

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. IX.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUG. 23, 1895.

NO 17

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

**MOTHERS, Do You Know** that Paregorio, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

**Do You Know** that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

**Do You Know** that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

**Do You Know** that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Picher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

**Do You Know** that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Picher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

**Do You Know** that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

**Do You Know** that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

**Do You Know** that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. H. H. Picher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Picher's Castoria.

## JUDGE WALTER CLARK

USES AND ENDORSES THE

### Electropoise

TRADE MARK.

"Cures when all else fails."

North Carolina Supreme Court. WALTER CLARK, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE. HALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 21, 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. 345 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

## DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. A. W. Alexander will be a his office at Lincolnton, 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.

**A Bad Condition.** We have before called attention to a great calamity threatening the people of the South. There is ground for this fear. In no section of the country is there greater need for Liver Medicines than in the South, and this has encouraged unscrupulous persons to take advantage of people's misery and offer them all sorts of stuff as a cure-all for Liver troubles. Their crime is greater because they must have accomplices to help them in this nefarious work. Their preparations are sold to the druggists at a low price. And the big profit to the druggist is the road by which they reach the public. Druggists of high honor will not be a party to such an outrage. Beware of any dealer who tells you that any Liver Medicine is just the same, or as good as Simmons' Liver Regulator, put up by J. H. Zellin & Co. You know it by the Red Z on the package. These preparations are not the same as good, Stick to the Old Friend, Your health and life should be worth something to you.

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

## Exhausted Soils

are made to produce larger and better crops by the use of Fertilizers rich in Potash.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim 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.

## The Fate of the Beautiful Mrs. Alston.

The unknown fate of the beautiful Mrs. Theodosia Alston, the only child of Aaron Burr, has never failed to awaken an anxious desire in the minds of refined persons to know the true and untimely cause of the disappearance from earth of that accomplished woman.

Young, beautiful, cultured, wealthy, endowed by nature with all the attributes which produce the highest charms of female perfection, happily wedded to the man of her choice making her domestic life all that her fondest anticipations had pictured, filled a position in the social circles of her day which was second to none, with a reputation and friendship as broad as her country, her loss created a profound sympathy and an earnest desire to know the cause.

Mystery up to now has shrouded her departure, being relieved only by speculation and conjecture. Circumstances have made it certain that she was lost at sea, and the belief that she was has never for one moment been shaken, but the cause resulting in her loss has been until now a hidden mystery.

Ocean travel at that time was confined to sailing craft, and so Mrs. Alston took passage at Charleston, S. C., on one of these small coasting vessels for New York city. The thought that she might have gone down to a watery tomb with the ship in a storm was not an improbable one.

The South Atlantic coast, however, at that time was badly infested with pirates and the idea gained currency (in what way we have never known) that the little coasting smack overtaken by pirates, looted of all its valuables and the crew and passengers together with the ship sunk in the bottom of the great ocean. This impression has always (we must believe by intuition) been the prevailing one with those most interested in Mrs. Alston's fate.

The Norfolk Public Ledger has recently published what it claims to be a link in the chain of circumstances, connected with the gloom of uncertainty and makes clear what has heretofore been a mystery.

The following is the statement of the Ledger in reference to the occurrence referred to: "About five years ago a clergyman was visiting his native state, North Carolina, and for several days was the guest of the widow of the late Dr. William Poole, near Elizabeth City. Above the mantelpiece in Mrs. Poole's parlor was an old-fashioned painting, exquisitely executed, of a beautiful young woman dressed in white. It so interested Mrs. Poole whom it was intended to represent. She then gave the following story of it: Eight years previously, she said Dr. Poole had taken his family to pass the summer at the little coast town of Nag's Head, N. C., where the United States man-of-war Huron came to grief. The place is largely populated by "bankers"—generally a rough class of men who mainly earn livelihood by picking up all series of flotsam and jetsam along the coast. One of these "bankers," however, was a very respectable and very old fellow, named Mann. His wife was suffering from a complication of diseases, and Dr. Poole took her case. Under his treatment she recovered, and as a token of gratitude the doctor presented him with the painting which so greatly interested the clergyman. Mrs. Mann's husband had recovered it from a wreck. When quite a young man he was walking along the shore one morning. His attention was called to a coasting schooner under full sail, bearing down upon the dangerous bar which in later years occasioned the loss of the Huron. With other "bankers" Mann put out to her assistance. They boarded the schooner, but

found that the only living thing aboard was a little black and tan dog. Careful inspection of the schooner proved nothing as to her antecedents. Even her name was not ascertainable. But the cabins had evidently been very recently occupied by a woman, and in this cabin was the painting which Mrs. Mann gave Dr. Poole, and which Mann appropriated in his share of the salvage. The schooner shortly after went to pieces.

Dr. Poole was an enthusiastic student of national matters. He felt certain that the picture had a very valuable history, and formed a suspicion that it might have represented the mysteriously lost daughter of Aaron Burr. He put himself in communion with several historical societies on the matter, but his theory found little weight in spite of a family likeness being admitted.

As the clergyman upon whose authority this story is given was returning from a recent visit to Mrs. Poole, while driving from that lady's house to Elizabeth City to take the cars home, he met a young man, whom he knew to be very bashful and much afraid of the gentler sex driving a strange woman in a buggy towards Mrs. Poole's residence. In a letter written to Mrs. Poole shortly afterward he good-naturedly referred to the incident and to the young fellow's evident embarrassment.

THE STORY OF THE PORTRAIT. This brought from Mrs. Poole another chapter in the history of the beautiful picture. The strange woman was a descendant of the Burr family, who resides in Detroit, Mich. Her name has temporarily escaped the clergyman's memory. She had been visiting at Virginia Beach, Va., where she had first heard of Mrs. Poole's mysterious painting from a North Carolina gentleman. Her visit to Elizabeth City was solely for the purpose of seeing the painting, and no sooner had she set her eyes on it than she offered Mrs. Poole \$300 spot cash for the same, besides any other additional sum she might require. Mrs. Poole refuses to part with the treasure. She told the visitor that there was a strong family likeness between the latter and the subject of the picture whoever that subject might have been; and further informed her of the facts already given here as to how the painting came into her possession.

This elicited from the Detroit woman another remarkable reminiscence, and one which, taken in connection the foregoing facts, proves that the painting is that of Aaron Burr's daughter—the one destined as a present to her—and that the unfortunate young woman was drowned by pirates. This in substance is the Detroit woman's story:

When her mother in Detroit, formerly resided her mother's aged aunt, a humane woman, who gave up much time to visit the poor and sick. One evening in one of the wards in Marine hospital, of that city was a dying sailor, who seemed terribly startly as the aunt, in company with others, approached his bedside. He beckoned her to him, however, and after begging that she alone of the visitors might hear what he had to say—a request which the others granted by retiring to the next ward—he stated that as a young man he had one summer been on a private vessel off the North Carolina coast. He then went on to say that he had then helped to overhaul a north-bound coasting schooner.

FACED HER DEATH CALMLY. On the vessel was a beautiful young feminine passenger dressed all in white. He had assisted in dragging her from her cabin, in which was hanging up a painting of herself. While the pirates were engaged in throwing the crew overboard he stated that this beautiful young lady paced the deck, with magnificent courage and dignity her hands folded on her breast and her eyes raised to heaven.

She made no remonstrance, whatever, and he steadied the plank upon which she walked to the vessel's side, thence to be plunged headlong into the ocean. He wanted to take away her picture and her dog—a little black-and-tan fellow—but dreaded to touch either. After the pirates had plundered the schooner of money and other treasures they abandoned the vessel, having set it under full sail to drift to its doom with the picture and the dog aboard. The dying sailor said that the young woman's sweet face had haunted him throughout life, and his confession was prompted by a striking resemblance between her and his listener.

Mrs. Poole's visitor stated that the sailor's story had been for years a current tradition of the descendants of Burr's family, though they had hitherto paid very little attention to it. Its extraordinary corroboration by the accidental meeting of these two women appears to settle forever the recent mystery as to the death of Mrs. Alston. The Detroit woman says that the subject of the painting is beyond doubt Aaron Burr's daughter—a statement corroborated by other pictures of that unfortunate woman in her possession, as also by still others belonging to the Alston family.—Ex.

## The New Gas—A North Carolina Invention.

We have taken considerable interest in the test made of acetylene gas, because it is a great discovery, the honor of which belongs to North Carolina. The discovery was made in the laboratory of Major J. Turner Morehead, at Leaksville, Rockingham county, by Mr. Wilson, the chemist employed there, and was, as many discoveries have been, what might have been called an accident. But the discovery was followed up with the result of giving the world an illuminant of remarkable brilliancy and almost incredible cheapness. We referred some time ago to experiments made in Europe, resulting in the establishment of plants in London and Berlin, and we see from the papers that they have given such satisfaction that the gas is now being used in lighting private residences, railway coaches, omnibuses and other public conveyances. A couple of weeks ago a company was organized in Pittsburgh, Pa., to manufacture the liquid from which the gas is generated. Speaking of the tests in Philadelphia, which resulted in the organization of the company, the Times says: "Its extreme brilliancy captivated the audience. The difference between it and ordinary city gas is marked. The acetylene gas, burning through a one-foot burner, gives fifty-six candle power, while ordinary city gas, burning through the ordinary five-foot burner gives about sixteen candle power.

"As a part of the experiment seven incandescent lights in one room were turned on and then off and the new gas from two burners was lit, when it was found that the latter gave a much more brilliant light. It is estimated that when it is brought in competition with city gas it will bring it down to sixteen cents 1,000 cubic feet. "Its adaptability is another important point in its favor, as it can be carried in the liquid form in cylinders and placed in service at a moment's notice."

A scientist who has been meander through New Jersey estimates that there are forty distinct species of mosquitoes in this country, but they all present their bills in the same way, and are hustlers when it comes to business.

## The Woman of To-Day.

'Tis true she wears her brother's ties And dons his tennis blazer, And finds his collars just her size; But she cannot use his razor.

## It is the Fad These Days

It is quite the "fad" now to trace up one's revolutionary and Mexican ancestors who served in those wars. As a consequence the Adjutant General's office is being flooded with letters. Major Hayee terms the headquarters now as the "Bureau of Revolutionary Information. Letters are received daily, many of them coming from all parts of the republic. The Revolutionary records are incomplete. All records of the State troops however, who were in the Continental line.

If you want to be "up to date," trace your grand daddies back about three generations further than your Revolutionary ancestors. It doesn't take but little history to make a family tree.—Ex.

## Throw the Doors Open.

There is a growing conviction that the State should throw open the doors of its University to the women. They are entitled to this admission in the language of the Constitution which says, "The General Assembly shall provide that the benefits of the University as far as practicable shall be extended to the youth of the State free of expense of tuition." The University has just completed the first hundred years of its existence and yet the girls have never enjoyed the right which the Constitution guaranteed and simply justice demanded. The most intellectual woman, perhaps, that the State has produced was educated at the University. She is said to have stood ahead of two brothers for four years. When graduating day came around diplomas were granted to the young men while this young woman was refused one. If the trustees of the University should decide to admit the daughters of the State to the institution in another decade woman's sphere of usefulness as the controllers of the State's formative influences would be greatly enlarged. When the question is sprung there are those who will be ready to exclaim, "Oh, it will unsex the sweet girls, and they will wish to enter politics and think and act like men." But the better education of our women is necessary, and if they wish to enter the University (and it seems that they do), it is certainly the duty of the men to admit them.—Sanford Express.

## Why it Failed.

"No, our onion social was not a success." "Onion social? What is that?" "Why, all of the girls stand up in a row, and one of them is selected to take a bite out of an onion. Then the young men pay ten cents a guess as to who ate the onion." "Yes." "And if he guesses right he gets to kiss all the other girls." "I see." "And the girl who bit the onion kisses all the fellows who guess wrong. And that is where the row began. All of the girls wanted to be the onion girl. More fellows guess wrong than right, you know."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The typesetting machine invented by Father Calendoli, a Sicilian monk is an advance on all other similar machines in speed and ease of manipulation. It is said to set 50,000 letters an hour, an amount representing the work for an equal period of twenty compositors, or of seven of the machines in common use. Its cardinal principles of difference from other machines is in the use of the octave and chord system of the piano, whereby a single movement of the hand an entire word may be put in type in the time formerly used for setting a letter.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

## For the Courier. The Fate of an Orphan Boy.

Scarce had Lee reached his fifth year When his father and mother dear Were laid in the cold, silent tomb, While the rose was yet in bloom.

No more a father's voice he heard, Or a kind mother's love he shared; No longer was he a mother's joy, But a helpless little orphan boy.

But Jesus Christ, the orph's friend, A kind relief did quickly send,— From want, care, and stern misery, Under His hallowed wing was Lee.

Beneath Uncle Tom's friendly roof, From harm and danger far aloof, Ten years was he most kindly reared,

Tho' Tom's advice went off unheeded, But Lee was thoughtless young and gay.

And often broke the Sabbath day: The church bell to him heedless rung, God's name blasphemed with his tongue.

His prayers went unsaid at night, In wickedness was his soul's delight: He would rob bird's nests, rove, and fish

On Sunday against his uncle's wish, At length came the appointed day When from his home he ran away, And to the sorrow of his life, He took unto himself a wife.

She was lovely, kind and true As any wife I ever knew; Longer she might've lived a think, Had not Lee found pleasure in drink.

Too well he knows the very day When "Fair Drink" stole his sense away; True as love for her controlled his will

To persuade him his wife to kill. 'Twas one dark and doleful night All seemed well—but he was not right!

His wife was lying on the bed Seized with agony fear and dread. He stepped to her with poison in hand,

And awoke her with a harse command: "Take this," cried he, it will cure you

Of those wild fits, take it pray do! She gave to him a tender look And in her mouth the poison took

And with the babe upon the bed, Down to her last long sleep she laid.

Yet fearing she was not quite dead, Upon her throat his hand he laid; Such a strong grasp upon her made That her soul to eternity fled.

Then his mind was clear—but full of woe "Ah," cried he, whether shall I go? How can I look upon wife's pale face,

How can I quit this mournful place? "It could only bring to life My dear, my darling murdered wife,

I'd give up drink and earthly store Yes, ten thousands and thousands more!

The direful deed performed he went To escape the horrors of punishment; But vengeful justice unawares Captured him in her toils and snares.

No guiltless craps hid his wan face As he was led to the prison's place; Imprisoned, tried, and doomed to die,—

Too late; his day of grace has gone by! Alas! the dismal death-bell tolled, And the fatal cord was now unrolled;

His body consigned to the sod And his soul went to meet his God. JOHN SQUARE.

August 11, '95.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.