

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1894.

NO. 42

Professional Cards.

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 Lincolnton Hotel.

March 27, 1891

1v

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

1y

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of an anaesthetic applied to the gums. Positively destroys all sense of pain and cause no after trouble.

I guarantee to give satisfaction or no charge.

A call from you solicited.

Aug. 4, 1893.

1y

GO TO BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work away neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

E. W. HOKE,

Livery & Feed Stables,

Two blocks west of Hotel Lincoln.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Teams furnished on short notice. Prices moderate. Patronage solicited.

English Spanish Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and bluishness from horse, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, splints, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Have \$54 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful bleaching cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing, Druggist, Lincolnton, N. C.

E. M. ANDREWS

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Oak Bedroom suits of ten pieces, from \$29.00 to \$150.00

Parlor Suits of six pieces, from \$32.50, to 200.00.

SIDEBOARDS from \$10.00 to \$75.00

EXTENSIONS TABLES from \$4.00 to \$40.00.

China Closets \$15.00 to \$45.00.

Center Tables \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Basels and Picture's \$3.00 to \$20.00.

COUCHES and LOUNGES \$7.50 to \$45.00.

Musical racks and Cabinets, \$1.50 to \$12.00. Revolving Book Cases and Roll Top Desks and Chairs, \$5.00 to \$40.00. Organs, \$50.00 to \$150.00. Pianos, \$225.00 to \$800.00.

This is a great sale and you make a great mistake if you fail to take advantage of it. ALL letters promptly answered. Write at once for particulars.

E. M. ANDREWS,

16 and 18 West Trade St,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Jan. 26, 1894.

PATENTS

Caveats and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moore & Peck. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time than those secured from Washington.

C. A. SNOW & CO.

PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal, any one can do the work, either sex, young or old, no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address: True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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.

When she was a Mother, she gave her Castoria.

When she was a Grandmother, she gave her Castoria.

When she was a Great-grandmother, she gave her Castoria.

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Grandpa's Soliloquy.

It wasn't so when I was young, We used plain language then, We didn't speak of "them galoots," When meaning boys or men.

When speaking of the nice hand write Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill, We did it plain—we didn't say, "He swings a nasty quill."

As when we used a gal we liked, Who never failed to please, We called her pretty, neat and good, But not "about the cheese."

Well, when we met a good old friend We hadn't lately seen, We greeted him—but didn't say, "Hello, you old sardine!"

The boys sometimes got mad and fit: We spoke of kicks and blows; But now they whack him in the snout; And "paste him on the nose."

Once when a youth was turned away From her he loved most dear, He walked off on his feet—but now He "crawls off on his ear."

We used to dance when I was young And used to call it so; But now they don't—they only "slang The light fantastic too."

Oh death we spoke in language plain That no one would perplex; But in these days one doesn't die— But passes in his "checks."

We praised a man of common sense; His judgment's good, we said; But now they say, "Well, that old plum Has got a level head."

His teacher said the children now Are learning all such talk; They've learned to "obey" instead of "obey," And "wait" instead of walk.

To little Harry, yesterday— My grandchild, aged ten— I said, "you love grandpa?" said "You bet your boots I do."

The children bowed to strangers once, It is no longer so— The little girls, as well as boys, Now greet you with "Hello!"

Oh, give me back the good old days When both the old and young Convers'd in plain old-fashioned words And slang was never "slung."

—Etc

GRAINS OF WISDOM.

An Address to Graduates in Words of One Syllable.

The strength which lies in words of one syllable has been often demonstrated, and no doubt the simple directness of this address delivered to a graduating class of Fort Wayne impressed itself on the minds of the listeners with a force that made them remember it. The president of the board of trustees was Mr. A. P. Edgerton, afterward national civil service commissioner, and his advice given 11 years ago is still worth preserving. The greater part of it is here quoted:

"This day we close for the year the Fort Wayne free schools and we now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach.

"I say girls and boys, for when three score and ten years have come to you you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your heart warm; that you wear no brow of gloom; are not tormented with age, but still in hearts are 'girls and boys.' When three years come, and I hope they will come to all, the tide of time will roll back and tell you of your school days, when the fair, the true kind and the true found love, but the false heart found no friends, no longers to praise. These days bring rich gifts to the age, and when you shall cease to think of them your fire has turned low, and your light has gone out. You have been here taught in the hope that the free schools of Fort Wayne would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world; would give you faith in all that is good and true and lead you to seek work, for this you must seek, and

do if you would have a good name, wealth, a home, a charge to keep or a trust to serve. Go forth with a bold, true heart to seek the work for you to do.

"Keep in mind that the hours of work run through each day, and that God's great law of life is, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

"Now for you, young men, the truth is told.

"Go where you will through the world, and you will find on the front door of shops and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms and roads, in deep mines weary men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men too rich, and men of worth and work through all our land too poor; where men by law are taught to plot with sin, to return the right, that charge and cost and spoil may make old 'Quirk's' law firms rich; where law is so plead that the judge must guess to find what's law; where quacks most fight o'er sick men's prices and dead men's bones; where types are set, and none to mind the proofs; where priests do preach and pray, and where schools are taught this sign, 'Brains Will Find Work Here.'

"Don't fear. Step up and ask for work. Brains will get it. Don't let 'I dare not' wait on 'I would'—like the cat that loves fish, but dares not wet her foot.

"If it be said: 'What can you do? Will you learn a trade?' say 'I have none, but I can learn one and puts brains in it.' When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and will be sure to find it, it may be said to you: 'Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep? That plow, in its use, gives all men food.

"Do you see that wheel and that crank and those shafts and the press, and do you hear the rush and the hiss of the steam which moves them? Can you make and hold and drive the works and wheels which make the wealth of the earth and cause it to roll and to float and to fro from place to place where it is best for man to use it?

"Can you spin the thread and weave it, which makes robes for kings, and silks for the rich and yam, and dress for the poor, and all that skill and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use?

"These things are all shot through with threads of light—the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new found light as the years go on.

"If you say that you do not know how to do all this work, but you will try to learn some of it, and to do it well, then will be said to you: 'Can you and will you work? And will you speak the truth and in all things strive to do no man wrong? If you say 'Yes,' then all the doors where man's good and great work is done will swing for you to pass in to do your part. And thus you will see how God rules in all his ways to man's good works and deeds. Some may hope for fame, but it is they doubt that God rules. have not trust and faith, they will fear their fate. New books, not old coins keep charge of fame. Look well to books, for through them the world's best thoughts and deeds now speak.

"To you, young girls, I must say a word, not to praise you can plant the rose which shall bloom and give its sweets to all, or you can grow the thorn, which shall pierce and tear the hearts of those who love you, hope for you, pray for you.

"The turn your minds now take will fix your life to come. If you are led in a just way of pure thought and deed, you will be sure to find joy and peace and health in all you do. You each hope, some day, to be a good man's wife. It is well to be this, but take care that you be not a few's drudge.

"What should you bring to a good and true man man to make his and yours a home of joy and peace? I can tell you: Good health, a mind rich in stores of thought; a pure

heart, full of love and truth and trust in God.

"It is not a curl, nor a bang, nor a smile, nor a dress, nor art in a sigh or a tear that can win the worth you need to bless you, but it is the right sense to know how to be true to your own self; to be at your own home and in all you do the girl that pure and good men seek; the girl that knows such men when she meets them, and finds the worth that dwells in them, and does not drive them from her to hear the praise of fools, and thus to make all her life a dream of woe.

"In all the walks of life good men are found. They own the world and do all its best work.

"The man with the hard hand of toil can press a heart as true as any of the others lives in a way as soft—and at its smile will kiss its cheek, and at its pain will wet it with a tear—can sing the song both plain as well—and can strike with the strong arm as quick and sure a blow that makes men free—as judge or priest or king.

"The right choice at first in all things is all there is to 'well done' at last.

"Our words of 'well done' here we now give you, with the hope that they may help to guard your way to the end of a well spent life."

—Chicago Tribune.

Mind and Matter in Science.

In whatever department of thought we find it occupied, the very nature of science is hostile to uncertainty. Facts, indeed, are not its constant possession, but its object, nevertheless, is always to know the truth as true beyond possibility of doubt. Nothing, therefore, can in strict conformity with its character, be received on mere trust. All that is accepted must be capable of proof, and anything that cannot be thus verified, though true it may be, is to science a thing not known. In reference to all such matters, its position is that of the agnostic, properly so called, not that it is a mere credulous bigot, but of an expectant and cautious investigator, accepting to believe only that which has proved. In virtue of this very position, however, the description here given is but a partial one. It applies rather to a purpose than an actual condition. It is a true portrait of exact science only, and it leaves untouched the illustration of that far-reaching principle by which every branch of knowledge is made subject to the law of development and passed through doubts, conjectures, and shrouded truths to the brightness of clear understanding. Science is no exception to the rule. It has its tentative theories, its mutable facts, and provisional acceptances, and its position would be logically untenable if it were to deny to other modes of thought a share in that charitable consideration which allows time for its own conclusions, however crude, to be planned, marred, recast, and slowly matured. The assumption of such a position would indeed be suicidal, for it implies a fatal schism among the forces concerned in philosophical inquiry.

Science and philosophy, it must be remembered, are not contraries. They are merely the obverse and the reverse of the same intellectual process, the former objective, the latter subjective as to its rational method. Either way, in the wider acceptance of its meaning, be taken to include the other, and it is only the prominence of one, the physical application of scientific study, which has associated the former with what we call matter, as distinct from spirit or mind, the natural sphere of the latter. However diverse they may seem to be, distinction between mind and matter is, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible. We are as yet without experience or information respecting the separate condition of one or another. At all points matter is instinct with incorporated properties which constitute the law of its being, though where conceded its atoms cannot tell us, and mind on the other hand, can only confess itself through its physical manifestations. Though we should penetrate it it were pos-

sible beyond the earliest known traces of our world, we might still be as far as ever from a solution of the mystery, but at no stage could we expect to pass beyond the age at which these two became united. Everywhere we still find, whether in vital activity or in the buried vestiges of world-old existence, the sure signs of cause and effect. The design may vary, but its evidences are never wanting.

Some, perhaps, may prefer to regard it as the essential possession of matter, and to dignify this with the attributes of a creator. We cannot but think, however, that the very diversity of material forms, and their infinite variation in conformity with some discoverable purpose in each case, mark them out as the vehicles of some compelling force in them. That this force is not purposive but fortuitous in its action is incredible. Given a certain stage in the progress of development, circumstance may, indeed, accomplish many modifications, as the laborious genius of Darwin has abundantly proved; but even these are governed by strict limitations, and are apt to be transient in character, and are rather differences of degree than alterations in type. The argument for intelligent design is not seriously impaired, in our opinion, by such evidence of a merely material agency, and there is every reason to believe that this view is yearly gaining ground among the more scrupulous thinkers in physical science. It is significant to find an authority like Professor Tyndall, despite his belief in matter and force as primary factors in the production of life, admitting the probable existence of a "power of creation," which he associates with evolution, and proposes to invest with some feeling akin to worship. Professor Huxley's condemnation of materialism as "the most baseless of dogmas" is also—at least constructively—suggestive of a disposition to include within the beliefs of natural science the existence of a supreme directing intelligence.—Lancet.

Homes Near the City.

He alone of all people is the truly rich man who is able to produce sufficient to satisfy his daily needs. While there is and probably always will be a large class of wealthy and non-producing consumers, they are not, as a matter of fact, the ones to be envied.

Very few persons who have not tried the experiment can realize the delight that springs from a knowledge that one's own watchful care has produced or been the means of producing a portion of the necessities of daily life. City dwellers are deprived of this pleasure and privilege, and in this lies one of the great mistakes of existence. Someday, when humanity is wiser than it is now, we will find the clerk, the book-keeper and the office attaché living in some suburban locality accessible to business by the rapid transit that is one of the things of the near future. But first of all, the rapid-transit problem must be satisfactorily solved; then, after a time, for growth in this matter is very slow, the city employee will learn that there is nothing quite as grateful and healthful as the communion with nature that he can enjoy on his little one or two-acre plot sufficiently near the city. Here, when the day's work is over, he may find a change of employment which cannot but be beneficial. A couple of hours' work every day would be ample to keep a small place in order, and the products of such labor are among the most delightful things in the world. Every man of average intelligence could raise on his plot of ground sufficient fruit and vegetables to supply his family. Then the salary or the moderate income could be diverted to paying for the home, furnishing it, filling it with books, pictures and music, and put within the reach of the young the thousand and one advantages of which they are too often deprived.

To have the suburban home at its best and to arrange it so that it will give the greatest benefit to its occupants, two things are necessary:

Proper railroad facilities, which include fast service and low tariff, and a rational, common-sense, helpful building association. Given these two, and men and women would fly from the noisy, dusty city as from the day of wrath.

The prospect of a garden or orchard, a lawn with no menacing "keep off the grass" signs to interrupt the frolicsome mirth of the children, a pony carriage, the cow that doesn't come in a quart can, poultry that has not been frozen or subjected to other processes which would be fatal to the appetite, were they even referred to, fresh eggs and pure air and sunshine in limitless quantity—all of these would prove attractions so alluring that no well regulated mind could withstand them.

Few persons realize that on a plot two hundred feet square one may grow more fruit than an ordinary household could consume the year around.

To live away from the hurry and bustle and noise of a city, but sufficiently near to be able to reach one's counting-room at short notice; to sit literally under the shadow of one's own vine and fig-tree, and to know, when cold weather comes on, that cellar and store-closets are full to overflowing with home-made goodies of all sorts; to eat the sweetest butter, drink the freshest milk, and breathe the unconaminated and refreshing air, and to watch the varying phases of nature, is an unalloyed pleasure, and one which, once enjoyed, is never willingly abandoned.

February "Cosmopolitan."

The secret of the great success of The Cosmopolitan is not so hard to find, if one looks carefully over the number for February. A story by Valdez, the famous Spanish novelist, the first from his pen to appear in any American magazine, began in this number. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's story, "A Rejected Manuscript," is charmingly illustrated by L. Marold, who we believe makes his first appearance in the magazine on this side of the water. A profusely illustrated article on the designing and building of a war-ship appeals to the interest taken by all in the new navy, and a thrilling description of a naval combat under the significant title: "The Meloban and the Pentheros" describes, after the manner of the Battle of Dorking, a possible sea-fight, the outcome of which is watched by the entire naval world. "Gliding Flight" is an interesting contribution to the problem of aerial navigation by one who has studied the flight of soaring birds in the East for twenty years. Elaine Goodale, who married a member of the Sioux nation, has some interesting information of Indian Wars and Warriors. T. C. Crawford, the Washington correspondent, gives the first half of a startling story, under the title of "The Disappearance Syndicate." The poetry in this number by Sir Edwin Arnold, Graham B. Tomson and William Young, is usually good. The Departments, "In the World of Art and Letters" and the "Progress of Science" continue to have as contributors men famous in both continents.

This Grippy World.

When the air is full or drizzle And the town is full or sneeze, When you're one time in a sizzle And another in a freeze:

When you're most too sick to stay up And too well to go to bed, When every bone or achin' And nearly splits your head;

You may count it pretty certain, And I bet on it every flip, That you've struck the influenza And you're got a case or grip.

—The Sufferer.

HEALTHY 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 paper 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.