

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1892.

NO. 40

Professional Cards.

Dr. G. F. Costner,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lincoln and surrounding country. Office at his residence adjoining Lincoln Hotel. All calls promptly attended to.
Aug. 7, 1891

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

Bartlett Shipp,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891.

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.

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Terms—CASH.
OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
July 11, 1890.

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

GO TO
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.

J. D. Moore, President.

L. L. Jenkins, Cashier.

No. 4377.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF GASTONIA, N. C.

Capital.....\$50,000
Surplus.....2,750
Average Deposits.....40,000

COMMENCED BUSINESS AUGUST 1, 1890.

Solicits Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Guarantees to Patrons Every Accommodation Consistent with Conservative Banking.

BANKING HOURS.....9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Dec 11 '91

CASTORIA

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, Diarrhea, 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."
EOWEN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Wintrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CHESTNUT COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

WHILE YOU MAY.

LONE LEE.

This life is transient as a dream,
Improve it while you may;
Perchance your soul, oh! child of earth,
May soon be called away.
A few short hours, then morning's light
Will flood the distant hills;
But ere its dawn, your beating heart
May be forever still.

Before your feet, two life-paths run,
One, broad and fair to see;
And brighter than the noon-day sun,
Its pleasures seem to thee.
Follow it not. Its pleasing charm
Will cause your soul's undoing;
Satanic wiles will check alarm,
Till you are led to ruin.

The other is a narrow way,
Tho' hard to keep therein,
Its followers few will ever reach
The final home of sin.

Choose, wisely choose. Dread not to meet
A mad world's scornful frown,
For those who bear the cross on earth,
In heaven will wear the crown.

New York Ledger.

HIS MOTHER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The cold-gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a basso relieved that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river, like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day foreman in the rolling-mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by John Elter, the night official, and as he walked along, his feet sounded crisply on the hard-frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley?" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean to the opera!"

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town of Crystalton, a genuine New York company with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delighted expectation.

"I am going," said Mr. Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison Vail, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of the party. Kate Marcy and the Miss Hollowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," Emery replied, after a second or so of hesitation.

Vail laughed.
"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he, "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight, in case you should see fit to change your mind. Only let me give you a word of warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-spirited girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother, the day before, to go to see "The Mascot," and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it's twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young girl whom you would rather take—"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling little mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be so delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery.

And her voice and eyes bore happy witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had

been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked very differently to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting-room of her humble domain and saw his mother, with her silvery-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the one opal brooch which she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-bisquit, and the kettle is nearly at the boil. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I fell exactly like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charley Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivaled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of Crystalton, and rather an heiress in her own right, with all the rest. She certainly liked Charles Emery, and she rather surprised that he liked her also. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue corn-flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else?" she repeated. "Well, of course he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the fevered fire of girlish resentment, the gnawing packs of jealousy that disturbed her all the while that she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to draw up.

Until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Mr. Emery entered with his mother.

And then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gas-lights had all of a sudden been turned up; as if all the mimic world of the opera-house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter in her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of Mademoiselle Rosalie de Vigue, the prima-donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery, with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come to sit with us!"

Kate bit her lip. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera-house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion; but she said, in a low earnest tone:

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his politeness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charles Emery's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them, almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed scarlet at the certainty—that he had heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face, as they emerged into the veil of softly fall-

ing snow, which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl?"

"What girl, mother?" with a little pardonable hypocrisy.

"The one, Charley, with the big blue eyes, and the sweet face, wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has a face like an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day the foreman of the rolling-mills went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red-brick gables, sheeted over with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of busy Crystalton.

"Miss Marcy," he declared, "without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rose pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with mere cold respect, Miss Marcy. I want a warmer, tenderer feeling toward myself. If you could teach yourself to love me—"

The dimples came out around Kate Marcy's coral-red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"The lesson is already learned, Mr. Emery," said she. "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And the foreman of the rolling-mills went home, envying neither king nor prince that day.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so good to that dear little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked half so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head, in the crowded hall of the opera-house that night."

"You see," said Emery laughing at her enthusiasm, "I agreed with the hero of the old Scotch ballad:

"Sweethearts I may get many a one,
But of mineers ne'er another."

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum 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 Drug-store.

Our Squandered Substance.

When Mr. Harrison and the Fifty-first Congress came into power there was a surplus in the Treasury so large as to be embarrassing.

In less than three years that surplus has been squandered and the Government so burdened with new and permanent obligations that the Ways and Means Committee has had to ask the Secretary of the Treasury to inform it whether or not the country can meet its expenses without the adoption of devices for getting more money out of the people.

And this startling change has not been brought about by the reduction of taxes. On the contrary, the Fifty-first Congress multiplied taxes. The straitened condition of the Treasury is due solely to wanton waste and reckless squandering—to bounties, subsidies and the diversion of taxes, by means of prohibitive duties, from the Treasury to the coffers of a fat-frying, favored class of monopolists.

What do plain men of sense think of such stewardship? And what are they going to do about it at the polls next Fall?—N. Y. World.

Probably he was Right.

Merchant—"Why don't you work and earn your living?"

Tramp—"Tain't with it. You ought to see the livin' I git."

There are over \$100,000,000 invested in electric light plants in the Southern States. It is a pretty big sum but they make light of it.—W. Star.

The Threatened War With Chili and What About It.

To the Editor of The Landmark:

The troubles between the United States and the South American republic, Chili, are all at once awakening a wide-spread interest among the masses, and the question naturally arises, "What is all this fuss about, anyway?" Give us, Mr. Editor, in your next issue, a summary of this difficulty from the beginning. The origin of the troubles occurred several months since, but, so far as details are concerned, has to a great extent passed out of the minds of the people, and it is not surprising that it has for but few supposed that we would ever hear of it again; but recent developments are arousing interest generally in the matter. It is to be hoped that the war could will soon pass over. A nation of 65,000,000 don't want, if it can honorably avoid it, to engage in a war with a sister republic of only 2,500,000. The area of Chili is 293,970 square miles, not quite six times as large as North Carolina—a long strip of land on the west coast of South America. In breadth this strip of land varies from 40 to 200 miles. Its area is larger in proportion than its population.

I am satisfied that an editorial from your pen giving additional information in regard to the foregoing will be appreciated by your readers.

J. A. STIKLEATHER.

Olin, N. C., Jan. 25, 1892.

Last summer a war broke out in Chili in the form of a revolution on the part of the Congressional party, as it was called, against Balmaeda, the then President of the republic. A vessel of the Congressional party, the Itata, loaded arms and other munitions of war in the United States, in violation of the neutrality laws, and when an United States deputy marshal went on board the vessel, while it was anchored in the harbor of San Diego, on the California coast, to forbid the proceeding, the vessel steamed off for Chili with the officer and arms on board. The officer was landed before the arrival of the vessel home, but meantime the United States war-ship Charleston went in pursuit of the Itata. The race between them excited world-wide interest, but the Itata anchored in Chilean waters before being overtaken. Subsequently the vessel and arms were returned to the United States; an apology was received and accepted by this nation and the Itata was released. It may be fairly said that the present trouble grew out of this incident. The Congressional party was victorious. Balmaeda committed suicide and his wife and four children took refuge from the Chilean mob in the American legation at Santiago. On the 15th of October last the United States war-ship Baltimore, which had been cruising in Southern waters, was anchored in Valparaiso, Chile, when her commanding officer, Capt. Schley, gave orders to leave to 117 men and sailors. They scattered about the city, in uniform, from early in the afternoon until evening, when they were set upon by a mob, variously estimated from 1000 to 2000. They defended themselves as best they could but some were killed, some stabbed and nearly if not quite all beaten. It is claimed and not denied that the sailors were sober and conducting themselves in an orderly and respectful manner, and it is alleged by Chili, that the police authorities of Valparaiso encouraged, and a part of it participated in, the assault. The American government held that the assault upon its sailors, in uniform and on good behavior, was an outrage upon the government whose uniform had been attacked, and it demanded reparation, and the punishment of the offenders and an apology for the offence. To these demands there was no satisfactory response, and then ensued a correspondence between the two governments, which has occupied the period from that time to the present.

One of the incidents of this correspondence was a demand on the part of the Chilean government for the recall of the American minister

Patrick Egan, who was charged with harassing the Congressional party as much as possible during the progress of the revolution. The diplomatic correspondence has presented a great many interesting features and many nice points of international law. The American government, seeing no disposition on the part of Chili to meet the situation in any manner becoming what this government felt to be its gravity, finally, last week, put its demands in the form of an ultimatum. Meantime the Navy Department had put itself on a war footing and had begun to head its war-ships, one by one, toward Southern waters. Monday President Harrison transmitted to Congress all the correspondence that has passed between the two governments, accompanying it with a lengthy message, belligerent in tone. Tuesday a reply was received to the ultimatum submitted by the United States. It in substance withdraws the demand for the recall of Minister Egan and proposes to submit the matter of the attack upon the Baltimore's sailors to the arbitration of some neutral power or to the Supreme Court of the United States. This reply is understood to betoken the early re-establishment of peaceful relations.

Throughout the controversy the tone of the American government has been dignified but its spirit aggressive. This spirit was suggested by the President, who has had the support of his cabinet in the matter, except that Secretary Blain has been disposed all the while to be peaceful and conciliatory. It has appeared that Congress has sympathized with the President in his purpose to protect the dignity of the American name and to assert the rights of the United States in South America, and it is not doubted that the Democratic House would have readily voted the supplies necessary to the prosecution of the war had war been declared. We speak of it in the past, because as we understand the situation whatever probability of war there may have once been, has passed away. It has not occurred to us at any time that there would really be a war and this disbelief in what has made Capt. Stikleather's inquiry necessary.—The Landmark has scarcely brought to the attention of its readers a complication which it has always felt quite sure would have a peaceful adjustment.

Having said this much, however, it may be well enough to add that the area and population of Chili are about as stated by our correspondent; that the population is in the main Spanish-American and Indian; that the people are of a high degree of civilization, brave and warlike, and that they hate the United States most cordially.

The Democratic Candidate.

In choosing its candidate for the Presidency this year the Democratic party will be governed mainly by its desire to win in the election.

Though the partisans of individual aspirants may not be able to understand it, the party is not concerned to exalt the born of this man or that. Its purpose is to select the candidate who can most surely be elected.

It wants a good Democrat in the White house, and it does not greatly care which of many good Democratic policies carried out. It desires to take the shortest road to that end. It will select its candidate with reference to his election. Personal considerations and personal "booms" will have secondary place in the Convention's consideration if the Convention truly reflects the attitude and will of the party.—N. Y. World.

Waiter (insinuatingly)—"Have you forgotten anything, sir?" Mr. Pedant (with asperity)—"I should say so. Forgotten more than you ever knew."—New York Press.

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.

Merchants should Advertise: It helps them and speaks well for the town.