

The Lincoln Courier.

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Aug 10, 1894

Professional Cards.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.,
Has located in 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, 1894.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. A. W. Alexander will be in his office at Lincoln, June, August, October, December, February and April. Will be in Mt. Holly, July, September, November, January, March and May.
Patronage solicited. Terms cash and moderate.



The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons' Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do. It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry, or made into a tea.

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The Moon.

The most glorious object on which the eye of man ever rested is the sun, after which comes the moon when shining with a full, round face. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive that an object of such brilliancy is, in reality, a dark one, in itself as devoid of light as is the earth at midnight in the absence of the moon. Moonlight is simply sunlight received second hand, the light of the sun being reflected from the moon's dark surface. This is true of all the planets also, though not of the stars, as they all are suns self-shining as our own, a fact previously given.

If to behold the full moon is a spectacle so inspiring, her crescent with its horns pointing either to the right or left, or, again, upward as she nears the setting sun is hardly less so, and in this place demands special attention, as from long experience, I find the cause of her assumption of the crescent, the half and the gibbous phases to be very imperfectly understood, it being often imagined, even, that some dark body passes between the earth and the moon, and cuts off her light wholly or in part, and suggests the question often asked of me, "What is the object which thus intervenes?" Of all the countless host of stars, comets and planets, the moon is nearest to the earth, and, consequently it is not possible for any other body to come between her and the earth.

The moon's easterly motion is about thirteen degrees daily, and her complete revolution around the earth occupies about 27 1/4 days, but as, during this time, the sun has moved also easterly one degree per day, the moon; to overtake the sun and produce a new moon, has to make more than a complete revolution. This requires a little more than two days, so that from new moon to new again it is not 27 1/4 but 29 1/2 days, the length of a lunar month. The instant of the new moon is when the moon passes the sun, her illumined side being, of course wholly turned toward that luminary, and her dark and consequently, invisible side toward the earth. As she emerges from the sun a constantly increasing portion of her sunny side turns toward us, and we see her first as a slender crescent which nightly grows in size until after the lapse of a little more than seven days after passing the sun she appears as a half moon, one-half of her sunny side being turned toward us, or, as the almanacs say, at first quarter. Nightly, more and more of her bright disk presents itself until, rising when the sun sets, her entire luminous portion is turned to us as well as to the sun, and we see her as the full-orbed moon. Then, in reverse order, the above changes are gone through until a fortnight has elapsed, when she again passes the sun and becomes invisible.

Although the full moon in a cloudless sky floods the earth with radiance and splendor and invests even the most unlovely objects with a softened beauty, yet it would require more than six hundred thousand moons shining at once to equal the light of the sun. It is a curious and an unexplained fact, and, probably, not an exceptional case in the solar system, that the moon revolves round the earth in exactly the same time required to rotate on her axis, thus forever preventing her posterior hemisphere from being seen, and, therefore, we are and must remain ignorant regarding the topography and scenery of the opposite side.

The inhabitation of the moon has in every age been a fruitful theme for reflection and discussion, but the invention of the telescope has settled the question in the negative. As it is a world entirely destitute of an atmosphere, as it has no water, not a drop, and as its days and nights are, each, equal

to two of our earth-weeks, and as, furthermore, no change has been observed since it became an object of telescope study, we are forced to the conclusion that it cannot be the home of the sentient beings and that it cannot sustain life of any sort. Are we then justified in the belief that this heavenly body has been created in vain? No; we owe much to the moon. She raises the ocean tides, and their ebb and flow serve to keep the waters of the gulfs, bays and estuaries of the earth from growing stagnant. And to sailors at sea she is of great service in determining positions.

The moon as a telescopic object surpasses in magnificence all others in the heavens. On favorable occasions she can approach to less than 220,000 miles from the earth, or from service to service, to within 215,000 miles. If at such a time a magnifying power of, say, two thousand be applied, she will be seen as though at a distance of over 100 miles. Under these conditions, an object as large as the Capital at Washington could be seen as a visible point.

It is not possible for any telescope ever to do better than that. The idea promulgated by sensational writers regarding the giant telescopes that must, when completed, bring the moon to within a few miles or even to a distance of a few yards is wholly erroneous. To see the moon well there is no need of a mammoth telescope, as she has sufficient light to bear a high power, yet our atmosphere is so laden with vapors which are magnified as is the moon itself, that the close investigation ardently desired by astronomer is prevented thereby, and on low magnifying powers can be used. But the lunar scenery even under these not most favorable conditions is grand beyond the power of words to express. The great telescope of the Lick Observatory with its incomparable eyepiece, specially adapted for the work, will reveal her mountain heights and craterous depths, her yawning canyons and dry oceanic beds, where when the moon was young, tides ebbed and flowed.—Mount Lowe Echo.

An Opportunity for North Carolina.

When an Anglo-Saxon people once awakes to its needs, the battle for their attainment is more than half won. The minds of the thinking classes at the South—"more distinctively American" than those of any other section of the Union—are at work as they have never been before trying to get at the true solution of the problem how best to utilize the resources which God has given them.

Our people as a whole are tired of waiting for something to turn up, and just so soon as they can make up their minds what ought to be done, they are going to do it. Every sign of the times points to an industrial revolution out of which will come such a rivalry between districts and States as was never witnessed, except when the troops of all sections have been in the field vying for valor's need.

A few weeks ago the writer spent a day in New York at the office of Hugh R. Garden, who is president of the Southern Exchange Association, of that city, and had a chance to read several hundred letters from business men all over the South, the theme, of which was in effect, How is the South to work out its own salvation? There were all sorts of suggestions, but in nine out of every ten of these letters from practical men the upmost idea was that our State governments must be changed from political machines into business machines, whose primary aid shall be the development of resources and the augmentation of material prosperity.

With this singular consensus

of opinion fresh upon my mind, I have just come in contact with some citizens of North Carolina—where this idea has been growing for some years and where the present State administration is a step in the desired direction—and they told me how it was proposed at the next election to carry out this business-administration idea to the very uttermost, and so make this magnificently endowed old Commonwealth the leader in modern progress.

Mr. Julian S. Carr—whom they call "Colonel," but he is too substantial a man to be dubbed Colonel after fighting through the war while but a boy as a brave private soldier—is the man who has been selected as the standard bearer in this campaign, which stands for doing the right thing at the right time in the right place. So significant to North Carolina and to the South generally is this campaign "business before politics" that the readers of the Manufacturer's Record at the North and throughout the South alike will take a lively interest in it, and will, I believe, unanimously Godspeed its success, because the readers of the Manufacturer's Record must have at heart the real prosperity of the section of which the Manufacturer's Record has for years been the most conspicuous advocate, or else they wouldn't subscribe for it. South-haters don't take the Manufacturer's Record, you know.

For my part, I know enough of the advantages that would result to North Carolina from the election of Julian S. Carr to be governor to feel justified in saying that I should consider it one of the most fortunate gubernatorial selections that has been made in a Southern State since what they call "the new South" first began to be talked about, and as an observer of Southern conditions and Southern needs, and of the effects of Southern events on the public sentiment of the whole country, I feel justified in declaring it to be my deliberate judgment that if Julian S. Carr shall be made the next governor of North Carolina, it will go farther to strengthen the confidence of capitalists and manufacturers, and so induce them to look with eagerness into what North Carolina has to offer in the way of resources ready for development, than any event or combination of events which during the next five years may be reasonably expected to occur.

The foregoing opinion is based upon a knowledge of the estimation in which the individual under consideration is held by people outside of North Carolina, especially throughout the North and East. As to the estimate placed upon him by his own people, he has done enough for North Carolina to make his fellow-citizens feel moved spontaneously to give him the choice of all the honors at their disposal. However, it is not always the man who has served his State and country best who gets the honors, but, alas! too often the man who can weave the most ingenious and alluring for the enmeshment of place-seekers. And while this state of affairs is the crowning curse of this entire country, it is, perhaps more mischievous in results at the South than anywhere else, because at the South the political octopus has had his own way more than in regions where heretofore the public mind has been more appreciative of public needs. But let us hope for a new era, now that our practical men are stirred up to the exigencies of the hour; for, as I began this article declaring, when an Anglo-Saxon people awakes to a realization of the things it needs, it has more than half attained them.

Many Persons are taken down from overwork or household care. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine. Subscribe for the COURIER.

The President and the Tariff Bill.

We notice in various esteemed contemporaries criticisms of the President on account of his having withheld his signature from the tariff bill. We do not see how any one, upon calm consideration, could have expected him to adopt any other course. If he had never written this letter to Chairman Wilson he might have signed the bill, but having written this letter it became impossible for him to do so. In this letter he expressed his most cordial disapprobation of the measure. How, then, could he turn around and place upon it the seal of his approval? To have done so would have been not only to belie his written words, but to have said that the measure embodied the tariff reform for which he and his party have striven, and to have said that would have been a palpable absurdity. Were the bill a thousand times worse than it is, he could not have afforded to veto it, for that would have amounted to the head of the party cutting itself off from it. In point of fact he never, perhaps, for a moment, contemplated this. The only course open to him as a party man and as a consistent individual, was the policy of acquiescence, and we cannot understand how, under the circumstances, more could have been expected of him.—CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.

Newspaper English.

He kissed her back.—Atlanta Constitution.
She fainted upon his departure.—Lynn Union.
She seated herself upon his entering.—Aldia Democrat.
—She whipped him upon his returning.—Burlington Hawkeys.
How about the woman who was hurt in the fracas?—Railway Age.
He kicked the tramp upon his setting down.—American Pharmacist.
We thought she sat down upon her being asked.—Saturday Cosmopolitan.
He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance.—Jackson Souvenir.

A Chicago footpat was shot in the tunnel.—Western Medical Reporter, Chicago.

We feel compelled to refer to the poor woman who was shot in the oil regions.—Medical World.

TWO LIVES SAVED.
Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas, Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful, it is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Dr. J. M. Lawing Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

A Jack-Leg Carpenter.

Macon Telegraph.
A lawyer was cross questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day, and was getting along fairly well, until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I se er carpenter, sah."
"What kind of a carpenter?"
"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."
"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"
"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."
"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.
"Boss, I declare I dunno how to 'splain any mo, 'cept to say hit am jes' de same diffence twixt you and a first-class lawyer."

The negro was one of the old-fashioned kind, and did not mean to be insolent or impudent, but had just decided in his own mind that the lawyer asking the questions was not a first class lawyer. It is needless to say that questions ceased at once.

Thought The Man.

The mention of Colonel Bob Ingersoll's name recalls a touching little story of Washington life. One cheerless, rainy night some years ago, the venerable Simon Cameron was sitting in the office of the Ebbitt House, gazing out through the window into the fog and darkness. He was lost in thought and his face was the picture of melancholy. Presently Colonel Ingersoll entered.

"What has happened, General?" he asked. "You look as if you'd just lost your last friend."
"Ah, Bob," said the old man with a sigh, "I have just seen a cruel, pitiable sight. An aged crippled soldier was painfully toiling up the street yonder and was making some progress, when along came a big, double fisted, broad shouldered fellow and kicked the crutches out from the old cripple, leaving him feeble and helpless, to get up as best he could."

"I would to God I had been there!" cried Ingersoll angrily, "I'd have trounced the ruffian! I never heard of so brutal an outrage! What! abuse an old and crippled man like that! I'd make quick work of the brute!"

"Wait a moment, Bob," interposed old Simon Cameron, gently. "I was that aged and crippled veteran and I was toiling along to my grave. And it was you, Bob who came across my path and kicked from under me the crutches that supported me in that last journey."

Colonel Ingersoll made no answer; the old man continued to look mournfully into the night.—Ex.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters using the same song of praise. A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boas, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

Serious.

Few things vex a physician more than to be sent for in great haste at an unseasonable hour, only to find upon arrival that little or nothing is the matter with the patient.

An eminent English surgeon was called to an urgent case of this sort and found that the patient who was a man of great wealth, but small courage, had received a very slight wound from a fall.

The surgeon's face did not betray his irritation, but he gave his servant orders to go home with all possible haste and return with a certain plaster. The patient turning very pale, said anxiously:

"I trust, sir, there is no great and immediate danger?"
"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon. "Why, if that fellow doesn't run like a race horse there's no telling but your wound will heal before he gets back with the plaster!"

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one small bottle cured them all and he became one left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, cholera, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50c bottles for sale by Dr. W. L. Cross, Druggist.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Subscribe for the Courier. \$1.00 per year.