

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL V

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, APR. 22, 1892.

NO. 51

Professional Cards.

Dr. G. F. Costner,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country. Office at his residence adjoining Lincolnton Hotel. All calls promptly attended to.
Aug. 7, 1891 1y

J. W. SAIN, M. D.,
Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country.
Will be found at night at the residence of B. C. Wood
March 27, 1891 1y

Bartlett Shipp,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891. 1y.

Finley & Wetmore,
ATTYS. AT LAW,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties.
All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to.
April 18, 1890. 1y.

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST.
TERMS—CASH.
OFFICE IN COBB BUILDING, MAIN ST.,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
July 11, 1890. 1y

Dr. A. W. Alexander
DENTIST.
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.
Jan 23 '91 1y

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.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"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 MARTIN, D. D.,
New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"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.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Itch 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 Lincolnton, N. C.

Cleveland and the Force Bill.

The statement that Grover Cleveland uttered no words of protest against the infamous force bill has been made about often enough by the Hill organs in the south. In an address to the Democratic clubs of Philadelphia, delivered at their celebration of Jackson Day, January 8, 1891, Mr. Cleveland said:
"When we see our political adversaries bent upon the passage of a federal law, with the scarcely denied purpose of perpetrating partisan supremacy, which invades the states with election machinery designed to promote federal interference with the rights of the people in the localities concerned, discrediting their honesty and fairness, and justly arousing their jealousy of centralized power, we will stubbornly resist such a dangerous and revolutionary scheme in obedience to our pledge for the support of the state governments in all their rights."

PRONOUNCED HOPELESS, YET SAVED.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Groton, S. D., we quote: Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman. Trial bottle free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's drug store, regular size 50c and \$1.

We produce no coffee in this country, and yet, intelligent people are expected to applaud the action taken by the administration, under authority conferred by the McKinley tariff act, in restoring the duty on coffee from Venezuela, because that country did not see fit to enter into a reciprocity agreement with us. Last year Venezuela sent us 57,420,471 pounds of coffee, all of the best grades. From three to five cents a pound is the increase that the customers will have to pay for this coffee hereafter. What a blessing the McKinley law is to heads of families who have limited incomes!

"YOU KISSED ME."

The following beautiful poem was written by Miss Josephine Hunt in 1851, while the author was yet under 20 years of age:

"You kissed me! my head
Dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest;
While the holy emotions
My tongue dare not speak,
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek,
Your arms held me fast
Oh! your arms were so bold—
Heart beat against heart
In that passionate fold,
Your glances seem drawing
My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the sea to the skies;
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in bliss
They might never unclasp
From that rapturous kiss.

"You kissed me! my heart
And my breath and my will,
In delicious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptation, no charm,
No vision of happiness
Outside of your arms,
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepentingly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest.
Your lips upon mine
My head on your breast."

New York Ledger.

THE TRIALS OF A SMALL GIRL.

BY EMMA M. COX.

I was christened in a respectable manner, and my name written in the Bible with due solemnity and awe; but I doubt now if one of the relatives could tell you what it was without first consulting the family record and running down the list under births. If I had had no name and then they had called me "Muffet," I should not have felt so badly about it; but to be the proud possessor of two such titles as "Clara" and "Louise," and to have such lovely names forsaken by everybody is dreadful. My uncles even shortened it to "Muff" sometimes, and they say it was all because of my early literary taste.

It is a tradition in our family, firmly believed by the older members (and especially by two young uncles of mine, who told my mother, in my hearing, one day, that they would willingly swear to it in any court of justice) that I was fond of being read to at a strikingly early age, and was remarkably partial to the rhymes of a certain "Mother Goose" and the pathetic tale of "Little Miss Muffet and the Spider" in particular, and which I called for unceasingly, my demand being made upon any one of them without regard to age, sex or condition; neither did I consider the convenience of the aforesaid family.

As I advanced in years, being possessed of a good memory, I could repeat the story of "Miss Muffet" in a manner, 'twas said, that would bring tears to the eyes of an audience, and so ever after I had to answer to the call of "Muffet" or not at all, for I knew the name of "Clara Louise" no more.

Sometimes wonder, if I should die, would they place the name of "Muffet" on my tombstone? I believe, if I am ever so sick that I fear I may die, I shall make a will, and leave as my last request that they think of me forever more as Clara Louise.

I am still fond of reading; of course I am old enough to read for myself now, but I have a brother younger than I am, whose tastes are not literary. He chooses that I shall be his companion at all times, and wants me to be his horse; to gallop around the house and be trispy, while I prefer to play the part of his mother, and graciously send him out to amuse himself, while I seek a shady nook and bury myself in the pages of my book.

We have some cousins we play with sometimes, and also have some aunts. I love one of my aunty very

much, but she has so many pairs of pants to make she doesn't have much time to love me any. She only has five boys, and she makes all their clothes, and whenever I go there she is always making pants. She said, the other day, that she intended to make something nice for my birthday, but she had to make Walter a pair of pants and didn't get the time. Whenever we are looking for her to come and stay all day, and she doesn't come, mamma always knows that she had to stay at home and make pants.

I guess my other aunt doesn't like me, because whenever her children do anything that is bad she always tells me that that is just the way I did when I was little. She says "her girls are out and out Robinsons, every inch of them," and she acts like I was personally to blame. She allows her children to play where they please, and go and come as they wish; and I asked her one day if she wasn't afraid they'd get hurt some time; but she answered mightily quick "that she guessed the Lord would take care of them." I didn't say anything back, but I thought to myself that if I expected the Lord to take care of my children that I would be afraid he would take them up to live with Him so he could watch them.

There is something else I feel bad about sometimes, but not very often; because if I look pretty to my own papa and mamma, I don't care whether other people think I am or not. Still, if I ever grow up to be a woman, I am not going to say to a little girl's mamma, right before that little girl, that I think her boy is so much prettier than her little girl.

But I haven't told you my greatest trial yet. I know something my mother doesn't know, and I promised I wouldn't tell. Did you ever hear of a man that ate children that don't obey when spoken to? Well, one day when I displayed a reluctance to go for Uncle Jim's slippers, which he wished me to bring from upstairs, he told me in a solemn manner that I must be careful how I behaved that way before Uncle Jess, because he had eaten a little girl once, and her name was Mary Smith.

"Yes," said Uncle Jess, "she was the daughter of a clergyman—a beautiful girl!"

"But," said Uncle Jim, "she had one fault; she was not obedient."

"Did both of you know her, Uncle Jim?" I asked.

"Yes," said Uncle Jess, "we boarded there one summer; but, alas! poor child! we had to eat her!"

"Bones and all," said Uncle Jim; "and all her own fault, too. But, of course, you must understand that it wouldn't be right for you to speak of this to any one."

"No," said Uncle Jess, "never! But we can count on your affection for us to shield our reputations, and you know we were really not to blame. If she had been obedient we should never have been tempted to eat her."

"Hush—sh—" said Uncle Jim; "your mother is coming;" and placing his finger on his lips, he added: "But remember Mary Smith."

In fear and trembling I left the room, and, indeed, the knowledge of their crime seems to weigh heavier on my mind than on theirs. If I am ever inclined to be naughty, and especially, disobedient, all I need to check me in the downward career is a look from Uncle Jim, or the solemn voice of Uncle Jess, that calls to mind the fate of little Mary Smith.

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.

GOOD LOOKS.

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

Letter From Texas.

PITTSBURG, TEX., Apr. 8, 1892.
MR. J. M. ROBERTS:

I beg space in your columns, hoping you will publish a short letter from me. If we are wrong, we want to know it. If you and your side of the political issue are wrong, you will certainly condescend to right and justice.

The campaign is coming; neither passion nor prejudice should hold sway in our councils. "Let every one be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him." What is the attitude of the masses of the people at this time towards the great questions that are agitating the public mind and what is their condition and the causes, and what of the future? I propose to go you to-day in my feeble way the causes of the great unrest among the masses of the people, as I see them. The farmers of this government are thoroughly aroused and extremely sensitive touching political questions and methods, which have grown out of their peculiar circumstances. They believe that the same are traceable in all sections to the financial and taxing systems of class laws. They believe that the machine politicians of both of the old parties have strayed far from the principles that were handed down to us as a guide to go by, by Jefferson and others, and we believe that A. Lincoln's principles, equal rights for all and special privileges for none, were buried when Lincoln was assassinated. The great West has asked us to join them to overthrow this millionaire making Plutocracy, at the ballot box next November. They have concluded that they have reached that portion of the highway upon which all other nations have been wrecked that have dared to travel it. This far, class legislation, legislation for the few against the many, Plutocracy versus poverty, we have machine politicians who prefer to fight, quarrel and criminate and recriminate for the sake of office. Such men have not the good of the country at heart, they care nothing for good and wholesome laws. Such men and such politicians never lifted people out of trouble. We will take for example the Mugwumps and Tammanyites of New York, wrangling over the spoils of corruption. All the same, let it be Hill or Cleveland, so far as we are concerned. We know Cleveland to be an honest man, and square against the masses of the people and in favor of a moneyed monopoly; and we know Hill to be a political demagogue, and as for Mr. Harrison we all know in what harness he is working. When Wall Street pulled the harness off of Cleveland, they fit Harrison and he wears them today, and he will wear them four years longer if the people don't think twice before they vote once. James G. Blaine sees the great cloud gathering in the West, and he hears the rumbling of thunder in the South, and we find him hid behind reciprocity. We find the machine politicians in Wall Street divided amongst themselves. "When the wicked rule the people mourn," and a party or "house divided against itself can not stand" (if they do own the golden calf) is one grand consolation the masses have. We believe this political machine was born when Horace Greeley was nominated for President on the Democratic ticket in 1873, and has developed to be a political giant and the people should rise up and slay it as David did Goliath. This same political machine of Wall Street ground Samuel J. Tilden out, and Hayes in 1877. This same Wall Street and New England Democracy would have us to believe that the reduction of the tariff on borax and put fiddle strings on the free list, is absolutely essential to the salvation of the Republic. Oh, yes, these same machine politicians call us "calamity howlers." Sacred and profane history agree that the cause of all the calamity howling was a just retribution on the nation for the acts of oppression upon the people by wicked, tyrannical rulers, who robbed the masses of their labor, and returned nothing to the laborer for his services. Nero, who

fiddled while Rome was burning, was no calamity howler. King George III., who sat on England's throne and ruled the colonies with an iron hand, was no calamity howler. George Washington and John Hancock were calamity howlers, and we know what came to pass. Horace Greeley was a calamity howler after we fought him for 4 long years and sacrificed hundreds of thousands of the best men South. We find the machine Democrats nominating him for President. Who are the calamity howlers of the 19th century? The oppressed laborers of all the States in this Union are howling calamity. The victims of soulless corporations who require the products of the labor of the people to support their corporate robbery. The Democratic party was born of necessity, was the outgrowth of tyranny and oppression and was nurtured in principles as broad as the universe and high as heaven; but that great party, the pride of Jefferson, Jackson and Calhoun, has degenerated into an organized effort for spoils. The position occupied by Jefferson and Jackson and Calhoun are usurped by such men as Cleveland and Hill, mere place hunters. The same can be said of the Republican party, the party that said that freedom and slavery could not grow upon the same tree and be blended in the same sitting, has helped to forge the chains that bind millions of working people to a condition of industrial servitude that is little better than chattel slavery. The places occupied by Lincoln and Stevens and Seward, are now occupied by such as Harrison and Quay & Co. Parties may change or die, but principles never do. Thousands of people are crucifying principles to-day by worshipping party. I can remember before the war when a question was asked by statesmen, "when a measure was presented, was it right? How will it affect the interest of my constituency? Is it patriotic?" Now the first question is, "How will it affect my party?" Any machine politics on the free coinage of silver on the 22d of March? Most assuredly Wall Street had the machine well oiled. Now who are we to stick to, the masses that constitute fifty millions, or thirty thousand plutocrats of Wall street? We are face to face with a problem that must be solved. Our volume of money must be increased to correspond with the ever increasing necessity of the people or the collapse of the republic will soon be upon us. Common sense demands that the United States adopt the Alliance sub-treasury plan or some better system to get money out into circulation, then abolish the national banking system and every trust and combine will fade away like a snow ball before the noonday sun. The Wall street machine says you shall have no financial relief. Congress has refused. Now the question comes home to every one, Citizens, what are you going to do about it? There are but three things you can do: 1st, Enslave yourselves and your posterity and let the republic that cost so much treasure die; 2nd, Plunge the country into a bloody revolution. 3rd, By your ballots, elect men to Congress that will carry out the mandates of the Constitution, vote all machine politicians to the rear. If the old party has crooked Jefferson principles, the Wall street wing can go, and we will take the true and build on another rack. The golden calf can corrupt the party, but the principles are invincible.

The greatest curse under which American people, from a political standpoint, have labored for 16 years, has been the curse of partisan slavery which the masses have arrayed against each other in two parties, and have been driven to vote against each other at the expense of principles. It has been the ruin of the masses, and to the glory of Wall street Plutocracy. Now let us lay down forever this party prejudice and vote for the true Jefferson principles, let it be in the 1st, 2nd or 3rd parties, but those that have been tried and have been dumb to the people's demands, let them stay at home and let their

history speak for itself to the rising generations. We are well pleased at the course our Alliance Congressmen have fought for our demands. Give us an Alliance President in the White House and all will be well: Choose this day whom you will serve.
D. B. SMITH.

About the "12th Plank."

Estimating the burden such a principle of legislation, as the pension "resolution," would impose upon our people, the *Charlotte News* says:

"There always was a difference from the time the first greenback was issued until the close of the war, the difference for a considerable portion of the time being as much as two and half to one. The total number of men enlisted for the war was 2,778,304, the aggregate reduced to a three years standing being 2,326,128, every one of whom would have to be paid the difference not for one month or three months, but for three years. Five hundred millions would not touch it. Whatever the sum might be the Southern people would have to pay about one third of it, and not one dollar in a hundred of what they paid would be paid out in this section, but nearly the whole sum would go to benefit people on the other side of the line. The Southern people are now taxed about \$49,000,000 a year to pay pensions to Union soldiers, and yet the men who framed the Third party platform, have the colossal cheek to ask them to shoulder the burden of at least a couple hundred millions more, in order that these Third party advocates may capture some soldier votes in the North and West, for which they are playing."

Carolina's Name.

We observe that the LINCOLN COURIER has printed a letter from Hon. Kemp P. Battle on the origin of the name of our State. Bancroft, the historian, and some of the earliest writers about the settlements in Carolina trace the name to the French lodgment made about Port Royal, in 1562. They indicate that the name Florida was applied to the country occupied by the Spaniards and that the region northward was called Carolina by the French until Virginia was reached.

When in 1606 King Charles made grants for the settlement of Virginia, which extended we believe as far up as Canada, he limited the northern settlement to certain bounds, left the centre open, and limited the London Company to the region between Cape Fear and the Maryland line. That territory continued to be called Virginia, as it had been designated from the time it was first named in honor of the Virgin Queen. Some twenty years later King Charles granted the territory from 36 degrees to 31 degrees, (from Albemarle Sound down to the present Florida line) to Sir Robert Heath, and he said in the grant "we name the same Carolina."

After that the people of Virginia apparently called that region Carolina, and a Virginian going to Roanoke Island spoke of going to Carolina. Mr. Battle contends that the origin of the name is this grant, and that it did not spring from the French lodgment at Port Royal, and he says he is sustained by Justin Winsor, a recent writer who has made special investigations as to whether the French called the country Carolina, and finds that they did not, but did call it Nova Franca. For our part we think that Charles probably called the "province" he erected after himself just as Elizabeth named Virginia in her own honor.

The name Carolina has been borne by this region ever since 1629 and we suppose that Mr. Battle is right, that it was so called in honor of the English King, and not because of the French settlement, sixty years before.—*Raleigh News & Observer.*

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