

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCT. 24 1890.

NO. 25

"I really don't see how Center manages to live."
 "They say he lives by his wits."
 "Yes, That's the reason I wonder at his living at all."—*St. Joseph News.*

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.
 Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisonous blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Purifier has been found to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

She—If you attempt to kiss me I'll call mamma.
 He—What would happen then?
 She—Oh, nothing, for mamma isn't at home.—*Chicago Post.*

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

A scientific exchange states on authority that two bodies cannot come together without losing some of their energy. How about a man and a tack.—*Lawrence American.*

Farmers of the United States receive more clear money from chickens and eggs than from any other one source, and it is a fact that Garter's magic chicken cholera cure is daily adding to that revenue. Sold and warranted to cure by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

Minister—You ought to whip your boy for fishing on the Sabbath.
 Deacon—I intend to, sir, but I thought I'd let him clean them first.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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

Even the successful feminine effort to be beautiful is a vain attempt.—*Washington Post.*

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 Blood Purifier, 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.

The self-made man is always interesting—especially to himself.—*Somerville Journal.*

ELECTRIC BITTERS.
 This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

A man of a flighty disposition should never be made the cashier of a bank.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

How Men Die.
 If we know the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost their lives to such an extent that there is little or no help. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a Cough, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give the old and well-known remedy—Bocher's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

ADVERTISE IN THE COURIER. Rates are reasonable. Try it one year and see if it does not pay.

A Doctor's Inheritance.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

TWO gentlemen, both past middle age, were seated beside a glowing grate-fire, chatting as old friends will, who have met after a long separation. The hour was late, nearly midnight, but no sign of weariness was on either face. The room was a library, with well-filled book-cases on all sides, a large business like table in the center, and deeply cushioned chairs scattered about. One book-case contained only medical works in substantial bindings, and with marks of service plainly visible.

Dr. Thornton, host and owner of the handsome house in which the room was situated, was a man past forty, with iron-gray hair, strongly marked features, a tall, erect figure, and an expression at once kindly and resolute. You read prompt decision in his dark-blue eyes, and a sympathy in the pleasant smile that often crossed his lips.

His companion, heavily bearded and bronzed by travel, was a far handsomer man, but with a weaker face.

"At last," he said, stretching himself lazily in his deep arm chair, "I find you alone and disengaged. Give me permission to stuff a towel into that obtrusive office-bell of yours, so that no whining woman or squalling brat can summon you away and make me unhappy."

"Can't be done, Tom. Make the most of me now, for the claims of the whining women and the squalling brats cannot be denied."

"You know what I want to hear! I left you, twelve years ago, a poor man with a struggling, almost wholly gratuitous practice, a sworn bachelor, and almost a hermit outside of your professional duties. I find you wealthy, with a charming wife, and a popular member of society, and yet your practice is, as before, almost entirely amongst those who could not fee you if they would. From what relative, unknown to me, your own cousin, did you inherit your fortune?"

"Did it ever occur to you, Tom, that there are romances in real life, all about us, quite as improbable as those found upon the shelves of a circulating library. My experience will convince you that I speak with authority. Twelve years ago—we are getting old, Tom!—I was, as you say, a poor man, studying hard, living in a stuffy little house in a poor neighborhood, hoping for better times, more profitable practice, and a fuller purse. I was a bachelor because I could offer only poverty to a wife: a hermit because my studies were engrossing. In my small house I kept one old woman servant, who cooked for me and kept things tidy. Having no carriage I needed no boy, for Martha could write, and I had a much larger office practice than outside."

"It was late, one bitter night in January, when I was roused by the office-bell, and the sound of excited voices under my window. Hastening down, I found several men carrying upon a shutter the unconscious patient I was to aid, if possible."

"An old man, sir, knocked down by runaway horses, and run over," said one of the party, as they gently deposited their burden on a sofa. "Badly hurt, I'm thinking, Doctor, but not dead!"

"Badly hurt, indeed, I found him, and my examination convinced me that any further motion would result fatally. Keep him in must, or risk his life by removal to a hospital. With the assistance of two of the men, I undressed him, and put into my own bed, noticing then that he wore no coat."

"Somebody took it off!" they told me, and apparently somebody kept it, as it never appeared again. In the trousers pockets were only some trifling articles, a bunch of keys and a handkerchief, but nothing to give any clue to the identity of my patient and his whereabouts. "I will not enter into the details of the injuries that excited my in-

terest as a physician and surgeon, as much as they called for my sympathy as a man. There were complications in the case that called upon all my skill and knowledge, and the patient endurance of great suffering made me respect my unfortunate guest from the first."

"It was nearly a fortnight before he recovered from the brain injury sufficiently to speak distinctly. When the sufferer could speak, he told me that his name was Fanshawe, but said nothing more of himself, and I supposed him unwilling to confess to poverty and the inability to pay me for my services."

"I do not take much credit to myself for my hospitality or devotion, because I was so deeply interested in the 'case,' professionally considered, that I would have lived on bread and water rather than have it taken out of my hands. As he became stronger, my patient became my friend, and interested me deeply by the variety and depth of his information, his experience of travel and charm of conversation."

"Not until he was convalescent, and had been an inmate of my house for four months, did I know that he was a man of wealth, living in the house I now occupy."

"To cure him was beyond human skill, but through two years I attended him, alleviating great suffering, and often accepting his invitations to 'spend an hour or two with a lonely old man.'"

"When he died, he left me his entire fortune, which I supposed to be mine only because he had no direct heirs or near relatives. He had never spoken but once of his family, and then said briefly that he was a widower and had lost his only child."

"I had enjoyed my inheritance for more than nine years, when I fell in love. I, who had never cared for female society before, became deeply attached to the mother of one of my patients, a lady nearly my own age, the widow of an artist who died in Rome some four or five years before I met her. She had sent for me to see her boy, an only child, slowly dying with an incurable disease of the spine."

"Mrs. Eastwell knew before she saw me that there was no hope of saving the child's life, but she thought I could ease the pain and restlessness from which he suffered. She was herself an artist, working in water colors for the large stores that dealt in fancy goods, and embroidering most exquisitely. But her child claimed much of her time and attention, and I know she worked in hours when she should have shared the boy's slumbers."

"Patient, self-sacrificing, gentle and refined, she filled my ideal of pure womanhood, and I loved her with all the strength of the first love of years. I gave her a man's devotion, not a boy's infatuation. But I knew that it was useless for me to speak while the child lived. She would have thought it sacrilege to give my love consideration, while the mother love in her heart was the ruling spirit. Love-making while her child was dying! I could see how she would shrink from the mere suggestion."

"So I tried to be content with winning the place of a trusted friend delicately trying to make my presence a comfort and a help to her, and doing all I could to make smoother the hard path the childish feet were pressing."

"One afternoon she came to my office to ask some question about the little boy, and as the waiting room was full, I took her through the parlor to the front door. As we passed by the mantel-piece of the front-room, she suddenly gave a cry of pain and surprise, stopping short before a life-size portrait of Mr. Fanshawe. Her face was white, her whole form trembling, and before I could catch her, she gave one cry of 'Father!' and dropped in a dead faint."

"It was the old story, Tom. She had loved her husband better than her father, and eloped with him, never winning forgiveness. The home she had left was broken up, and Mr. Fanshawe removed to another city, so that for years she had not known where to find him, and

had never heard of his death. Her husband had taken her abroad soon after their marriage, and she did not know whether her father had ever tried to trace or follow them."

"You may imagine how like a thief I felt when I could calmly consider this story, and think of my inheritance—I, living in luxury, and she toiling for bread! And the money was hers by every claim of humanity."

"At once I commenced to arrange for restoring the property to her, and knowing her pressing needs, instructed my lawyer to supply her with ready money, and inform her that, as soon as it could be legally done, her father's fortune would be restored to her."

"Tom, she flatly refused to take it. She had offended her father and had accepted her punishment, and she would not listen to any proposal to accept his money. In vain I urged the justice of her claim, the burden that money so wrongly willed away from her would be to me. She threatened to leave the city and never return, if I persisted."

"While nothing was settled, her child died. She grieved, as only the mother of an only child can grieve, and yet I think I comforted her. I dropped all question of the disputed inheritance in those long months, when her loneliness led her to turn to me, her true loving friend."

"And so, Tom, when a year had passed, and the little life was a sad memory, no longer a passionate pain to remember, I asked her once more to accept her father's fortune and his heir with it."

"We needed no lawyer then to make the transfer, for I won my wife without losing my inheritance." "And there goes that confounded office-bell!" said Tom, rising; "so I am off."

How the Rich and the Poor Fare.

The McKinley tariff bill went into operation yesterday, and the merchants say there was not that general advance in Baltimore in the price of commodities by which the new measure will make its disagreeable existence best known. That accompaniment is postponed, the merchants say, until the stock in hand, bought under the old tariff bill is disposed of. Then, they say, look out for the penalties. These will come along in the winter, when supplies of spring goods are being laid in. This is the merchants' view of the situation. They would not admit that as tradesmen they would not take the opportunity to advance whenever they could, prices of goods bought under the old tariff law to the rates provided by Mr. McKinley. They would not even admit that this would be the view to be taken if human nature is to be consulted at all.

While interviewing merchants in every branch of industry, a *Sun* reporter found much opposition to the bill, and gloomy predictions for the future were given freely. Strikes without number were foretold, because, said one intelligent merchant, consumers will naturally resist the increase of prices brought about by the new bill, and in any effort to restore prices to something like the old standard the workingmen will be called upon to cut down their wages. The resistance will result in strikes. Ex Mayor Hodges, one of the largest importers in the city, summarized the situation thus: "There has been a general advance in all commodities, but owing to the glutted condition of the market, brought about by excessive importations, stimulated by an increase of duties, it will be extremely difficult for importers and wholesale merchants to obtain any marked advance in prices. Nothing so disturbs the regularity of trade as constant changes in the tariff law. It unsettles the market and confuses values. The merchants will be benefited by the new tariff, as the tendency toward new prices is inevitable. It is the consumer who will suffer. The advance in prices will not increase in wages or incomes must necessarily diminish the demand for goods to the extent of the

advance in values. It is plainly perceptible that consumers will have to economize to that extent. A summary of the business situation, in its relation to workingmen especially, is something like this: Old tariff, 47 per cent.; new tariff, 60 per cent.; wage, stationary; result, pinching economy and privation to millions of consumers."

Some startling changes will be made by the new law, if not immediately, within the next two or three months. The time will not be so long that consumers will forget what they heretofore paid for the same articles, and the poor consumers are the ones whose memories should best be jogged, for it is upon the articles they use that the heaviest exactions are laid. Imitation kid gloves, for instance, which could be bought at a Lexington street store for seventy-five cents will be wholly driven from the market by the high prices at which they will have to be sold to pay duties. Genuine kid gloves, which the rich buy will be sold, as heretofore, at \$2 per pair. The rich, who could afford to pay the increase, will not be compelled to do so. The poor must go without even imitation kid gloves, or pay \$2 for genuine ones, which, as a rule, they have not been able to do. Such toys as five-cent pocket knives are also driven out of the market, or must be sold for ten cents. Street fakirs of knives will be deprived of their business or must sell twenty five cent pocket knives for fifty cents, and it is predicted they will not get much trade at these figures. The little bootblack's stock in trade—blacking—will hereafter cost him 15 instead of 10 c's, and a good brush in proportion. The man who has been content to smoke a five-cent cigar and enjoy it had just as well prepare to give up either of two things—the five-cent cigar or the enjoyment. The two cannot go together, and what is the use of one without the other? The duty on Sumatra tobacco, with which all smokable cigars are wrapped, is increased from about 50 cts. per pound to \$2 per pound. Tobacco of that grade cannot be grown in America any more than can tea or spices. But the rich man can still get a very good cigar for 10 cents—the kind he has always smoked. But five-cent cigars will not disappear. Heretofore they have had part Havana filling and Sumatra wrappers. Now if they have Sumatra wrappers they will have no Havana fillings; if they have Havana fillings they will have no Sumatra wrappers. Cigars selling for two for five cents will have neither. A dealer said that smokers are so accustomed to Sumatra wrappers that they will not do without them, even if the duty were \$5 per pound. It is thought that such an increase in duty as that on Sumatra tobacco will result in "doctored" cigars to such an extent that they will prove very injurious. The republicans had promised to take off the tax of 8 cents per pound on tobacco, but they found their pension bills so large that they had to keep on the tax, at least a part of it. The reduction to 6 cents was anticipated in June by tobacco dealers, and they simply advanced the price two cents a pound. The dealer, not the consumer, has obtained the benefit which should have followed the reduction.

The increase in the price of champagne which the rich will drink while smoking their 10 and 15-cent cigars, is about 34 cents per bottle, not enough to deter any one who can afford champagne from purchasing a bottle. Champagne nippers are among the few articles in the hardware trade not affected by the new tariff, and it is stated that poor people have not much use for them. Brandy goes up 50 cents per gallon. Opium is admitted free. Morphine is reduced from \$1 to 50 cents per pound. Cod liver oil is increased from \$3 to \$4.50 per barrel. Sugar of milk for infants is increased 8 cents per pound. The tin in a 5 cent can will hereafter cost over 4 cents. That same can, with no more and no better contents, will hereafter sell for 10 cents.

In dress goods the general advance is 11 per cent. The increase culminates in pearl shirt and dress buttons, being from 150 to 200 per cent. The general effect is to increase domestic goods three or four times their present price. Towels that heretofore cost wholesale \$2 per dozen will sell for \$2.20; handkerchiefs formerly selling at \$2 per dozen will be put on the market at \$2.40. Jersey cloth will be advanced 30 per cent. above present cost; veiled ribbons, 10 to 20 per cent.; cotton velvets, 10 to 20 per cent.; silk and cotton velvets, 10 to 20 per cent.; silk and cotton plushes, 30 per cent.; cotton hosiery, 15 to 25 per cent.; silk hosiery (for the rich) 7 per cent.; wool hosiery, 10 per cent.; wool underwear, 10 per cent.; French underwear, 25 per cent.; wool cashmere, 10 to 15 per cent. These figures, as in other cases, do not altogether represent the percentage of increase in duty, but the actual advance in price of the articles necessary to compensate importers.

The advance in imported cloth for men's suitings is from 8 to 12 per cent., but Baltimore dealers say that this advance is comparatively so small that tailors will not make more charges; that trousers which heretofore cost \$15 or \$20 will cost the same. One importer thought it probable that tailors might try to make the 50 cents additional tax paid by the new law by reducing the wages now set by cutters and trimmers. In this he anticipated a stroke, as all cutters and trimmers are organized into unions.

The cheap glass vases with which the poor housewife ornaments her mantel-piece, and which have heretofore cost \$1, will hereafter cost \$1.50. More handsome vases for elegant parlors of the rich are increased only 18 per cent. Children who have gone into raptures over toy tea sets must give up the raptures or the toys, for the increase here is 100 per cent., from \$1 to \$2 per set. This increase is not on the toys, but on the packages. Upon the same principle opera glasses will cost 25 and 50 cents each more than formerly. Dinner plates which heretofore cost 90 cents per dozen, will hereafter cost 95; if decorated they will cost \$1. The increase in the price of silverware is due to the advance in the price of silver on account of the new silver coinage law, not to any increase in duty. America is already ahead of Europe in the manufacture of jewelry. There is no increase in the duty on diamonds, because, it was explained by a jeweler, any higher duty would be an incentive to smuggling. A Congressman, who receives \$13 per day, will not have to pay more for a diamond brooch for his wife, but he would not let a workingman, receiving \$1 per day, have a tin dinner-pail without paying four times its value. A ten-dollar musical instrument will hereafter cost \$12. Five cents will buy only half as many safe pencils as formerly. A fifteen-dollar gun will cost \$20. The duty on blacksmiths' anvils will be 2 1/2 cents per pound instead of 2 cents. One-dollar hair brushes will cost \$1.25. Quinine hair tonic will cost \$1 per bottle instead of 75 cents.

The most oppressed farmer was not overlooked by Mr. McKinley. His wheat, not a bushel of which is ever imported, is protected 25 cents a bushel. He exports hundreds of millions of bushels every year. His hens' eggs are protected at the rate of five cents per dozen. The cattle which he never imports are taxed \$10 per head. But a hardship imposed on the truckers of Maryland and Virginia, and just as abominable as that tax on tin cans, in which are packed their peaches, corn, tomatoes and other vegetables, is that duty on imported beans and peas. Truckers are compelled annually to buy peas for seeding purposes, not because they cannot save them during a winter, but because they are unfit for seeding purposes. Each year in this climate and soil the peas deteriorate in quality. It is only in Canada that it grows and thrives, and each spring the trucker has procured his peas for seeding from Canada. Now he must pay twice as much as heretofore for these peas.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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 Antique 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 16th 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. Osgood, 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 consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quick nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
 Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
 H. A. Archer, 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 merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
 UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.