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LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1890.

|  |  | One Moth |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| was round." Motber: "W | uming from the eyen |  | Christian among as." "An |
| Tommy ; "So the teacher couldn't make mestand it the corner.' - | nose," said Senator Evarts, "is an indication of the grippe, then the | Whose heart you can gladden wita | him," "sai. hright,cherry Mra. Plymp- |
|  | Democratic members of the Honse | joy, Or eanse it to | have their fanits, and are some |
| cerned | very severe attack. They have beel running from the ayes and noes for | So cheris |  |
| your soul "' | $\begin{aligned} & \text { ruming from } \\ & \text { over a week? } \end{aligned}$ | Yo | nne hat has plenty of good is |
| I write verpe comio valentines."- Chicago Tr |  | Stuck to yon through good and through ill | Toey don't all just agree thing, bat they're kind, |
|  | er spoke a orosas word to | The world is yonr fop- | and God.fearing an the m |
| whorbad juet artived in Washing- | his wife," raid Sam Jones at an | So eare for that love e | most cong equ the sail againut ant |
| tom, "1 fruly realize that I have | Omala ineeting ilue othervight, | Yon have only one mother to pray |  |
| many bhort comings-_3 | rose in reeponse to Sam's questio | That in the good path you may | ton, |
| this is one of thom. You are | if such a perron was present. The |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| -Wukingtan Post. | wife ; I 'm a bachelor, |  | She opened it, and there on a cool |
| Colored Gentlenan-Permit me, |  |  |  |
|  | secret for makiog my husband hap- | Who toils day and night, |  |
| of prese <br> Jiss | I add somethiog to bis cares, |  | dui |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| Atr. I-No depravity, mat, depravity at all, I assure you. | $\begin{gathered} \text { Mis. F } \\ \text { Detroit Jd } \end{gathered}$ | So love and revere | together with ribbon grass. <br> Now aint they beantifu |
|  |  | Sometime yon won't know her dear | Mrs. Plympton, as she laid the box |
| ning burried or diftealt |  | ise | before ber huxband. "" mind telling where ther |
| ghi |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  | (tand | do |  |
|  | or syphilitio poisons. Sold under posituve guarantee by Dr. J M Lawing, Draggist | What bave yon for her ever do |  |
| WITHERSPOON |  |  | froal her old bon |
| ATTORNEY AT LAW NEWTON, N.C. | English pavin Linim ent removes all Hard, oft, or Calloused Lumps | VE | or |
| Practices in the Conrt | Blemishes from horses, Blood | 'mafraid he won't come to.day. |  |
|  | \%, Splints. |  |  |
| Josse To Loss on mpproved farru* | Reiug toua, stites, Sprains, sal |  | , |
| fa Cata mba and Liocoln counties ir | 850 by use of 1 bottle. Warranted | ised, too, that he'd be here in |  |
| time aind easy terms. Will meet | the most wonderful blemish care | or two, but he seems to fors | why, it ha |
| $t$ the Alexander House | , |  |  |
| coltato, es second add fou |  |  |  |
| Mondays it, each montb. <br> Aag. 2. 1889. |  | $\begin{array}{ll}\text { w, Jokn, don't fret; maybe } \\ \text { ee him today. } & \text { Yon know it }\end{array}$ |  |
|  | D. W. ROBINSON, | pra | tbat wild growth." |
| Te the Pubife. <br> have sold out our interest in | D. W. Roblanon, | up, and sattle down, with a family like he's got," said the Deacon's | "So I thonght," answered the pastor. "When my wife and I stood, |
| the Litacolo Iron Works and will |  |  |  |
| boreafter desoto our sttention |  | water, | 1 |
| the Cousifr and to the job office All those indebred to the Lin | ices in this and surround- | the epring, | I lay |
| W Works ap to the first of J |  |  |  |
| must make immediate settlem | in State and Fer | The new pastor had arrived near. | weer |
| the undersigne |  |  | nothing else there, and they are tal. |
| 90. |  |  |  |
| anuary 1st, 1890. |  |  |  |
| WRITING TAU | HHT BY MA |  | ead |
| NO HONGER AN |  | \#lock. Thie, and the suspense of | The meto |
| DEGBDE |  | waitug to see and know oue around | "Thank her kiudly |
|  |  | whom most of kis waking tho | takes a woman to findtlowers, |
| earn to | itulily, |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  | stified; and this bright,warm |  |
| NE | $t_{t T I N}^{2 x .1}$ | August morning he was toore than | of flowers where I would have de- |
|  |  | erything io |  |
| en handsome ards wi |  | affuirs li par |  |
| Sanple lessou to writing 33 |  | sweot draught of water, | where sou see oaly the noxious |
| 1 |  | soothe and refresh bium wonderfalls, | growth of sin and unholiness. |
| ing |  |  |  |
| J. WuLIM | -Per | the open doorwas, and Mrr |  |
|  | They are models of grace and | ton harried f | malice, und perbaps |
|  |  | face and outstretebed hand, may | the hearts, and crop out in the live |
| $\mathrm{f}^{\mathrm{f}}$ Jouen is unt only a be |  | "How are you broth | many of |
|  | Prin |  | But there is per |
|  |  | her hasband's ebair, whose occapa |  |
|  |  | greoted the minster warmly. | to cultivate the germs of grace and |
|  |  | Atter some general conversa | piety instead. 1 bave studied |
|  |  | the deacon said: -"Ire been telling | spiritual garden but a |
| , |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { misapp } \\ & \text { disapp } \end{aligned}$ | bright, fragrant blooms, |
|  |  | ing the personage somewhat out of |  |
|  |  | repair, | snow - |
|  |  | one lived there, and we didn't | w |
|  |  | when angtody would come, ti | dir |
|  |  | late in the season to maka ga wud Tve been sick so long and | forward their virtures. I received with Curitan |
|  |  | were negle | recelved with eourtesy, and thoughtit |
|  |  | the pastor, "willing, industrious |  |
|  |  |  | I. I have already noticed the |
|  |  | "Perbaps so," "aid the deacon," "bot |  |
|  |  | ts members in a bad coudition too. | and bear rich fruit to the glory of |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | lover Chistan character than |
|  |  |  | that of por |
|  |  |  | Such patient and resignation under |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |


Dying Expresstons.
It is well.-Wastington.
I must sleep now.- Byron.
Kiss me Hardy.-Nelson.
Heal
Heal of the army - Napoleons.
Dow' give op the ship.-Lawrence Dou't give ap the ship.- - Lawren
Let the light enter.- Goethe. Into thy hands, o Lord.-Tasso.
Indeposidence forever.-Admass.

The artery has ceased to beat The artery has ceased to beat. | The |
| :---: |
| Haller |
| Ia th |

$\qquad$
Dayroles a chair-Lord dying
lying m
anklin.

hat ! is there no br
ardinal Beatfort.
11 my powsessions
All my ponsessions for
Itime-EEizaboth
It matters not how the
at
It matteran not how the
Sir Waiter Raleigh:
Clasp mor hand, my dear
die.-Alfieri,
. $\qquad$

1 pray you see me mafe ap, and
my coming down let me thift
myenti," (asronting the sceffold)
n't let that awkward squad
"Iferson.
winh you to understand the
wish thempers of the Goried out, 1 ayk nothet.
bave endeavore
ou \&poke of refreshment, my
c; take my last notes, sit down
y piano bere, sing theme with
bywn of soar saing thene with wother;
min hear, How grand theso says
3
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Doctor-W ell, Drnis,Deunts-Indade, docthor, an' Ipill three times a day," an' I've bin
waitin- till I see youpill loik

