

The Lincoln Courier.

Professional Cards.

Dr. G. J. 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 23 '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. ACHES, 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, Emetic Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Warnings, 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," 1924 Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHAPMAN COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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.

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, Cold 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."

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.

HAPPY HOOSIERS.
Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle, at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug Store."

CAN'T SLEEP 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.

GUARANTEED CURE.
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 Druggist. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

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

UNCLE ZEBEDEE'S WILL.
A STORY FROM DEMOREST.

ZEBEDEE TUFTS made up his mind to go to the city on a short visit to his brother Jotham, whom he had neither seen nor corresponded with for ten years. There had been an estrangement between the two men, which grew out of some dispute with reference to money matters and the business of the farm. But now Zeb, who was the oldest by twenty years, reasoned that he "owed" he was "gittin' pretty nigh on to seventy," and, as his lease of life could not run much longer, it was wise to set things in order, and particularly to "make up" with Jotham.

"I'll gin into him," he said, reflectively. "I'm the oldest, 'n' I s'pose I oughter set the example. Besides, I want to farn how Roxy Ann's gittin' along, 'n' I'd best go 'n' see."

Zebediah was, to use his own expression, "honest." He was large of head, thin of neck, scraggy of shoulder, and lank of limb. At his best he had never been good-looking, and it was because of the knowledge of his inferiority to other lads as to personal appearance, that he had withdrawn from society, denied himself many of the pleasures of youth, and had lived in the old homestead all his life a single man. Very few people were privileged with a glance beyond the stone steps of his front door, and these were generally strangers. Sometimes a wandering pedler claimed his hospitality for the night, and sometimes when he was at work in the field the curious children of the neighborhood would peep through the blinds into what they considered the wonder-world behind them, for the house was said to be haunted.

"I have no idee how the work gits done up," said Miss Dorothy Little, commonly called "Dotty," one of the most harmless of the village gossips. "Men don't gen'ly know nothing about tidying things, 'n' Miss Tufts, Zeb's mar, she was the workin'est creature that ever lived. That house is full of furniter, what isn't stowed in the barn, 'n' a good deal of the stuff in the Tufts place come from crost the water. La! how she used ter polish up them old mahogany drawers o' hers—five hundred years old, I s'bd think by the 'pearance of 'em. 'N' her audirons—what must they look like now! Luddy, luddy! Why it took a week in spring, 'n' a week in autumn jest to shine the brass things in the house. I've often wondered what she's been doin' in heaven all these years, for she was a master hand at cleanin'. I do think she would rise from her grave if she knew how things is goin' to run under Zebediah's rule. I raly don't b'lieve that house's been opened nor the carpets took up for ten years; but if a man won't hev a woman 'round, what kin you expect?"

Miss Dotty would willingly have taken upon herself the care of the place, either as wife or housekeeper, and had tied her blue bonnet strings and smiled her sweetest at him for years and years; but beyond receiving a nod from the old man, occasionally, as he passed her window, she had accomplished nothing. Meantime Zebedee had taken his best clothes from the old family chest, and after a thorough ventilation of those much-cresced habits, on a line outside the kitchen door, to banish the strong odor of camphor, and a careful inspection, to be sure there were no rents or moth holes, he proceeded to array himself in them.

Having kept their original size the garments did not take kindly to his shrunken figure, but so folded and wrinkled over his long, lank limbs that on seeing him one involuntarily thought of a walking skeleton. It did not matter at all to Zebedee, however; he had long ago recovered from his shyness, and did not care what anybody thought of his appearance now. He was well satisfied—the clothes suited him, they were his best, and it was some time since he had treated his neigh-

bors to a sensation. When they saw Zebedee marching down the main street, which was a very steep one, on his way to the station, a carpet-bag of swollen dimensions in one hand, and a bulging umbrella, that had not been used for years, in the other, the women leaned from their windows, and all stared open-mouthed at the unusual sight.

"Luddy, luddy!" cried Miss Dotty, as she tied the strings of a white apron of generous proportions about her angular waist, "Noah's ark has emptied itself at last, and there goes the cap'n 'n' the crew. Well, of all the lean figgers I ever did see! There isn't enough of him to make a good-sized fishing-rod, and he's clean buried out o' sight in them clothes. Where kin the man be a-goin' to, I wonder? That hat ain't been wore sence the last days of Pompeii, 'n' looks as if it was fished out o' the crater, somewhere. Ef he is goin' to town I pity his city relations, that's all. He certingly is a scarecrow."

What cared Zebedee for the opinions expressed by his towns-people, as he swung on towards the depot? He had been so long the arbiter of his own destiny that the ways and doings of other people never troubled him. His isolated mode of living had made him independent of the help and sympathy of the men and women around him, or even the ordinary clanish interest that exists in small communities among people of the same calling. Full of the idea of breaking the long silence that had existed so many years between him and his brother Jotham, he had no thought for the people and things he had left behind.

"Joe's bin wonder'ly prosp'rous," he said to himself, as his hob-nailed leather shoes painfully labored over the city streets. "I s'pose he lives in tip-top style now, so I guess I'll go to the office, just, 'n' see him by himself."

The pompous city man was the more astonished of the two when Zebedee came lumbering into the store, too much fatigued with his long walk to more than gasp out a word when he met his brother near the door of his private office. Jotham hustled the old man into the sanctum sanctorum, and pretended to make him welcome, bulgy umbrella, misshapen carpet bag, and all. What the visit could mean, he racked his brain to solve; but he rushed out and telegraphed to his wife:

"Brother Zeb has come from Hubbard Centre. Get up a twelve o'clock dinner; we shall be home in an hour."

It happened that the merchant's wife was out on some society business, and Celeste, the oldest daughter, received and read the telegram which spread consternation through the household.

"He must be going to die," said Cynthia, the second daughter. "And company coming to-night," gasped her mother, who came in just then and heard the news. "What on earth shall we do with him? Of course he's a sight. The last time I saw him he was a scarecrow, what must he be now for he's ever so much older and uglier. And I'm sure Jotham don't like him—there's no love between them. I hope he hasn't come thinking he can live on us; we must put an end to any such anticipation, at once! He is probably getting too old to farm, and thinks we can give him a comfortable home. Oh no; Jotham must be decided there. He might allow him something to live on, but he can't come here."

"He may have money," said Celeste, "and want to make up with father so as to leave it to us."

"Money! off that old farm!" said Mrs. Tufts, with a sniff. "No; Jotham has often said he didn't see how his brother made a living off it. No, I am sure he has made up his mind to come and live on us."

"Well, you don't know yet. My advice is that you had better be civil and treat him well. We can easily get him out of the way in the evening. Martin will take him to the theatre, to-night, or find some way to amuse him. It's awful, though, to

have such queer relations! There's Roxy; the more we do for her, the more we may. She is never satisfied, and hasn't the faintest idea of gratitude. When I gave her my old black silk yesterday, she actually said she didn't believe she could make it over. As if it needed making over, when she's just my size!"

It was Celeste who spoke, conscious that her dress was only two seasons old, and not yet worn threadbare.

Jotham Tufts, merchant, brought his brother to the house in a close cab. There was little dignity in the way he hurried him up the costly marble steps and into the great hall, on whose splendor of decoration the old farmer gazed with open mouth and awestruck visage. Nor was his astonishment lessened at sight of the two daintily dressed daughters, who each vied with the other in their rather stilted attempts to make him feel at home.

"What nice-looking gals you be, upon my word!" he said at dinner-time, looking admiringly from one pretty, high-bred face to the other. "Fair-complected, like your grand'ma. She was a wonder in her day, your grand'ma,—you've no idee. Ain't many women like her left. I've knowed her to git up 'n' hev breakfast for fourteen hired men 'n' send them off to their work at half-past four in the mornin'. Wasn't a lazy bone in her body; 'n' as for strength, she'd take a 'b'ler—a big wash-b'ler—'n' kery it down to the spring, a hundred yards from the house, 'n' fill it chuck full, 'n' bring it, 'bout the least 'parent exertion, clean to the house. Few women stronger in their arms than your grand'ma. Wonderful woman she was; 'n' I know how to bake pies 'n' puddens 'n' beans, to a turn, I never knew her to fail on baked beans; 'n' her biled dinners were good enuff to make yer mouth water. Well, I don't s'pose ye'll ever be called on to work the same way as she did, unless Jotham should be took back in business; 'n' it don't look like that was ever goin' to happen. I'm the only poor man in this family; 'n' he chuckled, conscious of the looks of dismay mother and daughters cast upon each other.

"But I thought ye had Roxy Ann with ye," he said after a moment of silence. "John's gal is along o' you, ain't she? I ain't sot eyes on Roxy sence she was a peart little one four years old. Where's Roxy?"

"Oh, yes. Roxy—she can't come down just now," said Celeste; but Cynthia was bolder and broke out with:

"Roxy has a dreadful headache, Uncle Zeb, and they generally last her all day. I think likely she will be glad to see you this evening."

"Oh, well, I'll git a chance to talk with her by 'n' by," said Zeb; but he had noticed the hesitation that caused the tongue of Celeste to falter, and seen the restless glances passing from face to face. A very shrewd old man was Zebedee.

Roxy was the child of his only sister, the little girl he had loved as he had never loved anyone else, and who had angered him by marrying a man unworthy of her. Now both father and mother were dead, and Roxy had found a good home, as her Uncle Zebedee had been led to believe, in the city with her Uncle Jotham.

After dinner, as soon as the ladies had disappeared, Uncle Zeb, who was ostensibly busy with the newspaper while they were present, sauntered downstairs by the back way, and after passing through several rooms came to the kitchen. The upper part of the door was of glass, on account of the darkness of the passage leading from there to the butler's pantry, and there he took his post of observation.

"Thought so," he muttered. "Drat them girls! Thought they could pull the wool over my eyes, did they?"

Yes, that could be no other than Roxy, that slight girl with the gold brown hair and the violet eyes, clad in an ugly kitchen-garment consisting of a long-sleeved apron of blue check, that covered her dress completely. She was bending over a great pan of dishes, and looked

through the steam that surrounded her a veritable Uudine.

"That's how they take care of Liddy's child, is it? They upstairs, with their fashionable doin's, and she down here, cleaning knives 'n' dishes 'n' kittles. Good Lord! it makes me mad to think of it;" and, to the astonishment of the cook and the terror of Roxy, he plunged into the kitchen, forgetful of the step that led to it.

"I missed the step, that's all," he said, catching hold of chair and table to save himself. "Well, Roxy, whatever air you a-doin' here? Don't know me, do you? Forgot your old uncle."

"You must be Uncle Zeb!" cried the girl, hastily drying her hands; and running towards him she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The old man stood still, overcome for a moment by this impulsive welcome, so different from the prim, conscious manner of the nieces upstairs. He recovered himself sufficiently, however, to shake hands with her, and to trace in the sweet countenance, now plainly in sight, the features of the sister he had loved so dearly.

"Wal, Niece Roxy," he said, with a curious quaver in his voice, "I thought ye had a home here."

"And so I have," said the girl, a half-smile parting her pretty lips; "but when the second girl goes away, why, sometimes I take her place."

"And many another time," muttered the cook, audibly.

"And they keep ye washin' dishes 'n' scourin' knives 'n' cleaning kittles, do they?"

"Well you know, uncle, I—"

"An' waitin' on them gals, 'n' makin' beds, 'n' then give an excuse to your old Uncle Zeb that ye're sick with a headache. Ain't that about the size of it?"

"O-uncle—you know—I hate to be so dependent. I must work for my board"—she uttered a sob that the tears which now filled her pretty eyes.

"Ye must, must ye? down in the kitchen, eh, scrubbin' 'n' scourin'! I'll be—dredged if ye must! Put on your bunnet, child, 'n' go home long o' me. My sister Liddy's little gal a-waitin' on them high-flyers, 'n' a-scrubbin' her life in slavery! Not if I know it. Do they send ye to school?"

"N-no, uncle, but they will, perhaps; they said they would," she faltered.

"They said! I wouldn't give a rotten pertater for their word. I've done all I wanted to on this visit—showed my brother that I don't hold no enmity toward him—and now I'm a-goin' home. Taint a p'tickly nice home, like this grand establishment, with no plate glass, no verandah, no new furniter or statutes, or pictures, 'n' all that sort, 'n' you might hev to work a little; but you won't bind an' drag for a lot of high-flyin' gals, 'n' stay down in the kitchen-slaying, while they're a-enjoyin' themselves. Git your bunnet, an' go back with me—that is, ef you've a mind to."

"O-uncle! do you mean it?"

"It he do mean it," said the cook, who had been standing with arms akimbo, "now's your time. You go!"

"You may be used to the hees of fashion, but I reckon I don't hev to repeat my meanin' to them that knows me," said honest Zebedee, his homely face growing red.

"O-uncle! I didn't mean—Oh you don't know how gladly I'll go with you," said Roxy, hope in her beautiful eyes. "I'd work for you with pleasure. And then to be in the country! It makes me happy to think of it!"

"Then you git ready. As I said afore, you may hev to work some, but yer time'll be yer own, anyhow, 'n' there won't be any tappers there, like your cousins. Laud! how they did soft-sawder me! Felt as if they hed to let themselves down a little, I s'pose, to suit my comprehension. Jest so. I comprehended they was a deceivin' me 'bout you, 'n' I tnk the matter inter my own hands; 'n' I'm glad I did. You shall go to the Cademy, four terms, two in winter

'n' you shall hev your chance. You're a-missin' it here by Jinks!"

It did not take Roxy long to make up her small bundle; and to the consternation of her aunt and cousins she came to bid them good-by as the cab uncle Zeb had ordered drove up to the door.

"Uncle wanted me," she said simply, "and I love the country."

"It wasn't so much the leavin'," said her aunt, in speaking of it afterward to her husband, "as the underhand way in which it was done. Who would have dreamed of his going down into the kitchen! He probably considers as a deceitful set; dat I don't care. We're well rid of them both; only I suppose if he has any money he will leave it to her, now, and we are out!"

(Concluded next week.)

SILVER AND TARIFF LEGISLATION.
WE CAN AND DO Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior to 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.

There is a very respectable minority of Democrats in Washington who oppose any legislation on silver. This with the Senate having reported adversely on free silver, for the moment causes the future of silver, to say the least, to look a little uncertain.

It is said that there has been a substantial agreement reached by the wool and woolen special committee of the Democratic majority of the House committee on ways and means. The agreement reached embodies the provision of the free wool bill, which the ways and means committee will recommend to the House for passage. Very substantial reductions have been made in the duties on woolen manufacturers. The average rate of duty proposed by the new bill on woolen manufactures is about five per cent. below that of the present law, fixed by the Mills bill. Under the agreement reached, wool is made free, as proposed by the Springer bill. All duties on woolen manufactures, where 40 per cent or less under the present law, are left unchanged; where more than 40 per cent, they are reduced to that rate, so that no woolen duties will be higher than the Mills rate, and those on the cheaper grades of goods will be less.

Under the McKinley law duties range from 30 to 60 per cent., so that there is a reduction of 30 per cent. made from the highest rate now imposed, and the average rate is brought down to about 35 per cent. On shoddies and waste the agreement adopts the Springer rate of 30 per cent., against the present rate of 30 cents per pound, which in some cases amounts to 100 per cent. ad valorem. All compensatory duties, of course, are taken off, as raw wool is made free, so that the present per pound and per yard duties will be abolished if the bill becomes a law and only ad valorem duties retained.

Members of the committee say that the wool bill will be the principal measure reported from the committee and that an examination of its provisions, when formerly announced, will show that not only has "no backward step" been taken in the direction of tariff reform, but that a step in advance has been taken of considerable importance, and that on the wool schedule, regarded by all tariff reformers as the protective system, reductions are made greater than those proposed by the Democrats two years ago. A careful consideration of the bill, they believe, will show that it is proposed to make a substantial attack on the tariff and at the same time one which may have a fair show of passage through the Senate, and of becoming a law—Washington Correspondent, Charlotte Chronicle.

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