddy. "But the old hen goes with them, don't she?"

### Undismayed.

Though humble be thy lot in life, And lame withhold her laurel crown, Think not thy toil ignoble strife; Let not thy spirit be cast down. For even in thy low degree, Though welcome praise be never won, It counts for honor unto thee If what thou doest be well done. —ALICE ROCKWELL THORNS in Dec. Ladies Home Journal.

### Don'ts for Wives.

- Don't nag.
  - Don't brag.
  - Don't fret.
  - Don't get in debt.
  - Don't fail to modulate your voice.
  - Don't forget you was a lover's choice.
  - Don't "preach."
  - Don't screech.
  - Don't "teach."
  - Don't lie.
  - Don't cry.
  - Don't sigh.
  - Don't mope, but hope to make home very happy.
  - Don't rail—love will pale if you are ever snappy.
  - Don't expect to get a human man (but's) right but clay.
  - Don't refuse to lure and lead him to the way.
  - Don't whine.
  - Don't dine with other men without "him."
  - Don't scold.
  - Don't hold to jealous talk about "him."
  - Don't vegetate.
  - Don't exaggerate.
  - Don't know too much about the "Suffrage Question."
  - Don't extort.
  - Don't ruminate.
  - Don't object to wifely, womanly subjection.
  - Don't fail to give the little ones the sunshine of a mother's heart; Don't think life holds in any field a dearer, nobler part;
  - Don't make yourself a household drudge, because you do a some cooking;
  - Don't think yourself a beauty, nor a fright, but just good looking;
  - Don't wish that "hubby" was perfection—you would hate him;
  - Don't be "down town" when he comes home, but smiling wait for him;
  - Don't wish you had a larger sphere—fill that you're in;
  - Don't think you're past improvement—now begin.
  - Don't think that life would be better because were you a man;
  - Don't doubt your province, but best be what you can;
  - Don't think because the world knows not your name—
  - Don't think you've failed in life, and long for fame.
  - Don't let discordant creeds your soul afflict;
  - Don't lose your trust in God, nor in His might;
  - Don't lose your sweetest joys in petty strife;
  - Don't think man needs not 'most his wife.
- ### Round shoulders Cured.
- A woman physician has recommended to the Boston Herald the following simple exercise, requiring little time and no apparatus, for the cure of all except very severe cases of round shoulders, when braces are also sometimes a necessity. "1. Raise arms before your shoulder high, extend arms sideways, throw head back, straighten head, move arms forward, lower arms; repeat ten times. 2. Stand erect, raise arms before you, rise on tip toes, then throw arms as far forward as possible, sink again on heels and drop arms to side, repeat ten times. 3. Raise arms with elbow bent shoulder high, bringing palms together in front of face, then with elbows still bent swing both arms vigorously backward as far as possible even with the shoulders, palms looking forward, 1's should be repeated several times, but as the position is somewhat fatiguing, rest or change of exercise may be made between the movements."
- Another simple movement designed to bring about a correct position of the shoulder blades consists of holding a cane or wand in both hands, throwing the head back and carrying the stick from "above the head and back and down the legs."
- As the clothing, if too tight or unyielding about or over the shoulders, may help to produce round shoulders, both the under and outside waist should be comfortable and bands over the shoulder of garments made of elastic.