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Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country.

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March 27, 1891

#### Bartlett Shipp.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9: 1891

## Hr. A. W Alexander DENTIST. LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of an anaesthetic applied to the gums. Postively destroys all sense of pain and cause no after trouble.

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Godey's Lady's Book. For This Night Only.

BY BLIZABETH P. TRAIN.

There was a quiver of expectation throughout the house. A large and fashionable assembly had gathered to witness the debut of one with whose social life and personality all were in some degree tamillar; for the star of the evening was a cidevant leader of tashion and beauty, who, from motives best known to berself, had turned from the .comparatively sheltered path of private life to tread the glaring highway of

Perhaps, of all the crowd that bronged the theatre, but one man alone was ignorant of the details, true o false, with which gossip bad enshrouded the name of Marion Stortevant. Be was a fine looking brong d giant of a fellow who sat in one of the stage boxes, listening somewhat indifferently to the stetch his triend had drawn of the actress whose appearance they awaited.

"There are some pretty goodlooking women here tonight, Bob, he remarked, scauning the feminine portion of the ordience critically.

"Yes, so so; but they will all pale before Mrs. Sturtevant."

"Who was she, did you say, be. ore she married ?"

"I didn't say; for I have forgotten. No one of consequence, I think; some country girl, I beleive whom Sturtevant picked up some-

"And how does Sturtevant fancy the notoriety attatching to his wife? As I remember him at Harvard, he was the last man to countenance such a thing. A develish proud fellow we atways considered Leroy Sturtevant."

"And he basn't changed any in that respect. But we have a key uowadays to all family difficulties It's a mere bagatelle, a simple trisyllable, and may be successfully applied to almost any domestic obstruction. It is so popular in our glorious land of liberty that it would not suprise me if, some day, it were to become a sort of appeadix to our national motto, E Pluribue Unumand beneath it, Divorcons."

"Oh! So the Sturtevant is a diparcee 9"

"Yes, in embryo; not full\_fledged yet. But, I must confess, if ever there were excuse for legal interference between husband and wife it exists in this case."

"Why ? Is she so emancipated as all that ?"

"She? Oh, no. I've never known a breath of scandal to touch her ; but a worse brute than Leroy Sturtevant I don't care to meet."

The opening introductory scene

o the play had been pursuing its course while the two men were thus conversing, and now the entr nce of the debutante was becalded by a soft sweet strain from the orchestra which aroused every body to greater intentuess, and the next moment a roupe of peasants at the back of the stage parted, and through their midst came joyously bounding forward a gul, who looked no more ban sixteen, dressed in a white gown, whose radiant beauty, whose sweet, gentle grace of face and form appealed so irresistibly to the great audience-many of whom had known and loved her-that, as if moved by a single impulse, it burst into a perfect clamor of applause.

As if be #ildered, the girl stopped short, while beneath the folds of her gows could be seen the storm of agitation which moved her breast. Her face grew white with ust such a friend in Dr. King's New Dis- emotion. but as she raised her great gray eyes to let their gratitude beam upon the house, their glance, as if magnetically attracted thither, fell full and rested unswervingly upon the dark bewildered orbs of

Guerdou Pryane. The large, sunburned band, that lay upon the edge of the box, tight-New Discovery has been tested, and the ened its clasp of the rail, while a millions who have received benefit from its low ejaculation burst from the beard.

"Great Jove! She! No; it cannot be!" Then, turning to his comvill be refunded. It is admitted to be the panion, Prynne laid his hand beavibottles Free at Dr. J. M. Lawing Drug ly upon his arm. "Bob," he exclaimed, "in Heaven's name, who

is this woman ?"

with surprise upon the agitated face a blood-vessel. that met his gaze.

"Why, Pryune, old man what's the row !"

The other shook his arm impa.

"No matter, no matter!" he urged, hoarsely. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, who that woman is !"

"Oan't tell you any more than have, old fellow," Stuart replied She is the wife of Leroy Sturtevant-a girl whom he found in some outsof-the-way villiage, and mar-

"What! you're not going ?" For Prynne had risen from his seat and gathered up his overcoat and hat

"Yes, I am-I must. You'll exuse me, Stuart : I'll explain it all to you later. I must get out of this. The horrible closeness of this place will stifle me."

Stuart nodded with good natured, if somewhat bewildered, sym. pathy; and, supposing that his friend had withdrawn, again directed his attention to the stage. But, ere leaving, Prynne had turned to take one more look at the woman whose appearance had shaken his being to its very dept hs.

The action of the play called, for

the leading lady's performance of a simple ballard, and the management had hit upon one which at that time had not run its hackneyed course, As the new aspirant for historic honors sat before the stage piano, striking, with cold, trembling fingers, the opening chords, she directly faced the box against the side of which Prynne was beavily leaning. Her eyes were downeast, and it was evident to the andience that be was under the influence of some powerful emotion-stage fright, bey imagined. She played the famliar prelude once, twice, thrice, before her refractory voice was sufficiently under control to make itself heard. Then, with a supreme +ffort at self-command, she opened her lips and the full, rich tenes, a little tremulous and uncertain, but

clear and sweet, issued forth. A hush fell on the entire audience -Was this acting? they wondered. Was this deep passion assumed for the occasion, instigated by the requirements of the character she was portraying ! If so, then indeed all question as to ber ability was at once set at rest.

The manager, standing in one of be flies, noted the rapt, awed expression upon the throng of apturaed faces, and rabbed his hands together in self-gratulation.

"She will do," be murmured to bimself "She has it in ber. But what is this?" Scarcely had he mattered the words when there is a break in the melody followed by a startling cry from the audience, who with one impulse, rise to their feet.

"Ring down! he cries to the stagemanager. And in an instant he ponderous curtain has fallen apon a scene which has aroused borror, alarm, pity and sorrow in the packed auditorium.

"What sould it have been ?" askpretty girl of her escort, in a bushed tone, as the great ordience filed slowly from the theatre. "She was doing so splendidly until she reached those words:

'Some day, some day, Some day I shall meet you, and then, all of a sudden, she broke

down and fainted."

"I wonder if you noticed some thing that I did, or if it was only my imagination," returned the young fellow beside her. "It seem ed to me that just as she came to that part she turned her eyes directly upon Bob Stuart's box, Bob had a stranger with him, a big dark tellow, who kept his eyes gloed to the stage all the time, as if he had never been in a theatre before. Per, ordinary bue to a deep violet. haps there was some reason for Mrs.

Sturtevant's emotion." bly frightened to death, that's all. to take advantage of my position, a an nunsual degree of health, I report; and should it be twenty beavily out into the stormy night. You are always imagining some- position which is that of neither possessed strong animal spirits that years-which Heaven forbid!-be-

thong romantic, Van."

Bob Stuart turned his attention The newspapers, the fellowing and add month to the injury you ure, and made me feel that the one heart addring you, and one soul from the stage, where the young morning, in giving an account of have already done me. Had I a world was indeed 'mine oyster.' longing for yes, and one woman accress was going through her part Mrs. Sturtevan't debut, expressed brother, sir, or had my drawinghn Being determined to make the most true and leyal to you." in a somewhat bleless, perfunctory much sympathy with the beautiful the marriage lottery not resulted in of this boliday, and being very fond "That is all. I went. For a few manner that argued ill for her pros society woman whose over-exer- a blank, Ithink you would scarcely of out-door sports, I made up my months I received regular lettersdessional aspirations, and looked tions had resulted in the rupture of have dared to present yourself mind to spend it in hunting and then came a sudden break, and I

Among the mass of cards that companied Bob Stuart to the theatre that was obscuring his mental visthat night.

strong, Guerdon Pryntie requested chair toward her. permission to enter.

"I will see if Mrs. Sturtevant will receive you," the girl said, show ing him into an unpretentious but daintly furnished drawing-room.

he contemplation of a photograph tween us.' of Marion Sturtevant, taken some years previously, scarce a moment before the girl returned with a reusal plainly written upon her councenance.

"Mrs. Startevant regrets that she cannot see you air."

That was all, neither excuse nor attempt at evasion—simply a refusal to receive him.

But Prynne was a determined man What he set his heart upon that he for contempt and loathing. was wort to accomplish. And so after being balked in his desire by a week's truitless attemps at overcoming Mrs. Sturiovanes decision, he was gra ified upon the eigth day by receiving a more satisfactory answer from the sympathetic maid

"Yes, sir," she said, encouraginly, in reply to his demand, Mrs. Sturtevant will see you to day."

She was not in the drawing-room when he entered-indeed he had been waiting some fitteen minutes before the soft frou-frou of a trailing gown warned him she was coming: He eleuched his hand a little tighter ear, and beneath the tan and sunburn of his dark face the blood cols

The door opened slowly and she entered, closing it behind her and sranding just within the threshold, not advancing a step to meet and greet him, but pausing at a distance as if this andience she had granted him were unwelcome and had been forced upon her. For a moment her eves dropped beneath the passion us to re-establish ourselves in each in his then, collecting herself, she other's good opinion Years of raised her downcast lids and braved suspicion and mistrust have done his look, with a world of coldness in their work between us, yet, as I

"Well?" she said finally, the monosyllable dropping like a bit of ice from ber lips.

bearing, the entire absence of inter- I cannot understand, let us each est or welcome in her attitude kindled the man's passion into sudden business, which, while evidently it tury. He loosed his clasp of the has not brought you happiness, bas. mautle and strode forward to a. God knows, ruised and cursed my bridge the chilling distance between life. If you will permit me, I will them. He stood before and con- begin." tronted her with bot brow and angry, indignant eyes.

to bestow in greeting upon one who tongues of fire. has received such injury at your

The cold mask dropped from the woman's face at his words, and into

maid, wife, nor widow, to come here discounted any suggestion of fail- fore you reture, still you will find here."

As she spoke with an honest were left at Marion Sturtevant's straight-forward simplicity there door during the weeks of her con- was no mistaking for duplicity, an found the village of the most primi- the little village, asking if anything valescore, there was a whole sheaf expression of astonished bewilderbearing the inscripcion, "Mr. Guer. ment settled upon Pryane's strong don Peynne," Never a day passed features He raised his hand and without at least one visit of inquiry passed it two or three times across from the tail stranger who had ac. It s brow, as if to clear away a fog on; then he fixed a steady, pene-It was nearly a month after Mrs. trating look upon the pale, beautiful Sturtevant's disastrous debut that, face of the woman doubt of whom upon presenting himself at her as had become so strongly reo'ed in partment and receiving the assur his mind, and, reading the cando ance from the maid that her mistress in her, pure eyes, shook his head was now quite well, but far from perplexedly and moved a low easy

"Sit down," he said abruptly. You are not strong enough to stand. For God's sake, let us come to the bottom of this matter, for-Heaven help me-- I lear, I fear there It seemed to Prynne, absorbed in has been some deviltry at work be-

She did as he bade, and eank into the low seat; not that she hoped any explanation could clear him from the charge of neglect and as bandonment she had brought against him, but simply because she was weak, terribly weak in the presence of this man whom she had loved, whom, Heaven help her, she still loved, though she mistook wounded pride and outraged passion

Prynue walked away to to the vindow for a moment, in order to gather self-possession and cool the tumult of excited emotion within im. A presentiment, difficult to embat, had stolen over him, con... incing him that some one had maiciously come between him and Marion Etheridge, had wrought evil misunderstanding between them which it would not be easy to explain away.

thout, and the soft, white fiakes. upon the mantle, by which he was in his voins. When he returned to in the ways of women, I took her siready forgetful of the little counstanding, as the sound fell upon his the figure seated in the low chair, a protestations for truth! And so try girl whose neglected love had ored his cheeks and dyed his broad felt now as if a gulf, which he enter upon my business career. I don Pryune, that both your letters should have no power to abridge, lay between him and the woman he had so long loved.

"Mrs. Stortevant," be began, slowly and heavily, "I feel that something or somebody has worked evit between us. I also am oppressed by a foreboding that it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, for have come many handred miles merely to hear if you had anything to urge in your conduct toward me and as you apparently regard me The frigidity of her voice and with a resentment and anger which tell to the other our version of a

He hesitated, with eyes bent on the lovely figure shroaded in its "Well!" he repeated, resentfully. dainty belaced and beribboned tea-Well, Marion Etheridge, is that all gown. She kept her glance still to n bave to say to me after the way fastened upon the glowing logs of you have treated me? Is that all the fire, as she merely bowed her the explanation you have to make bead in acquiescence. Prynne bent to the man you have- let me see his look, too, upon the leaping -I believe thrown over is the po- flames, as he began, and, as his close to the flickering flames and "No; go, go! she mattered, broite term for the good, old-fashioued story progressed, it seemed as if he word 'illted.' Find some more ap- were describing a series of scenes prograte word than well, I beg you, depicted by the ardent glowing "Eight years ago," he commenc-

ed, "I was a lad of twenty, just out of college, with a summer's vacation before me-the last boliday I her blue eyes flashed a look of an-should be able to claim for some gry resentment, every whit as pas- time, as, in the fall, I was to enter sionate as his own, turning their upon a business career that would permit of no idling, tor some years "Indeed these are singular words at least. My prospects in life were for you to address to me sir," she exceedingly moderate, but that "Oh, nonsense! She was proba- said. "You doubtless feel at liberty gave to me no nnessiness, for, with

ity of her roof,"

wood that had snapped out upon beauty entitled her. And that is the rug, and tossed it back on the the end of my story-s commonfire before he continued :

perhaps sixteen. The most indiffer- in smooth words and passionate impressionable fellow who had seen befrayed me." but little of womankind, I found her -shall I tell you; Mrs. Sturtevant, jouger be held against the figure want she seemed to me !"

were now shaded by a delicate, white hand, as if the bright blaze were too much for them. stender flagers were raised a moment, as if to signify a negative response to the question, and Pryone cried botly. "You shelter your own went on :

And she !- Well, I believed that she during her life '-

lence, save for the deep, almost make. In your faithlessness, you chair, was so still, so free from the became of me. I am tired and ill slightest movement, that it migh. Go; I have no more to say to you." Prynne proceeded:

found that I was to be sent to the chair. He took both her frag-South America in the interest of ite hands in his, though she tried to the house which had engaged me prevent, him, and held them with I wante the girl who had piedged gentle force while be spoke. berself to me, and told ber that I "Marion, for God's sake, don't !" must be absent for at least a year - be cried. "Don't send me away perhaps longer-that, at her bid without further explanation of this ding, I would renounce this opening miserable affair. I swear before which promised so well, and seek Heaven that it is the simple, honest other employment that should keep truth that I have been speaking. me nearer her. Let me read you a And see! I believe every word few words of her reply to me. I that you have uttered. There have never been parted from it. It must be something behind it all; has grown thin and worn from the shall we not try to discover it !" throbbing of the heart over which But she made a feeble, repellant it has lain these years."

ile from much reading. He held it come to the end of her strength.

instant I swerve in my allegiance to dread, so like death she looked.

fishing in a little village among the received no more. I wrote and Adirondacks. Thither I went-a wrote, inquiring the reason; no rereal school-boy out on a lark. I ply. I wrote to the postmaster in tive character; and learning, upon had betallen the Etheridges, and my arrival, that it possessed no hoe received answer that they were tel, I should have been obtiged to well and still living in the place. retrace my steps cityswards but for Then I wrote the munt, and some a good Samaritan in the shape of few weeks later received a new brief an elderly lady, who, for a moderate lines to the effect that her niece had equivalent, offered me the bospital- grown weary of waiting and had married a man from New York; a Here he paused an matant, and, wealthy man who could give her eaning forward, picked up a bit of the position in life to which her place ending; one that my acquired · I round Miss Etherldge's family knowledge of the world would now a small one, consisting merely of lead me to expect, but of which in herself and a niece, a young girl of those early days, when I had faith ent observer would have found the promises, I was as unsuspicious as niese beautiful, white I, a young, I was of the faith of the woman who

The charge of aparthy could no opposite. As he concluded Marion The blue eyes fixed upon the fire Sturtevant sprang to ber feet and with head thrown back, eyes flashing soors upon him, and bosom The penting with indiguation, she burst into veherment denial of his words. "What you say is false!" she

treachery behind a mass of fabrica-"That summer was an idyl. tions You sttempt to excuse your Thrown constantly in her society- own conduct by attributing to me for I believe the elder Miss Ethe- motives that actuated your own ridge favored my attentions to ber faithlessness. When, mauslike you niece, there being a lack of desiras wearled of the empty bond that a ble partis in the neighborhood-is it summer's fickle passion had forged, surprising that I grew to love Ma- you presumed to judge my loyalty rion Etheridge with all the passion by your osu. You never wrote the of which I was capable? Fishing, letters you claim to have written hunting-the objects for which I Is is likely that I, never stirring went thither -- went by the board,or from that quiet little village, should merely served as pretexts for our bave failed to receive them? long rambles together. My whole was impossible for them to miscalhorizon was bounded by one vision, ry. No; while I waited, wretched, The snow was falling thickly and that was Marion Etheridge, ill and miserable for the letters that in their gentle down-dropping, loved me, poor, simple tool that I came, you were doubtiess already scemed to fall upon and cool the fire | was! Silly, credulous lad, unversed engaged in some fresh love-uffair : cold, chill hand seemed to have been we were betrothed; and when the brought her to death's door. No. laid upon his hot, angry heart. He time came for me to leave her and again; it is searcely possible, Guercarried with me her promise to be and mine could have miscarried. laithful to her word and loyal to me Now, go. You have had your way and made your poor, flimsy expla-The room was growing dark with nation which would not deceive a the early winter twilight. Utter si- child. As for me, I have none to husky, tones of the man's voice, can read the reasons of my marryreigned throughout the apartment ing Leroy Sturtovant; it was my The figure opposite him in the 'ow sunt's wish, and I cared little what

> have been carved in marble. Again | But instead of obeying he came and knelt beside her, as overcome "When I reached New York, I by exhaustion, she sank back into

gesture as if to push bim from her. Fram his breast pocket he drew while the deadly pallor that overa paper yellowed by time, and hag- spread her face showed that she had

kenly. "I never will believe you-"It is best for you to go, my never! My maid-ring-ring for darling. I would not let your love ber.' And then consciousness for me be, in any way, a hindrance quite forshook her, and as Guerdon to the brilliant life which lies before Prynne lifted, for an instant, the you. Guerdon, I trust you implicit. small, cold bands to his lips, he ly; and as for me, if ever tor one shuddered and grew white with

you, may Heaven send upon me the He rose and stood for a few seseverest panishment it holds to conds gazing down upon the fair, store for the unfaithful. My darling, pure face of his implacable enemy, I love you! If I were to utter pro. the woman whom he loved now test upon protest. I could, in the mith the strength and intensity of a end say no more than that. I am man's love, then turned and, ringyours through good report and evil ing the bell, passed slowly and