

# The Lincoln Courier.

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### Professional Cards.

**BARTLETT SHIPP,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

**Finley & Wetmore,**  
ATTYS. AT LAW,  
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For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

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New York City.  
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"Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication."  
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### BESS TREFOIL'S REWARD.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

IT WAS a clear, frosty February morning, the sun glistening on a mantle of newly fallen snow, the wind whistling merrily around the street-corners, and Flora Trefoil made haste to button her well worn jacket and fasten on her black felt hat with the gold-green cock's plume.

"How I do hate to work," murmured she, with a pout of her rose-red lips. "How I wish I were rich, like that swarthy-complexioned little Cuban heiress, who orders such lots of dresses of Madame! I say, Bess," to the pale cousin, who was helping Mrs. Trefoil to clear away the dishes, "do make haste. Do you want to be fined for being late?"

"I shall not be late," said Bess. "I can walk very fast when once we are out. But Aunt Nan has a headache this morning, and I can't leave her with all this to do!"

"Aunt Nan is always having headaches," said Flora. "I say, Bess, if we go on that big sleigh-ride to-night, what shall you wear? The red merino? Charley Cotesworth likes red! He said so, last week."

"I don't know," said Bess, coloring a little. "Aunt Nan, I'll bring up some buns for tea, and a pound of crackers. I'm ready now, Flora."

At Madame Enrico's place, times were unusually busy. Several brilliant balls were to take place just before Lent, and Madame's customers were people who seemed to believe that nothing in the dressmaking line was impossible. Flora and Bess Trefoil were among her best hands; and, just as the little errand girl was lighting up the rooms, the fat Frenchwoman waddled hurriedly in where Flora sat.

"Miss Trefoil," said she, "here is an order from Mrs. Goldecoin. She wants an olive-plush gown by to-morrow afternoon, without fail, and if I don't take the job, she'll go with it to that odious Miss Mauwaring on Union Square. I must get it done. Your cousin is fitting her upstairs now, and you must take the gown home to make."

"To-night! Oh," cried Flora, remembering the projected sleigh-ride. "I couldn't, possibly."

"It must be done," said Madame Enrico, knitting her black eyebrows. "In an emergency like this, I expect my young women to help me—if they intend to retain their places. Of course, I shall pay you in proportion," she added, encouragingly. "But I had an engagement—"

"Your engagement must wait," said the madiste, authoritatively. "Here is the skirt and the pattern plate. The bodice will be sent down from the fitting-room directly."

Flora could have burst into tears, had such grief been of any avail—but she was not yet at her wits' end—and when the two cousins joined each other at the little side exit where the "hands" went out on their way home, she gave the parcel into Bess's astonished hands.

"Here's something that Madame wants you to get finished by to-morrow afternoon, said she, indifferently. "She says you understand Mrs. Goldecoin's figure. Of course, you'll have to work all night, but she's willing to pay you extra!"

Bess opened her dark-gray eyes wide. "I thought the gown was to be given to you," said she. "Madame Enrico told me—"

"Oh, no," said Flora, uttering the ready lie without blanching. "It's you, this time. And, since you can't go on the sleigh-ride, do you mind my wearing the cherry-colored merino? My crushed-raspberry cashmere is really getting too shabby to be decent."

Bess was silent. For weeks she had been looking forward to this sleigh-ride, and in her heart she dearly loved Charles Cotesworth, who was to have been her cavalier. The big tears sparkled into her eyes; her lower lip quivered. Flora watched her with furtive intentness.

"You are such a money-worshipping little miser!"

"I am not a miser," retorted Bess. "But I do like to help Aunt Nan a little, and to pay Cousin Thankful Morse's ward at the Old Ladies' Home."

"One can't support all the old people in creation," Flora said. "Aunt Nan isn't our real relation, after all—"

"But she brought us up and cared for us when we were little, Flora." "And she don't need all the things you are always getting for her," scornfully added Flora. "You spoil everybody, Bess."

Cousin Thankful Morse had come over from the Home, by the aid of a stout crutch, to see the girls start on their sleighing expedition; she sat by the fire, drinking a cup of tea and munching toast.

"La me!" cried she. "Bess not going! And arter settin' such a deal o' store by it! Well, I declare, it's too bad."

Bess sat quietly down to work at the olive-plush dress with its shimmering draperies of rich olive satin and velvet *passemante* trimmings; while Flora attended herself in the red merino, and adjusted a new hat picturesquely trimmed with fur, that she had borrowed from Madame Enrico's head trimmer for the occasion.

"Bess has made up her mind not to come," said she, in answer to young Cotesworth's eager inquiry. "She had a chance to do a little extra sewing for extra pay, and dear Bess is dreadfully fond of money for one so young. Quite a miser, you know." And Flora's laugh rang out sweet and clear, above the jingle of the sleigh-bells.

It was long past midnight when the gay party returned, but Bess still sat sewing at the machine. She listened, with a pale, set face, to Flora's exaggerated description of the delightful time they had had.

"I'd help you, Bess, if I wasn't so awfully tired," said Flora, with a yawn. "Are you nearly through?" Bess smiled. Did Flora dream, she thought, how tired she was? And there were yet four or five hours' work on the gown.

"Oh," casually added Flora, "I forgot to tell you that I stepped on the skirt of the red merino dress, getting into the sleigh to come home, and tore it into ribbons. But it was an old thing, anyway. You couldn't have got much more wear out of it. And Charlie was so nice."

"Was he? Didn't he ask where I was?" Flora shook her head. Where was the use, she thought, of encouraging Bess to think too much of the handsome young steam-fitter, whom she, Flora, had fully determined to make her own prey?

"I'm so tired of this everlasting dress-making," said Flora to herself. "And Charles Cotesworth would be a husband for any girl to be proud of."

Cousin Thankful Morse sat in her little room at the Old Ladies' Home, the next day, when the matron brought the steam-fitter's foreman to look at the faded radiator-pipes under the window. She knew him at once.

"Why, it's Mr. Cotesworth, ain't it?" said she, peering over the rims of her silver spectacles. "Well, I do declare! Why, Bess Trefoil was just here. She come to bring me a new for tippet and muff; I couldn't 'a' gone to church next Sunday with the old lynx set, so badly eaten with moths. She set up all night to finish a job for the dressmaker; it was one, too, that Flora ought to hev' done, but she somehow contrived to push it off on to Bess—Flora allays was a selfish creature—and Bess jest spent the money for me and her aunt Nan! Bess is allays thinking of other people. It's Bess as pays my board here, Mr. Cotesworth," added the loquacious old lady, as Charlie bent to examine the joints of the steam pipes. "I'd be on the town if it wasn't for her. Flora wouldn't care nothin' if I was. She thinks old folks hain't no business to exist. Poor Bess! I was dreadful sorry for her last night; she wanted to go on that sleigh-ride awful bad! But she knowed of she lost

the place at Madame What's-her-name's, there wouldn't be no rent paid nor clothes bought for Mrs. Trefoil!"

Charles Cotesworth straightened himself up. "She really wanted to go, then?" said he. "Flora told me—"

Cousin Thankful wagged her head of stiff little gray curls. "You can't put no dependence on what Flora Trefoil says," declared she. "She's allays a-tryin' to put other people in the background. I jest wish you could 'a' seen Bess cryin' over her work, arter you'd all gone away and left her last night!"

"Do you think," said Cotesworth, seizing his monstrous nippers as if with fatal intent, "she would be at home if I were to call to-night?" Cousin Thankful looked wondrously sage.

"Ef I was you, Charlie," said she, "I'd go to the dressmaker's place and sort o' calculate to walk home with her. Or else, like's not, you'll find yourself caught in some of Flora's tricks and traps. I hain't no confidence in Flora!"

Mr. Cotesworth availed himself of the old woman's hint. When Bess Trefoil came out of Madame Enrico's little side-door that evening, into the dark street, where the gas lamps blurred feebly against the driving mist which was fast effacing the purity of the snow, Charlie's umbrella was waiting for her.

"Mr. Cotesworth!" she cried, with a little start. "You are not sorry to see me, Bess?"

"No; but—but—" "Bessie, I didn't half enjoy the sleigh-ride last night without you." Her face shone radiant under the row of theatre-lamps which they were just passing.

"Really?" (It seemed such a silly thing to say, but what else was there for her?) They were in a dark place now; he drew her arm in his.

"We can walk better under one umbrella—so," said he. "I wonder, Bess, what you would say if I were to ask you to walk through all the years of life at my side."

"I think," murmured Bess, "I should say—yes." Flora Trefoil was amazed beyond measure when she found that quiet, pale Bess had been Charles Cotesworth's choice in spite of her own more showy fascinations. But Cousin Thankful chuckled to herself, in the little corner room of the Old Ladies' Home.

"She deserves her happiness, ev'ry bit of it," said Cousin Thankful, "and I'm proper glad that Flora has got come up with."

Madame Enrico gave the wedding-dress—she had not forgotten the patience and sweetness of her best "fitter" and the hands all joined and made it up after a wonderful new pattern that Mrs. Goldecoin's eldest daughter had brought from Paris.

"Nothing can be too good for Bess," they all said; and Flora shrugged her shoulders. "It's so ridiculous," said she, "to make such a fuss about a pale, insignificant thing like Bess."

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

**Mrs. Jefferson Davis' Illness.** LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 28.—A friend of Mrs. Jefferson Davis returned to this city last evening from New York city, where she had left her. In speaking of Mrs. Davis, she said that she was in a very critical state of health. She scarcely ever leaves her apartment at the hotel where she is boarding, and receives her guests reclining. Heart trouble is said by her physicians to be the specific cause of her illness. Her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, is with her, and is assisting in finishing the life of her father, which Mrs. Davis is writing.

If given in time, your chickens will never have gapes or cholera. We mean Gauthier's magic chicken cholera cure. Sold "no cure, no pay," by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

### Sudden Death of Secretary Windom.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—The Sudden death of Secretary of the Treasury Windom, while at the dinner of the Board of Trade and Transportation at Delmonico's to-night, caused immediate adjournment of that body a few minutes after 10 o'clock. The Secretary was the first speaker of the evening.

The dinner which began at 6 o'clock was completed shortly after 9 o'clock, and the Secretary arose to speak. He entertained the diners with an elaborate oration, and sat down amidst the loud applause of his auditors. Judge Arnaux then got up, and was in the midst of his speech introducing ex-Secretary Bayard, when some one cried, "Look at Secretary Windom!"

The speech was broken short and every eye was turned in the direction of that gentleman. He had collapsed in his chair and was falling to the floor. His face was ghastly and a cry of horror arose among the late festive revellers. There was an immediate rush on the part of all hands toward Mr. Windom's chair, but several doctors who were guests at the dinner, got there first and drove the others back. They were Drs. S. A. Robinson, Durant, Whitney, Fisher and Bishop.

Dr. Robinson bent down and making a close examination of the prostrate form, discovered that the heart was still beating, by his orders the dying Senator was carried into the dish room adjoining the banquetting hall, and there placed on a table.

Messengers were hastily despatched for electric batteries, and as many as four were applied to his body which was rapidly growing cold. This was exactly at 10:05 p. m. and for six minutes the electric shocks were applied incessantly but without success.

At 10:11 p. m. Judge Arnaux came out of the dish room and announced to the diners that Secretary Windom whom they had the pleasure of hearing only a few minutes ago had breathed his last. "He is dead." This was the fearful announcement sent through the gaily decorated banquet hall, around which still hung like a funeral pall the smoke of the after dinner cigars. "He is dead." The words went to the heart of every man who heard them. Could they believe it? The brilliant orator of a few minutes before aglow with enthusiasm, predicting his future policy in the Treasury Department was only a mass of clay.

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER. Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Aker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions and do not find our statement correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

**That Macune Letter.** WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The federation people met again to-day and all the notables, Powderly, Livingston, Macune and others were present. The meeting was a secret one. McClamy of North Carolina, and Mississippi Alliance members of the house, were among the audience. Livingston and Macune made a startling discovery this morning. The editor of the Kansas Alliance organ enclosed them a letter written by Rittenhouse, Colonel Polk's former secretary, acknowledging that he wrote the letter published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat charging that Livingston and Macune were breking Calhoun for senator for a monetary consideration. It will be recalled that this publication came near causing a rupture in the Ocala convention, and that it did subject Macune and Livingston to an investigation. The letter published in St. Louis was written here, but was dated at Atlanta. It seems that in his anxiety to down Macune & Co., he clipped the letter from the Globe-Democrat and enclosed it to the Kansas paper for reproduction, acknowledging he was its author. Among the other expressions he suggested that Christ had his Judas and the Alliance had its Macune. There was manifest excitement in the Economist this morning when this letter was read. Rittenhouse was suspected but no evidence had been obtained to fasten his guilt.

### INGALLS IS BEATEN.

**The Kansas Farmers Repudiate the South-Hater.**

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 28.—Judge W. A. Peffer was nominated and received 98 votes for Senator in both houses of the Legislature yesterday. The joint convention to-day voted as follows: Peffer, 101; Ingalls, 58; Blair, 3; Battern, 1; Merrill, 1; Kelly, 1.

It is glory enough. INGALLS is retired to the shades of private life. His political success is now like an "iridescent dream," and time and opportunity are given him to study "the decalogue and the Ten Commandments."

### Judge Peffer's Career.

Peffer is a man of education and ability, with an irreproachable personal character, though not as much a scholar as a man of affairs. He was born in Pennsylvania sixty years ago, and the foundation of his education was laid in the country school houses of that State.

In 1869 he was married and moved to Indiana, setting on a farm in St. Joseph county. In 1859 he again moved to Morgan county, Missouri, and there distinguished himself by his utterances in favor of the maintenance of the Union. In 1862 he was once more compelled by circumstances to make a change of base, and moved to Warren county, Illinois, from whence he enlisted in the Federal army, in Aug. of that year entering as a private, and discharged in 1865 as a second lieutenant, after the war he settled down in Clarksville, Tennessee, and engaged in the practice of law, acquiring some local reputation by his proposition to move Brownlew's radicalism. After four years of unsuccessful struggle to help the differences occasioned by the war, he was compelled to leave Tennessee, and in 1870 moved to Kansas, locating on a claim of government land in Wilson county, engaging in farming and the practice of law.

In 1847 he was elected to the State Senate as a Republican. In 1855 he removed to Coffeyville, an adjoining county, but in the same congressional district, where he established the Journal and conducted it as a Republican newspaper. In 1859 he was a Presidential elector on the Republican ticket, and in 1881 was appointed editor of the Kansas Farmer and moved to Topeka. He then abandoned party and politics and devoted himself to the study of economic questions, but when the new movement first showed signs of life he immediately stepped to the front as a leader, and by his speeches, and writing, did more than any man in the State to bring about the political revolution of last November.

During the campaign he was a declared candidate for the position to which he has been nominated by his party and Judge Peffer has always taken a great interest in agricultural matters, and is thoroughly educated in the bucolic science in politics. He has been a Republican from Fremont to Harrison. Is a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. Is a master Mason and belongs to the Knights of Labor. He unreservedly endorses the St. Louis platform and the Ocala platform of the Nat. Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union and the platform of the People's party in Kansas, believes the government should aid in improving harbors and rivers in the South, and building North and South railroads, in the West in irrigating lands wherever and as fast as settlement demands, and first of all the insurance of money enough to see the people on their feet again.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH. Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Aker's English Blood Elixir has never failed to remove scurfulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Bishop Horne.