

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1892.

NO. 42

Professional Cards.

D. 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,
LINCOLN, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891.

Finley & Wetmore,
ATTYS. AT LAW,
LINCOLN, 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.,
LINCOLN, N. C.
July 11, 1890.

Dr. A. W. Alexander
DENTIST.
LINCOLN, 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 tonsorial 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. ARCHER, 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."

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."
ERWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 13th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

rich on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolfor's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing, Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

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 honorable 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, Bloating, Indigestion, or any other trouble of the stomach, you had better use Green's August Flower, and no person can use it without immediate relief.

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.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.
Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Druggist.

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 stages met correct. Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

MERIT WINS.
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, also Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had a single complaint of dissatisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist.

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.

ONE OF LIFE'S LESSONS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Mr. Copperedge had just come from the post-office, plunging through the snow-drifts like a Polar bear and setting frost and cold at deliberate defiance. For, out in those bleak Massachusetts hills no uniformed postman came, nobody knew how many times a day, with letter bag and whistle. If people wanted their mails at Copperedge Farm, they had to go after them.

Mrs. Copperedge was bustling around the bright kitchen, busied in getting tea ready—a savory meal that meant hot waffles, honey, cold roast pork and quince jam. Mr. Copperedge prided herself on her abilities as a housekeeper. All day long she had been drying carpet rags for a masterpiece of a carpet, which she was meditating—a wedding present to her daughter, Melinda Ann, who was soon to be married to a well-to-do young farmer of the neighborhood—and now she came into the room just in time to hear the contents of her husband's letters.

"What!" said Mrs. Copperedge, "your mother coming to live with us? Copperedge, I never shall consent to that, in the world!"

Mr. Copperedge sat serenely gazing into the fire, apparently quite undisturbed by this expression of his wife's sentiments.

"Why not?" said he.

"(Why not?)" shrilly echoed his wife. "That's a man's question all over. Do I look like a person to be domineered over and dictated to, by a mother-in-law?"

"No," said her husband, composedly, "I can't say you do, Phoebe Jane. But my mother don't want to domineer and dictate—so there's a pair of you!"

"No, there ain't!" said the lady. "And there never will be, what's more!"

"I think," said Mr. Copperedge, reflectively, "she would like the South room in the wing. You don't use it for anything now."

"And where am I to keep my feather-beds and spare pillows?" indignantly demanded his wife. "The south room is the one of all others that I can't spare."

"The west chamber, then?" suggested the farmer.

"I'm calculating to keep summer boarders in that, next season," said Mrs. Copperedge, with compressed lips.

"The little settin'-room, out of the big parlor?"

"That's the room I always use when I quilt or weave," declared Mrs. Copperedge.

The old man glanced shrewdly at his wife.

"I guess, Phoebe Jane," said he, "the trouble is there ain't no room for my mother in your heart. If there was free quarters there, there wouldn't be no trouble in finding room in the old farmhouse!"

"You may as well write to her that she can't come," said Phoebe Jane. "She's got other children. Let her go to them."

And she bustled out of the room, while her better-half still sat before the fire, without a muscle of his face stirring or becoming relaxed.

"He has got such an obstinate streak through him," said she to herself. "But I guess what I've said will make some impression on him. One thing I know: I'll have no peeping, prying, meddling old mother-in-law about this house!"

But as Mrs. Copperedge sat down to her patchwork that evening, a curious recollection, half painful, half pleasurable, of her own good old mother, who had died twenty-odd years ago, shot across her memory. She had never seen this mother of her husband's. Copperedge was not a man to be communicative on the subject of his own family relations, but she knew that he both loved and honored this venerable old matron.

"But, for all that, I think I am right," said Mrs. Copperedge to herself, "I always said I wouldn't

tolerate a mother-in-law; and I won't!"

While her husband sat opposite her, calmly reading the papers, and from the adjoining "oost parlor," where a fire had been kindled, the voices of Melinda Ann and her swain, Mr. Rodgman, could ever and anon be heard.

"Want to hear the President's Message?" said Mr. Copperedge at last. "I'll read it aloud if you're anyways curious."

"Just let me run upstairs first and get a bag of pieces," said Mrs. Copperedge. "I'm clean out of these turkey-red blocks."

So while her husband trimmed the lamp and adjusted his spectacles, she hurried, in the dark, up into the bedroom above the best parlor, where she kept her treasures of calico and cambric in a bureau drawer. In the floor there was a stove-pipe hole, stuffed full of waste paper, communicating with the room below, which had been unused for some time, and without the slightest idea of eavesdropping or any other surreptitious practice she plainly heard the tones of Melinda Ann, in the room below—Melinda Ann, who evidently had not studied that special feature of "Shakespeare," which commends a "low voice" as being a most excellent possession of womankind, and who generally pitched her accents on high G.

"And then," said Melinda Ann, "if anything should happen to pa—and we're all mortal, you know, Rufus—"

"Yes," blantly assented her suitor, "we're all mortal."

"Then ma could come home and live with us," said Melinda Ann; "and the little red room would be the very one for her, and—"

"No you don't!" said Mr. Rodgman.

"Eh?" said Melinda Ann for me!" said the young man, with emphasis. "Not if I know it! That's a kind of article I don't care to have about my house!"

"B-but," said Melinda Ann, scarcely willing to believe her own ears "she's my mother!"

"Exactly," said Rodgman, "and she's all very well in her place. But her place ain't my place, he he he!"

Mrs. Copperedge stood bolt upright beside the treacherous stove-pipe hole, while the expression of her countenance would have been a study for Hogarth himself. How ineffably coarse and heartless had this common formula on the subject of mothers-in-law seemed to her! How devoid of all logic and common sense! As if she, the guardian of Melinda Ann's infancy, the loving custodian of her riper years, were not the truest and most valuable friend she could ever have! And was she to be shut out from all companionship with her own child, because, forsooth, people chose to laugh and sneer about mothers-in-law! Rodgman seemed a brute, a fool; Melinda Ann was strangely lacking in duty and principle ever to allow him to speak in such a fashion as this!

And then, with lightning-like rapidity, it flashed across her mind what she herself had said to her husband that very evening upon that identical subject.

"It's a judgment upon me, so it is!" said Mrs. Copperedge, bursting into the first real genuine tears that she had shed for a year.

She went straight down stairs.

"Copperedge," said she, "I'm wrong."

Mr. Copperedge looked up in grave kindly surprise.

"About your mother," explained Mrs. Copperedge. "She shall come here, and welcome, any time she pleases. And I'll try and be a daughter to her."

"Phoebe Jane," said Mr. Copperedge, "I always knew you had a good heart. And I don't believe you'll ever regret what you're saying now."

Grandma Copperedge came the next spring—a sweet, saintly-faced old lady, who was like a household angel at the hearthstone, and who regarded her son's wife as little less than perfect. And Melinda Ann

married Mr. Rodgman and went away, and neither bride nor groom ever mistrusted that Mrs. Copperedge had heard the latter's opinion of mothers-in-law.

"The Lord knew that I needed a lesson," said Mrs. Copperedge. "And I think that's the way He chose to give it to me!"

Mills on Hill.

At the reception of the Reform Club last night, Roger Q. Mills, member of Congress from Texas, was the guest. There was a large gathering in the club-house, and Mr. Mills was introduced by E. Elery Anderson, President of the Club. In response to the greeting, Mr. Mills, on the subject of tariff reform, spoke in part as follows:

Perhaps there has been no time for a number of years when it was more necessary for us to work—work steadily, zealously, and persistently—than at the present time. The cause which we all have so much at heart, from some reason not necessary for me to mention, has received a check. The minds of many of our people are wavering. Our columns that were marching, as it were, to victory, seem to have halted somewhere. They seem to be staggering; and a great body of the army of tariff reformers are anxiously inquiring, What is the matter? Why are we in this condition? Some of our leaders say, in order to try to reassure the confidence of the people, that we are not going to take any step backward.

To take no step backward does not satisfy the people. To take no step backward may be to stand still. To stand still is to stagnate and to stagnate is to die. Motion is the law of life. We must either advance or retreat. If we retreat our troops become demoralized, our army is lost; and the enemy captures us bag and baggage. We must advance.

Another distinguished leader of our party says that we must retreat—go back to the tariff of 1883 and accept that as the final settlement of all that we desire. He forgets that the tariff act of 1883 received a most solid condemnation of every Democratic voter in the House of Representatives and the Senate when it was passed. He forgets that since 1883 a Democratic House, under the leadership of William R. Morrison, made two bills to repeal that Tariff Act and substitute a better in its stead. He forgets that for the long years that intervened the Democratic party have denounced that act and branded it as a counterfeited to the people of the United States. He forgets that the Democratic President, and the only one that we have had for thirty years, arraigned that tariff bill before the bar of Congress and the country.

He forgets that a Democratic House of Representatives passed a bill to modify that and make it a better bill than it was, and that a Democratic National Convention endorsed that measure and that a majority of the people of the United States at the polls have condemned the bill. The man who says that we have got to accept the high protective Republican tariff of 1883 as a Democratic measure has lingered too long in the rear, among the camp followers, deserters and sutlers.

No, gentlemen. We don't intend to retreat. We don't intend to stand still one single moment. We don't intend to go back one single inch. We are for war, ruthless, eternal, uncompromising war with wrong—not war with Ohio. No. We don't intend to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war on the little ewe lamb that was born within our fold. Those little democracies that have arisen upon the American hemisphere were called into existence inspired by the example of the Government of the United States. They have been struggling after us, to follow in our footsteps and rise to enjoy a higher civilization under the protecting arm and protecting power of the people of the United States. When alienation shall occur we say there shall be no war until time shall have had opportunity to heal the wounds, soothe the disempers, and give reason an opportunity to assert itself.

A Bill to Impose a Graduated Income Tax.

Mr. Williams, of North Carolina, introduced the following bill:

WHEREAS, The farmers and laboring classes of our country have been paying an unjust and unequal taxation, imposed upon them by the Government, and are demanding of their Representatives in Congress some measure of relief; and whereas, taxes for support of the Government should be imposed upon the citizens of the United States fairly and justly, so that all should bear the burden of taxation in proportion to their ability to pay, with the equal and exact justice to all and special privileges to none; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That every person, firm, estate, or corporation residing or domiciled in the United States whose annual income shall be five thousand a year and upward, derived from any source whatever, shall be assessed and required to pay income tax as follows, the same to be collected by the collectors of internal revenue, and paid annually into the treasury of the United States, to-wit: On five thousand dollars up to ten thousand dollars, one per centum of said income; ten thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars, two per centum of said income; twenty-five thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars, three per centum of said income; fifty thousand dollars to seventy thousand dollars, five per centum of said income; seventy-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars, six per centum of said income; one hundred thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars, eight per centum of said income; and all over two hundred thousand dollars, ten per centum of said income.

SEC. 2. That the tax herein before provided for shall be assessed annually upon said income for the year ending on the thirtieth day of June, and shall be levied annually on the first day of August in each and every year, and be due any payable on or before the first day of November in each year; and in addition to any sum annually due and unpaid after the first of November, and for ten days after notice and demand thereof by the collector, there shall be levied and collected as penalty the sum of five per centum on the amount unpaid, and interest on said amount at the rate of one per centum per month for the time the same became due, except from the estates of deceased or insane persons.

SEC. 3. That the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, shall from time to time, as he may deem it necessary, issue regulations for the assessment and collection of the taxes hereby imposed, and for the carrying into effect the provisions of this act.

Why Women May Propose.
Colin Shackelford said: "Some one asked me the other day what was the origin of women proposing marriage during a leap year. I looked it up, and while it may not be new to all I dare say it will interest many. In the year 1288 a statute was published by the Scotch parliament, of which the following is a copy, and is, to my mind, the origin of the custom or idea. I do not know that it is a custom or ever was:

"It is ordained that during the reign of Her Most Blessed Majesty Margaret, like maiden, lady of both high and low estate, shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes. If he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in the sum of one hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except an alms-giver he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free."

"After the dear old Margaret had passed away the women became clamorous for their privileges, and to appease them another act of parliament allowed them the privilege every fourth year."—Chicago Tribune.

A Doubtful Outlook.

There is no doubt, we take it, of a genuine and wide-spread hostility to Mr. Cleveland in North Carolina among two formidable classes—the Alliance and the office seekers. That this state will go against the great statesman and honest man is we think certain. That not more than three Southern States will send anti-Cleveland delegations is perhaps assured. That Hill will not have a single Northern delegation outside of New York is sure we may believe. That he will not get the nomination is perhaps as certain as anything can be that lies in the future of politics. That Mr. Cleveland may not be nominated is a probability. With New York against him, with Virginia, perhaps, and North Carolina certainly against him, it is injudicious to put the illustrious and true Democrat before the people to be knifed.

What then? When the Convention assembles and it is apparent that Mr. Cleveland can not be nominated then it will be wise if all his friends to a man vote for some Western man—for Vilas or Campbell or Boies, or some true and honorable Democrat who can command the confidence and unite the whole strength of the Democracy.

It is apparent that Mr. Cleveland will not be able to do this, and we profoundly regret to have to believe it. It is much more apparent that Senator Hill will never unite the Democracy of either North or South. His personal and official record is understood, as it will be if he is nominated, will drive from his support a half million of voters. I you would learn something of his official record send two cents to the New York Evening Post, a very able and high toned independent newspaper, and get the little pamphlet showing up Hill's conduct as a politician and official.

The Democrats will have all they can do to elect any man. They must take a man of unblemished political record or they will drive off all the Independents, and the World, a Hill paper, admits that there are 100,000 in New York State alone, and since Democrats by the thousands. Hill will not begin to do. Cleveland will not do if he cannot carry the South. He may be elected without New York but he must have the "solid South." We feel sure if he is nominated that the Hill gang in New York will knife him and give the State to Harrison.—Wil. Messenger.

What Woman Can Do.
She can come to a conclusion, and generally a good one, without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it; and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and time and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can drive a big burly tramp out of the back yard with a broomstick, and can run from the cellar to the parlor to get away from a mouse.

She can do more in a minute in many ways than a man can in an hour, and do it better.—Ec