

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1891.

NO. 4

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. Prossler,

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 28 '91. 1y

J. W. SAIN, M. D.

Has located at Lincoln and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincoln 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.

How Men Die.

It 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 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, it is wise to get the well-known remedy—Bosche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of any home."

GOOD LOOKS.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a bilious look and if your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. **Cure's Bitter**—the great alterative and tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. M. Lawing's Drugstore, 50c per bottle.

A pear or an apple orchard planted in grass, kept in grass, starved by grass, will "go to grass" speedily, and ought to, otherwise it encourages shiftlessness.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. **Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets** are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Every wire fence ought to have a top board or some other signal besides the posts, especially where horses run.

WE CAN AND DO Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to be the superior of all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

A board hung over the face of a vicious bull will do a good deal to check the exercise of his ferocious propensities.

GUARANTEED CURE FOR LA GRIP. We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

Let no man be able to say that he excels you as a farmer. Use your brain as well as your hands.

CAN I KEEP NIGHTS? Is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25 cents and 50 cents. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Anything you can do to improve your farm improves yourself and helps to roll on the wheels of progress generally.

A DUTY TO YOURSELF. It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money. Dr. Acker's English pills are a positive cure for sick headache and all Liver Troubles. They are small, sweet, easily taken and do not gripe. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

HOW HE WON HER.

WHO is that lovely girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Ralph Winlangly to his cousin, Carl Lausang, as they proceeded leisurely along one of the city streets.

"That was Inez Farrington, your cousin and mine, Ralph," said Carl; "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of London if you cannot recognize your nearest relations."

"Ab, Carl, you forget that it is eight years since I last saw Inez, and she was then a bright little thing of mine. The lapse of eight years makes a wonderful difference in a woman, whatever it does in a man's case."

"Discussing time's change, Ralph, I must confess you have not escaped from his touch. Who in your bronzed complexion and brawny visage could discover any traces of the barefaced lad I last saw, some seven years ago, on a schooner bound for Liverpool? But tell me, why did you not write you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Carl; I really was not certain about it till I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my French valet having caused my name to be placed on the passenger list as Mr. Laugly, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would humor the joke on purpose to see how many of my friends would recognize me. I arrived late last night, and should have been a perfect stranger to all had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Carl, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Ralph; who in the dickens could even see you behind that growth of brushwood upon your lip and cheek? Surely you do not mean to continue wearing such enormous whiskers and moustaches?"

"Not longer than suits my present purposes, Carl. When I was in Germany I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I smoked the meerschaum, because it was the fashion. In Paris I reduced them, but did not entirely banish them, because it was also the fashion there. A lively little French lady, a passenger on our ship, waggled a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America. I accepted the bet, and for a week you will see me bearded like Orson."

"Oh, if you like them," said Carl, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are the height of fashion here, and the ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his qualities, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favor by wearing unshaven tace," answered Ralph; "but, Carl, tell me something about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Ralph, as she is in person, having but one great fault, like the most of our fashionable belles she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dresses, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has repeatedly assured me of her resolution never to marry an American."

"Why is it? What do our fair sisters so admire in the foreign element?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners that Americans can never possess. Three of Inez' intimate friends have recently married sons of some autidivian German family, and our beautiful cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer," said Ralph, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large and a great deal more flourishing than usually belong to these emigrant nobles."

"Inez is a noble-hearted girl," replied Carl; "she deserves a better fate, and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Carl, and that is her only fault, cheer up, for I think she can be,

cured." Carl looked doubtful.

"Come and dine with me, Carl; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, for I have thought of a glorious scheme which I am sure will work well and afford us all pleasure. Come, we will discuss it over some old Madeira and choice cigars."

Mr. Farrington's handsome residence on Montrose street was brilliantly lighted. The radiance of many lights, rendered soft and rosy by the crimson curtains, flooded the damp, dreary street, while the entrancing music heard at intervals told to the listening crowd collected about the door that the rich were making merry. The handsomely decorated rooms were made brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but the fairest of them all was the young hostess. Attired in a robe of white crepe, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau enlacing her dark tresses, she looked a queen among women.

"Cousin Carl," she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin making his way toward her, "you haven't been here for a whole week; and then, in a lower tone, she added, "who was that handsome Count Whiskerado whom I saw out walking with you yesterday?"

Carl stroked his moustache in an innocent way, and a tall figure emerged from the crowd and made his way toward them.

"Miss Farrington, allow me to present you to the most noble Count de la Trigue."

Inez flushed crimson, but it only enhanced her beauty, as the count bowed low over the hand he basted to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous twinkle in Carl's eye and a deep and grave devotedness in the stranger's manner that made her feel uncomfortable. A single glance sufficed to show her that the count was attired in an elegant court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee and a diamond band looping up the elegant chapeau bras which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ballroom.

Inez was delighted. This surpassed all her expectations. She was enchanted with his dancing, for his buoyancy of step and grace of motion was unrivaled. He spoke English with a slight French accent that was perfectly charming. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners. The evening passed like a dream, and Inez retired to her room with a burning cheek and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too excited to sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast table (a duty she never neglected) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"These late hours will kill you, my dear," said he, as he gently kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid I'll send for Dr. —"

So saying he stepped into his carriage and was driven to his office where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Inez' illness until the dinner hour summoned him from his business to his stately mansion. As he entered the door he recollected her faded look.

"Poor child," he murmured, "I wonder how she is."

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing room, and the sight of the radiant countenance looking more lovely than ever as she sat between Cousin Carl and the count soon quieted his fears. Mr. Farrington, in common with most Americans of the older time, had a prejudice against foreigners.

"If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter, and if they are not real lords my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded on the wonderful stories his mother used to relate, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated with everything French or German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble count formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped his nephew's hand.

"Glad to see you, Carl; couldn't speak a word to you last night you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy, drawing him aside, "who is that hairy-faced fellow?"

"That is Count de la Trigue, uncle."

"Count de la Trigue? Ah, a queer name. Pray, what is his business?"

"Business!" said Carl, laughing; "why, his business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality, fudge! A few barren acres with a dozen mud-hovels, I suppose. It won't do, Carl; it won't do. Inez deserves something more than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility if it were not for your sake."

"Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you will not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the count paying his debts to the lovely Inez and always framing some winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles?

Inez soon discovered that when the count was present time flew on eagle's wings, and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Carl afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home; and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade or the afternoon ride the handsome count was ever her attendant. Perhaps it was a feeling of gratified vanity, aided by the natural goodness of Inez' temper, that enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the railleries of her friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Inez," said he; "now you must gratify one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by own industry; my name was transmitted to me, unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father."

The earnestness of these admonitions from a father who had never spoken except in words of unbounded tenderness, first led Inez to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches when she found that she had allowed the image of the count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repeat her folly.

"I wish he was an American," sighed she, "and yet if he were he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are, how much feeling there is in all he says and does."

Poor Inez, she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could

not conceal from herself that the manners of the count, too, were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt that in exposing her own peace of mind she had also risked his. This state of things could not exist long without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Inez had first beheld the noble stranger, and already her cheek had lost its glow and her step its buoyant lightness.

She was sitting alone one morning brooding over her melancholy forebodings when the door opened and the subject of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear, but Inez was in no mood for gaiety. The count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures; of his personal feelings; and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Inez' cheeks grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry that rose to her lips. The count gazed earnestly upon her; then, seizing her hand and clasping it between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection.

Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Inez sat motionless as a statue until aroused by the count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Falteringly but frankly she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy that could only end in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Inez, that your father's prejudices are the only obstacle," said the count passionately. "Say that you could have loved me, and I shall be content." Inez blushed and trembled. "For the love of heaven, answer me by a look."

Timidly the downcast eyes were raised to his, and he was answered, "Inez," he resumed after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble count?"

A slight pressure of the hand which lay in his and a fitting smile on the tremulous lips was a sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Inez," said her lover. "I will return to my country. I will restore my honors to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit."

"My utter contempt," cried Inez, vehemently. "What, resign your country, forfeit the name of your fathers, desert your inheritance of duties? No, count, it a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Inez Farrington, but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion."

"A transitory passion, Inez?" "Could I expect stability of feelings in him who can so easily abandon his native land and forget the claims of his country. You have taught me a bitter lesson, count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I firmly believed to be all that he professed. Would we had never met," she added, bursting into tears.

"Inez," said the count, "those precious tears assure me of your love for me. Be mine, sweet one; your father will not be inexorable."

"And therefore," said she, "you would have me make him wretched for life. Count de la Trigue, you must part. You do not understand my nature. I have been deceived in you."

"You have, you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin," cried the count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. "You have rejected Count de la Trigue, you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Ralph Winlangly, whose little wife you were eight years ago?" Inez started in wild surprise. "What means all this? Ralph Win-

lansly!—the count!"

The sudden eruption of feeling overpowered her, and Cousin Carl entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Ralph Winlangly's arms. The anger of the lady when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practiced upon her, the merriment of Cousin Carl, the satisfaction of her father, and the final reconciliation of all differences, may be better imagined than described. A few weeks afterward a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Farrington's parlors, but Inez was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false count, she sat in blushing beauty beside the bridegroom-elect, who, now that he had shaved off his whiskers and reduced his moustache, looked like he was—a true American.

"But why, Ralph did you woo me in such an outlandish guise?" whispered she smilingly.

"Because you vowed to marry none but an outlandish wooer, Plain Ralph Winlangly would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count de la Trigue so closely besieged."

"Aye, aye, Ralph," said the happy father. "If an American woman would only value a man for the weight of his brains instead of the lightness of his heels, and by the strength of his principles rather than the elegance of manners, we would have less of foreign foppery and more of homely virtue in our country."

EFFE M. HARRIS.
Dustis, Lake county, Fla.

A CHILD KILLED. Another child killed by the use of opiate given in the form of Soothing Syrup. Why mothers give their children such deadly poison is surprising when they can relieve the child of its peculiar troubles by using Dr. Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine. Sold by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

What we Pay for Pensions

The expenditures for pensions for the year ending June 30, as now officially stated, amounted to 3109,357,534. In the previous year we paid \$87,644,779 11, while in the year before that we paid \$80,228,598 77. The cost of the German army, it may be interesting to note, is for this year estimated at \$01,726,293. Besides our pensions our army costs \$30,000,000.—Raleigh Chronicle.

High or low tariff does not concern poultry. America's greatest industry, but Gantner's magic chicken cholera cure does. Sold "no cure, no pay," by Dr. J. M. Lawing.

"The world do move." Sixty years ago it took more than four times as long to haul a bale of cotton by Wagon from Fayetteville to Philadelphia (for in those days they did haul cotton from Philadelphia) as it does not to cross the Atlantic ocean. Think of a steamship costing in construction as much as the total real estate of Cumberland county; with a capacity for carrying passengers equal in number to the combined population of all the towns on the line of railroad between Bennettsville and Mt. Airy, leaving out Fayetteville, Greensboro and Mt. Airy; clearing the "waste of waters" at the rate of 21 1/2 miles an hour for days at a time, and providing within itself all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of the best appointed hotel in Chicago or New York.—Fayetteville Observer.

When we consider the low condition of the industrial situation in North Carolina and realize the vast difference between our industries and those of communities where much progress has been made, we must ardently long for a change. We have waited many years for the manufacturing element of Northern States to come here and set up establishments in our midst, but our waiting has been in vain. We have learnt the lesson that he who would be free must himself strike the blow. If we desire manufacturers, we must not wait for others to start them. We must do it ourselves.—Raleigh News Observer.

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