

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 25, 1892.

NO. 47

Professional Cards.

Dr. G. F. Gostner,
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 CORE 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 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. ANCKER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Triculation, 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."
EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

CARLOS MARTY, D. D.,
New York City,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CHRYSLER COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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

True Success.

Success is not necessarily the accomplishment of something that gives a man a world-wide reputation. True success is the fruit of faithfulness in any position. But faithfulness does not imply contentment with present surroundings when courage and energy would open larger opportunities. Join the ranks of noble men who have risen above adverse circumstances and made life a success for themselves and a blessing to others.—*Young Men's Era.*

STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy try Electric Bitters. If La Grippe has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

Try To Be a Blessing.

Let us act toward our fellow-creatures as God does to us, and be to them what the sun is to the whole universe. As he daily diffuses his benign influence over the whole earth; as he shines upon the ungrateful as upon the righteous, and as he gilds the bosom of the valley as well as the lofty summit of the mountain; so let our lives be useful, beneficent, and consolatory to our fellow-creatures. May each returning day renew the charitable emotions of our hearts, and may we do all the good in our power, and endeavor so to live and to act that our lives shall be a blessing to mankind.—*From the German of Strum.*

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold yet you may get a trial bottle free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore.

Love has won all the biggest battles in history without gunpowder or blood.

Deal Gently With the Children.

Deal gently with the children,
But a few short years your own;
The home seat soon is empty,
And the little birds have flown;
And when, no more returning,
They leave that home behind,
The thought will cheer your loneliness
That you were good and kind.

Deal gently with the children
Who gather round your knee;
Check not in sudden anger
Their merriment and glee;
Each joy to childhood given,
So wearisome to-day,
Will seem like sweetest music then
When they have gone away.

Deal gently with the children,
Fast changing every hour.
Still strive to make them happy
While yet within your power;
Each smile, each word of kindness,
Each joy to childhood given,
Is like a step upon a stair
That lifts us up to heaven.

Deal gently with the children—
You too were once a child,
Remember you were happy
When those around you smiled;
And O remember always,
Whatever else you do,
To live as you would have them live,
For they will be like you.

New York Ledger.

THE MYSTERY OF ONE LIFE.

BY ANNIE SHIELDS.

It was when Alma Bentley was only six years old that her father wrote to me, asking me to come to Starfield and take the place of governess to his motherless girl. Amos Bentley was a far-away cousin of my own, and he had heard of my recent widow-hood, my anxiety to find some employment. And out of the goodness of his heart he offered me a position in his own luxurious home, that I gladly accepted. I was received like a sister, and, indeed, Alma has always called me Aunt Susie.

As she grew older, masters in music, drawing and languages assisted me in her education, until, at eighteen, it was decided that she was to spend a winter in New York with her aunt, Mrs. Winship, and be introduced to society.

It was natural that a girl of eighteen should be excited and eager over such a prospect, but Alma dreaded it with a strange fear for one so young. Had she been a French girl for two centuries earlier, she would, most assuredly, have been a nun, and I often told her so in jest. Yet, in most serious earnest, I knew that I had never seen or heard of a girl in this bustling, busy age of ours so pure of heart, so deeply devout, so modest and tender as Alma Bentley. She was very fair, rather pale than rosy, yet not sickly-looking, with wavy hair of light brown, and large blue eyes, slight in figure, and with a look of perfect serenity and peace.

"Allie looks like a saint," her father said to me. "She seems to have none of the brightness of girls hood. Is she happy?"

"Yes, I think she is happy, as far as such a pitying nature can be. But the sorrow of others, the crime, the misery, the poverty she sees press upon her."

"Why need she see?" he asked, quickly. "You do not let her go into the village?"

"She goes every day. I think the mill hands look upon her as upon an angel."

Mr. Bentley frowned heavily, walking up and down the drawing-room.

"Something ought to be done," he said. "But what? What can be done? When Mr. Rogers built the mills and houses for the hands, he was a rich man, with every prospect of success before him. For nearly ten years, the mills prospered, but when he failed, it was utterly hopeless; no one else took the place; the mills were closed, and here are some six hundred families, too poor to get away, out of work, their savings spent, sickness everywhere! It is terrible! I give all that I can, but I am not rich enough to support a whole colony."

"Your name is in every prayer they utter," I said, emphatically.

"Allie goes where there is sickness—where poverty presses hardest. As you say you cannot support a colony, but Allie gives sympathy, tenderness, time, advice, and puts her hands to everything. She makes soup and tea for the sick; she washes the babes whose mothers are ill; she speaks words of comfort and hope in her sweet, tender voice, and she takes flowers to put in the humble coffins."

I quote the conversation to show what Alma Bentley's claim to saintliness consisted in. Not that she made any such claim, for she was as modest and shy as she was good, but the character was given to her by all who knew her.

It had been decided to take her away, for several months, from her poor suffering charges, to go to the city to dance, to sing, to enter society, wear fine dresses and give herself up to fashionable frivolity. Mr. Bentley, a most indulgent father, was resolute about this.

"She will be an old woman twenty, if she stays here," he said to me. "I wish her to go to her aunt Harriet."

I was to remain at home, having for many years been housekeeper, as well as governess, and needed in my own place. It was the first time Alma and I had been separated for twelve years, but she was a good correspondent and letters came frequently; letters that were like conversations, they were so full of every detail of her new life. To my surprise, she entered into every pleasure heartily, her desire to please her father being the duty that sustained her. Alma must have a duty to make every act of her life pleasure to her, and so for filial obedience she submitted to deck her fair, delicate beauty in dainty fabrics, to go to social gatherings, and to win a position there, by her gentleness, as sure as she had won it amongst her poor proteges at Starfield.

In January, two great events occurred. The mills were purchased and opened by a gentleman from New York named Owen, and the hands taken on at full time and good wages. The letter of glad thanksgiving that Alma wrote in answer to this told me another piece of news, not unexpected. She had promised to marry Charles Lathrope, a young clergyman, who has taken a prominent place in her letters. She had written to me very often of the rest it was to her, in the life she could not find really congenial to converse with Mr. Lathrope, to help him a little, quietly, amongst his poor people, to attend the services in his church.

Mr. Bentley was well pleased. The father of the young clergyman was his friend, and, in wealth, culture and social position there was nothing to be desired. And I put down the letter with a sigh. I had been building an air castle that the letter shattered.

Mr. Owen, the gentleman who had taken the mills, had remained in Starfield only enough to get everything well started, and had then returned to New York, leaving the entire control in the hands of his son Godfrey.

It had been one of Alma's special requests, on leaving home, that I would take care of some of the sick amongst the mill-hands, and take her place, as far as I could spare time, in the poor cottages where so much help was needed. And even when the best of all help came, in steady work at good wages, there were still many sick, many too old to work, who needed visiting. And it was in these visits that I first met Godfrey Owen.

My first admiration was awakened by the extreme beauty of his face, almost womanly in delicate refinement, in spite of a heavy blood mustache. He had an air of command, the result, I think, less of pride than of a life of power; the power of large wealth and association with his father in vast business schemes. He was about thirty-five or six when he came to Starfield and took control of the mills, a control at once firm and liberal, strict in the observance of every rule, kind in the interest felt and shown

in every man, woman and child in the establishment. There was a great deal of sickness. At once, a resident physician was sent from New York, and a free distribution of drugs and nourishment established, under firm rules that prevented any imposition. Coal was put into every cellar, to be paid for where it was possible, as a gift where it could not be purchased. Food, blankets, bedding were all distributed at the lowest possible price to those at work, given freely but judiciously to the old and sick.

And as I gave advice, pointed out urgent need or special cases, met the tall, erect figure and beautiful face everywhere, I told myself every hour that here was the only man who could fully understand Alma, do justice to her pure, self-sacrificing spirit; give her the full sympathy and help all women need in their life-work. This was my dream, the life these two would lead together, and it was shattered! Why had we sent our child to the city? If only we had kept her with us, she must surely have loved this man.

She came home in June, the same gentle, loving girl, and yet changed, older, more self-reliant, more developed by her intercourse with the world. Even her dress was no longer the girlish costume of a year previous, but raiment better suited the only child of a wealthy man. Her figure was carried with more erect grace; her face, losing nothing of its nun-like purity, had more animation.

And before Godfrey Owen had met her a dozen times, I, dreading worse than had already happened, met him by appointment one day, and our consultation over a cottage matter settled, asked him to walk with me. Very kindly I told him of Allie's engagement. No thought of coquetry could ever linger in her heart, yet her very innocence and frankness were deceiving him. He turned his face from me for a moment, then let it meet my eyes, pale with emotion, the dark eyes full of a half-suppressed agony.

"Thank you," he said, gently, "for what I know is a kindly warning. It comes too late to save me; but Alma need never know that. Could I see her and not love her? I think my whole heart was hers the first time she put her hand in mine and spoke to me. I had no right to hope to win her; it was too soon to think of wooing her; but I loved her. You will keep the secret you guessed so soon?"

"I will," I said. "And you will not think hardly of me for telling you?"

"It was the truest kindness," he said. "I know now what I must conquer."

Whether others guessed the struggle he made, I cannot tell, but I could see it plainly. He never sought Alma, but he did not in any marked way avoid her. He grew very pale in those long summer days, and his great dark eyes seemed unusually large; but he kept on in his daily routine of duty and charity, and Alma was enthusiastic in praising him to me.

It was late in the autumn when we began to be uneasy about Chas. Lathrope. He had been in St. Louis through September, on some business errand, and had written regularly to Alma. In October, his letters suddenly ceased. For weary weeks, Alma watched the mail, her face growing daily more pale and sad. I had not fully realized how deeply her love had taken hold of her heart until this time of suspense. But I knew then that with her to love once was to love for life.

I had not thought of any plan for relief, until, one morning, Godfrey Owen sent in his card to me, and I met him in the drawing-room.

"Miss Bentley is at the village," he said to me, "and I ventured to call to ask you to tell me what sorrow is killing her. Can I help her?"

I told him as frankly as he asked. "We have written to the address in St. Louis," I said, "but have no answer."

"Will you give me that address?" he asked, and put it carefully in his note-book. "I will start for St. Louis to-night," he said, "but it

would be best, perhaps, not to tell Miss Bentley until you hear from me there."

"It would be best," I said. "It may only throw her into a state of agitation and suspense worse than she is now enduring."

So he went away, my hero my martyr, giving me the last clasp I was ever to feel of his strong hand, the last kindly look from his dark eyes, the last tender words his lips ever uttered for me.

One letter, only one, he wrote to me. He found Charles Lathrope in a house, deserted by everybody but a little negro boy, lying dangerously ill with small-pox. Before he entered the house himself he wrote to me, warning me he should not dare to write to me from there.

"But if a brother's devotion, a brother's care, will save the life of a man Alma loves, be sure he shall have them."

So he wrote. Weary days followed without one word of tidings. Then came a telegram from Charles Lathrope:

"I am recovering. Mr. Owen has taken the small-pox. Is very ill."

Later he told us that the physician took this and some other telegrams for him, but would not let him send a letter.

It was after Christmas when he came home and to Starfield.

"I owe my life to a stranger," he told me; "and not until he was dying did he tell me the motive that led him to St. Louis to nurse me back to life. It was the most peaceful, beautiful death I ever imagined, and must have been the end of a sinless, unselfish life. Not a doubt! Not a fear! He bade me give his love to Alma, and told me that it was an entire happiness to him that he had helped to save my life for her."

They are very happy. Alma and her husband, living useful Christian lives, "doing good without tiring." But I, who am still at Starfield—Amos Bentley's housekeeper—I think, with tears always, of the noble life laid down so calmly—the great generous heart stilled forever—and wonder if, in the great hereafter, the mystery will be explained and I shall know why happiness was denied Godfrey Owen in this life.

Trial By Jury.

The Superior court system of this State is one not in keeping with the advancement and progress of the age. It is out of date. It is a great killer of time, it is expensive, and in most cases indifferent. Law questions should be decided by men learned in the law. The average juror takes his seat in the box thinking he knows a little about law, but by the time the lawyers have ceased firing at him and the Judge has delivered the usual impartial charge, the poor juror is so hopelessly mixed that he has grave doubts in his own mind as to his ability to give an intelligent verdict. He is expected to decide points of law that would puzzle the best of judges. The mode of instructing the jury is another drawback to the system. The judge must instruct fairly and impartially—that is, he must say the case is this and the case is that—else up jumps the lawyer and the case goes to the Supreme court, on exceptions to the charge, the costs pile up and time is wasted. In the matter of Roessler vs. the Commissioners, the two days should have been amply sufficient for its final disposal, but it went through a whole week and resulted in a hung jury and a daily accumulation of costs. The demands of the day are for courts where justice is meted out according to law, no delay is incurred and the expense reduced to the minimum. This age has not the time nor patience to dally with the jury system. The day for its retirement is at hand. The News would have law cases tried before three Judges, as in the Supreme court. That's the way cases were tried in Solomon's time, and a system invented and enforced by as wise a man as Solomon, ought to be worth giving a trial.—*Charlotte News.*

The LINCOLN COURIER can be had for \$1.25 a year, cash in advance.

Address of the State Committee.

ROOMS OF THE STATE DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 10, '92.

To the Voters of North Carolina:

At a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee, held in this city on the 2nd inst., it was resolved that the next State Convention should be held in the city of Raleigh on the 18th of May, 1892, at 11 o'clock a. m.

It will devolve on this Convention to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Auditor, Treasurer and Superintendent of Public Instruction; to elect four delegates at large and four alternates to the National Democratic Convention to be held at Chicago June 22, 1892; to nominate two candidates for Electors at Large, to adopt a platform of principles, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

In all cases where the Congressional Conventions have not been held previously, the delegates to this Convention from each Congressional District will choose two delegates and two alternates to the National Democratic Convention, and report their names to the State Convention.

There has been for some time a firmly rooted idea among the people that some system should be adopted by which minorities in the various counties should have their proportionate voice in all State and District Conventions, and, in deference to this fair and just sentiment, the Committee, while realizing that it had no power to add to or vary the "Plan of Organization," as adopted by the last State Convention, and bind the people to its observance, unanimously recommended to all County Conventions the following rule, and earnestly requests that it be observed.

"In all County Conventions in which delegates shall be selected to attend any State, Congressional, Judicial or other Convention, a vote shall be taken in accordance with the plan of organization as to the candidates whose names may be presented to such County Convention. The delegates shall be selected from the friends and supporters of each candidate voted for in proportion to the number of votes he shall receive in such county convention, and no other instructions shall be given. Provided that where only one candidate is presented and voted for at such County Convention it shall be lawful to instruct for such candidate."

It is urged that all county conventions should, at the same time they select delegates to this convention, elect a county committee to serve during the coming campaign. This action is essential to perfect organization, and enables the chairmen of the State committee to at once put himself in touch with the county chairman.

All township and county conventions should be held at such times and places as will afford to each member of the party an opportunity for full and fair discussion. It is essential to success that animosities should not be engendered and discussion fostered, and no one should be given even the semblance of an excuse for refusing to support the Democratic party, the supremacy of which is so necessary to secure good government and an honest administration of public affairs.

To divide now is to turn over the State to the enemy. Let us stand together as in the past and thus perpetuate the reign of the Anglo-Saxon.

ED. CHAMBERS SMITH, Chairman.
B. O. BECKWITH, Sec.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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