

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. IV.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1890.

NO. 9

Just His Way.

Patient—"Help! Murder! I don't want my head pulled off. You said you were a painless dentist!"
Dentist—"Exactly. I never take any pains with my customers."

Then They Didn't.

A young man and a girl of about 18 stood on the postoffice steps yesterday and looked at something which appeared to be a marriage certificate. Then they talked together in low tones. Then she suddenly exclaimed:

"The idea! I won't do it!"
"Then I won't!" was his dogged reply.
"Then you needn't!"
"And then you needn't!"
"And then we won't get married at all!"
"Just as you say!"
"All right—we won't!"
"And he went one way and she the other, without anyone being the wiser as to what caused the rupture."
—Detroit Free Press.

He Lost By It.

Mr. Fleeceem (proprietor of ice cream saloon)—"I'll never forgive my daughter for marrying young Mr. Greenback."

Friend—"Isn't he a nice fellow?"
"Yes, he's nice enough; but, con-found it, he was one of my best customers."

Excused This Time.

Schoolmarm (with ominous look in her eye)—"What made you so late, Robert Reed?"

Robert—"Been fightin'."

Schoolmarm (advancing furiously)—"You have, eh?"

Robert—"Yes, ma'am. A boy sed yer waz ugly as home made sin, an' I jest give it to him."

Schoolmarm—"Well, Bobby, dear, I'll have to pardon you this time, but control your temper the best you can."
—Epoch.

ADVERTISE in the Courier. Rates reasonable. Try it one year and see if it does not pay.

From New York Ledger.

THE SQUIRE'S RELATIONS.

How They Came, and How They Went.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

THE breakfast-room at Compton Court was, perhaps, the prettiest of all the Court's pretty apartments.

Compton Court was an old house made over; a house full of deep oriel and damask-cushioned window-seats; with fire-places studded with quaint Dutch tiles, and floors of dark, waxed wood, that shone like mirrors; and yet it had not the desolate, dreary air that belongs to most old houses. Every room had a cozy, "lived-in" aspect. Squire Compton never would let the shutters be closed, or the dust accumulate; but of all the suite, he most preferred the breakfast-room, where the eastern sunshine came in, and the hangings of deep-brown velvet contrasted oddly with the cream-colored walls and the deep crimson of the carpet.

Squire Compton was a strange old man, who lived there all alone the year around. Some said he had been disappointed in love; but if so, the pangs of heart-sickness had not preyed very deeply on his mind. Others darkly intimated that he was a miser and misanthrope; but here his daily life contradicted them. Misers do not feed the hungry and clothe the naked; misanthropes do not surround themselves with pet dogs, rabbits, parrots and macaws; and Squire Compton did all these things.

The squire's household was not large. Old Rebecca, an ancient negro, presided over the culinary matters of the establishment; Sally, her niece, who looked like a bit of the tropics, in a tall, scarlet turban, ebon skin, and immense hoops of dead gold swinging in her ears, officiated as housemaid; and Fritz, a taciturn Swiss, who had returned from the Continent with Squire Compton ten years previously, was valet, groom of the chamber, hostler and gardener, all in one.

Breakfast had just been brought in—a broiled partridge, cream-toast and coffee, whose fragrance was like a dream of Araby—and the squire had barely commenced on his first cup, when Fritz entered, with a military salute.

"What's the matter, now?" said the squire, curtly.

"Company, sir," said Fritz, standing like a statue.

"How many of 'em?" said the squire.

"Two, sir."

"Male or female?" demanded Squire Compton.

"Young ladies, sir, if you please. Your cousin Douglas's daughters, from New Orleans."

"But I haven't invited 'em here," said the squire.

"They are in the little blue salon," said Fritz, apparently quite unmoved by his master's consternation.

"Tell Becky to make some more coffee," observed the squire, presently.

"Let Sally bring some cups and saucers! And give 'em my compliments, Fritz, and ask 'em in here."

Kate and Honor Douglas were sitting in the little blue salon, with the shy, awed look of those to whom a place is strange. The walls, papered with an antique hanging of Mazarin blue, sprinkled with tiny gold stars, were wainscoted with dark oak half a third of the way up; a cheerful fire blazed on glittering brass andirons, in the deep-throated chimney, and the window-seat was full of velvet-leaved geraniums, flecked here and there with trusses of scarlet bloom.

"Isn't it beautiful?" whispered Kate, under her breath.

"Isn't it home-like?" retorted Honor, in the same restrained voice.

"Oh, I do hope he will like us," murmured Kate.

"But they say he is very eccentric," said Honor.

They were both tall, pretty girls,

as like as twin roses on one stem, except that Honor's hair and eyes were a shade the darker and Kate had dimples in each cheek. Both were dressed in the deepest mourning, and both colored scarlet as they were ushered into the presence of Squire Compton.

"Good morning, girls," said the squire, with one of his old-fashioned bows. "Take off your shawls and things. Sit down and have some breakfast."

"Cousin Compton," said Honor, hurriedly, "papa's dead. We have nothing. We came here because we didn't know where else to go. We are quite willing to work for our living, if we can find any employment. We—"

"Oh, yes," said the squire, carving away at the broiled birds. "Yes, I understand all that. Sally, pour out the coffee! What is it, now, eh?" as Fritz executed a second military salute in the doorway.

"More company, sir," said Fritz. "By the Easthampton stage. A lady. Name of Westray!"

"Hello!" said the squire, dropping his knife. "My nephew Westray's widow! Well, ask her in, Fritz."

Mrs. Leon Westray was a beautiful young creature, with great dark-blue eyes, and general pink and white perfection of a Dresden image. Black crape was becoming to her, so she wore a great deal of it.

"Dear uncle," said Mrs. Westray, clasping her perfectly gloved hands and lifting the blue eyes appealingly, "I have no one to come to but you. Pardon the intrusion. Send me away if I require too much. Shelter and a crust are all that I ask."

"You're welcome," said the squire. "Sit down. Have a cup of coffee. Who's that on the threshold?"

"It's I, Cousin Hardurke," said a cheery voice, "Harriott Compton. Came up this way for a little shooting. Heard you had a place in the neighborhood. Thought I'd just drop in upon you! Hope I'm not in the way."

"Oh!" said the squire; "Harry Compton's son. Well, you are welcome, too."

And in his secret heart, the squire consigned to eternal perdition the author of the article on "The Antiquities of Compton Court," in a last week's paper, which had discovered his whereabouts, and brought all this rain of relations down upon him.

"Worse than the frogs of Egypt," thought Squire Compton.

However, he assigned them all apartments, and set himself to work to act the genial host as well as possible. And, in a manner, Harry Compton, the Widow Westray and Allan Douglas's two pretty orphans took possession of the Court.

"Queer old codger, isn't he?" said Harry, with a shrug of the shoulder.

"Very eccentric," murmured Mrs. Westray. "But then, wealth has its privileges."

"Think he'll cut up pretty fat?" said Mr. Compton. "In that case, I'll send for my dogs and guns and stay here altogether."

"How very peculiar your phraseology is," said Mrs. Westray, with a little giggle.

So the late summer waned away and autumn set in, golden-footed and glorious.

"Fritz," said the squire, one day, "you're an observer of character. How long do you suppose these people mean to stay?"

"I don't think they've any idea of going away at all, sir," answered Fritz.

"Eh!" shouted the squire in dismay. "That's my opinion, sir," said Fritz.

"But they shall go," said the squire. "I've no objection of being made a convenience of. They don't owe 'em care two straws about me. It's the Court they like, and the carriages and the croquet-ground and old Becky's cooking! I'll turn 'em every one out!"

"I don't think you will, Squire," said Fritz.

"Hold your tongue!" roared the squire. "What business have you to think at all on the subject? I'll do as I please."

But the winter came, and still the

squire's relations stayed on. Kate and Honor talked, it is true, of going to New York, to some educational bureau, to look for situations as teachers. Mrs. Westray declared that her friends in Chicago would never forgive her for neglecting them so; but it did seem so like home at dear Uncle Compton's that, really, she couldn't tear herself away. Harriott Compton said nothing, but quietly settled down in the pleasant south rooms, smoked all over the house, and made himself comfortable for the winter.

"I know when I'm well off," said Harriott Compton, jocosely.

One morning, Fritz came down into the break-fast room with a pale and distorted countenance. His master was too ill to appear at the table this morning.

"Eh?" said Mr. Harry Compton, helping himself to beefsteak. "Hope it's nothing serious; eh?"

Fritz shook his head. The doctor, summoned during the night, had very grave apprehensions.

"How lucky that we are all here to make the place cheerful for him," said Mrs. Westray, dropping an extra lump of sugar into her coffee, "and to nurse him up. I declare I love him like a father. A little more of the omelet, Sally, please."

"Hm!" said Fritz, solemnly. "But it's a case of small-pox."

"Small-pox!" shrieked Mrs. Westray, jumping up, and tipping her cup of coffee into Honor Douglas's lap.

"Small-pox!" cried the two sisters in chorus, each growing pale.

"Small-pox-o-x!" bellowed Harry Compton, rushing frantically to the window and throwing up a sash, although it was snowing fast.

In less than three minutes, the breakfast-room was empty of all occupants save the grinning Sally. Mr. Compton was flinging his belongings recklessly into his portmanteau; Mrs. Westray, never even staying for the ceremony of packing, was tying on her hat to catch the ten o'clock train for New York, when Honor Douglas tapped at the door of her room.

"Are you really going, Mrs. Westray?" she asked.

"Going!" in accents of shrill amazement. "Of course I'm going!"

"And Harriott, too?"

"To be sure!"

"But who will nurse Mr. Compton?"

"That's no business of mine," said Mrs. Westray, hardly. "Let him hire somebody. He's rich enough, I'm sure."

"That's what I say," said Kate, excitedly. "And Honor is crazy. I believe."

"It's my duty," said Honor, gently. "Yes, I shall stay!"

"Then you needn't expect me to countenance you," said Kate. "And if Mrs. Westray will allow me to travel to New York with her—"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said Mrs. Westray, rather ungraciously.

And at noon the house was vacant, except for Honor Douglas, who, wrapped softly at the door of the squire's room.

"Fritz, may I come in? I want to help take care of my poor cousin."

Fritz opened the door with a bow, thereby revealing the squire himself in a big, red dressing-gown and slippers, basking before a comfortable fire, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Is it you, my dear?" said the squire. "Come in, come in! Where are all the rest?"

Honor Douglas stood looking at him in surprise. She had never seen a case of small-pox, it is true, but somehow she had fancied the victims of that fell disease to present a very different aspect.

"They have all gone," said she. "They were afraid of the small-pox. But I have been vaccinated, Cousin Compton, and if you would allow me to stay here and nurse you, I would try my very best."

The squire held out his hand.

"Come here, my dear," said he. "You've a kind little heart of your own. But who said I had the small-pox?"

"Fritz did."

"I beg mademoiselle's pardon,"

said Fritz. "I don't think I did say so—exactly!"

"I haven't got it, my dear," said the squire, chucking. "It was only a false alarm. These people were only making a convenience of me, and I'm glad they've all routed out. But you would have stayed with me through thick and thin, would you, little one? Come here and give me a kiss. And if you choose to stay at the Court altogether, I'll make a daughter of you. Eh?"

"But Kate—" hesitated Honor.

"Kate has looked out for herself," said the squire, quietly. "Let her continue to do so."

Great was the dismay of the bevy of relatives, when they discovered the true state of things. They said the squire was a "scheming old hyppocrite" and Honor a "designing jess." But they never again succeeded in obtaining a footing at the Court.

And the squire laughs heartily whenever he thinks how effectually he routed his relations.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.

By the Democratic Executive Committee of North Carolina.

Rooms of State Democratic Executive Committee, Raleigh, N. C., June 16, 1890.

To the Voters of North Carolina:

At a meeting of the Democratic State Executive Committee, held in this city on the 10th instant, it was resolved that the Democratic State Convention be held in the city of Raleigh on Wednesday, the 20th of August, 1890.

It will devolve on this convention to nominate for vacancies filled by appointment of the Governor, a Chief Justice and one Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Judges of the Superior Court for the first, fourth, fifth, eighth and tenth districts, also Judges of the Superior Court for the second, sixth, seventh and eleventh districts to succeed the present incumbents, whose terms expire, and to adopt a platform of principles and for such other business as may properly come before it.

The convention is called to meet later than in 1888 to suit the convenience of the great masses of Democratic voters, so that a fuller representation, reflecting a more general sentiment, may be insured, and it is very desirable that the delegates shall all attend.

The Democratic party congratulates the people of the State upon the material and moral advancement made under its beneficent administration of affairs, and having redeemed its pledge in the past, presents its claim to them for a continuance of that confidence to which it is justly entitled, fully assured that they will be recognized and the interests of all classes thus subserved.

The term for which Hon. Zebulon B. Vance has been elected to the Senate of the United States will expire next March, and the legislature to be chosen this year will be called upon to fill it. It behooves us to see to it that no Republican is elected from this State.

The committee most earnestly requests a thorough early organization in every township and county in the State. It is essential that this preliminary work shall be done at once, so that we may be ready for an active, energetic campaign as soon as the convention adjourns. It will not do to assume that our opponents, because they are inactive now, have no life. They can organize with celerity, and stand ready to take advantage of an apparent lethargy on our part, and, if we wish to prevent opposition, we must demonstrate, by our organization and strength, its facility nearly resulted in the loss of the State, and again in 1886 from the same cause, the control of the House of Representatives of the State was lost to the Democrats, and given to our opponents. Such a result must be carefully guarded against this year.

It is important that the various County Conventions be called at such times as will best suit the masses of the party, to the end that

a full and free choice of candidates for the offices may be had and no discontent engendered.

The Republican party of today is the same as in the dark days of Reconstruction, and only awaits the opportunity to inflict upon our people the same disgrace and humiliation. Its action in the Federal Congress indicates too plainly that it is the party of force, without respect for law or order.

The despotic usurpations of the petty tyrant who has been placed by them in the Speaker's chair only to dishonor it; the deprivation of legally elected Democrats of their seats in both branches of Congress and the seating of Republicans in their stead without the least vestige of right for partisan purposes, and the effort to perpetuate themselves in power by the passage of a Federal Election Law by which the control of Congressional elections will be transferred from the State authorities to the hands of irresponsible agents appointed at the dictation of unscrupulous partisans at the National Capital, thus striking a serious blow at our cherished institutions and the rights of the sovereign States; the reckless appropriation of the public funds for illegal and unnecessary purposes, by which not only is the surplus left in the Treasury at the end of Mr. Cleveland's benign administration entirely swept away and a large deficit created, but also the opportunity of giving relief from the burdens of taxation is retarded; all admonish us that our only safety lies in a return to Democratic rule in the country and its continuance at home.

Should they succeed in their aims we might expect Federal Supervisors backed by Federal bayonets at the polls and a re-enactment of the scenes of 1868 in our own and our sister States.

Utterly indifferent to the interests of the Southern farmer, all his legislation has been at our expense for the benefit of other sections, and the only hope of the agricultural South to throw off the legislative shackles that have crippled our prosperity and bound us to poverty is to move forward on the lines of those great principles of relief which the Democratic party has steadfastly advocated. To attain these ends the co-operation of all patriotic men who have at heart the prosperity of our agricultural and industrial interests and the material welfare of our Southern people is earnestly asked, and they are urged to enroll themselves beneath the Democratic banner.

Let every Democrat realize the responsibility that rests upon him and meet it. There can be no doubt of a grand victory if we do our full duty. Unceasing vigilance is the price which we must pay for success, but when we consider what defeat means to us the sacrifice is small. Over estimate, rather than underestimate, the enemy and go into the fight determined to win it. We must prove equal to the emergency, and when the first Tuesday in November shall have passed victory will be ours, and white supremacy, which is synonymous with Democratic rule, will be assured to us for a further term.

By the committee,
ED. CHAMBERS SMITH, Chm.,
B. C. BECKWITH, Sec'y.

Brazil's Constitution.

RIO JANEIRO, June 23, 1890.—The new constitution was promulgated today. It recognizes a federal system based upon that of the United States. The President alone is responsible to the nation. The Ministers are replaced by Secretaries of State, who are answerable to the President alone. Parliament will consist of a House of Representatives and a Senate.

The powers of these two bodies will be of a purely legislative character, and an adverse vote by either chamber will not entail a change of ministry. A new House of Representatives will be elected triennially, and a new Senate every nine years. The President's term of office will be six years. The first Presidential election by Congress is fixed for November.

Do You want to Save Your Hard-Earned Dollars?

IF SO, THEN BUY YOUR DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,

CLOTHING!

HATS, SHOES, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, SALT & LEATHER FROM JNO. L. COBB.

Special inducements offered to Cash customers, and the lowest prices guaranteed.

Come early and secure some of these bargains. EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

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. ly.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while sitting at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE!

Prices reduced. Every family now can have the best Automatic Sewing Machine in the market at reduced prices. For particulars send for our new Illustrated Circular with samples of stitching. Our Illustrated Circular shows every part of the Machine perfectly, and is worth sending for even if you have a Machine. Kiss & Murphy Mfg. Co., 453 and 457 West 58th St., N. Y. City.

PIEDMONT

SEMINARY.

MALE AND FEMALE.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

An English, Classical, Mathematical and Commercial School.

It is thorough and practical in its work and methods. It does not assume to itself the claims of a College, but is thoroughly Academic Location healthy, and of easy access by railroad. Fall term of 1890 begins Wednesday, August, 27. For Circulars, etc., send to D. MATT. THOMPSON, Principal, Lincolnton, N. C. July 4, 1890.

ON EARTH ONCE MORE—
RACINE, WIS.
THE BEST
FARM EXPRESS LAUNDRY BUSINESS WAGONS EVERY VARIETY
BUCKBOARDS BUGGIES CARTS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE PRICE LIST
LOG, LUMBER YARD & CITY TRUCKS—
SPRING WAGONS & ALL STYLES.
HUGGINS PATENT LADIES CHAISE.
PATENT CHAISE BRAKE
FISH BROS WAGON CO.
RACINE, WIS.