

# The Lincoln Courier.

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NO. 15

## Sizing up the Strangers.

Mrs. Chungwater—"Josiah, these new neighbors of ours across the way seem to be excellent people. I see they are advertising in this morning's paper that they have found a gold-handled umbrella which the owner can have by calling and proving the property."  
Mr. Chungwater (suspiciously)—"Anybody that advertises he has found an umbrella and wants to find the owner is just a little too good. Keep the coal horse locked hereafter, Samantha, and keep an eye on the clothes-line."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## A Confusion.

"Penelope," said the Boston mother, "tell me truly, did Charles kiss you last night?"  
"There was a slight labial juxtaposition as Charles took his leave, mother, but I assure you it was only momentary and therefore innocuous."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or allou sed Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Grubs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bones, Stiffles, 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.

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**PIANOS**—Chickering, Mathushek and Sterling Pianos are too well known to the people to require any introduction from me. Every one of them are guaranteed, if they do not please you, you need not keep them. There are no lower prices, nor easier terms offered by any one than those offered by me.

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I sell 90-inch reversible frame MOSQUITO ANOPIES with all the fixtures for hanging for only \$2.00.  
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April 18, 1890. 1y.

**DEEP** Sea Worms exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvelous invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living 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 MACHINES!**  
Prices reduced. Every family now can have the best Automatic Sewing Machine in the market at reduced price. 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. Kruse & Murphy Mfg. Co., 455 and 457 West 26th St., N. Y. City.

## Deliberation.

There is much to be said in favor of wisely deliberating before acting. Doubtless many rash deeds are performed, bringing all sorts of unfortunate consequences in their train, simply for the want of a little reflection; and others, that would have been of the utmost benefit to mankind, have never seen the light from the same cause. Yet, while this is true, there is a kind of deliberation much practiced which is nearly always pernicious in its results upon future action. It is that which puts aside the first instinctive perceptions of right and wrong, speculates upon them, doubts them, subjects them to processes of casuistical reasoning, and generally ends either by so clouding the mental vision that no distinct course is visible, or by actually making the worse appear the better cause. Much of the wrong-doing of the world is the fruit of this kind of deliberation.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

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

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## From New York Ledger. A ROMANCE OF LABOR.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

**T**HE unwritten romance of real life far exceeds in beauty and instruction anything that simple fancy ever imagined; and I have had only to keep my eyes and ears open, as I went up and down in the world, to fill the storehouse of memory with many a strange drama. The following true incident was brought to my remembrance this morning, while listening to the rebellious words of a young man, who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said, querulously; "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith, and have hands like a coalheaver."  
"And if you think, Fred, that wearing fine clothes and having white hands will make you a gentleman, let me tell you, sir, you are now a very common man, indeed, to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then I looked at the handsome fellow—for he was handsome—and I thought involuntarily of young Steve Gaskill. Steve has made his mark now, but many a year ago I heard just such a talk between him and old Josiah Gaskill, relative to the young man's learning his father's trade of a woolstapler.

"It is a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in a full evening dress, "and I hate the smell of oil, and the sight of those men in blue linen blouses. I hope I shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad; what is it thou fain to be?"

"A lawyer, father."  
"They're nought but a lazy, quarrelsome set, but thou shalt not say I ever stood i' thy gate. Be a lawyer, lad. I'll speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was article to Denham & Downes, to study law, and specially "conveyancing." He was an only son, but he had three sisters, and over them and his mother he exercised supreme influence. Whatever Steve did, was right; whatever he said, was beyond dispute. Even old Josiah, with all his sound sense, was, in spite of himself, swayed by this undisputed acknowledgment of Steve's superiority. He would not have advised his son to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was not afraid of being one, he was rather proud of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost him a good deal. Steve's tastes were expensive, and he fell naturally among a class of men who led him into many extravagances. There were occasional awkward scenes, but Steve, supported by his mother and sisters, always cleared every scrape, and finally satisfied the family pride in being regularly admitted upon the roll of her majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime, his father had been daily failing in health, and soon after this event he died. Most of his savings had been secured for the benefit of the helpless women of the Gaskill family; and Steve now found himself with a profession and a thousand pounds to give him a fair start in it. People said old Gaskill had acted very wisely, and Steve had sense enough to acquiesce in public opinion. He knew, too, that just as long as his mother or sisters had a shilling, they would share it with him.

So he hopefully opened his office in his native town of Leeds, and waited for clients. But Yorkshire men are proverbially cautious; a young, good-natured, fashionably dressed lawyer was not their ideal. Steve could not look crafty and wise under any circumstances, and the first year he did not make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless, he did not, in any way, curtail expenses; and when the summer holidays arrived, he went as usual to a fashionable watering-place: It happened that year saw the debut of Miss Elizabeth

Braithwaite, a great heiress, and a very handsome girl. Steve was attracted by her beauty, and her great wealth was certainly no drawback in his eyes. In a short time, he perceived Miss Braithwaite favored him above all other pretenders to her hand, and he began seriously to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession hitherto had been a failure; his one thousand pounds were nearly spent; his three sisters were all on the point of marriage, a condition which might seriously modify their sisterly instincts; and his mother's whole annual income would not support him a month. Would it not be the best plan to accept the good fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and inclined to favor him, and though she had the reputation of being both authoritative in temper and economical in money matters, he did not doubt but that she would finally acknowledge his power as completely as his own mother and sisters. So he set himself to win Miss Braithwaite, and before Christmas they were married.

True, he had been compelled to give up a great deal more than he liked; but he promised himself plenty of marital compensations. Elizabeth insisted on retaining her own house, and as Steve had really no house to offer her, he must needs go to Braithwaite Hall, as the husband of its proprietress. She insisted upon his removing his office to Braithwaite, a small village, offering none of the advantages for killing time, which a large city like Leeds did; and she had all her money scrupulously settled upon herself for her own use, and under her absolute control.

Steve felt very much as if his wife had bought him; but, for a little time, the *edat* of having married a great heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign travel compensated for the loss of his freedom. But when they returned to Braithwaite, life soon showed him a far more prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's economical disposition soon became particularly offensive to Steve. She inquired closely into his business, and did not scruple to make unpleasantly witty remarks about his income. She rapidly developed, too, an authoritative disposition, against which Steve daily more and more rebelled. The young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that a great transition was taking place in Steve's mind, and times of unrest and misery. The better part of his nature was beginning to claim a hearing. He had seen now all that good society could show him; he had tasted of all pleasures money can buy, and he was not happy.

His wife had no *enami* and no dissatisfaction with herself. There was her large house to oversee, her gardens and conservatories, her servants and charity schools, her toilet and a whole colony of pet animals. Her days were too short for all the small interests that filled them; and these interests she would willingly have shared with Steve, but to him they soon became intolerable bores.

Under some circumstances he might have found his work in the ordering and investing of his wife's large estate; but Elizabeth was far too cautious a woman to trust it in untried hands. Her father's agent was her agent; her banker managed all her investments; her park and farms and gardens were all under the care of old and experienced servants, who looked upon Steve merely as "Missis's husband."

In the second year of his marriage he began to have some thoughts which would have astonished his wife, could she have thought it worth her while to inquire what occupied his mind in the long, moody hours when he paced the shrubbery, or sat silently looking out of the window. But Steve was now ready for any honest thing that would take him out of the purposeless, dependent life which he had so foolishly chosen for himself.

One day, greatly to his surprise, Elizabeth said to him:  
"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin of my mother's, who lives in Glasgow. She is going to Australia, and wants me to buy her house. She says it is a great bargain; and I wrote to Barrett to go and see about it. I have a letter this morning, saying he is too ill to leave his bed. I wonder if you could go and attend to it?"

Anything for a change. Steve showed a very proper businesslike interest, and said:

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."  
"Very well. I should think you knew enough of titles and deeds and conveyancing, and all that kind of thing. I will trust the affair to you, Steve."

So the next morning Steve found himself on the Caledonian Line, with one hundred pounds in his pocket, and a veritable piece of business on Leeds. The first twenty miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with the abandon of a bird set free; then he began to think again. At Orewe he missed a train, and, wandering about the station, fell into talk with the engineer of the next one, who was cleaning and examining his engine with all the love and pride a mother might give to a favorite child.

The two men fraternized at once, and Steve made the trip over the Caledonian line in the cuddy of the engineer, who was a fine young fellow, "one of seven," he said, "all machinists and engineers." The young mechanic was only serving his time, learning every branch of his business practically; he had brothers who made engines, and he hoped to do so some day.

In spite of his soiled face and oily clothes Steve recognized that refinement that comes with education; and when his new friend called upon him at the Queen's Hotel, he would not have been ashamed of his appearance, even in his most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you," said Steve, holding out both hands to him.

"I thought you would be, sir; it is not often I am mistaken in my likings. I will go with you now to see my father's works, if it suits you."

Never had such a place entered Stephen Gaskill's conception; the immense furnaces, the hundreds of giants working around them, the clang of machinery, the mighty struggle of mind with matter, of intellect over the elements, was a revelation. He envied those Cyclops in their leathern marks and aprons; he longed to lift their mighty hammers. He looked upon the craftsmen with their bare, brawny arms and blackened hands, and felt his heart glow with admiration when he saw the mighty works those hands had fashioned. The tears were in his eyes when Andrew Dalrymple and he parted at the gate of the great walled-in yard.

"Thank you," he said; "you have done me the greatest possible service. I shall remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but noble resolution. First of all, he devoted himself to his wife's business, and accomplished it in a manner which elicited Mr. Barrett's warm praise, and made Elizabeth wonder whether she might not spare her agent's fees for the future. Then he had a long, confidential talk with the owner of the Dalrymple Iron and Machine Works, the result of which was the following letter to Mrs. Gaskill:

"MY DEAR WIFE: I shall not be home again for, at least, two years for I have begun an apprenticeship to Thomas Dalrymple here, as an iron-master. I propose to learn the whole process practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem, as well as my own, and I do not say but what I have deserved the loss. Please God, I will redeem my wasted past, and with His help, make a man of myself. When I am worthy to be your husband you will respect me, and, until then, think as kindly as possible of."  
STEPHEN GASKILL.

This letter struck the first noble chord in Elizabeth's heart. From

that hour not even her favorite maid dared make her usual little compassionate sneer at "poor master."

Steve, in leathern apron and coarse working clothes, began laboriously happy days, which brought him nights of sweetest sleep; and Elizabeth began a series of letters to her husband which gradually grew more and more imbued with the tenderest interest and respect. In a few weeks, she visited him of her own free will, and purposefully going to the works, saw her self-banished lord wielding a ponderous hammer upon a bar of white hot iron. Swarthy, bare-armed, clothed in leather, he had never looked so handsome in Elizabeth's eyes; and her eyes revealed this fact to Steve, for in them was the tender light of a love, founded upon a genuine respect.

Steve deserved it. He wrought faithfully out his two years' service, cheered by his wife's letters and visits, and when he came out of the Dalrymple Works, there was no more finished iron-master than he. He held his head frankly up now, and looked fortune boldly in the face; he could earn his own living anywhere, and, better than all, he had conquered his wife—won her esteem and compelled her to acknowledge a physical strength and a moral purpose greater than her own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite Hall there have been for many years gigantic iron-works. The mills and railways of the West Riding know them well; their work is famous for its excellence, for the master is a practical machinist and oversees every detail. Their profits are enormous, and Stephen Gaskill, their proprietor, is also the well-beloved and thoroughly respected master of Braithwaite Hall and of Braithwaite Hall's mistress.

## Captain Tillman Talks to a Newspaper Reporter.

While in Charleston last week Capt. Tillman was interviewed by a representative of the Philadelphia Press, to whom he said:

"No; I don't believe they will assassinate me, but I would like to know what they mean when they say I shall never be Governor of South Carolina. They are desperate, and they want to scare me out of the race for Governor. I have smashed ring rule in South Carolina, and I have already won the fight. There are only two courses open to the old ring. They must either assassinate me or appeal to the negro vote. I don't think they will assassinate me, and God have mercy on them if they appeal to the negro to settle a family fight between whites. We will not have any negro rule. Any man who comes into Edgefield to appeal to the negro will do so at the peril of his life. They are sore now, but they will swallow Tillman before they go to the negro."

"It will be a bitter pill, but they will take it. I am just as good as elected Governor, and when I am Governor I will shake up the old dry bones in old South Carolina. My fight was for the common people of the State. They have never been allowed a voice in the government, and I have secured it now. Hereafter candidates will have to face the people; and not a small packed convention of aristocrats, who pay no taxes and live in the past."

"For the first time in her history South Carolina is about to get a republican form of government. We are going to have a new Constitution and a new government in which moss-backs will be conspicuous for their absence. We will reduce taxation by cutting off useless officers and reducing salaries. Hereafter we will have no kid glove dudes around the State House at fancy salaries, but men who will do a fall day's work at a reasonable salary. We will not have any official class."

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## A Polite Sharp.

"A visit to Mount Vernon is accomplished by some curious experience these days," said a gentleman yesterday who was recently in Washington and went down to Mount Vernon. "The place has been given over to Coney Island practices, and you can be relieved of a nickel or a dime every time you turn around. They have a restaurant row, and serve a lunch or dinner in one wing of the Washington mansion, the meat being cooked in the old kitchen. But the funniest thing to me was a photographer, who must have been a good judge of human nature. You know when there is a crowd anywhere any one man who steps out and assumes leadership and directs what shall be done is generally followed blindly. This photographer would order everybody to go up on the porch, would pose them in front of his camera, take their negatives and then demand a quarter apiece for pictures to be sent to each one by mail. The crowd obeyed him and paid him their quarters just as if they were obliged to do so. I remarked to him that I lived in Washington, and he couldn't come any such game on me, whereupon he touched his hat and begged my pardon, but went on driving the others about."—*New York Press.*

## Character in Life.

I am very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son who was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows: That he should consider Death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; that, while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad. This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. While he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinion. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and appear to us under a different light. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it. As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up a uniformity in his actions and preserve, in full truth, the beauty of his character to the last.—*Joseph Addison.*

## A French Mine.

The deepest mine in the world is at St. Andre du Poirier, France, and yearly produces 500,000 tons of coal. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2952 feet deep and the other 2083. The latter shaft is now being deepened and will soon reach the 4000-foot level. The remarkable feature in this deep mine is the comparatively low temperature experienced, which seldom rises above 75 degrees Fahrenheit. The gold and silver mines of the Pacific coast of our own country, at a depth of half that of the French mine, often have much difficulty in keeping the temperature low enough to admit working. In some levels of the great Comstock lode the temperature rises as high as 120 degrees.

**Who Is Your Best Friend?**  
Your stomach, of course. Why? Because it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right,—if you are troubled with heartburn, dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, biliousness, indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you have phosbe Green's August Flower, and no person can use it without immediate relief.



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