

The Lincoln Courier.

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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 body 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 that old and well known remedy—Boschen's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

Lovers are so light-hearted they can read each other's thoughts with the pen turned very low.—Chicago Evening Post.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH BLOOD

Are active, effective and pure. For such 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.

If you were to take the conceit out of some people, the remains would defy identification.—St. Joseph News.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters will testify to its efficacy. A purer medicine does not exist and its guarantee to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Bells, Sore Throat 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.

Lives of great men all remind us that if we cannot do more, we can do better.—our neighbors how Ganters' magic chicken cholera cure restored our children that were sick enough to die, to perfect health, and that if it fails, your money will be refunded by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

A WONDER WORKER

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is today enjoying good health. If you have any throat, lung or chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

The butcher's recipe for getting rid of superfluous flesh is to sell it.

—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Bitters 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.

At 20 a man thinks he knows it all; at 30 he merely thinks he could have known it all if he had tried.—Indianapolis Journal.

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.

A woman may not be able to find her pocket, but she never has it filled with letters she has forgotten to mail.—Elmira Gazette.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.

Fired 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 Elixir has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

THE little silver column in the thermometer was gradually mounting toward the nineties; the leaves hung motionless in the furnace-like air, and the scent of the perfumed swaths of newly cut hay pervaded everything, as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple-tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square pocket handkerchief of yellow silk. "Pshaw!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much. I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"So'd I, if I wasn't workin' for day's wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the fragrant billows of green with a fork which gleamed like serried lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich land-owner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please!" said he.

"Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish I could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a makeshift bridge formed by a fallen cedar tree. Far down in the green cross-lights and glistening reflections of the glen, he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing, and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her, out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooning—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on.

The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked at it with a complacent sense of proprietorship, as he went round of the back-door, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. The roomy kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white-board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kittie came running out of the front room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be asleep, and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser-shelf. Asleep!"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a Procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down; but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely it isn't twelve o'clock yet."

"It don't lack twelve minutes of it," said the squire, gloomily, looking at the big wooden clock, whose fat, black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebula of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. My head aches, but I don't take to my bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hay field, he naturally expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and her keep for, if it ain't to see that meals is regular and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame-winged pigeon, "but I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty," (to the child) "wash these potatoes in the sink as quick as you can, and trim the beets, while I run out for some kindlings to hurry up the fire."

A minute afterward, he could

hear the quick strokes of the hatchet, and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to buying-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulant, "as if everything hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing shrewdly over the top of the tin potato-pan, "why don't you go out and split the kindlings, and let mother tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley, quickly, as she touched a match to the mass of crumpled papers under the grate.

"Where's the last Gazette?" snarled the squire, ignoring Kitty's query.

"Oh, Titus," cried his wife, "I've just set fire to it! I s'posed, of course, you'd read it—it's a week old to-day, you know."

"Of course," said Squire Sadley, "I might have known without asking! It's waste and fling away and burn up in this house. There ain't nothing safe where an extravagant woman's concerned!"

"Mother ain't extravagant!" said Kitty.

"Where's them peas I brought in this morning?" sharply demanded the squire, looking around him, with Argus eyes.

"There isn't time to shell them now," said Mrs. Sadley, timidly.

"Time—time!" repeated her husband. "Of course there ain't time, if you sleep away your life on that there sofa. I mean to have it taken away to-morrow. It's a deal too bandy. What's the use o' my plantin' the earliest peas in market, and hoein' and broodin' 'em, if my folks can't live enough to cook 'em?"

"I'll have 'em for supper," said Mrs. Sadley, with a little tremor in her voice.

"No you won't, neither," said the squire. "I'll send 'em over to Neighbor Barton's. His wife's got some snap in her! I declare, it's clear discouragin' for a man to be dragged back all the time by a shiftless wife!"

A big round drop plashed down into the trying-pan which Mrs. Sadley was just preparing to receive saucy slices of well-cared ham which she had been cutting; she made no verbal reply, however.

"Eh?" said the squire, "why don't you say something? Sulkin', I s'pose, as usual?"

At this, poor Mrs. Sadley burst into tears.

"No, Titus," said she, "I ain't sulkin'. But I feel awful bad to-day, and it don't take much to upset me. It's all true what you say. I am a poor, worn-out feeble creature, and I don't blame you for gettin' out of patience. But if I hadn't worked so hard all these years—"

"Oh, yes, there's always some ex-cuse," growled the squire; and taking a stray sample number of a fashion paper, he went out to sit in the honeysuckle shade.

"I can't stand that roasting fire," said he.

"Then," said Kitty, the enfant terrible, "how do you suppose mother likes it?"

In an instant, however, her fickle childish attention was diverted.

"See!" she cried. "There come Cousin Mary and Mr. Dallas over the hill! Oh, father! they're engaged? Did you know it?"

"Yes," absently answered the squire, intent on his paper.

"I was in the parlor that night; it thundered and rained so hard," said Kitty, with a twinkle of an eye, "and they didn't know it. And I heard them talking to each other. And he called her his darling love!"

"Bump!" grunted the Squire. "A regular case o' spooning."

"And she said he was her dearest, dearest one," added Kitty the circumstantial.

"Young fools!" snapped Squire Sadley.

"Father," said Kitty, leaning on his shoulder—she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of the stern despot—"don't all lovers talk so?"

"They're fools for their pains, if they do."

"Didn't you love mother when she was a girl like Cousin Mary? Didn't you say just such things to her?"

The squire moved uneasily in his chair under the calm, searching light of Kitty's eyes.

"I might ha' done," he owned at last. "I s'pose I was just as great an idiot as other folks be."

"I don't see why people ever leave it off," said Kitty abstractedly.

"Was mother a pretty girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the squire, almost angrily; and he got up and walked around to the old wooden bench beside the well carb.

Had Kitty's mother been a pretty girl? Yes, that she had—rose cheeked and limpid-eyed, with a laugh sweet as the note of a thrush, and the lightest foot, in a Virginia reel, of any girl in the neighborhood. And now, "I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature," she had said, in the faint, weary accents, looking at him out of the dim, faded eyes; "and I don't blame you for getting out of patience." Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"I don't know," said the squire, staring at Heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I must think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots o' hired help about the farm and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius o' twenty miles around Kingsley Church! And to look at her now!"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute!" he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they ain't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinking of, all these years. Leave off loving her? I ain't never left it off. I love her now bless her faithful patient soul, as well as ever I did, only I've fell into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't!"

He kept his word.

"Engaged Mary? Is it really a settled thing?" said Mrs. Sadley.

"Oh, I hope you'll be happy! I hope, after twelve years of marriage, dear Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a faint color on her ordinary pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work, so as to spare me! And there is such an easy, spring-up-toe of the lumpy old lounge; and there's one of the hay-bands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style, next week, and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons, just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonsense, you know; and yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Four soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad!" said Mrs. Sadley. "You deserve it all, Cousin Eunice."

And the newly betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand, for what else could so have changed the squire!

They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: Good in all, and none all good."

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.

A boy of 17 and a girl of 13 were married at Columbus, Mo., the other day. The wedding presents included a doll and a wooden gun.—Utica Herald.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or 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.

The Democratic Party and Governor Hill.

The democrats of this county are in peril by reason of too much temporary success.

If, in the last election, they had scored a purely party victory they might be excused for indulging in some pyrotechnic boasting.

The votes at the polls on November 4, however, were cast by the democrats, plus a large number who in ordinary times throw a republican ballot. This plus number of independents may remain stable until 1892 or they may return to the party from which they defected. Their future status depends on the attitude and policy of the republican leaders during the next two years.

No one understands these facts better than Governor Hill; and no man can weigh their importance more accurately.

He is now in retirement, so run or has it, for the purpose of making up his mind as to the next step to be taken.

The Senatorship is within easy reach if he wants it. That is the bird in the hand.

He may conclude, however, to run for Governor in 1891 and roll up a commanding majority of, say, fifty thousand votes. In that case his name will be presented at the next National Convention as that of the coming man—the only man who can surely carry New York State. His nomination for the Presidency would then become a party necessity. This is the bird in the bush.

The situation is therefore somewhat critical for him personally and for democrats generally. His reflections are naturally of the most serious character and the conclusions he may reach will be awaited with rather intense anxiety and interest.

The comparative analysis of Cleveland's and Hill's chances is instructive.

Mr. Cleveland's advantage lies in the fact that he originated the policy of tariff reform, which was recently so signally vindicated. By common consent he had the political right to carry it to its logical issue.

His disadvantage is that, while he has the sentiment of the people with him, his friends are deplorably lacking in organization and push. They depend on this popular sentiment rather than leadership or generalship to see them through. They have altogether too little concentration of purpose and action and are too disjoint and incoherent.

Governor Hill's disadvantage, on the other hand, is that while he has very decided views on the tariff, they are not as widely known. His duties as our State chief have not called for any conspicuous utterances on this subject.

He enjoys a very decided advantage, though, in that he is by nature and experience an expert organizer. His control of New York State is absolutely perfect in all its details. He is as well versed in politics as in the law, is a bold and dashing leader and quite able to create a counterplot to the plot of "our friends, the enemy." The machine, as it is called, has reached its utmost efficiency under his influence.

These are the cold facts of the case.

There are two elements of this problem, however, which must not be lost sight of.

(1) The Democrats are everlastingly right in this whole tariff business. They represent the interests of the laboring classes and ought to elect their man.

But badly organized right is apt to lose when it contends with splendidly organized wrong. It isn't enough to have truth alone on your side in politics; it is truth and vigor, truth and push, truth and first class leadership which force a surrender and win a victory.

Democrats must therefore drop all nonsense, avoid side issues, heal all factions and get themselves into a solid shape. Tom, Dick and Harry, who have personal ends to attain, must be squelched, and the remain-

ing time before election spent in appealing to the common sense of American farmers and wage earners for continued support.

(2) If all this is done, and well done, there will be no reaction from the vote of November 4.

The great body of our people don't care a penny for mere party ambitions. They want steady work, low taxes, living wages, a booming market and such a degree of national prosperity that every man can have his share of it. The party which keeps these ends in view is bound to get their votes.

The Republicans will remain handicapped unless they repeal the McKinley bill, admit that they have made an egregious blunder and practically apologize to the country for committing it. That, they say, they will not do. All right. It is their business, not ours.

The duty of the Democrats, therefore, is to stand together and still further educate the great body of voters.

If they do this they have nothing to fear. If they fail to do it, they have everything to fear.

This is no time for the big head; it is the time for hard, honest work for the best interests of the whole people.—N. Y. Herald.

A Threatened Breach Between Blaine and Harrison.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1890.

Mr. Blaine and Mr. Harrison cannot continue their present relations much longer unless there is a radical change of mind on the part of one of them. That becomes plain and plainer every day to those familiar with the inside workings of the administration. Mr. Harrison has finished his message, and it has been shown to every member of the cabinet except Mr. Blaine. The reason for this action on the part of Mr. Harrison is that he has gone directly contrary to the views of Mr. Blaine on at least two important matters dealt with by the message, and he has delayed showing the message to Mr. Blaine, fearing that it might cause an open row between them. Of course it will have to be shown to the Secretary of State before Congress meets but there will be no trouble, so far as Mr. Blaine is concerned. He made up his mind when the McKinley bill became a law that the Republican party was doomed, and since that time he has not bothered his head with matters outside of his hobby, reciprocity.

The leaders of his party have nearly all turned to him as the Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, and that is what is so galling to Mr. Harrison, who wants vindication in the shape of a re-nomination; but one of Mr. Blaine's warmest and closest personal friends says that unless there should come a great change in the prospects of the Republican party before 1892, Mr. Blaine would under no circumstances accept the nomination, one defect being quite enough for him.

Unless a prominent government official is off in his predictions, there will be a vacancy in the office of Commissioner of Pensions between this and January, Mr. Harrison having fully decided that Raum shall go.

One of the principal occupations of the Republican leaders just now is stiffening up the political backbones of the snail-try Congressmen as they get in. About three out of four of them want to revise the McKinley tariff law at the coming session. That the leaders are determined to prevent if possible.

The Farmers' Alliance and its future movements is much discussed by retaining Congressmen, and many of them believe that a consolidation of it and the labor organizations will take place before the next presidential campaign. The Republicans fear the organization most, because it antagonizes the principles of that party's men. With two or three exceptions any good Democrat could support the platform of the Alliance.—Statesville Lethmark.

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IMPORTANT!

LOOK, 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 Salts of 6 and 7 pieces I am offering now for \$32.50 to \$100.00. Plush Salts 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

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Castoria.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.

Dr. G. C. Osason, 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. Knickerloer, Conway, Ark.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.

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