

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 39.

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.

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MAURIEL'S NEW YEAR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"You may talk as much as you please," said Mauriel Vane, nodding her curly head, "but I'm going to receive company in the parlor on New Year's Day. Why shouldn't I? Every other girl does."

"It's a sinful, wicked waste of time," said Mrs. Vane, "when the quilting is so behindhand and there's such a deal of sewing to be done."

"But life isn't all for work," pleaded Mauriel. "And Mr. Clifton is coming all the way from the city in his sleigh to see me. Oh, mother, please let me have a loaf of homemade cake and some red apples and real cream for the coffee! Just for this once! It's only one day in the year. Do, mother!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, who was one of those aggravating women who made up their minds on the least possible grounds and then pride themselves on adhering to their word. "I've said no, and I mean no. When I was a young girl, I wasn't setting my cap at every fellow that came along."

"Mother," cried Mauriel, in an agony of wounded pride, "do you mean to say that I do such a thing?"

"You think a deal too much of the beaux, anyway," said old Mrs. Vane, screwing up her thin lips. "And I'm going to break up that sort of thing. See if I don't!"

It was with difficulty that Mauriel Vane, naturally a high tempered girl, checked the indignant retort that rose to her lips. Surely, surely it was not right that she, a girl of eighteen, who was earning her own living by teaching in the district school, should be treated like a child of eight; that her tyrannical old mother should place no confidence whatever in her sense of right and delicacy. Up to this time she had rendered the tribute of an unwilling obedience to Mrs. Vane's behests; and now she felt that the moment for just rebellion had come. She felt that she could not live any longer in this cramped, giggardly sort of way, with the very lamps of soot for her tea-mated out to her, one by one, and the pipin apples for her lunch dealt sparingly forth, as if each one were molded in gold. Mrs. Vane took her lamp away at nine o'clock every night; she dictated to poor Mauriel as to the very color of her dresses and the number of yards which she might purchase for them; in fact, the girl scarcely dared to think for herself. Could she live thus always, she asked herself. Was it right that she should?

"At all events, mother," said Mauriel, speaking in a low, determined tone, "I shall receive my friends on New Year's Day! It is my privilege, and I claim it!"

"Humph!" was the contemptuous rejoinder, but there was a world of meaning in it.

So Mauriel retrimmed her one black-silk dress and bought a new ribbon sash, and baked a great, golden New Year's cake filled with plums, and studded all through with translucent bars of citron, and herself bargained with the grocer for two pounds of real Java coffee with as little adulteration of Rio, Maracaibo and chicory as he could bring himself to consent.

"I can use the china that my grandmother Vane left me in her will," thought Mauriel. "That at least, is mine, although mother would never allow me to unpack it!"

She was busy decorating the walls of the little parlor with laurel leaves and long, dark-green trails of pineapples on New Year's Eve, when her mother came into the room.

"Muriel," said she, "I want to send some dressed chickens and a peck of those golden pippins to your aunt Dora at the lighthouse. Jenkins's boy is ready with the boat; but he's such a limb, that I don't for the life of me dare to trust him with the apples and the bag of hickory nuts. I want you to go,

and ask Aunt Dora for the pattern of the new bed-quilt; the 'Philadelphia Pavement,' you know."

"Very well, mother," said Mauriel, in the old submissive way. "But isn't it rather late?"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Vane. "Why, the sun is an hour high yet. You'll be back long before dark if Jenkins's boy is spry with the oars."

Aunt Dora, Mrs. Vane's only sister, was a worthy scion of the family tree—tall, masculine and hard-featured. She had always taken the entire charge of White Reefs Lighthouse, even although the official appointment was conferred upon her husband; and when, one day, that public servant departed this life, things went on precisely the same.

Muriel was not fond of her aunt Dora; and her aunt Dora regarded her as a "poor, chicken-hearted creature—Vane all over." But Muriel did feel sorry for the lonely old woman, and she thought that even a pair of fowls and a few apples—this unwonted manifestation of sisterly feeling—was worth carrying to White Reefs. So she made haste to don her wadded cloak and little tur-edged hood, and to draw on the scarlet woolen mittens which she herself had knitted during those long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other; for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins's boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret-eyed youngster, with an intensely freckled face, and a furtive, sidewise glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs Lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of Mr. Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to ask for her at the maternal hands, the very next day?

"It will be of no use," she thought sadly. "Mother will say no. She wants me to marry Squire Sedley, who is bald and deaf and twice my age, and who only wants me because his housekeeper has struck for higher wages, and he thinks a wife would be better economy. But we can wait, Paul and I. We will wait!"

And then they ran up alongside the tall, spectral cylinder of the lighthouse, for the tide was high and the landing was comparatively easy; and Muriel sprang lightly out of the boat, looking up at the fiery eye in the lantern above.

"Give me the bag and the basket, Tommy," said she. "Steady with the boat now! I'll be back in one minute."

So the orange glow had burned down into a deep-red radiance, and the dusk shadows of the New Year's Eve were creeping over all the glassy surface of the sea.

Aunt Dora was at home. In fact Aunt Dora never was anywhere else. Her own society, little as other people cared for it, was all sufficient for herself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Dora, as unconcerned as if she lived on dry land and was in the habit of seeing company every hour in the day. She was darning stockings by her own especial little lamp, and the tea-pot already simmered on the hob for her tea. "Anything the matter? Because I couldn't leave the light, if it was ever so—"

"No, nothing is the matter," said Muriel. "I have brought you a note from my mother. Something about the pattern of a bed-quilt, I believe. And some chickens and a bag of fresh hickory nuts."

Aunt Dora read the note over, twice, three times over. Then she regarded Muriel in a sinister fashion from under her thick black brows, while the girl played unconsciously with the cat.

"Humph!" she said. "Yes, I'll go and get the pattern!"

She was gone some time—half an hour, at least, as it seemed to Muriel; and when she came back, the girl started up

"It is nearly dark," she said. "I must make haste home."

"Well, you needn't be in such a hurry," said Aunt Dora, with a grim chuckle. "I've sent the pattern by Tommy Jenkins. He's half way to the shore by this time."

Muriel uttered a little shriek. "And how am I to get home?" she cried.

"You ain't to get home at all," said Aunt Dora. "You're to stay and spend the New Year with me. That's what your mother said in her note."

"But I have not!" exclaimed Muriel, stamping her foot, vehemently. "I must go home! I expect company to-morrow."

"Sit down and be easy—do!" said Aunt Dora. "Must is for the king. I'd like to know how on earth you're to get home, with only one boat at the steps, and that padlocked tight, with the key snugg at the bottom of my pocket!"

And Aunt Dora laughed a hard, dissonant laugh that was like the croak of a raven.

For a moment Muriel gazed wildly around like a newly caged bird; then she burst into tears and sobs. "It is all a stratagem of mother's!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I might have known it! I might have known it!"

And that night at the White Reefs Lighthouse, with the melancholy sea lapping the foot of the tower and the wind whistling around the steady glow of the beacon, was the dreariest that Muriel ever spent in her life.

"You ain't good company to-night," said Aunt Dora, glancing at her niece, ever and anon, between the stitches of her darning.

"Because you have deceived me!" cried Muriel. "You and Mother!"

"Humph!" said Aunt Dora. "It is all for your own good. You'll thank us one of these days. Girls oughtn't to have their own way."

But Muriel only wept on and refused to be comforted.

She went down to the foot of the tower, the next day, and sat there, her cloak wrapped about her shoulders, listlessly gazing out on the sparkling floor of the deep.

"Is that a boat coming?" she asked herself. "With one man in it? It is coming here, I wonder?"

Nearer and nearer came the boat, rocking lightly on the surface of the waves; and presently Mauriel started up, with a cry of joy.

For it was Paul Clifton waving his hand to her, as he came ever nearer and nearer.

"A happy new year, sweet Muriel!" he called out as the boat touched the stone steps. "I am the enchanted knight come to rescue you from the prison-tower!"

"How did you know I was here?" said Muriel, with sparkling eyes and velvety cheeks dyed with crimson.

"Your mother was entirely non-committal," said Clifton gayly. "I could learn nothing whatever from her except that you were well and were not receiving company. But I was fortunate enough to meet Tommy Jenkins, who, for the consideration of a silver quarter, ignominiously turned state's evidence. And here I am, my sweetheart! Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will," said Muriel, springing lightly into the boat. "But where?"

"To be married," said Mr. Paul Clifton. "It is high time that this system of tyranny was broken up. My little Muriel must be mine and mine alone henceforward. Do you not agree with me?"

And Muriel answered: "Yes."

she was "dreading her word" in the solitary lighthouse tower, "I am married! And this is my husband! Will you forgive me, please? For I am so very, very happy to-day that I do not want a living soul to be at variance with me!"

And so Muriel signed her declaration of independence, and became Paul Clifton's wife upon this glorious anniversary New Year's Day. And Mrs. Vane and Aunt Dora were compelled to confess themselves outwitted and to accept their defeat with as good grace as possible.

"Fate is fate," said Aunt Dora, grimly.

"And I wash my hands of the whole concern," said Mrs. Vane.

But Paul and Muriel were serenely happy. And what mattered aught else?

Dissevered Love of Notoriety.

Several years ago, in Wiltshire, England, a little boy was taken from his bed in the night, conveyed to an out-house, and cruelly murdered. Subsequently, his half-sister, who had become a middle-aged woman, was convicted of the crime on her own confession. There seems to have been no doubt of her guilt; but nevertheless, as a general rule it is not safe to convict on this kind of testimony unless the confession is sustained by corroborative circumstances.

We frequently read of persons charging themselves with capital offenses of which they could not possibly have been guilty. There have been cases of murder in which half a dozen innocent people have voluntarily accused themselves of the crime. In some instances, the motive for such groundless self-accusation is an inordinate wish to be conspicuous. Society, more's the pity, honours its monster villains, and there are fools in the world rash enough to seek the bubble of notoriety even at the halter's loop. Persons of a morbidly excited temperament are sometimes so worked upon by the reports of dreadful homicides that they lose their mental balance altogether, and actually fancy they are the guilty parties.

In the very case to which we have alluded above, a man came forward and proclaimed himself the murderer, describing with great minuteness the operation of cutting the child's throat, etc. So plausible was his story, that had he stuck to it, his neck might have been jeopardized; but finding the matter was getting serious, he concluded to prove an alibi, and was discharged from custody.

Upon the whole, confessions are open to many and manifest objections as legal testimony, and when unsupported by corroborative proofs should never be considered as conclusive evidence in court of justice. —N. Y. Ledger.

They Have The Right—Go Ahead.

Salisbury Herald: It is talked on the streets that the city fathers will follow the example of Charlotte and Greensboro and place a license tax on cigarettes. We have seen no member of the board of commissioners in regard to the matter, but learn from a reliable source that the question has been up for consideration and was postponed for further information in regard to the law bearing upon it. Some people question the legal right of the commissioners to levy the tax, but we have heard no one express an unfavorable opinion concerning its rights from a moral standpoint. It legal nothing that the board could do would be more generally approved.

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Are you interested in Lincoln county? Then take the COURIER

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

Superintendent Nixon Sends Two Relics of Ramsour's Mill to the Historical Society.

The following correspondence explains itself:

Gen. R. Barringer. Estimated Sir: I am delighted to learn that you have undertaken to write a sketch of the battle of Ramsour's Mill. I send you by to-day's mail a package containing two relics of the battle, which you will please place in the museum of the Mecklenburg Historical Society. One of them is an ounce ball. This was turned up by a plow on the battle ground a few years since. There were a half dozen of them together, reading me to believe they had been contained in a pouch dropped on the battle field. The other is a vest button found in the branch at the foot of the hill on which the battle was fought, and near the place where the hottest part of the battle occurred. On this button is a crown underneath which are the letters "R. P." I think this button was worn by a royalist, but am unable to decide for what the initials stand. Perhaps you can explain.

As your society is taking some interest in this battle, I cheerfully send you these relics of same.

Very truly yours, A. Nixon.

Lincolnton, N. C., Jan. 8, 1894. A. Nixon, Esq.:

My dear sir: I desire to thank you most cordially for the donation you make to our Historical Society as stated in yours of yesterday.

I regret I can give you no satisfactory explanation of the military button described. I agree with you in thinking it was probably worn by a royalist. But you will recall that in fact there were no regularly organized troops—either English or American—in the fight at Ramsour's Mill. It was wholly a battle between the Whigs and Tories of that section hastily gathered together for the special emergency, and as suddenly dispersed after the fight was over.

When however, Cornwallis started in pursuit of Morgan after the battle at Cowpens, few months later he rested his army two days at or near Ramsour's Mill, and also rid himself of all surplus baggage. In this way the button may have got there. But I have consulted all the authorities at hand, and I find no command to which the letters "R. P." would probably apply.

But I suggest this as a possible explanation: The British commanders most always spoke of the loyalists or Tories as "Provincials." And just at that time, June, 1780 after the fall of Charleston and the capture of nearly all the Southern troops, the loyalists everywhere rose in arms and organized. And it so happened that the two chief leaders in organizing the Tryon Tories—Col. John Moore and Major Nicholas Welch—claimed to belong to the noted provincial regiment of Col. Hamilton in Halifax county. They came "in rich regimentals" and displayed some good order in entrapping the credulous loyalists. They may also have brought with them and distributed among their followers some insignia of rank and loyalty. In this view "R. P." might well indicate the "Royal Provincials." But I nowhere find exactly that passage.

Please allow a word personal to yourself: It adds to the value of this gift that it comes from one of our county superintendents of public instruction. I only wish that more of our teachers and others interested in the training and education of the young could wake up to the importance of North Carolina State history. It is sorely needed. Again thanking you, I am an every yours, ROGER BARRINGER, Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 9, 1894.

FEATURES OF INCOME TAX.

Washington Post says a sub-committee of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House, in charge of the income tax feature of the tariff bill, held a conference Saturday night and were in session again yesterday. The sub-committee has

about perfected the administration features of the bill and expect to make a report this morning to the Democratic members of the committee. A scheme has been devised under which the great mass of the people who will pay no income tax will not be bothered by the collection of fines. It will be made the duty of the man who knows he has a taxable income to make the proper return, and those who have only a non-taxable income will not be required to make any return thereon. Other features connected with the collection of this tax have been partially agreed upon. It may be necessary for the sub-committee to have a short session this morning.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has not been asked for an estimate of the probable expense of collecting the income tax, but the sub-committee believes that it can be collected easily for between 2 and 3 per cent of the total amount of the tax. A prominent member of the sub-committee expressed the belief that the votes of the men who decided in favor of an income tax will also be cast in favor of making this feature a rider on the tariff bill. The members of the committee who have voted for the income tax were Messrs. McMillan, Bryan, Turner, Whiting, Tarver, and Bynum. Still there is a strong impression that the two bills may be adopted as independent measures.

SAM JONES AND DR. PRITCHARD.

They Are at it Again.

It was three or four years ago that Sam Jones and Rev. Dr. Pritchard first locked horns. It was over an article that the Doctor contributed to Charity and Children, the paper printed at the Baptist Orphanage. They had a great time of it but finally shook hands. Now the war is on again. In Saturday's Atlanta Journal Sam writes: T. H. Pritchard, D. D., of North Carolina, in a contribution to "Charity and Children," of Thomasville, N. C., of recent date said:

"Soon after the little stir created by scores on Sam Jones, Bishop Keener, the senior officer of the board of bishop of the M. E. Church South, said to a friend of mine, a prominent Methodist, that he sympathized with my sentiment and that the last time Sam Jones had been at his house he had told him that if he didn't quit swearing and telling dirty stories in the pulpit he never wished him to come to his house again."

"That these were his views I am prepared to believe from the following clipped from the Tennessee Methodist, published, I think in Nashville, where there is a Sam Jones Tabernacle that cost forty thousand dollars."

Then he proceeds to quote Bishop Keener on the "Lowered Pulpit." I don't know, of course, who the friend of Dr. Pritchard's was to whom Bishop Keener gave utterance but I do know that I never was in Bishop Keener's house in my life. I do know that Bishop Keener never said such a thing to me in anybody's house or out doors or in the clouds or under the earth. I do regret when I see a preacher tangled up either closely or remotely with an infamous lie on another preacher.

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