

The Lincoln Courier.

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When Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States the entire revenues of the government were less than \$30,000,000. Now the people are taxed to raise nine times that amount; and yet this vast revenue is insufficient to quiet the appetite of the robbers who pretend that their hunger is patriotic.

—Macon Telegraph, Dem.

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.

Mr. Peters, Republican of Kansas, although opposed to some features of the new tariff bill, swallowed it as a whole, and wishes it would be made a "punishable offense for any member of Congress to introduce a bill for a revision of the tariff during the next ten years." He doubtless expresses the sentiments of the protected manufacturers on this point, who would be perfectly willing to extend the period to twenty-five instead of ten years. —Wil. Star.

Who Is Your Best Friend?
Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, enjoyable 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 had better use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

In the private journal of a lady recently deceased were found these words: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." These words are worthy to be placed where we can see them every day: Each day, each week, each year comes but once.

A CHILD KILLED.
Another child killed by the use of opiate 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.

The new tariff law is beginning to make itself felt. The Dry Goods Economist says that prices now are about ten per cent. higher than they were in August, on all goods in which wool plays a prominent part as a raw material, while linens and knit fabrics have increased in the same ratio. This is only the beginning. —Wil. Star.

EUPEPSY.
This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. The Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all disorders of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1 per bottle by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

OUR CHILDREN.
Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile. Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while. And soon they will pass from the portals of home, The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam!
Yes, tuck them in with a gentle good night,
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light.
And may be—God knows—on the sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.
Yes, say it—God bless my dear children,
I pray,
It may be the last time you'll say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again
And motherless children may call you in vain.
Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
Their spirit may slip from their moorings to-night.

—Anonymous.

HESTER'S GOD-FATHER.
BY ANNA SHIELES.

"TWO DOLLARS and forty cents!" Hester said, bitterly. It lay upon the table before her in a pile of pennies and small pieces of silver, and over it bent two faces, Hester Wright's and her mother's; faces that had been fair and beautiful, but were pallid with sorrow and the privations of two years of grinding poverty.

Not all at once had they fallen down the slope from wealth to want, although the first crushing blow had thrown them far along the road. From a luxurious home to a small one; from that to a boarding-house; from one to another, each poorer than the last, to a room in a tenement house, until they were at last in a bare, cold attic, so scantily furnished that the very emptiness was chilling. They had, at last, reached the point where actual beggary or starvation stared them in the face.

"If we invest the forty cents in barcalot," Hester said, in the same low, bitter tone in which she had first spoken, "two dollars won't pay our funeral expenses!"
"Hester! Don't, dear!" her mother said, in a voice full of sorrow, but without one echo of the ring that was in her daughter's.
"Don't! God will not desert us!"
"People do starve!" was the quick reply. And then, with a wail indescribable in her voice, she cried: "I could bear it alone! I could work, starve, die! But to see you suffer is more than I can endure. My heart is breaking!"

She threw herself into her mother's arms as she spoke, sobbing violently. A creature of impulse, of quick, sudden change of mood, she wept for a few moments, and then stood erect, dashing back the tears.
"I will try once more," she said, "Give me two cents, mother, to buy a newspaper. I will answer every advertisement!"
She took from a closet a shabby, black shawl and heavily veiled crape bonnet, and began to put them on.
"My birthday, too!" she said, presently, buttoning her well-worn boots. "I am twenty-one to-day!"
As she spoke, there was a knock upon the door, and a basket was handed in; a shallow, open, round basket, piled with flowers—roses of every tint, fragrant blossoms of various kinds, buried in soft moss and tender green leaves. Upon the top lay a card.

"Harry!" Hester said, hot tears falling upon the blooming gift that lighted up even that dull room.
"Oh! he should not do so! Think what that has cost, and he works so hard!"
"He will never learn economy," Mrs. Wright said, gently; "and he loves you so well, Hetty."
"Our one friend," the girl replied.

"Say rather, your true lover!" said her mother.
"Though he has good cause to hate me!"

And kissing her mother tenderly, Hester went out, down the narrow, bare staircase, into the street, where a sharp October wind brought dreary promise of winter's coming. A tall, handsome girl, whose manly attire could not tender vulgar, she bore herself, even in her heart-sick misery, like a queen, carrying her shapely head with unconscious hauteur, that lessened materially her chance of obtaining work. She had not learned yet to humble herself in manner, even though her heart burned with bitter humiliation—the humility of shame.
Shame, because two years before, her father, who had reigned as a millionaire, had been detected in fraudulent dealings that led on and on through the mire of dishonesty, forgery, misrepresentation and breach of trust, till, in a prison-cell he committed suicide.

In his ruin was involved that of others, and the greatest sufferer had been his ward, Henry Ashworth, son of an old friend who had left a large estate in the hands of Marcus Wright, in trust for his only child. For years, Harry Ashworth had been one of Mr. Wright's family, leaving his home only for school or college, and returning to it, naturally, after graduating in the law school, to assume a man's duties.

Utterly unsuspecting, trusting his father's friend implicitly, Harry had never thought of investigating his own affairs, even after he came of age, and Mr. Wright made a show of settling them.

He had loved Hester from the time she was a child, and their engagement caused no surprise in their social circle, though two people more unlike could not well be found.

Hester, tall, dark, stately, yet impulsive, was quick-tempered, liable to look on the gloomy side of life, quick to resent injustice; love, yet jealous and exacting.

Harry, a blonde of the English type, was frank, joyous in disposition, seeking the brightness in all things, confident and tender—a lover, once won, who could not be inconstant.

When the crash came, and he knew his entire fortune was swept away by the dishonesty of his guardian, it was Harry Ashworth who stood between Hester and her mother and the world; who guarded them, as far as possible, from the indignation of friends turned to enemies, of those who, wronged by the dead man, came to pour out the vials of wrath upon the innocent widow and child. It was Harry who saved a trifle from the wreck, by claiming Mrs. Wright's jewels, presents from her relatives on her marriage. It was Harry, who, yielding in all else, would not give up his right to protect Hester, but claimed her promise to be his wife, steadily and unmoved by her passionate, scornful denunciations of herself, as her father's child.

More fortunate than his betrothed, he had obtained employment as a clerk in a lawyer's office, and had a salary at his command, about equal in amount to his father's bills of previous years. Friends, who turned from Hester's appeals for employment, pitied the "victim" of her father's frauds, and extended a helping hand to Harry. Yet with all his love, all his generosity, he could not arrest that downward, struggling fall that had carried his betrothed and her mother to the very verge of desperation.

Hester had not been gone more than ten minutes, and Mrs. Wright was still burying her misery, for the time, in the delight the flowers brought her, when she heard rapid steps coming up the narrow staircase, and the door was opened quickly to admit the girl again, flushed and excited.

"Mamma!" she cried, "did you ever know anybody named Godfrey Holborne? I seem to have some recollection of the name."
"He was your godfather! But

he went to Colorado years ago!"
"Read that!" Hester said, opening the newspaper in her hand to point out a paragraph, and Mrs. Wright read:
"If Hester Wright will communicate with Godfrey Holborne, 248 L street, she will learn some thing to her advantage."

Suddenly there flashed over Mrs. Wright's face a look of hope, long a stranger there.

"I cannot recall it clearly," she said, "but your father told me some thing, years ago, about some money Godfrey Holborne held for you. It is all very vague! He was a man of whom they said he turned every thing he touched to gold. Every speculation he made was a success, and when he went West, his good luck followed him."

"I will go now—to-day!" Hester cried, and then her face fell, as she added: "But, mother, if he has money of father's—it cannot honestly be mine."

"You had better go, dear. I wish I could remember better!"
247 L street proved to be a private residence; a house of magnificent proportions, furnished with taste and wealth, and Hester was ushered into a room filled with treasures of art and beauty, while her card was carried to the master of the house. He came to her at once, a fine-looking, portly man nearly seventy years old, with kindly blue eyes and a pleasant smile.

"And this is my little godchild," he said, as he took both Hester's hands in his own. "Dear, dear! You were in long clothes when I saw you last. And you have had heavy sorrow. I did not know until yesterday, or I should have found your mother before. I have just come from Europe. You saw my advertisement?"

"It was that that made me venture to call," Hester said, all her pride of bearing broken by this genial reception. "You—you say you know our troubles."
"Yes! yes! But this little affair of ours? It has nothing to do with your father's business. He told you, certainly he must have told you, of your investment with me."
"No! I know nothing about it!"
"So! Well! Well! Why, my dear, I have held some money of yours over twenty years. Did you never hear of your gold mine?"

"Never."
"How strange! Perhaps your father forgot it! It was just after the war was over! You were a baby, and on the day you were christened your father gave a dinner party to some of his most intimate friends, all gentlemen. I was your godfather, and I mentioned to all the guests the occasion for the dinner. Gold was very scarce in those days, very scarce, and held at a high premium. So we, the gentlemen who were invited to the dinner, made our choice of a gift for you in gold. Dear! dear! how well I remember it all! Your mother presided at the dinner, but left us, after the dessert, to our wine and cigars. But before we began to smoke, your father, at my request, sent for you. You were a beauty even then, a queen of babies. While you sat, erect as a soldier, in your father's arms, we presented you with a silver cup, filled with gold coins, five hundred dollars in all. But after you were taken away the cup still stood upon the table, and you father asked me to invest it for you, until you came of age. He made some jesting allusion to my success in business, and exacted from me a promise to hold the money, 'turn and twist' it, to use his own expression, and return it to you only upon your twenty-first birthday. I accepted the trust, taking the gold, and making a careful entry of the date upon which it was to be returned. And this is the day!"

Hester's voice trembled as she said:
"This morning, Mr. Holborne, I counted the money that stood between us and starvation, and it was two dollars and forty cents. I have tried in vain to obtain steady employment, since my father's death. The mantle of his fault," she said, with a ring of the old bitterness,

"was supposed to be wrapped about me. No one would trust me. I proposed, far more in earnest than in jest, to invest the forty cents in barcalot and end the tragedy by a deeper one. And now you tell me I have five hundred dollars all my own!"
"Bless the child!" cried the old gentleman, "does she suppose I put the money in an old stocking and locked it up? Five hundred dollars! No, no, my dear! I 'turned and twisted' it, as your father wished, and really, I took quite a comical interest in watching it roll itself up and come out of every investment with flying colors. I kept it quite by itself, and I have a detailed memorandum to show you, if you wish, precisely how your christening present became thirty thousand dollars."

"You are laughing at me!"
"No. I am quite serious. The last twenty years have offered great chances for speculation, and you have been fortunate. And remember, it is yours. I know all. I can speak to you frankly, and I tell you this money is your own, a gift from friends. Your father never held it in his hands. From your silver cup it went into my pocket! Now! Now! to cry over your good fortune! Poor child! There, cheer up! Bright days are coming!"

"But," said Hester, smiling through her tears, "surely the money must be yours."
"Not a dollar, not a cent of it! It is yours, honestly and fairly. And now, tell me more of yourself."

There was a long talk, ending in Mr. Holborne's promise to call upon Mrs. Wright, and then Hester, with dark-bills that took her breath away, "just for present emergencies," her godfather explained, hurried home.

It had been Harry who had urged a wedding, to give him a right to care for Hester, and Hester who resisted, refusing to burden him. But, once established in what Mrs. Wright tearfully called "a home of their own, once more," it was Hester who, blushing but bravely, insisted on the ending of her long engagement; and there was a quiet wedding, at which Mr. Holborne claimed a godfather's right to give the bride away.

Ex-President Hayes Says the McKinley Bill is Annihilating.
Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday, having come to New York to take part in the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Fund. The passage of the McKinley bill has attracted the attention of the ex-President as well as that of every thinking man in the country.

"I cannot find words to express my regret at the passage of the measure," said Mr. Hayes to a reporter of the Star. "It is ruinous to all our best interests, and it will do an infinite amount of harm."
"What do you think of the letters written against it by Mr. Blair?"
"I second every word Mr. Blair wrote in the matter. I cannot understand how public men can be so blind to the interests of the country at large as to pass such a bill. It is annihilating to the Republican party. It is the most terrible blow that has been struck at the party during its existence. I can only say that I hope such a policy will die out, surely and soon; but I cannot shut my eyes to the evil that will be done before such protection as this finds a grave." —N. Y. Star.

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.
Remember that if you do not register you cannot vote in the coming election.

Asianic cholera kills people by the wholesale, and there is no cure for it, but Gant's magic chicken cholera cures restore the chicken that is down to perfect health. It is warranted by J. M. Lawing.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES.
If you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.

A Fearful Arraignment.
The adjournment of Congress will be a relief to the country. Coming into power with so many assurances of achievement and reform, what has it done?
We have a pension bill. Under the pressure of the pension sharks—the best organized lobby ever known in Washington—over fifty and perhaps a hundred millions have been added to the annual taxation. In profound peace, with nothing to disturb the nation's prosperity, with a shred of an army and a remnant of a navy, we are paying more for pensions alone than Germany with her armaments, which master a continent. The war ended twenty-five years ago, and yet we suffer the financial burdens of the war. History has no precedent for this cruel wrong. The tariff barons would have it so, and the truculent Republicans majority humbly records the decree.

Tin is taxed to enable a company of English capitalists to float a tin mine on the London market. That is the tin business in a nutshell—simply a Lombard street job, looking to money in English pockets.

Iron is taxed that Mr. Carnegie may give libraries to Scottish towns. The tax on wool means the hand of the government in the pocket of every laborer who would buy his wife a blanket or a shawl. By our fiscal policy we have managed to array every nation against the United States. We may despise the coalition and defy the world. But is it wise? We rob our laborers to gain some fancied advantage over the laborers in other lands. But do we gain by it? Under the laws of supply and demand, the laws of commerce, as inexorable as those which govern the solar system, the policy of selfishness to other peoples will react upon ourselves. Nations no more than men succeed in building themselves up by pulling others down.

Congress has passed a river and harbor bill larger than ever known. And when we add the sums paid for public buildings, every cross-roads asking a jail and postoffice, we can understand the sweep and breadth of these schemes upon the Treasury. But we have no administration to check and lead legislation. Are there no other but legislative powers in the republic? Oh, yes; we have a mild, weak Executive, with no more influence upon the making of laws than a toad on a stone. On the solemn question as to whether the postoffice should go to the village politician who gave the lamps for the election parade or the one who furnished the oil; on the burning question of turning out twenty-five thousand postmasters because Mr. Cleveland left them doing their duty, we have an immense administration—none so great since Tyler. But upon public policy, upon issues affecting the national welfare, the administration has lived in a condition of meek surrender to Congress. It is an automatic contrivance. No such wondrous piece of machinery since the famous automaton chess player.—N. Y. Herald.

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.

If a man goes into a primary or convention and his candidate is defeated, he is a base fellow if he bolts the ticket nominated. When he went into the convention he promised to abide by its action. Never mind disappointments and personal grievances, duty and honor alike demand that every man who went into a convention this year render cheerful support to the nominees. —State Chronicle.

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS.
Is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Balm? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25 cents and 50 cents. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

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IMPORTANT!

LOOK, **Get Prices and Photos,** READ, FROM **E. M. ANDREWS,** Before you buy Furniture. It will pay you. I want to call the attention of all the readers of this paper that my stock of **FURNITURE, PIANOS AND ORGANS** is now larger and more complete than at any time since I have been in the business. I have just received a car load of nothing but Antiqu Oak and Sixteenth Century Suits, ranging in price from \$26.50 to \$75.00. These were bought at a bargain and are the very newest styles. I have made a large deal in Parlor Suits also. Listen at these prices; Plush Suits of 6 and 7 pieces I am offering now for \$32.50 to \$100.00. Plush Suits in Walnut and Antique and 10th Century that I sold for 10 per cent. more money last year. I have a well selected line of Divans Plush Rockers, Book Cases, Mantle Mirrors and Novelties in Furniture. I have scoured the country this year for bargains, buying in large quantities for cash to get the best bargains, my object being to give my customers this fall the most and best goods possible for the money. I make a specialty of furnishing residences and hotels complete from top to bottom. I am anxious to sell you all your furniture, and will do it if you will only allow me to quote my prices. Long time given on Pianos and Organs. Write me for prices and terms.

E. M. ANDREWS, Charlotte, N. C.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.
"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will outside the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. Knickerlo, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Andersen, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merit of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.