

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 18, 1892.

NO. 46

Professional Cards.

Dr. G. F. Costner,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country. Office at his residence adjoining Lincolnton Hotel. All calls promptly attended to.
Aug. 7, 1891

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 residence of B. O. Wood
March 27, 1891

Bartlett Shipp,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891.

Finley & Wetmore,
ATTYS. AT LAW,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.
All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to.
April 18, 1890.

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Terms—CASH.
OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
July 11, 1890.

Dr. A. W. Alexander
DENTIST.
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.
Jan 23 '91

GO TO
BARBER SHOP.
Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonsorial art is done according to latest styles.
HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

J. D. MOORE, President.

L. L. JENKINS, Cashier.

No. 4377.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF GASTONIA, N. C.

Capital.....\$50,000
Surplus.....2,750
Average Deposits.....40,000

COMMENCED BUSINESS AUGUST 1, 1890.

Solicits Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Guarantees to Patrons Every Accommodation Consistent with Conservative Banking.

BANKING HOURS.....9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Dec 11 '91

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ALEXANDER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTIN, D. D.,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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

Fact and Fiction.

Tommye—Papa mamma wants five cents for the milkman.
Kittie—Papa, the butler says he must have that fifty cents or he won't leave no soup bone.
Wife—Henry, really I must pay the washwoman or she won't come again.

The Editor (desperately)—Confound these trifling interruptions! I haven't any ready money, and I'm busy. Leave me in peace until I finish this important editorial on "The Disadvantage of Wealth."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing 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, Boils, 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 Drugstore.

Silk Worms.

Some genius in Syria, named Mousa Khouri, has discovered the secret by which the silk worm makes silk. He can make the silk by machinery, without the aid of the silk worm. In this way, the cost of making silk can be reduced one-half. A manufactory is to be started in Georgia soon by a Syrian colony. To manufacture silk in this way a large tract of land has been secured on which to plant mulberry trees, and the emigrants expect soon to make their fortunes.—*Mechanics Monthly.*

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.
J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of grippe, when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber of Cookeport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Dr. Lawing's drug store. Large bottles, 50c and \$1.

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

TWO GIRLS' PLANS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"What are you going to do," said Minnie Lee to Mattie Price, as they stood on the school porch together the last day before vacation—"What are you going to do when you leave school, Mattie?"

"Oh, I'm going to uncle's," said Mattie. "I shall stay there most of the time. It's pretty pleasant at uncle's."
"Oh! I don't mean in vacation, Mattie," replied Minnie. "I mean when you leave school for good."
"I'll have a jolly time then; read novels and play the piano and pay visits all day! Maybe I'll have to help ma some; but I shan't wear myself out, I can tell you," said Mattie, turning about on her toes.

"I'll have a nice time until I marry, and I shan't marry anyone but a rich gentleman. When ma is mad at pa, she often says to us girls: 'Don't marry a poor man, my dears.' And she'll find that I shall mind her."

"Of course. My pa is poor, too," Minnie replied; "but ma says he's the best man she ever knew. As for marrying, I never think about that; I don't feel old enough. But you don't understand yet. I'm going to learn to be a dressmaker. What are you going to be?"

"Ma says it isn't genteel for ladies to earn money," said Mattie, tossing her head. "Let the men provide for them," she says."
"Well, my ma says that where people are poor every one should help. She makes fringes and bead trimmings in the evenings, and puts quite a little sum into her pocket that way. She wants us all to be able to make it lighter for pa as we grow up; and I've a turn for dressmaking, and I am going right at it after I've got through school. Six months more and that will be all. I'm a mechanic's daughter, and so are you; and why should we take on airs?"

All Mattie answered was: "Ma says it's not genteel to work." Time passed on. The girls went to school, graduated, and left it together. At the final exhibition, everyone said that Mattie was the prettiest girl upon the platform, and quite the most fashionably dressed. But Minnie's plain, white dress "hung" perfectly, and the natural rose in her hair was quite enough. Minnie, every one said, was very bright, if not so wonderfully pretty. After the exhibition, both girls went home with their mothers.

"I was proud of you to-day, Minnie," said Mrs. Lee; "and I really think you have taken advantage of your privileges. Girls did not have so good a chance for free education when I was young. Respectable parents had to pay for schooling, and only those who were willing to accept charity went to free school; now, every workingman has a right to the public schools, and we can keep our girls and boys there longer, which is a great blessing."
"Mattie," said Mrs. Price, "you put me in mind of myself at your age, only I was prettier than you are. Your waist was smaller than any other of the girls'. How pleased I was to think I'd cosseted you up from the first, and made you so genteel!"

And so the two girls left their school-days behind them, and entered on their woman's life. Busy little Minnie went on the following Monday to Miss Burlington, a thorough dressmaker, who taught her girls as carefully as she worked herself, and Mattie lounged about the little house, now and then "practicing" on a rattling old piano, which was one of the relics of her mother's youthful "gentility," reading all sorts of trash, and flirting with any young man who came across her path. Sometimes her mother would grow angry and scold her. Sometimes she would declare that Mattie was "a lady born." Now and then, when dinner was late, and put on the table only half cooked at last, on a cloth speckled with gravy and attractive to flies, her father would

cry out: "Why can't you teach Mattie to wash and cook? A great girl, that costs me more than she'll ever be worth in this world."

But neither parent made any sensible effort to alter her habits, or put her in the way of being anything more than a pretty, idle thing who never thought it her duty to help anyone or to think of anyone but herself.

Time flies fast. Fifteen years had passed since the school-days of our two girls ended. In a bright window, on the second floor of a large house in Fourteenth street, New York, stood several wax figures, elegantly dressed in the latest fashion. Large cases of lace goods and ornaments for hair and costume were ranged about the room, and well-dressed young women stepped briskly about inquiring the wishes of the throng of customers add taking their orders.

In the next room, behind closed doors, a fine-looking woman of thirty was presiding over the work of some dozen young girls, and two older women were preparing more at a large cutting table. In the window one could read the sign—

MISS LEE,

ARTISTIC DRESSMAKER.

It was Minnie, her old friend, who was at the head of the establishment; and work had certainly agreed with her, for she had grown rosy and buxom.

"Be careful of this silk," she was saying to her principal cutter. "The lady it belongs to wants to make the most of it, and it cannot be matched, and there will be a button and half a yard of lace left—see that they are sent home with her parcel."

Miss Lee was always so careful in such small matters, her customers said. "Before we trim Mrs. B's walking-dress we should let her know that that material will fray in a week," she added. "Perhaps she can exchange it. Eliza, take this card over to her at once—"

"Miss Lee," said a voice at her elbow, at this juncture, "Miss Lee, a lady has called. An old school friend, she says she is. I told her you were busy, but she says she's in great trouble and must see you."
"Who can it be?" thought Minnie, and taking off her apron she hurried to a small private parlor to which her guests were shown, and there found, sitting on the sofa, a slender, faded-looking woman, wearing a shabby silk, with the braid dragging behind her, and a very gay pink bonnet, with one of the strings pinned on with a large brass pin.

"I don't suppose you know me, Minnie," said this lady, rising. "I'm Mattie Price, or I was before I married. I'm Mrs. Jellicoe now. Dear me, how fat you are!"

"Yes, I grow stout," said Minnie. "Though I do fly around, I can tell you. And so this is Mattie! Well, you have the same black eyes and hair—such pretty hair—and have you been well—and happy?"

"Oh, I'm never well," replied Mrs. Jellicoe; "and as for happy—my husband went off three years ago, goodness knows where. I get what I can from pa and what I can from Brother John; but it's hard to get on, and I saw your sign, and knew it must be you, and I thought I'd see whether you'd help me a little."
"All I can, my dear," said Minnie, heartily. "What a dreadful man to use you so. I wish you had come six months ago; for now I have only three months left. I'm going to be married, too, Mattie. We've been engaged three years, but Sara and Esther will take the business, and they'll do anything I ask; and I can get you started. Of course, you want me to teach you my trade. Those delicate little fingers will make lovely stitches, I'm sure, and you can earn something from the first, and a good deal very soon."

"Earn?" ejaculated Mrs. Jellicoe. "Earn! You don't think I want to be a dressmaker? Mr. Jellicoe belongs to one of the first fam-

ilies, and I've never earned a penny and hope I never shall."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Minnie. "I think it is so nice to earn money. Here, Mattie, turn around and let me stitch your braid on, I've got my needle and thread here. I can't bear to see braid hanging— and your bonnet-string—shan't I sew that?"

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "Yes, if you will. You see, before Mr. Jellicoe went off, I had a maid, and she mended for me. I've got out of the way of doing it myself. I didn't mean to offend you, Minnie. It's splendid for you to get on so, but I couldn't make dresses or sew for a living after boarding in style so many years."

"No; I suppose not!" sighed Minnie Lee, shaking her head and hitching at the braid. "Couldn't you give music lessons? You used to play?"

"Oh, I've dropped my music," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "What I thought, Minnie, was that, perhaps you'd lend me five dollars until I can borrow more of Brother John."

"No, I won't," said Minnie; "but I'll give you ten. I'm glad to do that. And now see, Mattie, think over what I have said. You shall be taught a good trade if you'll come here."

Mrs. Jellicoe had taken the two crisp five-dollar notes, kissed Minnie on both cheeks, and put them into her ragged portemonnaie, and made no answer.

"I know I'm keeping you from your work, dear," she said, in rather a condescending manner. "Oh, yes—I forgot my bonnet. Thank you. Good-bye." And she was gone.

Years afterward, when Minnie, the wife of a wealthy manufacturer, stood one day at her window, she saw an ambulance pass by, followed by a large crowd.

"It's a poor person who has killed herself with kerosene, ma'am," said her chambermaid, who had just heard the news from the policeman. "By the name of Mrs. Jellicoe, ma'am. She lived with her brother, and he used to scold her for idleness. And just to-day he bade her make the fire for a cup of tea, and she would not put a hand to it; and he was for turning her out of doors, and with that she agreed to do it, and to hasten the blaze, she poured on kerosene. She can't live an hour they say."

"It must be poor Mattie," sighed Minnie. "It is the end she would be most likely to come to."

A Plea for Neckwear.

Dressy neckwear of all sorts is promised an unprecedented run of favor for the coming season. There is reason for the most devout thankfulness that at last the untidy, half-dressed spectacle of woman without collars is at an end. There has not for half a century been any fashion more demoralizing or more unbecoming. It has been productive of an amount of carelessness among growing girls that it will take years of training to overcome. There are many daughters of respectable families who appear in the morning—indeed, at any time of the day—without ruffling or other finish in the neck of the dress. Such fashions as these may be criticised, not merely as foolish caprice, but as having decidedly injurious tendencies, especially in view of the fact that they let down the standard of neatness, care and daintiness among young girls.

Novelists and poets have written of the charming girl with the dainty line of white about her throat and wrists. Whether the novelist of the future will enlarge upon the charms and daintiness of the miss who comes down to breakfast without collar or cuffs, it is scarcely worth while to question. There is neither sense nor reason in the practice, and it has a suggestion of careless untidiness scarcely to be tolerated by any person of fastidious taste.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

State Sunday School Convention.

We would call the attention of those of our readers interested in Sunday school work and those who should be—and that means everybody from the three-year-old to the octogenarian—to the approaching annual State Sunday School Convention, to be held in Newberne, on the 29th, 30th and 31st of this month. The program before us savors of good things in store for those favored to attend. Mr. Wm. Reynolds, the affable, genial, good natured, good looking Sunday School Convention manager will be there. It is said that he hails from Peoria, Illinois, the Banner Sunday School State, but it strikes us that he is from Hatterville, for he is a hustler of the hustlers.

Our State Convention will also be attended by Rev. H. M. Hamill, the Superintendent of the Normal Department of the Illinois Sunday School Association, who will take charge of the two afternoon sessions and convert the Convention into a Sunday School Institute.

He will hold two Conferences having the following as topics: Sunday School Management. a. The Equipment, b. The Program. Sunday School Scholars. a. Their Attendance, b. Their home Study. The following Training Lessons will be given.

Sunday School Teachers. a. Their Preparation, b. Their Duties, c. Their Mistakes. Normal Work. a. Its Aim, b. Its Needs.

After each lesson there will be opportunity given for questions to be asked and answers given by Prof. Hamill.

It is especially desired that the leaders in secular school Institute work attend the Convention and take advantage of the Sunday School Institute session that similar methods may be set on foot in our State Sunday School work. Prof. Hamill is an acknowledged leader in Sunday School Institute work, and the officers of the State Sunday School Association hope that the leaders in educational work, as well as ministers, superintendents and others interested in Sunday School work attend, that his methods, or an improvement upon them, possibly, may be adopted in Sunday School Institutes to be inaugurated throughout the State during the summer months or in connection with our County Sunday School Conventions.

E. W. WARD, Pres. Dist.

The Alliance and Politics.

It is always a difficult matter to keep any organization quiet during a campaign. No matter what its nature, some of the members feel that because they happen to think a certain way or favor a certain party that all of the members should think and act just as he does. Politics even are carried into churches, and some member of a church thinks all the male members should vote for a certain party or candidate. All this is more or less unfortunate.

The Alliance has had some trouble every two years on this account. Everybody cannot think alike. We should not expect it. This paper has repeatedly made suggestions along this line, and as the approaching campaign warms up, a good deal of caution will be necessary.

The number of people who think the Alliance should become a political party is small. But there are quite a number who think it should vote solidly with the People's party. Still another large crowd think every Allianceman should vote the Democratic ticket. Not a few think the same in regard to the Republican ticket. This feeling is not confined to Alliance membership. Party papers, speakers and organizers cling to the idea that Alliancemen should all vote with their party. There are members of the Alliance who will vote nothing but the Democratic ticket. Others will only vote the Republican ticket. Others want to go to a new party.

We will not attempt to dictate how any man shall vote. But tak-

ing the Constitution as a guide, will try to define its meaning. Alliance membership does not interfere with your political or religious views. That is plain to all. The Constitution says that partisan politics must not be discussed in Alliance meetings. That should be sufficient to keep out all partisanship, and every President should see to it that partisan stuff is not brought in a meeting. No President who does his duty will permit it.

As an educational organization our speakers and organs have urged our membership to stand by our principles and to vote only for men and parties that agree to carry out the same. This is the only way they can do and there can be no reasonable objection to such a course. If all could think alike, naturally all would vote with one party. But this cannot be expected. Hence there should be no quarrel between members.

The only safe course to pursue is to educate the people, keep them informed and then they are likely to vote intelligently. Above all things keep partisanship out of the Order. Presidents can do this if they will. They must if they mean to do right. The enemies of our Order would be glad to see it discredited by partisanship. Above all things they would like to see the Alliance emerge into a party. They could then have a picnic. It would lose all that has been gained and would have no further influence as an educational organization. Be cool, be conservative. Keep your eyes open and be ready to act the best way at the proper time. Don't let partisanship drown out everything else. Let the organization be first, parties second. Don't let party or neighborhood differences estrange you. We will continue to do all we can to keep things right on this line and suggest that all other papers do the same.—*Progressive Farmer.*

[The foregoing appeared in the Progressive Farmer a week or two before the third party was formed. It is the most sensible advice we have found in the editorial columns of that paper for a long time. Wonder if that paper is practicing what it preaches.—Ed.]

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.

Freckles.

Some people are born freckled and other people have freckles thrust upon them. The former class might as well accept their freckles as a judgment, for nothing can be done for them. The latter can always, at this time of the year, get rid of their affliction by using a couple of drachms of sal amoniac with an ounce of German cologne, the solution mixed with a pint of distilled water. Applied two or three times a day, states the *Scientific American*, it will cure the worst case of acquired freckles on record.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Hon. A. Leazer, of Mooresville, passed through Salisbury en route for Raleigh, Monday night. In an interview with him regarding his position on the third party, he said, "I am a straight-out Democrat, and have no use for the third party or third partyism. I have been watching with interest the movements of Col. Polk, and what I have observed so far, as to his aims, etc., is quite unsatisfactory. It is apparent, however, that he is inclined to the third party. This party will never do—it will just run the country. It cannot accomplish anything more than disrupt the Democratic party for a few years. I noted carefully the first issues of the Watchman and Progressive Farmer, after the St. Louis convention, expecting them to champion the third party, but they were more reticent than ever. The platform adopted at that convention is a miserable thing, part of it being the worst I ever read. No, as for me I cannot give up my affiliations with the Democratic party for the difference between the platforms. I am an Allianceman and mean to stay one, but I desire it to be understood that I am a Democrat—this is my position, both privately and publicly."—*Cor. Charlotte Chronicle.*