

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, APR. 15, 1892.

NO. 50

**Professional Cards.**  
**Dr. G. F. Costner,**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
 Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding counties. Office at his residence adjoining Lincoln Hotel. All calls promptly attended to.  
 Aug. 7, 1891 1y

**J. W. SAIN, M. D.,**  
 Has located at Lincoln and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding counties.  
 Will be found at night at the residence of B. C. Wood  
 March 27, 1891 1y

**Bartlett Shipp,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 LINCOLNTON, N. C.  
 Jan. 9, 1891. 1y.

**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. 1y.

**Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,**  
 SURGEON DENTIST.  
 Terms—CASH.  
 OFFICE IN COBE BUILDING, MAIN ST.,  
 LINCOLNTON, N. C.  
 July 11, 1890. 1y

**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 28 '91 1y

**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



**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. AARON, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 "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." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Withrop," 115th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.  
 "For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." L. L. JENKINS, M. D., New York City.  
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

**The Col. Polk Interview.**

The National Democrat, in its issue of March 19, published an interview of the president of the National Alliance, Col. L. L. Polk, in which he was reported as saying that he expected to receive the nomination of the third party for the second place on the national ticket. Col. Polk writes us requesting a correction, and says that his name had been prominently mentioned in that connection, but he made no remark that could be construed into a statement that he expected such a nomination.

The National Democrat has no disposition whatever to have Col. Polk misrepresented or do him injustice, and takes pleasure in giving the full benefit of the explanation to correct any innocent harm that might grow out of such a report. It has never been a cause or censure or condemnation, we believe for an ambitious man to aspire to high positions of honor and trust in this country. On the contrary, it is a luxury often indulged in, and why should it be denied the distinguished president of the National Alliance or any other man. One W. H. T. Wakefield, of somewhere in Kansas, was once upon a time a vice-presidential candidate, and various other gentleman, ambitious to serve their country, have been found at different periods in our political history engaged in the same laudable pursuit.

But while Col. Polk corrects this statement, we do not see that he has given a denial to the ridiculous claim attributed to him that this third party that is-to-be will sweep the Southern States in the coming Presidential contest. If Col. Polk knows anything about the sentiment of the people of the Southern States, he must know that this mis-called third party has about as slim a chance to carry a single one of them, as the grand old Democratic party of the nation would have of carrying Vermont.

But, colonel, we don't want to discourage your candidacy for the second place on the third party ticket if you can be induced to yield to the importunities of "many voters," nor have we a desire to disturb the fond delusion that the third party will sweep the solid South with the fury and desolation of a Kansas cyclone.—National Democrat.

**Godsey's Lady's Book.**  
**MACK'S EASTER QUEST.**  
 BY LILLIAN GREY.  
 Wotever be folks takin' sech lots of flowers in the churches fer, Tommy?  
 "Why, cos it's Easter ter-morrer."  
 "Easter! Wot's that?"  
 "Wot's that?" Well, yer be a reg'ler beathen, aint yer? Why, Easter is—well, it's the risin' of the dead nigh as I kin make out. Leastways I heard a part of a sermon onct down ter the misshun on that very subjeck, an' that's about wot the man said, anyhow."  
 "Why, Tommy! it don't never mean that dead folks wake up alive, an' get up out o' their graves an' come home agin, do it?"  
 "Yes, I guess it does; or else they comes out an' go straight to heaven. I don't know nothin' certain 'bout it; but Easter comes onct a year, an' the churches makes a spread."  
 "Oh dear! I wish you knew fer true! Did any o' your folks ever come alive an' come back?"  
 "No; but then ye see none o' my folks ain't never been dead yet, an' so—"  
 "Do you s'pose my ma'll come alive ter-morrer, Tommy? She's been dead purty nigh a year; an' oh! if she should come back!"  
 "Well, ye see, I aint over'n above well posted on sech high matters, an' yer better ask somebody as is; but it'd be a prime thing if yer ma did rise and come hum agin, wouldn't it?"  
 "My sakes! if she only would, Tommy! an' ye aint surr? Then I'll run an' ask Granny Brink, straght as a string."  
 Granny Brink rented lodgings for a living, and gave Mack a ragged nest under the basement stairs, and sometimes odds and ends to eat, in exchange for numberless errands. For the rest, he roamed the streets and did any odd jobs he found to do, and somehow earned a few pennies every day, which served to keep his body and soul in partnership.  
 "Say, Granny! what does Easter mean?"  
 "Bless me, Mack! how you do pounce in on a body! You're all out of breath, too; an' what do you want now this time o' day?"  
 "I want to know if it's Easter ter-morrer? an' what it means, too, an' honest?"  
 "Why, I—I dunno, but it is ter-morrer, come to think; ye know I'm so drove, an—"  
 "Does it mean that dead folks come alive?"  
 "Why, yes; it's something like that, or that they will sometime or other. The Lord be ris from the dead ages an' ages ago, an—"  
 "My! what time in the day, Granny?"  
 "Why, early in the mornin' fore ever it was real light, so the Book says; an' that's a troo sign for other dead folks, so they say."  
 "Did you ever see anybody what was dead an' come alive agin, Granny?"  
 "Mercy 'on us, no! how you do talk; why, I should be skeered out of my seven senses to see one! No, I aint never had no deahn's with ghosts, the saints be praised!"  
 "Then don't you think nobody'd rise ter-morrer?"  
 "Law sakes, I should hope not! I don't want the world to come to an end yet—not till I'm safe out on't; but do stop troublin' your foolish head 'bout sech things, an' run along out in the street; you'll miss gittin' a chance to kerry a portmanty, or somethin'."  
 Mack turned slowly away, and Granny Brink said to one of her lodgers:  
 "That air boy'll ask question—that a priest couldn't answer, lettin' alone a poor ignorant woman like me. I never see the beat!"  
 Mack went out in the street and walked on and on he knew not where, while pondering the mighty matter in his little perplexed mind. Who else could ask? He paused in front of a church where some men

were carrying from a truck great pots of palms and ferns, and the child ventured a question.  
 Probably the man did not understand, for he pushed him aside, and said hastily: "Don't bother 'round here, boy! Don't you see we're in a dreadful hurry?"  
 Mack went on, still questioning within himself. What were they trimming the churches for? Would the dead come to them from their graves far outside the limits of the city? Would his mother do that? She had not been used to going to church when she was alive, because, as she often said, her clothes were too shabby.  
 The boy was in a fever of doubt and wonder, and spying a pleasant looking old gentleman sauntering along, resolved to ask him.  
 "Say, mister, please, what do Easter mean?"  
 "Easter! why, my little man, it means the resurrection—that is, the risin' from the dead."  
 Mack's brown eyes began to glisten again.  
 "An' is it ter-morrer, sure?"  
 "Why, yes, bless my soul, I do believe it is! but I hadn't thought it was so near; time does go so fast; but it's Easter to-morrow, sure enough! But why are you so interested?"  
 "Cos I was jest achin' ter know 'tbankey-sor!"  
 "Bless me! what a queer little chap!" thought the old gentleman as he sauntered placidly on, and Mack said to himself:  
 "He ain't got no dead ones ter come back, or else he'd a-had it in mind fer ever I asked him. An' so it's reely troo! I knowed he knowed everything soon as I seeed him; an' wasn't it a piece o' luck I run across him?"  
 It was growing late in the afternoon; it looked like rain, too, and the wind blew chill up from the river, but Mack, used to all sorts of weather, turned up his jacket-collar and slipped into a quiet alley to count his hoard of pennies. Then he went out and bought a couple of burns, and eating one he took his way to an Easter river ferry. He had followed his mother to her resting-place, and knew that so far he was right. Arrived on the other side, he timidly asked a policeman:  
 "Please, sor, which 'ere o' them there horse cars goes where they burry dead folks?"  
 The policeman was too busy in directing the tide of travel to answer, but he pointed; and Mack got into the car which he thought was the one meant, and paid his fare with the dignity of a man. He asked no questions of any one. He was used to taking care of himself, and keeping his eyes open, and he was sure he should know the place when he came to it. He remembered how long the way had seemed to him before, through he had gone in a rickety back, and, child-like, had counted the cars they had met and passed on the way; but now mile after mile went by and he saw no gate-way or gleaming marbles to indicate the abode of the dead.  
 His fellow-passengers had looked curiously at him, but finally all who had started with him were gone, and others took their places, and then they too were gone, until Mack was the only occupant. The houses along the line grew poorer with barren spaces between them, and then the car stopped.  
 "Come, my boy," said the conductor; "this is the end of the route. You've had a long ride. Did you come on purpose for that?"  
 "Why, no-sor; I come ter the burryin' place, an' I can't see nothin' 'o' it."  
 "There's no cemetery here that I know anything of. What one did you wan', sonny?"  
 "I dunno. Is there more'n one?"  
 "Why, yes; there's a half-a-dozen in different directions; none on 'his line, though."  
 "I want the one where my mother was put!"  
 "Well, I can't tell you where that is, I'm snre. Come, do you want to go back with this car?"  
 "No, I can't; I want 'o find my mother. I jest most know it was out here some'ers!"

"Look around then, or ask some one that lives hereabouts; but you had better take the next car anyway, for it's most night."  
 Left to himself, Mack looked anxiously about him; everything was dreary in the extreme. He walked on aways, and then seeing a man leaning over a gate, he asked:  
 "Please, mister, do you know where's a buryin' place anywheres around here?"  
 "Not nearer'n a half mile or so, my young friend. Why? have you got something to bury? a kitten, may be?"  
 The boy turned on him a look so full of mute reproach, that the man hastened to add:  
 "No offense meant, my boy; I'm jest given to jokin', that's all. But what did you want?"  
 "I want er find the place where my mother's buried. I don't mean the exact spot, but jest the gate what goes into it."  
 "What's the name of it—Greenwood, may be?"  
 "I dunno's it had any name, but it was 'n the spot where the rich folks is put."  
 "In a tree ground then, probable, Well, there's sech a one 'bout half-a-mile away. You go back along the car track till you come to a house on your right with red blinds, an' turn up that street aways; an' then you better enquire, for there's a turn or two more; but for pity sake! what do you want to go to such a place to-night for! it's 'most dark an' beginn' to rain. You better go straight home!"  
 "Oh no! I can't, cos ter-morrer's Easter, ye know!"  
 "What did that little fellow want, father?" called a woman from the open door.  
 "Why, Mollie, he says he wants a grave-yard where his mother is, an' this time o' night, too. Bless if I don't think the boy's a leetle off in his head! dunno as I ought to have let him went, all alone so, but he was off like a flash."  
 The boy was out of hearing, fitting along through the gathering gloom like a little phantom, past the house with red blinds, on and on, until he knew that he must ask his way again. How hard the rain began to come down and how quickly it grew dark; and for the moment he almost wished himself back in his dead under Granny Brink's basement stairs. The street seemed deserted, and the houses straggled unobscurely here and there, and finally the boy timidly knocked at one.  
 A brawny man with a pipe in his mouth opened it, and said gruffly:  
 "Well, youngster, an' what'll you have?"  
 "Please, mister, is there a burryin' place 'round here anywheres? I want er find where my mother's buried, so as—so as—"  
 "So as to what? don't begin to say!"  
 "Well, I want to find it orful bad!"  
 "Find a cimitry—now, in the dark an' rain! You must be down-right crazy! why, you ought to be locked up in a loonatic asylum!"  
 The child waited to hear no more, and mortal fear lent speed to his weary feet. Locked up! he, a poor little boy, doing no harm, only in search of his buried mother. What should he do? It was so dark now that he could not see the gate even if he should come to it. He was afraid to ask any more questions, and he was so confused that he could not find his way back to the street where the car tracks were. The street lamps were dim and far apart, and in one of the dark places in between he fell on the uneven pavement and cruelly hurt his knee, and became muddy as well as wet. And the wind blew so cold. Oh! it was dreadful to be lost and hurt and cold and sad!  
 And how shuld he and his mother ever find each other now? Poor little Mack! But he limped on in the rain, simply because he did not know what else to do, until through the curtainless window of a house standing close to the street, he saw an old man reading. He looked so pleasant and kind that the boy ventured to knock. The door was speedily opened, and a cheery voice inquired:

"Well, my little fellow what do you want?"  
 "I'm lost, please! an—"  
 "Lost? my goodness! this rainy night, too; but do come right in by the fire!"  
 "But, mister, I'm so orful muddy!"  
 "Sure enough; but all the more need of your being seen to. Here, maw! here's a lost little boy, wet as sads; bring a shawl or something dry for him. Now, child, you might you be, an' where did you come from?"  
 "I'm Mack; an' I come from New York!"  
 "Mercy on us! an' here you are at the extremest end o' Brooklyn. How come it?"  
 "Now, Hiram," said the bustling old lady, "don't make him talk till he's more comfortable; he's got a regular chill, poor dear! Just hang up his jacket to dry, an' pull off his shoes an' stockings, an' put his feet right to the fire, while I warm him up a bowl of that soap left over from supper; that'll do him good."  
 A half-hour later, Mack warmed and fed and comforted, repeated his oft-told and pathetic story, and this time to sympathetic ears. Good Mistress Mary wiped her eyes repeatedly during the recital, and even her husband was forced to do the same when the child told his resolve—that as he could not find the exact spot of his mother's grave, he expected to watch just outside the gate until the wonderful procession began to file past in the dawning, and then, as she came by, he would call to her and spring to her side.  
 "Dear heart! whatever put such a wild idee into your poor head?" asked the old man.  
 "Why, I knowed she never could find me in the city, nor I her, if she come ever so much; she didn't know nothin' 'bout Granny Brink when she was alive, ye see."  
 "Yes; but didn't you think you'd be jest scared to death yourself waitin' all night in sech a spot? Why, I'd hardly want to do it!"  
 "I didn't know it was goin' ter rain; an' I never seed it so dark, never, nowhere!"  
 "Sure enough, Hiram! what would a child, living in the heart of a city, realize about darkness? Well, I'm glad you're all safe here, child."  
 And then the old people, in as plain and simple words as possible, told the puzzled child all they knew about Easter and the mystery of the resurrection.  
 "Then it ain't no use! an' I've come way out here a huntin' fer nothin'," said the disappointed boy.  
 "Now, maybe it ain't ter nothin', sonny," said the kind old man. "You shall stay here till you're rested out, anyway; an' I know a nice man right over here in the green-house that wants a boy for light work, an' I wouldn't wonder if you'd do."  
 That night Mack slept in a soft, white bed, and the next day was petted, and feasted on eggs beyond anything in his experience; and on Monday, the florist, after hearing the boy's story from good Uncle Hiram, took the little waif into his employ.  
 As soon as Mack had become accustomed to the locality, so that he could find his way back and forth alone, he made a trip over to New York to tell Granny Brink of his good fortune, how, though he had failed in finding his mother, yet he had found a good home and congenial work in his Easter quest.

**SPECIMEN CASES.**  
 C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism in stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of electric bitters cured him.  
 Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had running sores on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric bitters and seven boxes of Buckley's Arnica salve, and his leg is sound and well.  
 John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of electric bitters and one box of Buckley's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. Lawing's Druggists.  
 When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

**THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION**

Interpreted by Congressman Moses.

Charles L. Moses, Congressman from the Fourth Georgia district, and a leading Alliance member, has written a very long letter to the Southern Alliance Farmer. In it he exposes the St. Louis Third party convention and the Third party itself. He says he was requested to make a report on what was done at the St. Louis conference, and declares that when he arrived in St. Louis he learned that the representatives of the People's party had been on the ground two days working and plotting to capture the conference. It was apparent that the Third partyites had but little opposition except from the Southern Alliance; and the Southern delegates did finally force them to adjourn the conference without directly endorsing the People's party. The thought uppermost in the minds of these "non-partisans" seemed to be how to destroy the Democratic party and how to build up the so-called People's party. To do this it was conceded that the solid South must be broken. One enthusiastic delegate expressed it in this way: "We already have an entering wedge in Georgia; we will break the back of the damn Democracy in that State, and other States will follow."

As to the report of the committee on platform, Mr. Moses says: "I was sitting on the second tier of seats in front near the desk. Perfect silence reigned in the hall, and I heard distinctly every word that was spoken. The first part, consisting of the preamble or address was read by Donnelly, and was received with the wildest enthusiasm. He then announced that Chairman Cavanaugh would read the platform. The president requested that there be no applause before the entire platform was read, which request was complied with. Chairman Cavanaugh then read the platform. In the platform there were twelve planks, and the last one was as follows: 'WE DEMAND THAT THE GOVERNMENT ISSUE LEGAL TENDER NOTES AND PAY THE UNION SOLDIERS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PRICE OF THE DEPRECIATED MONEY IN WHICH THEY WERE PAID AND GOLD.'"

"Now as to the different reports as to what the platform is. The platform was read and adopted as given above. I copied it from the Knights of Labor Journal, of March 3, published ten days after the meeting. The secretary of the Knights of Labor was the secretary of the convention. It was so published in nearly all the Alliance papers in the country. I have a letter before me, written by Miss Willard, the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose reputation for truthfulness is recognized throughout Christendom. She was a member of the platform committee. In this letter she states that the pension plank was adopted in the committee and in the conference as a part of the platform. Jerry Simton has said repeatedly, that not only is it a part of the platform, but that it has been in every green-back platform since the war. The editor of the National Economist, in the issue of March 12th, admits that the division (of the platform) into three planks has been done since the adjournment of the convention, and that he did it at the suggestion of Marion Butler, of North Carolina. The truth of the matter is, when they saw the South would not accept it, the bosses here in Washington patched it up and issued a special edition for Southern consumption. They don't deny the pension plank in the North and West. Mr. Turner, the secretary, says he favors it. Why do they want to deny it? The Third party Congressmen favor it. Just the other day eight of them voted to add about twelve millions more to a pension bill that was already too large."

I warn the people against this People's party. It is pregnant with unseen dangers. Beware of ex-Republicans and missionaries from our enemies, who are persuading us to pull down the walls of Democracy.

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