

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1891.

NO. 3

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. Pressley,

SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE IN COBB 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. 23 '91 1y.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.

Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country.

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 tonorial art is done according to latest styles.

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right—if you are troubled with heartburn, dizziness of the head, coming on after eating, biliousness, indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better use **CATA LOGUE'S** 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.

Write for my new CATALOGUE.

E. M. ANDREWS, Furniture, Pianos & Organs.

Parlor Suits, \$35

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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 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—Boche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home.

Brass utensils may be kept beautifully bright by an occasional rub with salt and vinegar.

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.

To remove tar rub thoroughly with clean lard and wash with soap and warm water.

NOW TRY THIS.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drug store. Large size at 50c and \$1.00.

The best covering for a poultice or a mustard paste is tissue paper.

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 man may be right in feeling the world can do without him, but every man ought to feel that the world needs the best efforts of his life.

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 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.

REPAIRS AND UPGRADES

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

E. M. ANDREWS, Furniture, Pianos & Organs.

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THE LOVE OF GOD.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—

Haags the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face, bending
Down, and watching us below

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;

So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sin weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary—will not even
In our death itself be lost—

Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost;
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a son to save the lost.

—Saxe Holm.

CHILDREN'S STORY.

Old Homestead.

Dildrum, Doldrum's Dead.

ONE cold day the little hen

housekeeper sat in a rocking chair by her own fireside reading, when in walked a great yellow cat.

"Oh, Mr. Tom, how you frightened me; I thought you were a bear. What brought you here?"

"My feet brought me," he answered rudely. "I am cold and want to rest and get warm."

"Very well, then," said the good-natured little hen, "lie down on the rug before the fire and get warm and take a good nap."

So the cat lay down and went fast asleep, and the little hen read on about a fox catching a goose, which made her shiver in her feathers. The cat was still sound asleep, but began to perk and quiver all over.

The little hen watched him, fearing he had a fit. Presently a voice seemed to come down the chimney, saying:

"Dildrum, Doldrum's dead."

Up screamed the cat as if it had been shot, and screamed out:

"Is Doldrum dead?"

The voice came again, saying:

"Dildrum, Doldrum's dead."

Then the cat bounded out of the house, with tail erect and twice its natural size. The little hen was so astonished she went to the door to see where he went. But he was out of sight, and the prairie dogs were barking as if they wanted to tear up something. Down by the beaver dam where the beavers were at work the cat ran.

"Whither away so fast?" called out the beavers.

"Is Doldrum dead?" screamed the cat. "Say, is Doldrum dead?"

"Who is Doldrum?" they asked. Without replying the cat shot away again, and ran against a fox that was peering at him from behind a tree.

"Is Doldrum dead?" asked the cat. "That depends upon whether he breathes or not," replied the fox.

"But who is Doldrum?"

The cat made no answer, but ran as if a hundred hornets were after him.

"Ugh! that fellow is scared," said the fox. "I wonder what's up?"

"Why, his tail is up," said a coon looking down from overhead.

"Hallo, Mr. Coon, you up there?"

"I'm always up here when I'm not down there."

"What do you think is the matter with that yellow cat, Mr. Coon?"

"I think he has a bee in his bonnet, Mr. Fox."

"Well, come down and let's go and see what he's after."

"All right," and down he came, flattening himself to the tree and slipping down backward as easy as anything.

But they didn't catch up with the cat; he was too far ahead by this time. He was still running when the rabbit halted him.

"Hi, hi! What's your hurry?"

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the rabbit; "there he goes, tearing through the woods like a young cyclone, and he is nearly out of breath now. Fact is that fellow has been 'out with the boys' all night, and if he doesn't drop in his tracks before night I'll sell myself for a Dutchman."

Still the cat ran on and on. After a while in his headlong course he stumbled over a weasel that was lying in the sunshine.

"Hallo! What do you mean by running over me?" demanded the weasel angrily. "Seems as if you have outrun your manners."

"Is—is my name Dildrum?" panted the cat in a weak voice.

"What?"

"Is—is Doldrum dead?" and here his voice grew so faint as hardly to be heard.

"He has run himself down," said the weasel. "I'll go for the doctor."

A wise old owl dwelt in a hollow tree near, and to him the weasel went.

"Doctor, doctor, wake up and come out. Here's a catastrophe."

"A what sort of a fee? I'm always ready for fees," and a solemn owl stepped out with his medicine case.

"A yellow cat has tumbled over half dead and is asking strange questions," explained the weasel.

The owl hurried to his patient, and after putting on his spectacles proceeded to make an examination. He felt the cat's pulse, looked at his tongue, stared at his eyes, and peered down into one ear.

"Catalepsy, I'm afraid," said the owl.

But in the feeblest whisper the cat asked:

"Is—is my name Dildrum? Is—is Doldrum dead?"

"Ah, a clear case of jim-jams, 1es, and brain fever. I'll just bleed him and put a cataplasm on the top of his head, and to-morrow he'll be all right again," said the doctor.

"Is—my—name—Dildrum?"

"No," answered the doctor, "your name's Tom; and you are nothing but a yellow cat that is dead beat from too much carousing and caterwauling."

"But, doctor," said the weasel, "what does he mean by Dildrum and Doldrum?"

"It means that he has got the jim-jams, and got 'em badly. There isn't any Dildrum and Doldrum. He dreamed it and thought it true, and so made a fool of himself, and like to run himself to death besides."

And thus the wise old doctor solved the mystery of Dildrum and Doldrum.

Just as the owl said he would be, the cat was all right next day. As soon as he took the mustard plaster off his head he washed his face and went home.

That night the owl lit in a tree near the cat's house to see how he was getting along. Then he hooted to let Tom know he was there.

"To—whoo, to—whoo, to—whoo—ar!"

"Hallo, doctor, is that you?"

"Yes, Tom. How are you?"

"First-rate. But my wife is mad and I am trying to pacify her. Marriage!"

"Call her again, Tom."

"Mari—ah, come here. I'm the bully boy with the glass eye."

"Bully for you, Tom," laughed the owl.

"Oh, I'm a pretty yellow cat, With a silk cravat, And a stove-pipe hat, And I'm off to see Miss Dinah," sang Tom, winking at the owl.

"Oh, you are, are you?" squalled Maria, putting her head out at the window.

"I thought that would fetch her," said Tom.

"You better go off hunting for something to eat, you lazy, good-for-nothing catamount of a cat. Not a blessed thing in the house to eat, and you fooling your time away!" screamed Maria.

Then the owl hooted:

"To—whoo, to—whoo, I cook for myself, Who cooks for you?"

"I'm going now, Maria," said Tom; "and see if I don't come back with a 'dish and a spoon and a fat raccoon.'"

Tom, and have another doctor's bill to pay."

"That I won't Maria," said Tom. And he never did again, but he never failed to blush whenever he heard some one say:

"Dildrum, Doldrum's dead."

JULIA BACON.

A Chastity Joke.

The Morganton Herald of this week says: W. S. Roper, an inoffensive, respectable citizen lives with his family near old Shiloh church a mile from Linville river in this county. With his grief stricken wife he is watching now by the bedside of his little daughter, Laura, who lies unconscious in one of the rooms of his modest farm house with a deep, ugly gash in her skull through which can be seen the pulsations of the brain.

A few evenings since there was a wedding at Roper's, his daughter Miss A. L. Roper and Mr. W. A. Lefebvers being married by Justice W. T. Harbeson, in the presence of a small party of friends. That night some of the neighbor men and boys got together and decided to give the newly wedded pair a "serenade," as they called it. Tin pans, and horns and gongs and any thing that would make a noise were selected, and some of the party supplied themselves with guns and pistols to add to the racket a din.

Some time after dark they surrounded the Roper dwelling and commenced the fun. The family was at first startled by the unexpected noise, but soon becoming convinced that it was only a friendly surprise party they began to open the doors and windows and invite the merry makers to come into the house.

At one of the windows, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Lefebvers, and the sixteen year old sister of the bride were standing looking out at the "serenaders" and laughing at the frightful racket they were raising outside. Some of the boys in the crowd had provided themselves with guns which they had loaded with large charges of powder and paper wads. One of the party, seeing the two at the window, and thinking perhaps to frighten them by discharging a gun near their faces, stepped under the high window and elevating his gun, pulled the trigger. At the report, Miss Lefebvers fell to the floor shocked by the explosion, and Miss Laura Roper, uttering a cry of pain, sank down upon the floor with the blood gushing from her head, and her face burned by the power. The paper wad, discharged at close range, had ploughed a long furrow through her skull, exposing the brain, and inflicting a wound from which the doctor say it will be almost a miracle if she recovers.

Jim Gibbs, a son of Wm. Gibbs, Esq., who has been accused of this act of criminal carelessness, has left for parts unknown.

On Monday Zion Benfield, John Williams, Jr., Rufus Carswell, Ran Caldwell, Tom Benfield, Martin Benfield, Gaitter Conly, Caleb Kincaid, white, and Will Conly and John Conly, colored, who were in the serenading party, were tried before Joshua Gibbs, Esq., on a charge of forcible trespass, and were bound over to the next term of Burke Superior Court, though there is no evidence whatever to show that they were in any way connected with the deplorable accident or that they went on the premises with any other intent than to make a big fuss and have a little fun at the expense of the bride and groom.

"I thought that would fetch her," said Tom.

"You better go off hunting for something to eat, you lazy, good-for-nothing catamount of a cat. Not a blessed thing in the house to eat, and you fooling your time away!" screamed Maria.

Then the owl hooted:

"To—whoo, to—whoo, I cook for myself, Who cooks for you?"

"I'm going now, Maria," said Tom; "and see if I don't come back with a 'dish and a spoon and a fat raccoon.'"

"And don't get on another spree

A Short Letter to Girls.

Girls, don't marry before you have acquired a thorough knowledge of housekeeping. It may be a well-to-do father or over-indulgent mother has shielded you from these homely duties, but sometime in life you may face them and it will come the harder. I have often heard my mother tell her experience of the first years of her married life. Grandfather was a slaveholder, and of course the cares of the household devolved upon them, but when she left her home to become the wife of a poor man her inexperience caused her many a regret and much labor. It is true you may marry a man whose income will enable him to place a Dinah in the kitchen and a Chloe in the chamber, but after a few weeks association with these worthless discover that the latter has a thieving propensity and Dinah is feeding an innumerable company of aunts and cousins from your larder conveyed through the back door.

This