

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL III.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1890.

NO. 45

The Republicans now have the power to repeal the revenue laws, reduce the tariff, or do anything else they may think best for the country. Will they reduce taxes? We shall see.—*Mt. Airy News.*

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS
Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, indigestion and biliousness, they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

A legislator in Virginia wants to have a whipping-post established for the benefit of gentlemen who beat their wives. This would do very well, provided that they were whipped with the posts.—*Reidsville Record.*

There is a movement on foot in Chicago to raise from Lake Erie the brig Niagara, one of Commodore Perry's vessels; which was sunk in a fight with the British in 1812, and put her on exhibition at the World's Fair. If the Chicago fellows could find the whereabouts of Noah's ark and dig it up it would be a ten strike.—*Wilkinson Star.*

WE CAN AND DO
Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies

WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL IS NO LONGER AN EXPERIMENT BUT A DECIDED SUCCESS

AS TAUGHT BY G. P. JONES.
If you want to learn to write beautifully, and stay at home, now is your time.

TWELVE MAMMOTH LESSONS, COVERING A PERIOD OF THREE MONTHS FOR \$3.00.
A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WRITING FOR 15 CENTS.

One dozen or more ways of signing your name for a Silver Quarter. A sheet of elegantly combined signatures 20 cents. One dozen handsome cards with name on 25 cents. Sample lesson in writing 35 cents. Send me an order and be convinced that my work is all I claim for it. For 50 cents I will send you some of the best writing you ever saw. Write for Circular enclosing a 2 cent stamp. Your writing is excellent, you are destined to become a grand penman. H. J. WILLIAMSON, President "Pen Art Hall", Florence, Ala. Specimens of Oard writing to hand. They are models of grace and beauty. Your writing is superb. W. D. SNOWALTER, Editor Pen Art Herald, Chicago, Ill. Prof. Jones is not only a beautiful writer, but an excellent, and successful teacher. D. MATT THOMPSON, Principal Piedmont eminary. The cash must accompany each order.

G. P. JONES, PENMAN.
Prin. Business Dep't. of Piedmont Seminary, Lincolnton, N. C., Nov. 8, 1891.

D. W. ROBINSON,
A ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Lincolnton, N. C.
Practices in this and surrounding counties.
Also in State and Federal Courts.
Next door to the Backet.
Oct. 4, 1889. 1y.

L. L. WITHERSPOON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NEWTON, N. C.
Practices in the Courts of Catawba, Lincoln, and adjoining counties.
Money to loan on improved farms in Catawba and Lincoln counties in sums of \$300 and upwards, on long time and easy terms. Will meet clients at the Alexander House, in Lincolnton, on second and fourth Mondays in each month.
Aug. 2, 1889. 1f.

3 SLEEPING NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale by J. Reedy & Co.

the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

The loyal Republican States of the North are now coming in with their claims on Uncle Sam for expenses incurred in helping to suppress the rebellion. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has reported favorably on a bill for \$4,428,892 for California, \$376,272 for Oregon and \$400,907 for Nevada, and they are not all in yet.—*Wilkinson Star.*

A DUTY TO YOURSELF.
It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick headache and all Liver Troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken, and do not grip. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?
Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

A CHILD KILLED.
Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Grubs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiffes, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of 1 bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist, Lincolnton.

LAND SALE.
BY virtue of a Deed of Trust made to me by Richmond Scott in order to secure a debt by him contracted with H. S. Robinson, which deed of trust is duly registered in Lincoln county Registry Book 63, Page 2 of Deeds, I will sell at the Court House door in Lincolnton, at 12 o'clock noon and on the 1st Monday of court week March 31, 1890, that tract of land now owned and farmed by the said Richmond Scott and lying on the Tuckasee Road and also on the C. C. R. R. and C. & L. N. G. R. R. about 1 mile East of the courthouse and adjoining the lands of B. H. Sumner and others, containing 6 1/2 acres. Sale to be at public auction to the highest bidder for cash.

J. L. COBB, Trustee
Feb. 25, 1890. 2 25 4f

THE MARTYRED MOTHER
BY OLIVE HARPER.
"He is lost, my son is lost, Have any of you seen him; He was tall and lithe and handsome And strong of body and limb, His cheeks were red as apples, His eyes were bright and blue, His teeth were white and even, And he was good and true."
"But somehow I have lost him, And I do not need him so; I want my darling Charlie, Oh! tell me where to go. Some of you must have known him. He was so blithe and gay, Oh, take pity, friends, upon me, And help me in the way."
"Sure some of you must know him, My Charlie, all my pride; He's only lost a little while— They told me he had died. But I know better; in my heart I feel that he is near; You can't deceive a mother, Who loves her son so dear."
"But friends, Oh! it is cruel, That you so silent keep; You need not fear that I'll give way As women do, and weep. I knew my son; I'm proud and glad To have so good a boy, So tell me where he is, good folks, I will not faint for joy."
"I've wandered all this country o'er, Since my dear boy was lost; I've waked and walked and wept and prayed, Through heat and through the frost; I've asked so many where he was, Who only turned and smiled; And others looked so sad and grieved; It drove me almost wild."
"Sometimes I've had no food for days, And I've slept out in the air, And I have searched so long, so long That grief has bleached my hair. Please tell me where he is, my friends, My strength is almost spent, I must find Charlie, my dear son, Oh, tell me where he went."
"Twas a woman, old and worn and pale, In faded, ragged clothes; Who held her clean-like hands outstretched, In helpless prayer to those Who gathered idly in the street And stood in silence there, While this poor mother, crazed with grief, Made this pathetic prayer. No answer came to heal her heart, No hand outstretched in aid, Too common was her misery. The boy for whom she prayed Why, what was he? a hundred boys Were lost, and mother's tears Flowed on in silence down pale cheeks, And so had flowed for years. And so the people one by one, Began to turn and go; Some were careless, some were touched, By that old woman's woe; But still she moaned and wrung her hands And uttered still her prayer: "Oh where is he? I want my boy, My boy, so young and fair."
From out the crowd an unkempt tramp, Shambled with shameful pace; His clothes were rags, his eyes were bleared, The beard upon his face Hid not the purple, bloated skin, The sodden mouth, the low degree To where he'd fallen. He neared her side, "Mother, look at me!" She stood stock still. She looked at him, Her lips moved yet were dumb. "Mother, 'tis I. I've sinned too great, I did not mean to come. Mother forgive me, oh, forgive! And take me to your heart, I'll break the bonds of slavery, I'll not a manly part. "I did not know you loved me so. I've been so weak, so wild; Mother have pity, speak to me, I'm Charlie, your own child. Lost! Lost! I was, but now I'm found, Oh, God, I praise the now! Look down upon me pitying Christ,

A HELPING HAND.

From the Old Homestead.
The girls at Madame Michel's 'college for young ladies' were enjoying their noon intermission. Here and there a group might be seen gravely discussing some subject in which they seemed much interested. One group was composed of a trio of seniors, and as they talked earnestly together one of the smaller girls came to them and said: "Miss Nellie, madame wishes to see you in the study."

The girl addressed was not pretty, and she would not have attracted the attention of a stranger, as she was plainly dressed and her bearing was gentle and unassuming. On observing her more closely, however, it would be seen that her face and manner betokened earnestness and decision. She immediately left her companions and went upstairs to madame's private room, a summons to which usually indicated that a girl merited unusual consideration, or had fallen under madame's displeasure. As Nellie Graham was not conscious of having violated any rule of right or any regulation of the school, she ran lightly up the steps and tapped at the study door.

It was opened at once, and madame requested her to be seated. Madame was a handsome woman of forty. Her wide brow and clear gray eyes indicated great intellectual power, while in her manner was that gracious blending of kindness and dignity which is only found in a good and highly cultivated person. "Miss Nellie," she said, "you know of the unfortunate affair which has occurred in room 21?"

"Yes, madame," said Nellie; "I think the girls have talked of very little beside this week." "Well," said madame, "I sent for you to ask if you would help me to give that poor girl an opportunity to retrieve her character."

"I, madame?" said Nellie. "What can I possibly do?" "I will tell you," said madame. "I have been teaching twenty years, and I have known boys and girls to be guilty of most disreputable and wicked conduct when quite young, who afterwards became most worthy and admirable men and women; but I have never known them to do this unless some one from a higher plane of living held out to them a helping hand. Now, I ask will you be the one among her schoolmates who will hold out this hand to Dora Carnot?"

"Madame," said Nellie, "it would be less hard for me if I knew nothing of Dora Carnot's family, but I know enough of them to prevent my having any confidence in Dora. Her guilt would be nothing to them; they would only regret its discovery."

"Your knowledge of her surroundings at home was one thing that caused me to apply to you for help. I hoped that you would feel more sympathy for her from having known of her neglected childhood. Your character and standing in the school are established. You will doubtless have to endure some temporary loss of popularity, but I am not afraid that it will permanently injure you to try, by attention and kindness, to encourage Dora to begin her life over. It will require moral courage, and I ask it of you as a sacrifice. I believe she is guilty—indeed she confesses it, and begs to be sent home. I do not wish to send her home, if it is possible to do otherwise. To be dismissed for stealing would irretrievably ruin her. Now, can you not bring yourself to see this from my standpoint? Let us try to put ourselves in her place, and then make an earnest effort to save her from the consequences of her own misconduct."

After a moment's embarrassed silence, Nellie said: "When Lottie called me, Ida Peyton, Eunice Sloan, and I were discussing this circumstance, and I agreed with them in saying that she should make no compromise with violations of principle; that one

guilty of such conduct as that of which Dora is accused deserved to be treated with the contempt of all honest people. If now I were to seek Dora, how could I account to them for so sudden a change in my views?"

"Why, Miss Nellie, tell them all about it; that we have talked the matter over, and you think differently now. Try to engage their sympathy for Dora. Now, understand me, I would not ask this of you unless I thought Dora had been sufficiently punished, and realizing the enormity of her misconduct, was truly sorry for it. I wish very much for your help, and I do not think there is another girl in school who could help me so well as you."

"I very much desire to do good and be useful in the world," said Nellie, "but I never quite realized that it usually requires a sacrifice. I will do what I can for Dora, for I am afraid I had never been better taught than she has I would be no better. She is required to remain in her room, is she not?"

"Yes, I told her to remain in her room for a week, till I could decide what was best to be done. The week expires this evening, and I would suggest that you visit her this afternoon when school is dismissed. Her great ordeal will be meeting the coldness and dislike which are very likely to be shown on her coming among her schoolmates again."

Nellie returned to the schoolroom, but she was grave and preoccupied. She dreaded the condemnation of her schoolmates and the loss of popularity which must follow her showing herself a friend to this girl who had pilfered the ribbons, pens, ink, letter paper, and bon-bons of her roommates. She intercepted a curious glance exchanged by Ida Peyton and Eunice Sloan, and she flushed hotly as she imagined their comments when they should see her associating with Dora Carnot.

When school was dismissed she carried her books for night study to her room, and while her three roommates settled themselves for the quiet hour which the four usually enjoyed till their early supper, she busied herself about the room trying to think of some way of saying, as it were incidentally, that she intended visiting Dora. It was impossible to inform them of her change of purpose except by a plain statement, so she finally said:

"Girls, I am going to see Dora Carnot. Even if she did take those things, it is not right for us to treat her as if she had committed an unpardonable sin. She has suffered so much for this, and is so sorry for it, that she will probably never do anything of the kind again, if she only gets some encouragement to be true and honest."

"Nellie Graham," said Ida Peyton, "it has not been three hours since I heard you talk very differently. Did madame tell you to visit Dora?" "Madame and I talked of her," said Nellie, "and madame thinks that we ought to try to encourage Dora and help her to get over this, as she seems so sorry for it. You know her mother died when she was small; her father is poor and illiterate, and she has never had the careful training which most of us have enjoyed. How can we know what we might be guilty of doing if we had been poor and neglected all our lives?"

"Well," said Ida, "you may associate with thieves if you choose, but my mother would not allow me to do so, and I doubt if she would leave me here if she knew that madame allowed Dora to remain."

This was no worse than Nellie had expected, but she did not prolong the conversation, knowing that opportunity would not be wanting for her to try her powers of persuasion. Her intercourse with her schoolmates had always been exceedingly pleasant, and it was very hard for her now to find herself forced into a position which she knew very few of them would appreciate.

When she entered the room occupied by Dora Carnot she found the three girls who shared it with her sitting around a table enjoying some nuts and apples. They insisted on

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"Listen and hear my vow," "I swear to be a man again, Here on my bended knees; I've done with rum, accursed stuff, Mother, oh, bear me, please! Do not look so strange and white, O, for us have dawned the day; I'll work for you, I'll die for you, Ah, do not turn away."

"You are not my handsome son, Does any body think That such a change could come to pass Even by helps of drink? You are mistaken, my poor man," She said, and sadly smiled. "Greatly mistaken I am not. Your mother, nor you my child."

"But, oh, young man, if so it be That your mother is alive, As you see the grief I bear in vain, And you would truly strive, Go back to her and at her knees Make that same holy vow, And she will be so glad, I know— And take my blessing now."

"But, mother! oh, my God! my God! She does not know me more, Her grief has crazed her, She but sees Her boy as he was before,— Before the curse of rum absorbed My manhood, honor, all, Before I grew to beastly glee Through this debasing thrall!"

"Ah, God in Heaven! have pity once, Oh, once look kindly down, Long have I groveled in the dirt While she, a martyr's crown has won. Oh, mother, once again I pray you look on me, Am I not Charlie? oh look, look!" "No, no, you are not he."

"I told you before; drink makes men mad, Perhaps you have gone mad, Perhaps your name is Charles, and I Look like your mother lad." "Mother, oh, listen, let me tell you Of my childhood's happy days, My father's name, my sister's grave Where we planted two green bays." "My horse, my bird, the little house That stood beside the hill; The well, where once I nearly drowned My crippled cousin Will; And how I left to go to school And how I ran away— Father was harsh, I hated school, So I left it all one day."

"I wandered here and was ashamed To write to you again. I don't think boys can realize That they are giving pain, For I did not; I always said, When I get rich I'll go And see my mother; but you see I took to drink, and so— "I lost myself. Yes I was lost; But I am found again, And mother, it is not too late, Ah! never, never pain Nor sorrow—What, not that! not that!"

Oh, mother, live for me, You're only faint, some help, oh, help She's only faint you see! "What, dead? She's not; she's not, I say. She's only faint and weak; You've heard her story, 'tis but fatigue. Speak to me mother. Speak! Her lips are cold, her heart is still, Great heavens! She is dead. 'Tis I who killed her, yes, 'tis I God's curse be on my head."

They raised the martyred mother up And bore her to the tomb, Where prone upon the pauper's grave He wept in lonely gloom. His broken heart he offered up And prayed for heavenly aid. And with that help, he rose a man— But oh, the price he paid!

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. Acker'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 TERRIBLE COUGH
In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

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her sharing their treat, and were much surprised when she refused, saying she had come to see Dora. She sat down on a trunk near the bed on which Dora was lying with her head buried in a pillow. A light movement showed that she heard Nellie's remark, while the other girls exchanged glances and remained silent.

Nellie was somewhat embarrassed but she proceeded as calmly as possible to tell Dora all the items of school news which are the staples of conversation in a boarding-school. The other girls soon left the room, and Dora removed the pillow from her face, though her swollen eyes and ear-stained cheeks aroused such earnest sympathy in Nellie's breast that she no longer cared for the opinion of her schoolmates. She was absorbed with the desire to convince Dora of her sincerity, and to be able to comfort and help her.

"Now, Dora," she said, "I wish to show you friend, and to help you show every one that you are very sorry for what you have done, and that you are really at heart honest and true. You are sorry, are you not?"

"Oh, Nellie," said Dora, weeping bitterly, "how can you ask me if I am sorry? I wish I had died before I did it. I don't see now how I ever could have done such a thing; but no one had ever talked to me about such things, and I wanted ribbons and all that like the other girls had, and I was just so wicked and only cared for myself. I know that everybody here always will despise me, and madame will not send me home, so I have my plans all made now, and it is too late for anybody to help me."

The change in her tone and manner during the last sentence convinced Nellie that she had determined on some desperate adventure, and she said:

"No, Dora, it is not too late. I wish that I had come to you sooner, but I did not think of it till was lame told me that she was sure that you realized what a dreadful thing you had done, and that you were very sorry for it. Madame has great hopes for you, Dora, and speaks of you with so much sympathy and kindness."

Dora sat on the side of the bed in schoolgirl fashion, and as she clasped and unclasped her hands in her lap there was only a look of sad determination on her face as she made reply:

"Nellie, I thank you and madame, but it is too late now; you can do me no good."

"Why, Dora," said Nellie, "what do you mean by saying it is too late? I cannot tell you all that madame said, but she has known boys and girls who were guilty of conduct just as wrong as yours has been who grew up to be useful and respected."

"I would tell you my plans, Nellie, but I know you would try to change them; and as I can't do anything else, it is best not to tell you. It would do no good."

"Well, Dora, if you will not tell me, of course I cannot help it. The first bell for supper has rung. Now brush your hair and let us take a turn in the fresh air."

"Nellie Graham, would you be seen going around with me? Alice Arnold called me a common thief—said all the girls so considered me." "I do not look on you as anything of the kind, Dora, and I am often too selfish and thoughtless myself to be harsh in judging others."

Nellie had not suggested the walk without a dread of the comment it would provoke, but, knowing that sooner or later she must face this ordeal, she was eager to have it over. Dora persisted in refusing to go for the walk, but when the last bell rang for supper and the two girls went down together, Nellie reproached herself for feeling so keenly the glances of surprise, and in some cases of indignation, which greeted them.

For weeks it was the same thing. Nellie used every exertion to prove herself Dora's friend, assisting her in her lessons and bearing her company during intermissions and hours

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[Continued to Fourth Page.]