

The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 15

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plan or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Wm. C. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

JUDGE WALTER CLARK

USES AND ENDORSES THE

Electropoise!

TRADE MARK.
"Cures what all else fails."

North Carolina Supreme Court.
WALTER CLARK, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE.
RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 25, 1894.

We have found the Electropoise very valuable—especially for children. I got one last May, and I am sure I have saved three times its cost already in doctors' and drug store bills. From my experience with it, and observation, I can safely recommend it.

Yours truly,
WALTER CLARK.

Investigation Invited.

BOOK FREE.

Electrolibration Co.,
345 FOURTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

DENTAL NOTICE.

A. W. Alexander will be a office at Lincoln on, June, Au October, December, February and April. Will be in Mt. July, September, November, March and May. Patronage solicited. Terms cash moderate.

A Bad Condition.

We have before called attention great calamity threatening the of the South. There is no for this fear. In no of the country is there greater for Liver Medicines than in South, and this has encouraged persons to take ad- of people's misery and offer all sorts of stuff as a cure- Liver troubles. Their crime is because they must have to help them in this work. Their preparations to the druggists at a low And the big profit to is the road by which they the public. Druggists of high will not be a party to such. Beware of any dealer tells you that any Liver Medi- is just the same, or as good as H. Zeilin & Co. You know the Red Z on the package, preparations are not the same good. Stick to the Old. Your health and life should something to you

Which Was the Fool?

We find the following interest- ing item in the Rocky Mount Phoenix which make a good clipping for a soap book: "The late Capt. Joseph J. Davis, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina at the time of his death two years ago, told to this writer the following incident. When a youth of 20 years Capt. Davis was in Washington and during a conversation he was having in the lobby of the Capitol with Congressman Stanley, the latter was approached by a middle-aged man and asked for a few moments private interview. Mr. Stanley excused himself to young Davis and went into one of the ante rooms with the stranger. Returning to Davis after a short time Stanley remarked: "You must excuse me for staying away even as short a time as I have. That old fellow I have been talking to wants me to Congress to provide a fund to stretch a wire from here to Baltimore so that one fool can talk to another fool over it from here to that place." The 'old fellow' was Morse, the inventor of the telegraph."—EX.

Itch on human and horses and all mals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by M. Lewing Druggist Lincolnton, N. C.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing in its general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you

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

Fertilizers for Fall Crops

should contain a high percentage of Potash to insure the largest yield and a permanent enrichment of the soil.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

My Lady's Sleeves.

She's a phantom of grace as she sails in the room,
And I long for a glimpse of her cheek;
But ecstasy dies in an ebony gloom—
My pangars too utter to speak.
If my glances can roam to the crest of the comb
'Tis all that my vision perceives,
And so with a sigh
I lay my hopes by
As I sit in the shade of her sleeves.

I once was a man of the average size,
In a beautiful bygone day;
And favor I found in my fair one's eyes,
And oh, but my bosom was gay!
But fashion has changed and her heart is estranged,
In sorrow my spirit now grives;
For my dream is a wreck,
And I'm shrunk to a speck
As I sit in the shade of her sleeves.

If I could only sport a silk hat in the house
How much it would add to my height!
But no; I must sit just as meek as mouse,
Safe hid from my dear one's sight,
Why, sometimes I doubt if she knows I'm about.
Life truly is 'noting but leaves.'
Pleasure's lamp has gone out
And hope put to rout
As I sit in the shade of her sleeves.

Ah, once I could glide to her radiant side
And coo in the shell of her ear;
With smiles and with blushes she'd listen in pride
My passionate wooing to hear.
Now at night and at noon through a rustling balloon
No answer my wooing receives;
Nor can my arm reach
To the goal of my speech
As I sit in the shade of her sleeves.

Alas! as I viewed them swell up and up
My spirits sank down and down.
Oh, sometimes I think I must take to the cup,
My horrible anguish to drown
Is it feathers or gas that hath puffed up my lass?
Weird fancies delirium wears,
Whatever the stuff
My fate it is rough—
I'm lost in the shade of her sleeves!

S. M. P. in Judge.

Belle Boyd, the Female Spy.

Belle Boyd was born in Martinsburg, Va., in May 1844, and descended from revolutionary ancestors. Being on the frontier that divided the two opposing armies and sentiments, the latent fires of her nature were awakened by the fierce storm that raged around her. She was educated at Mt. Washington Female college, near Baltimore. While at home on a vacation in the fall of 1859 the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry took place, and on account of the excitement caused by this, the country around her home was filled with soldiers during the entire winter. Shortly after this she spent her first winter in Washington society and spent hour after hour listening to the debates in the capital. As a result of these she left Washington a full-fledged secessionist. After this quickly followed the massing of troops at Charleston, the secession of the states, the bombardment of Fort Sumter and then Virginia went out of the Union. Lincoln's call for troops followed, and then came the concentration of troops in the valley of Virginia and the appearance of the scene of Jackson and Johnson.

HOW SHE BECAME A SPY.
Patterson's and Cadwalader's

ON BOARD THE GREYHOUND.

On May 8, 1864, she sailed on board the Greyhound, flying the British flag under Capt. George H. Beers, ex-captain of the United States navy, under the name of Capt. Henry. They had a heavy cargo of cotton, two large kegs of gold, two other passengers, herself and her two servants, one an Irish girl who was her maid and a colored maid. On the afternoon of May 9 they were captured by the United States man-of-war Connecticut and she was carried to Boston and kept a prisoner a few days in the Tremont hotel. By a court-martial by reason of her being captured under a British flag she was not shot but banished. She was carried to Canada and ordered never to put her foot on United States soil again or she would be shot without trial.

A young Lieut. on the Connecticut, Sam Hardinge, fell in love with his fair captive. She got his signal book which she afterwards gave to the captain of the Greyhound, whom she met in Canada. She sent the signal book into the South by the way of blockade and then sailed for England from Quebec on the board the Damascus and arrived in London carrying all of her dispatches safely through. She was followed across the ocean by her lover, Lieut. Hardinge, and they were married at St. James, in Piccadilly. The Prince of Wales, she says, attended their wedding. They were afterwards presented at five different foreign courts. By him she had one child, Grace Hardinge.

ON THE STAGE.
She was left a widow and went upon the dramatic stage in Europe and made her debut at the Theater Royal in Manchester. When the general amnesty was proclaimed she came back to America and played a few engagements in this country and then married Colonel Sohn S. Hamilton, an English ex-army officer, in March, 1869. She then went to California, where she was seriously ill and on recovering returned east and settled down in her home. The children living by this marriage are Misses Bird and Belle Swanton and John Edmunds.

In the year 1875 to 1883 she was informed at different times and places that different parties were trying to poisonate her. Among these were Belle Star, Kate Raymond Howe and a woman calling herself Mrs. Murphy. The first is dead.

In 1885, in Texas, she married her present husband, Nat R. High, formerly of Toledo, Ohio. In Toledo on February 22, 1886, she gave her first recital and has been doing so ever since.

Voices from the Sanctuary.
The world always gives a man a chance once; God gives men opportunities.
We are a remarkable people for fast living, and fast living means fast dying.
A young man hardly gets out of college now before he thinks he should go to the legislature.
I know of no slavery comparable to the slavery of fashion.
It is mocking God, it is trifling with God to pray, "God save my country" and then voting for measures which are directly against that prayer.
There's not a man of you worth picking up in the streets whose life has not been fashioned by the character of some good mother or daughter or wife.
Thank God you can't buy your way into good society with money.
The question when a man dies is not how much truth has died but it is "What was he worth?"
Put your money where fools can't spend it. My God! What is money for unless it is to spend, not to squander, but to use for something?

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Candles in Old New England.

In these days of cheap and universal illumination, we almost forget the humble tallow dips of our grandmothers, and the way they were made. Candle making was the great household event of the late autumn or early winter, as soap making was of the spring. Careful and laborious preparations were made for this labor. The small wooden rods that had been laid up above the great beans of the kitchen or thrust under the garget eaves since the previous year were brought down stairs to the scene of the candle-dipping,

Don't Fool With the Editor.

An Indiana editor and a rich widow were engaged to be married, says an exchange, when the neighbors began to talk about it, charging that he was marrying her for her riches. The noble minded young editor was sorely grieved at this, and he persuaded his affianced to turn all the worldly pelf over to her grown daughter and thus prove to the world the sincerity and unselfishness of his affection. The trusting widow did so and the very next night the editor eloped with the girl, and in the morning the widow pined the forms in the office and would have pined the form of the editor if she had found him.—Franklin Times.

The Billsville Banner.

We have sold our cattle, and we're going to see that bull fight at the exposition.
We understand that the new mother-in-law will wear bloomers. Perhaps we'll get a chance at our suspenders then.
We don't believe in hanging a woman. We're married and we're not allowed to believe in it.
We congratulate the governor on his recovery from seven doctors. We have known men to give under with just one.
The man who won't go to church without a frilled shirt will have a high old time of it walking through Heaven in a standing collar.—Atlanta Constitution.

Many Persons are broken from overwork or household care. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS restores vitality and cures all ailments.