

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

NO. 2

## Professional Cards.

**BARTLETT SHIPP,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891. 1y.

**Finley & Wetmore,**  
ATTYS. AT LAW,  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.  
All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to.  
April 18, 1890. 1y.

**Dr. WILL A. PRESSELEY,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.  
OFFICE IN CORE BUILDING, MAIN ST.,  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.

July 11, 1890. 1y

**Dr. A. W. Alexander**  
DENTIST.  
LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.  
Jan 27 '91 1y

**J. W. SAIN, M. D.**  
Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding vicinity.

Will be found at night at the residence of B. C. Wood  
March 27, 1891. 1y

**GO TO SOUTHERN STAR BARBER SHOP.**  
Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonsorial art is done according to latest styles.  
HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

**How Men Die.**  
If we know all 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 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, Cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well known remedy—Boschee's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

**E. M. ANDREWS,**  
FURNITURE  
PIANOS & ORGANS.  
Parlor Suits, \$35  
Parlor Suits, 35  
Parlor Suits, 35  
Parlor Suits, 35

I made the largest purchase of BABY CARRIAGES this season since I have been in business. Bought over **75 CARRIAGES**  
At one single purchase. I can sell you a beautiful RATTAN CARRIAGE with wire wheels at \$7.50. Did you ever see any of those \$12.00  
**Silk Plush Upholstered Carriages**  
Of mine? Think of it! Silk plush at \$12. I have something new to show you this season. They are beautiful styles in Rattan carriages, finished 16th century, for from \$25 to \$35. The HAMMOO is something new also, and is having a big run. I can tell you CATALOGUE of all my styles, and I guarantee to sell you carriages from 15 to 20 per cent. less than any other dealer in the State.

**Parlor Suits.**  
I have an endless variety of PARLOR SUITS to suit all tastes and a everybody's pocket. I can sell you anything from the Wool Plush Suit of Opera, in Walnut Frame, for only \$35.00 to the handsome Suit of 5 pieces for \$250.00. This is a suit that retails in New York City for \$325.00. My stock is more than complete in every respect.

**PIANOS AND ORGANS**  
Of the finest, most reliable makes sold at lowest prices for cash or on easy payments.  
Write for my new CATALOGUE.

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Charlotte, N. C.  
14 and 16 West Trade St.



**for Infants and Children.**  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acker, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."  
CARLOS MARTY, D. D.,  
New York City,  
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.  
"Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion."  
Without injurious medication.  
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."  
EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,  
"The Winthrop," 15th Street and 7th Ave.,  
New York City.  
THE CHAPMAN COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.  
Subscribe for the COURIER.

## THE LADDER OF FAME.

AN ALLEGORY.  
By L. B. WETMORE.

To the Editor of the COURIER:  
DEAR SIR—While reading a certain periodical the other day I came upon the following allegory. The ideas therein expressed are in such harmony with the spirit of this age that I venture to ask you to publish it for the benefit of the young men who read the COURIER.

Very truly,  
L. B. WETMORE.  
I once saw the Ladder of Fame,  
It stood o'er a ditch full of slime,  
At its foot were the halt and the lame,  
And the strong men were striving to climb  
And all eyes were fixed upon one,  
Whose triumph shone out in his face;  
And he still appeared rising apace,  
But his triumph soon changed into doubt,  
And he look'd round amazed and perplexed;  
For a stave of the ladder was out,  
And he couldn't reach up to the next.  
So he sought inspiration from Love,  
I scarcely could catch what he said,  
When a "brother" who stood just above,  
Turned and struck him a blow on the head.

At this there arose a loud cry,  
And two ill-looking men—Jones and Brown—  
Who stood on the ladder close by,  
Endeavored to hustle him down.  
But his grasp was so stubborn and tight,  
That his knuckles were rapped all in vain;  
And he sent out his feet left and right,  
Till his enemies writhed with their pain.  
Then one cried aloud, "It were base  
For the man to be driven to yield!  
Let us succor his sorrowful case."  
But alas! all in vain is appealed,  
For the people cried, "Give it him, Brown!"  
And pelted the poor man with stones,  
And scoffed at his hopes of renown,  
And cheered on the efforts of Jones.  
Then Brown seized him fast by the feet,  
And Jones said, "We'll teach him who's who!"

And the "brother" proclaimed him a cheat,  
While the little boys shouted "Buzzo!"  
And the wisecracks seeing him prest,  
Talked loudly of "pride and its fall,"  
And the "notions some people possess,"  
"It didn't surprise them at all";  
"They knew he would never get up,  
His place was with them down below";  
"The silly, conceited young pup,  
They say it a long time ago!"  
And those whom he fancied his friends  
Now joined with the others who jeered,  
And tried hard to thwart all his ends,  
And the little man still persevered,  
And his face grew uncommonly red,  
When I noticed Love lent him a switch,  
Which he very soon swung round his head,  
And Brown and Jones splashed in the ditch.

Then Love lent him wings, and he flew,  
With proud flashing eyes and bent brow;  
And "the brother so faithful and true"  
Was quickly hurled headlong below.  
At this there arose a great shout,  
And they lauded him up to the skies;  
For now there could not be a doubt  
That he would continue to rise,  
And they said that the man for the time  
Was Williamson—(that was his name)  
A man who was certain to climb  
To the top of the Ladder of Fame!  
Then Williamson took off his hat,  
And bowed with his hand on his breast;  
And the people cheered loudly at that,  
And Brown and Jones cheered with the rest.

Then lots of folks helped him along,  
And gayly he sped on his way;  
And "the brother" confessed himself wrong  
While the little boys shouted "Hoorsay!"  
And the wisecracks looked very wise,  
And said, with his courage and wit,  
Of course he was certain to rise,  
And they weren't astonished a bit!  
They had watched him since first he began,  
And nothing could keep him below,  
For he was a wonderful man!  
They said so a long time ago,  
Now, my friend, whose'er you may be,  
I think you will surely discern,  
Without any prompting from me,  
The lesson I'd have you to learn.  
If your lot in this life should be hard,  
Men will treat you with scorn and neglect  
For they always mete out their regard  
By the credit that yours will reflect.  
While you till your poor acre alone,  
They will mock as they sit and carouse  
When your wide fields are harrowed and sown  
They will hasten to lend you their plows,  
If your loss should be thoroughly thrashed  
They will see your success with delight;  
Their verdict will be "Serve you right!"  
For how noble soever your plan,  
The world lays it down, as a rule,  
"To succeed is to be a great man,  
To fail is to be a great fool!"

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

## HOW WE MOVED.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was the thirtieth day of April when my cousin, Peregrine Post, came into the office threadbare and shabby as usual, with the nap worn off his hat, his garments threadbare with much wear and excessive brushing, and a pair of fingerless gloves upon his hands.

I cannot say that I was glad to see him. My cousin Peregrine Post was one of those luckless fellows who are always losing property, making unfortunated investments and borrowing small sums of money which are to be repaid, without fail, at the expiration of precisely one week from the date of the loan. But he was a good sort of fellow, too, in his way. He had made a love match with a pretty blue-eyed girl without a penny, and had half a dozen dimpled babies, and how they lived nobody knew.

"Going to move this first of May," Cousin Jacob P. said he, beamingly. "I suppose so," said I. "So am I," said Cousin Peregrine. "Rent's getting too high—landlady has raised—all that sort of thing. So we're going to No. 11 Smith street." I looked hard at Peregrine Post and made no remark. Was he going to ask me to lend him two dollars, or to demand that I should become security for his rent? I resolved in my inmost mind to say "No" to either proposition at once.

"And, as we're pretty low for furniture," said Peregrine, "it occurred to my mind that, perhaps, you'd send us any old odds and ends that you've no particular use for. Chairs, dressers, cribs, tables, wash-tubs—anything, in fact!" with a comprehensive wave of the hand which seemed to embrace the whole subject. "Peregrine Post," said I, wrathfully, "do you think I've nothing to do but to buy furniture to give away?"

"Any old thing, you know," interposed my cousin, with imperturbable good humor. "We aren't particular."  
"I shall do nothing of the sort," said I. "I have no 'old things.' My furniture is all substantial and excellent."  
"Wish mine was!" interjected Peregrine Post, rubbing the palms of his fingerless gloves together, briskly.  
"And I do not propose to part with it. So I wish you a very good morning."  
"No offense, I hope," said Peregrine Post.  
"Good morning," I repeated, frigidly—and just then my clerk came in to tell me that the cartman was waiting outside for orders as to the moving ceremonial of the morrow.

I went home after business hours and told my wife about it.  
"I'm sorry, Jacob," said she, a slight shadow coming over her face. "Sorry?" I echoed.  
"Because, dear, there's plenty of little odds and ends we could have spared, just as well as not," said my wife. "Furniture does accumulate so when one has been keeping house a long time; and I do feel so sorry for that poor little Nelly Post, with her flock of babies!"  
"I don't," I resolutely asserted. "As people make their bed, so they must lie on it. And I've no patience at all with Peregrine Post."

"He has had very bad luck through life, dear," pleaded my wife. "Your path has been in the sunshine; his has lain in the shadow. We ought not to be hard upon each other in this world, Jacob."  
"That's all nonsense," said I, stoutly. But I won't deny that my conscience did prick and sting me a little when I looked around at my own piles of stuffed eay chairs, Brussels carpets and springy chintz lounges neatly packed for the morrow's transportation, and thought of poor Peregrine Post and his blue-eyed wife and the six little Posts, with their humble plea for a few sticks of cast-off furniture.  
The morrow came—the cruel first

of May, with its raw wind, tornadoes of dust and the inevitable showers which come down as if by magic preposse just as the mattresses and the silken sofas are piled on the top of the load. I was compelled to be at my office, but my wife was to be at the new house to receive the furniture, while Bridget, our ancient and reliable housekeeper, dispatched it from the deserted domicile.

At one o'clock I contrived to escape from clients and parchments and hurried to No. 111 Smithon Square—a fine, aristocratic neighborhood, with a green jewel of a park in its midst and a general air of genteel seclusion about it, which suited my idea of a location exactly.  
Mrs. Jacob Goldleaf sat alone on a campstool in the middle of the large, empty parlors, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders and a mingled expression of weariness and anticipation in her face.

I looked around in surprise. "Where's all the furniture, my dear?" said I.  
"That is the question," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "Where is it?"  
"Hasn't it come?"  
"Of course it hasn't," said Mrs. Goldleaf, a little impatiently. "I should think you could see that for yourself."  
"There's some screw loose in the arrangements," said I. "I'll hurry back to the old place and find out what it all means."  
I did so at once. Bridget, with an old handkerchief tied around her head and a red shawl enveloping her, a la Boadicea, Queen of the Britons, was just locking up the house.

"Sure, I was goin' round to me cousin's for a bite of somethin' to eat," said she. "The second load has gone, and the man won't be back in an hour or more."  
"Bridget," said I, sepulchrally, "where has it gone?"  
"To the new house, sure," said Bridget. "Where should it go?"  
"Did you tell him where to drive?" I asked.  
"Sure, he had a bit of a card that you wrote yourself," said Bridget.  
I tore my hair. Who ever heard of a load of furniture getting lost in the streets of the metropolis like a black and-tan terrier or a barefoot baby?

"What on earth does this mean?" I demanded, apostrophizing the dismantled windows, the fireless grate, rather than any actual personality.  
At that moment Mrs. Goldleaf came hurriedly in.  
"I've left the new house with the real-estate agent's boy," said she. "I couldn't rest quietly without coming to see what all this could mean. Oh, Jacob, shall we be left without a pillow to lay our heads on this night?"  
"If the worst comes to the worst, we can go to a hotel," suggested I. "But it's the most mysterious disappearance that ever I heard of."  
Just then there came a loud ringing at the door-bell, and in tripped Cousin Peregrine Post's blue-eyed little wife.

"Dear, dear Cousin Jacob," she cried, running up to me in tears, "I must thank you with my own lips."  
"Thank me! For what?" I demanded, wondering if trouble and impetuosity and an overplus of babies had driven the little creature mad.  
"I could hardly believe my own eyes," said she, breathlessly. "And I'm so sorry I called you a 'hard-hearted flint' last night, when Peregrine came home and told me how coldly you had repulsed him. How was I to know that you were all the while meditating this delightful surprise?"  
I turned to my wife.  
"Speak to her, Alice," said I, in a whisper. "Do contrive somehow to soothe her. I'm very much afraid she's going insane."

Mrs. Goldleaf, who had always been partial to my cousin Peregrine's wife, went up to her with outstretched hands.  
"Tell me about it, dear," said she.  
"Don't you know?" said Nelly. "Ab, he is so good! He never lets his left hand know what his right hand does. It's the way with all real philanthropists. It's the beau-

tiful furniture, Mrs. Goldleaf—chairs, sofas, tables, hair mattresses, a lovely set of china, all packed in barrels, bureaus, engravings—oh, everything that you can possibly think of! Our little house is furnished completely. And oh, we did so need it!"  
"Stop!" said I, huskily. "How did you know all these things came from me?"  
"I asked the cartman," she said; "and he said Mr. Jacob Goldleaf, the lawyer, had sent him; and he showed me a card with 'No 11 Smith street' written on it, in your own handwriting."

This, then, explained the mystery. In my angry preoccupation of the day before I had written the address of the house which my cousin Peregrine Post had told me he was about to move into, instead of my own! My wife looked at me with sparkling eyes of love and admiration.  
"Dear Jacob," said she, "I knew—I knew you could be noble and magnanimous when you chose!"  
"Oh, how—how can I ever thank you sufficiently?" sobbed Nelly, covering my hand with kisses.

I said nothing. What could I say? To this day, the Posts believe that I had a spontaneous burst of generosity on that first day of May. But I had to explain matters to my wife, and I checked the career of the cartman at once.  
"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "We can buy new furniture. And your cousin Peregrine Post needs it so much, and Nelly was so grateful!"  
And that was all the consolation I had.

**President Polk's Address to the Alliance.**  
President Polk, of the Farmers' Alliance has just issued a proclamation to the Order in which he sets forth the plan of campaign which the national executive board has adopted for the next year.

To the Brotherhood of the N. F. A. and I. U.: We are now re-proposing the most critical period in our existence as an Order. The demoralizing elements which always enter into a political campaign are already being marshalled by the enemies of our Order, with a determined purpose to divide and disrupt us, if possible. No device or scheme will be left untried. Every effort will be made to divert the minds of the people from the great issues which are essentially the very life of our great reform movement.

It was this knowledge of the situation that prompted the action of the National Legislative Council in maturing a plan for a lecture system and for presenting it to the Order for adoption. The ultimate, inevitable and triumphant success of our principles is assured, if this system be actively and faithfully prosecuted for the American farmers and all other classes and interests which are so intimately related to them will not fail to stand together for right, justice and equity, if properly informed. If prosecuted as designed, this system will engage the services during this year of not less than 35,000 lectures in our cause. I earnestly invoke the aid and co-operation of the entire brotherhood in securing a faithful lecturer for every subordinate and county Alliance and for every Congressional district within the jurisdiction of our Order throughout the whole country.

Arrangements are also being made for the holding of two or more grand Alliance States during the year, or as many more as the brotherhood may desire. Let us have your action and earnest sympathy in making this the great educational campaign year in our history, and thus be prepared to meet any emergency that may arise.  
State and county officers especially are earnestly admonishing to push this work in their respective jurisdictions zealously.  
The enemy is actively on the alert. It is his purpose to buy or control our press as far as possible. Failing with money he will substitute office for patronage. Failing in all he will strive by every means, foul or fair, to create divisions and dissensions in our ranks.

If a convention of the enemies of the national farmers' alliance and industrial Union was called to devise a plan for the overthrow and destruction of the order it would doubtless adopt, as the most speedy and effectual, such methods as would create dissension and strife among the membership. How eagerly and how exultantly they hail the least indication of this! If an erring brother so far forgets his obligations to the order as to assail its principles publicly he is heralded by the politicians and the partisan press as a hero. If a paper which has been designated a representative of the principles of our order proves false to the most sacred compact and assails our members or our principles, it thereby gains speedy admittance to the respect and confidence of our enemies. If influential or prominent members, disregarding their obligations to each other and to the order, engage in a public personal warfare through the press or otherwise, our enemies are abundantly satisfied.

No member of our order has the right to assail another member publicly through the press or otherwise, so long as their names are on our roll of membership. Such an offence is a violation of his obligations, and should merit expulsion. No paper vested with authority to represent our order officially has the right to assail our principles or any member of the order while acting in such a capacity. Such an offence should cause all true alliance men to repudiate such a paper promptly. No member while his name remains on our roll, has the right to assail the principals of the order publicly. He is not only permitted, but is encouraged by our law, to discuss any and all measures coming within our province, with the utmost freedom and to any extent he may desire within the order.

But the will of the majority is the law of the Order, and it be cannot acquiesce in the decision of the majority, and feels that he is conscientiously impelled to go before the public and assail our principles, he should first divest himself of his alliance uniform. With what consistency could a Baptist or Methodist go before the world and publicly oppose and denounce some of the most cherished tenets of his church? How long would his name remain on his church book? How long ought it to remain there? Why should he expect or desire to remain in the church?

Loyalty to alliance principles is the only true alliance test, not only as to membership, but it should faithfully be applied in the selection of all officers, from the steward in subordinate alliance to the president of the national alliance, and it must be applied in the selection of those who are to make and execute our laws, if we would reasonably hope for the reforms which we seek.

We want no foes within our camp. We can live better without them than with them. Let the membership be watchful and faithful, and guard with untiring vigilance and principles of the Order. Never was the outlook for our cause so hopeful and encouraging. We have only to be true to our principles, to our obligations, and to our noble Order and all will be well. Fraternaly,  
L. L. POLK, Pres. N. F. A. and I. U.

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Edison, America's great inventor will have to fall back on Ganten's magic chicken cholera cure. Sold and warranted by J. M. Lawing.  
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The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.