

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL IV LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1890. NO. 29

The Doors are Still Open.

The Chronicle desires to state that the doors are still open and Republicans invited to join the victorious and all-conquering Democracy. Many joined during the campaign. There is room for thousands more, and a warm welcome for all.—State Chronicle.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this remedy is sold on a positive guarantee. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

"It was a magnificent mine, but they ruined it."
"How?"
"The poor idiots took all the gold out of it."—Harper's Bazar.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH

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

"The difference 'twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedledee? I suppose the first Mr. Tweedle couldn't speak," said Mrs. Spriggins. And Mr. Spriggins took off his coat so that he might laugh in his sleeve.—Harper's Bazar.

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 poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Purifier has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

How Men Die.

If we know all the methods of approach adopted by an enemy we are the 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 these forces 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, Croup, or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Buschee's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

Uncle George, who was full of braggery and humor, was delegated to give the bride away. So he stood up before the vast congregation and announced her age as 32.—Birmingham Leader.

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions and do not find our statement correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Thomas Brackett Reed made four speeches in New York during the recent halcyon and vociferous campaign. They all were delivered in hitherto Republican Congressional districts. The returns show that on Tuesday the Democrats carried all the four districts. Come again, Mr. Reed!—Buffalo Courier, Dem.

SPECIMEN CASES.

C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Oxtawa, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of electric bitters and one box of Buelen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. Lawing's Drugstore.

THE DOCTOR.

TELL you, Caleb, that it is a pitiful letter—after you read it two or three times it gets a sad little sound about it, that it don't have just at first. Kathie is my own first cons-in's little girl, and I remember that pitiful little pucker her red lips used to get if she was grieved. She is grown now, and I've not seen her for years, but, Caleb, I see that pucker in her letter."

Aunt Dolly brushed the tears from her eyes, and her husband blew his nose furiously. "It's my belief she is just dying, starving, Caleb, in that hot, burning city, and here is a world full of all she needs," went on Aunt Dolly, carefully examining a handful of big ripe strawberries. "I want her here right off. She thinks she will come in a month or two when she has paid the doctor's bill. Think of it, Caleb, a young strip of girl paying a doctor's bill? Who knows how sick she was, or what she needed, and her mother dead." Here Aunt Dolly sobbed out-right and Uncle Caleb, almost ready to join her, said:

"Why couldn't I go after the child—what is the use of her waiting? I reckon I've a dollar or two to help the Lord take care of the fatherless with. Just get a few things for me, Dolly, and I can go tonight."

He wasn't a handsome man, but Aunt Dolly thought so, and he was very beautiful to her when, now and then, she caught a glimpse of the kind, tender heart that beat beneath his rough exterior.

"You are a good man, Caleb. You'll not be sorry for this." There was quite a stir and bustle in the old farm house that afternoon, for a journey from it was an almost unheard of event. After a while, "all heaven and shore," and shinningly clean, Uncle Caleb set out for the station.

"I'm sorry the doctor isn't here, Dolly, I'd feel safer about you, and I venture he'd be able to help that poor child when I get her here. I see you use in prancin' off to Europe, myself. Make Lige feed the colts and tend to that lame calf Good-by, Dolly." Aunt Dolly watched him down the road, and listened, while she fed the chickens, for the car whistle. When it sounded, her heart was perfectly fresh and sweet, for it was a new heart—a heart that never grows old.

While she was feeding the chickens and doing "the night work," and Uncle Caleb was journeying on in most uncomfortable fashion, a little lady, was seated in front of a narrow window in a cheap city boarding house, looking out but seeing, instead of the dirty street, or opposite walls, pictures of the past. Her face was pale and her pretty eyes full of tears.

"Why am I so foolish," she said, half smiling. "Other women forget half a dozen lovers, and I can't forget this one who was not a real lover at all, only, I wish I knew if he ever did care for me, to be sure he never told me so—not once, but—I am so silly, it is only when I am weak that I feel this way though. I shall get over it after a while."

She closed her tired eyes, and fell asleep—it was so easy to lose her poor weak little self that way. The supper bell rang, but she did not hear it, and no one came to call her. The moon came up and its cold, calm light fell upon her. Sometimes her lips smiled softly and then tears crept down her pale cheeks, but she slept on.

Uncle Caleb reached the city, and, after many troubles and difficulties, succeeded in finding the address on Kathie's letter. The pert servant girl eyed him curiously when he asked for Miss Bents, but even she could see the gentleman beneath the rough, embarrassed farmer, and invited him to wait until the lady came.

"A gentleman to see me!" Kathie rubbed her eyes open. "It must be late, Nannie. I have been asleep. Who is it?" "He don't seem to know what to

do, I don't know who he is," the girl answered. But Kathie was not long finding out:

"You remember Uncle Caleb? Why bless your little heart, how proud Dolly will be that you hain't forgot me. She sent me for you—Dolly did. We can go early in the morning if you can get ready in time. Just never mind that doctor, I venture he's no good. I'll speak to him before we start—why Kathie!" For she had put her arms around his neck and was crying like a little child.

"I am so glad that some one cares for me, that is all," she sobbed. Uncle Caleb let her cry till she had finished all her tears, then he gave her Aunt Dolly's messages, and helped to make plans for their going home.

"How did you know I was hungry for the country? It is twelve years since I was there, longer since I saw your dear old farm—I was a little girl then, with mother." Kathie was stroking Uncle Caleb's rough hand.

"Yes," he said, "I remember it well—it was just after your father died. You went to Roseville from there, and your mother died."

"Then I came here," said Kathie. "I could not be a burden to our friends there. I have worked ever since, and now I am to rest."

"I can't see why you didn't go to your Aunt Dolly—it must be pride, Kathie—you'd have been mighty welcome."

Aunt Dolly stood on the long piazza looking down the road. Lige had gone with the buggy, and now she heard the approaching train. Her face was bright and her hands fluttered nervously. Now and then she smoothed her clean white apron, and once or twice she loosened the fine, snowy kerchief that was pinned about her throat.

"Mandy," she called to the girl who was moving about inside the house, "be sure that everything is nice. I am real excited; it's not only that the little girl is coming, but I feel real set up about seeing Caleb, he hasn't been gone from me as long since that Smith trial, three years ago."

Mandy laughed softly, but answered gravely enough, "I will, Miss Dolly."

And then the buggy drove up and Aunt Dolly, with one arm around Uncle Caleb, and the other clasping Kathie, cried and laughed, as the manner of women is, till she tired. "I am so glad to see you, child, and you too Caleb. Come in. And you are to rest and get strong. Why, Caleb, I can lift that girl with one arm, and me in my sixty-third. It won't do. I am sorry the doctor is gone, I know he could set you right up. Caleb, you are plum beat out, there sit down and rest."

But Uncle Caleb could never rest in Sunday clothes. So the travelers were taken in, and Kathie was shown the cool, big room that was to be hers. At two of the windows the elm trees pushed in their beautiful leaves, and on one of the branches, where Kathie could see and touch it, a mocking bird had built a nest. Mandy tied back the curtains and pushed open the blinds of the third window.

"What a lovely view!" Kathie exclaimed.

"The doctor lives there; it is a splendid place—he is mighty rich and they live high, but he is awful kind hearted, they've gone to—I think it is the far Nord, or somewhere, now, and we misses 'em powerful." As she finished, Mandy went out, and Kathie stood before the open window looking out upon the beautiful picture spread before her.

"I am sure the people who live there are never tired and heartstok," she said half aloud: "If Aunt Dolly, and even Mandy, love 'the doctor' so, what must he be to those who live with him—to his wife." And then she began to picture the sweet, sheltered life of the woman who has a noble, generous man for a husband. She saw "the doctor," strong, handsome, happy, and his wife, sweet, womanly, and tenderly cared for. Then the old, oft seen

pictures of the past arose before her and she saw a frank boyish face with merry blue eyes, and laughter-loving lips. "I wonder where he is, what he has grown into. Twelve years! Am I never to forget? At twenty-eight am I still unable to forget—a childish dream?"

Mandy came then, to call her to supper. What a supper it was! "I shall never get done eating, Aunt Dolly. I'm afraid I'll get to be the fat woman in a circus if I am to feed on such dainties. I'd forgotten what true and true milk is like!" said Kathie, smiling.

"You are a little goose; but the doctor says no one else has such cows as Caleb," said Aunt Dolly, looking across at Uncle Caleb who was enjoying his supper after his fast in the city.

"That ain't what he said, Dolly—it was that nobody kept milk like you do," said Uncle Caleb, his eyes twinkling.

"Well it was somehow that way, it all amounts to the same thing. Well, let me give you another glass (full of milk, Kathie. We won't dispute about it."

One by one the long golden days went by. One by one the sweet cool nights crept between them. What a rest it all was to Kathie. At night she went to sleep listening to wonderful chorus of birds and insects, with the soft breeze stirring the elm leaves in the window, and the sweet smell of the clover and dewy grasses coming up to her. In the morning the cheery country sounds woke her, and smiling she listened, just as she had done when she was a little girl, waking from her sleep in the same room, to the roosters crowing "Turkey, where is J-o-o-e!" and then the answer from some neighboring farm, yard, "Gone to Baltimore!" Such days as they were to be sure.

"I think the child is very happy, but I do wish the doctor was here. I don't like the look of her face when she's quiet," said Uncle Caleb, as he watched Kathie go down the garden path, where a little gate opened into the meadow beyond. Aunt Dolly put on her glasses and looked too.

"That's where she loves to sit, to see the sun go down. I tell you, Caleb, I never like to see a girl get to watching sunsets and things. I have my serious doubts as to whether the doctor could help that child."

"Well I know he could cure her if he was here," persisted Uncle Caleb. "I'd risk a good deal on it." Aunt Dolly shook her head. "I am a woman," she said "and I can see what a man never can."

"And what in the land do you see? Beat a woman, if you can, talking queer!" "You wouldn't know, Caleb, if I told you—suppose I'd lost you, in any way, what sort of a woman do you think I'd be?" asked Aunt Dolly, softly.

Uncle Caleb's eyes grew tender. "It keeps me busy trying to think what sort of a man I'd be. But we didn't lose each other. Dolly. Do you think the child's lost some one?"

But Aunt Dolly didn't answer. Her eyes were fixed upon something over in the pasture. "Caleb!" she said, "Caleb, who—well, the heavens shelter us! Caleb, look!"

"I'm a lookin' Dolly—well the great spread eagle! It's the doctor, Dolly, the doctor shore! I am a livin' man. You reckon he's gone crazy?"

Aunt Dolly's face was a study. Her earnest eyes were fixed upon the two persons at the little gate, "The doctor" holding Kathie in his arms, and she crying on his breast. As Aunt Dolly gazed, "the doctor" lifted Kathie's face and kissed it. Then a light broke over Aunt Dolly's countenance.

"Caleb" she said "what fools we are. Come in. How would you have liked to have had some one watching you and me that night at singing?" Uncle Caleb looked reviled. "Is that it, Dolly?" he whispered. "It seems mighty sudden, somehow, but times are progressing. I've

heard of love at first sight, but I didn't know they begun where folks used to leave off."

"What moles even the best of men are," sighed Aunt Dolly. "You can't see that they have met before."

Presently the young people came in. The doctor's face was shining, and Kathie was a very April mixture of smiles and tears.

"Aunt Dolly!" was all she could say at first. And then: "This is Charlie. I didn't know he was any where till he came up so the gate. And he had lost me just as completely, since I was a girl at Roseville and now—"

"Kathie, it is the doctor!" cried Uncle Caleb, "I always said he could cure you. Hasn't he done it, Dolly?"

And Aunt Dolly, almost as happy as Kathie herself, could only repeat, over and over, "Well Caleb, I never did!"

And Kathie, in her own room kneeling before the third window, with the curtains tied back, and the blinds pushed open, looked, with happy eyes, across the woods and fields where the beautiful home nestled among the trees, and smiled and recalled her picture of "the doctor's" wife.

MARY WILSON.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

By the grace and favor of Almighty God, the people of this nation have been led to the closing days of the passing year which have been full of the blessings of peace and the comforts of plenty. Bountiful compensation has come to us for the work of our minds and of our hands in every department of human industry.

Now, therefore I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of the present month of November, to be observed as a day of Prayer and Thanksgiving; and I do invite the people, upon that day to cease from their labors, to meet in their accustomed houses of worship and to join in rendering gratitude and praise to our Beneficent Creator for the rich blessings He has granted to us as a nation, and invoking the continuance of His protection and grace for the future. I commend to my fellow citizens the privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity and the gracious acceptance of our praise.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and fiftieth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President:

JAMES G. BEAINE, Sec'y of State.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

Rev. F. M. Shroot, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mount, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners said that I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 25 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a very thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousands of friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore. Regular size 50c and \$1.

The Democrats have elected a majority of the members of the House of Representatives. But the time for choosing a Speaker for that House will not arrive until December, 1891. This commonplace observation is respectfully commended to the attention of journals and "statesmen" who are already busying themselves about the next Speakership, to no other conceivable end than inciting premature and injurious rivalry within the Democratic ranks.—N. Y. Star.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares.

Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

Why Democracy Won.

Cor. N. Y. Star.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—The general sentiment among prominent men of both parties here appears to be that the people have put their seal of condemnation on three important measures.

First, the Force bill. McComas' defeat in a district which has a large white Republican vote, and which he carried by nearly 1,500 at the last election, clearly shows that. One prominent Republican, who participated in that election, said to-day that he believed every white Republican of his acquaintance voted against McComas, and that some or Mrs. McComas relatives, who are prominent Democrats, but who have always hitherto worked for him from personal motives, this year were active in opposing him, all on account of the Force bill.

Secondly, the McKinley Tariff bill. That in great measure turned the New England States against the Republican party. The Republican leaders of the two great Committees of the House have been almost entirely wiped out from Congressional existence. Major Moskinley of Ohio and Governor Gear of Iowa of the Ways and Means; Joe Cannon of Illinois, McComas of Maryland, David B. Henderson of Iowa and Mark S. Brewer of Michigan, of the Committee of Appropriations, have all been retired, as well as Ben Butterworth, who did not covet a re-nomination in a district which looked Democratic. There is nobody left of the Republican majority except Cogswell of Massachusetts, Belden of New York and Morrow of California, with a slim possibility that Peters of Kansas survives. Such is the people's verdict on the McKinley bill.

Thirdly, Boss Quay and his methods. There is no doubt that the result in Pennsylvania consigns Senator Quay to private life at the expiration of his present term as Senator, and will compel his retirement from the Chairmanship of the National Republican Committee before the election of 1892.

All thoughtful Republicans outside of Pennsylvania admit this to be the inevitable logic of the elections. Postmaster-General Wainmaker, in duty bound, affects to think otherwise. He said to-day: "The result in Pennsylvania is one of those ebullitions which men like Quay can afford to disregard. It is the climacteric of a series of gross personal attacks upon him, made mainly because he was the Chairman of the Republican National Committee and was instrumental in bringing about the election of President Harrison."

There is a fourth element which leading Republicans are unwilling to discuss, but which undoubtedly plays a strong part in the surprising results of the contests and that is the personal unpopularity of the President with his own party. Senator Gorman in a pleasant little chat this morning grouped all these motives together. He concurred in thinking the result a verdict of disapproval of the Force bill and the McKinley tariff. But he said it was a reaction against radicalism. It resembled the uprising in 1874, when a force bill was proposed and when Massachusetts for the first time in her history since the war went Democratic. The Democrats then regained control of the House and retained it until they themselves attempted radical measures in the shape of the Morrison and Mills bills. Now they have been put back in possession of the Lower House, and can retain control for many years to come if they remain conservative, economical and cautious.

Gagley—I have just received a check for my joke on Senator Ingalls.

Tagley—Say, it hardly looks right for you, a Republican, to gag a Senator of your own political faith.

Gagley—O, that's all right. I've just written to Ingalls that I am perfectly willing that he should gag me if he can make anything by it.—Munsey's Weekly.

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 Picher'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 alls feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curls, 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. Osmond, 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 sickening 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. Kinchloe, 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, 77 Murray Street, New York City.