

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1892.

NO. 4

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

"Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kila Weena, 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," 128th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Our Nominee For Governor.

There are a great many Democrats in North Carolina who favored the nomination of Governor Holt for the double reason that he made a good Governor, and that he fully deserved the honor of succeeding himself. The strength which he developed in the convention shows that he has a strong hold on the Democracy of this State, and that of itself is a recognition of which he may well be proud. He and his friends who stood so enthusiastically by him have cause to congratulate themselves that in choosing his successor the convention made such a happy choice as Elias Carr, whose nomination will give general satisfaction throughout the State.

Mr. Carr was not a candidate in the sense of desiring the nomination, and some time ago wrote a letter declaring that he was not a candidate, and declining to permit his name to be used in that connection, but he recognizes the right of his party to demand service of those in its ranks, and the duty of the Democrat when called to obey.

He is a farmer, of Edgecombe county, and one of the best in the State, one of the original organizers of the Alliance, but has always stood straight within the party lines and disapproved any independent movement or third party talk. When the St. Louis platform was thrust before the Alliance in this State he unhesitatingly condemned it as not only irrational but antagonistic to the reforms for which the Alliance was laboring, and contended that there was no reform which the Alliance sought which could not be better, more easily and more speedily secured through the Democratic party than through any other agency.

Within the Alliance there is no voice in the State more potent than his, for he has always been looked upon as an able, safe and sagacious counsellor. He has done as much, perhaps, as any man in the State to keep the Alliance within the landmarks and curb the revolutionarily spirits that sought to lead it astray. He is a graduate of the State University and is, we think, about fifty-five years of age, enthusiastically devoted to his calling, liberal-minded, large-brained, and in every way well equipped to discharge the duties of the high position for which he has been nominated, and to which he will be elected, with credit to himself and honor and benefit to North Carolina.—*Wid. Star.*

QUINCE BLOSSOMS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Mr. Maverick's quince trees had blossomed unusually full this spring. Like tossing billows of pale pink, the laden boughs hung over the old stone wall, showering rosy petals down at every breeze; and Patty Price stood still with a little ecstatic exclamation of delight, as she came to the turning in the lane.

"Quince-blossoms!" cried Patty, clasping her hands together. "Oh, I must have some to model in wax-flowers."
For Patty was a city school-ma'am, out for a fortnight's holiday, and she cried over the violet-spangled meads, laughed in sympathy with the gold-orbed dandelions, and kissed the little downy goslings in the most insouciant manner—or at least so her country cousins thought. And she had never seen a quince-blossom before, and to her artistic eyes it was like a poet's dream of beauty.

She was not unlike a human quince-blossom herself, this dove-eyed, pink-cheeked young heroine of ours, as she stood there with the wind blowing back the strings of her white muslin sunshat, and her rose colored lawn dress fluttering softly.

"Nonsense," said Miss Araminta Allen, her cousin, who had seen the annual marvel of quince-blossoming ever since she was a child, and cared nothing for it. "And they're on Mr. Maverick's land, too, and he's such an awful old bachelor!"

"He could not eat me up, could he, if I stole a few?" gravely demanded Patty. "Just for my wax-flowers. And there's a ladder, too, all ready for me!"

"Yes," said Araminta Allen, looking rather apprehensively around. "It's Mr. Maverick's ladder. His man is sticking broken bottles on the top of the wall."

"Horrid old savage!" said Patty. "The children climb over so," explained Araminta, "and steal his standard roses and prize strawberries, and break off his oleander boughs."

"Then why doesn't he give the poor things all they want?" indignantly demanded Patty Price. "The idea of an old bachelor living all alone in that paradise of a place, and grudging a few strawberries or a rosebud to the children! Araminta, I'll tell you what. I'm going to have a big bunch of those quince-blossoms."

"Ob, Patty!"
"Why not?" I can just run up the ladder and get them before your old curmudgeon comes out with his broken bottles and man-traps."

"Please, Patty, don't think of such a thing!" breathlessly remonstrated Araminta Allen, who had been incited from her youth up with the belief that Albert Maverick was the Grand Mogul of Westbrook, and Peter Mackenzie, his gardener, was his Grand Vizier.

"You're not—'fraud'?" said Patty, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"Yes, I am," acknowledged Araminta.
"I am no!" cried Patty. And, like a bird, she fluttered up the ladder, scaled the heights of the garden wall, and in another minute had both hands full of pink and white quince-blossoms and buds.

"Ob, dear me!" cried Araminta. "I told you so! There's somebody coming!"

And away she ran, vanishing into the hedge just as old Mackenzie came around the corner of the wall, with a pail of steaming tar in one hand and a basket of fractured bottles in the other. And just as Patty would have withdrawn her forces in good order, he nullified her retreat by briskly pulling the ladder away.

"I've got ye the noo!" said he, exultantly. "So you're the bad little lassie as has broke all our rhodo dendrons off!"

"I've never touched them!" cried Patty, half terrified half indignant. "Remember Ananias and Sapphira," said old Mackenzie, solemnly.

"Put that ladder back!" said Pat-

ty, holding on to her bloomy treasures.

"Nae," said old Mackenzie, "I will nae do that, until I've reported to my master."

And away he trudged to the house where Mr. Maverick was reading "Carlyle" in a great hammock under the vine-shaded veranda.

"I've caught her, Maester Mauverick!" said he.

"Caught whom?" said Mr. Maverick, frowning a little at the interruption, as he turned the page.

"The girl as steals our flowers."

"Where?"

"Up on the garden wall!"

"Why doesn't she get down again?"

"Because I've taken the bit ladder away!" exultantly answered old Peter.

Mr. Maverick smiled grimly. "Let her stay there, then, until she asks pardon and promises good behavior for the future!" said he, and relapsed instantly into "Carlyle."

Old Peter went back, chucking to himself.

"Aha, bairny," said he, "my master says ye're to speer his pardon and promise never to steal flowers again!"

"I won't!" cried indignant Patty. "Sait yourself, suit yourself," said old Peter; and he went to work at some tulip bulbs with the most barbarous indifference. And there sat pretty Patty on the wall, her little feet hanging down among wild honeysuckles and Michigan roses, her hair snowed over with the fluttering petals of the quince-blossoms, for whose sweet sake she had risked so much.

"I can't jump," said Patty to herself, "it's too far; and I can't climb down, for there's a quickset hedge on one side, and a straight, steep wall on the other. And I'll never ask the horrid old bachelor's pardon, no, not if I sit here for three days!"

At the end of an hour or two old Mackenzie came toward her.

"Will ye say ye're sorry?" demanded he.

"No, I won't!" said Patty.

He went back to his master.

"She wunna say she's sorry, sir," said he.

"Let her stay there, then," said Mr. Maverick, abstractedly.
But when the level beams of the sunset peered through the wistaria leaves and danced on the pages of "The French Revolution," Mr. Maverick threw aside his book with a yawn.

"Mackenzie!" said he.

"Sir," responded the gardener.

"Is that child up on the wall yet?"

"There she is, sir," answered the old man, "and there she's like to stay. A wrang-headed, willin' creature as ever I set eyes on."

"I'll go out and speak to her myself," said Mr. Maverick, a little impatiently.

And Patty, from her lonely height, looked down upon a handsome, middle-aged face, with dark, laughing eyes, a beard like jetty silk, and a rich olive skin. He started back in blank surprise at beholding, instead of the gawky, village school-girl for whom he had looked, a pretty young lady with blue eyes, floating golden hair, and a pink muslin dress.

"Mackenzie," said he, "there has been a mistake!"

"Nae mistake at a', sir, nae mistake at a'," persisted the old gardener. "I caught her a-stealin' 'em my ainself!"

Mr. Maverick turned gravely to the dumpled captive on the garden wall.

"Are you the purloiner of flowers?" said he. "The hardened wretch that declines to supplicate for pardon?"

"Are you the flinty-hearted old bachelor?" saucily retorted Patty, who was tired and hungry and sun-burned, but resolute still.

"An old bachelor—yes, but flinty-hearted—no! Mackenzie!"

"Sir!"

"Bring the ladder at once!"

"But, sir, she hasna speered pardon yet!" cried the bewildered old Scotchman.

"Bring the ladder, I say!" And then, as Patty reached the ground, he bowed low.

"Will you forgive me?" said he,

"For I assure you that if I had known it was any one but the tormenting little school-children, this should not have happened."

"I—only wanted a few quince-blossoms to pattern my wax flowers after," said Patty, with crimsoned cheek and quivering lip, "and—"

Mr. Maverick glanced down at the faded flowers to which our little heroine still valiantly clung.

"And these are all wilted," said he. "Allow me to get you some more."

"Gude save us a'!" commented old Peter to himself; "here's t' master speering pardon of t' lassie, instead of her to him! Is t' world a' upseed down?"

But Mackenzie's astonishment was nothing to that of Miss Araminta Allen, when she saw Patty Price come sauntering leisurely home with Mr. Maverick at her side, and laden with blossoming quince boughs, and heard him say:

"I'll bring you those maidenhair ferns and oxalis specimens in the morning, Miss Price; and if there is anything else about the place you fancy, I beg you to consider my grounds as entirely at your disposal."

"How have you conquered him?" said Araminta, in Amazement.

"He is an old bachelor," said Patty, laughing, "but he isn't so very dreadful, after all!"

And when the quince-blossoms were all gone and the tall tiger lilies were in bloom, Albert Maverick asked little Patty Price to give up her city classes and stay at Maverick Hall altogether. And there are no more broken bottles on the garden wall, for Mrs. Maverick lets the children have all the flowers they want.

The Work of the State Convention.

The Democrats can accept the results of the Democratic State convention, which met at Raleigh Wednesday, with a considerable degree of satisfaction. In a normal condition of politics Mr. Elias Carr would probably never have been nominated for governor of North Carolina, but his record as a Democrat is unimpeachable and he is regarded by all who know him as a most estimable gentleman. He is a graduate of the University of the State and a real farmer.

Democrats can breathe a sigh of relief in the escape made from the St. Louis platform. The platform adopted is not one that all can endorse in full, but it is one that Democrats can stand upon without violating their consciences. It is, indeed, the platform of 1890, with a few verbal alterations. It contains nothing that is in conflict with the underlying principles of the Democratic party. The questions it touches are only questions of policy. One may agree with all the doctrines advanced or agree with none, and yet be a good Democrat; but whatever may be one's individual opinions, it is now the duty of Democrats to accept this platform and abide by it in good faith.

The convention was an immense gathering and Raleigh was not equal to its proper entertainment. The local arrangements were poor and the delegates suffered discomfort and the convention was delayed in the transaction of business on account thereof. The nominating speeches, taken as a whole, were probably the poorest ever heard in the State, but the body was more than ordinarily orderly and made up in good manners what it lacked in other directions.

The nomination of Mr. Carr was a distinct victory over the extreme element represented by Polk and Butler. Mr. Sanderlin, though himself by no means an extreme man in his views, was handicapped by his backing. Many of the Alliance delegates would not vote for him at all. Mr. Carr owes his nomination finally to conservative Alliance men who are Democrats and to the supporters of Gov. Holt, who, seeing on the sixth ballot that his chances were gone, swung around to the gentleman from Edgecombe. The hope which was entertained by many at the outset that the friends of Julian S. Carr would go to Holt,

or vice versa, was soon found to be delusive. The rivalry between these gentlemen and their friends had become high. Between them they had a substantial majority of the convention but they never would have amalgamated. The result may be best as it is. The nomination of Elias Carr breaks the backbone of the Third party movement in North Carolina and dashes the hopes of the Republicans. That he and the ticket which he heads will be elected by an overwhelming majority, nobody denies, and with it the national Democratic ticket will sweep the State, whoever may be on it and whatever the character of the opposition.

The surprise of the convention is the defeat of Mr. Sanderlin for re-nomination as Auditor. In reaching out for a higher office he lost the one he already had a firm grip upon. To a majority of the *Observer's* readers the best news of all will be that of the nomination of Mr. Frank L. Osborne for Attorney General, and of the whole lot none of the nominations was better disposed.—*Charlotte Observer.*

How It Looked the Day Before

Raleigh Special 17th, by the Charlotte Observer.

The State conference of Alliance men began this morning and still continues. Eighty-six counties are represented by delegates. It is a secret meeting, only those having the password being admitted. Marion Butler presided, W. S. Barnes being secretary, these taking their positions as officers of the Alliance.

L. L. Polk was present, and made an address full of glittering generalities, in which he urged Alliance men to stand up for the St. Louis platform. His speech was applauded. He was the only person save delegates allowed to speak. There were over 200 Alliance men present as listeners.

There was a discussion lasting many hours on the St. Louis platform. Polk was sent for and said that Alliance men had no business in the Democratic convention and should stay away from it.

Butler advised them to go into the convention. A resolution was adopted by a vote of 63 to 23 to present the St. Louis platform to the convention. There was a heated debate and the Democrats who are members of the conference took strong ground against the resolution and against any Third party action.

Laughinghouse, who is a straight-out Democrat, led this attack on Butler's and Polk's forces and his remarks were severe. He was joined in his attack by delegates from New Hanover, Clay, Buncombe and Haywood counties. The resolutions as adopted contain no threats, but read between the lines, will show that the conference means if the St. Louis platform is not adopted by the Democratic convention, to put out a ticket of its own. A delegate from Catawba county, who declared that he represented three-fourths of the Alliance men there, declared if the St. Louis platform was not adopted, action would be taken by his people. Polk evidently has immense influence. The most earnest efforts are being made to keep the sessions secret, but there are leaks.

There are nearly 2000 Democrats here to attend the convention and for these the news which filters out from the conference has had the most extreme interest. It is certain that the Democratic convention will be the largest one on record. The delegates are thoroughly in earnest and are deeply stirred. Hon. Thos. J. Jarvis will probably be permanent chairman of the convention.

At the great caucus of the friends of Gov. Holt, M. H. Pinnix presided. Stirring speeches, in which the Third party was denounced, were made by W. M. Robbins, W. W. Kitchen, Cyrus B. Watson, and H. C. Jones. They were applauded to the echo. The caucus was not secret, thus putting it in strong contrast to Butler's star chamber conference. The roll of counties showed that 79 were represented and declarations of those present justify the belief that Holt will receive the nomination on the first ballot.

Platform of the Democratic Party.

Resolved, 1. That the democracy of North Carolina reaffirm the principles of the democratic party, both State and national, and particularly favor the free coinage of silver and an increase of the currency, and the repeal of the internal revenue system. And we denounce the McKinley tariff bill as unjust to the consumers of the country, and leading to the formation of trusts, combines and monopolies which have oppressed the people; and especially do we denounce the unnecessary and burdensome increase in the tax on cotton ties and on tin, so largely used by the poorer portion of the people. We likewise denounce the iniquitous force bill, which is not yet abandoned by the republican party, but is being urged as a measure to be adopted as soon as they regain control of the House of Representatives, the purpose and effect of which measure will be to establish a second period of reconstruction on the Southern States, to subvert the liberties of our people and inflame a new race antagonism and sectional animosities.

2. That we demand financial reform, and the enactment of laws that will remove the burden of the people relative to the existing agricultural depression, and do full and ample justice to the farmers and laborers of our country.

3. That we demand the abolition of national banks, and the substitution of legal tender treasury notes in lieu of national bank notes, issued in sufficient volume to do the business of the country on a cash system, regulating the amount needed on a per capita basis as the business interests of the country expand, and that all money issued by the government shall be legal tender in payment of all debts, both public and private.

4. That we demand that Congress shall pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the dealing in futures of all agricultural and mechanical productions; providing such stringent system of procedure in trials as shall secure prompt conviction and imposing such penalties as shall secure most perfect compliance with the law.

5. That we demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

6. That we demand the passage of laws prohibiting the alien ownership of land, and that Congress take early steps to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by alien and foreign syndicates; and that all lands now held by railroads and other corporations, in excess of such as actually used and needed by them, be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

7. Believing in the doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," we demand that taxation, national or State, shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another. We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all revenue, national, State or county, shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered.

8. That Congress issue a sufficient amount of fractional paper currency to facilitate the exchange through the medium of the United States mail.

Resolved, That the General Assembly pass such laws as will make the public school system more effective than the blessings of education may be extended to all the people of the State alike.

Resolved, That we demand a graduated tax on incomes.

SPECIMEN CASES.

C. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, his appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of electric bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric bitters and seven boxes of Buckle's Arnica salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Spenser, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of electric bitters and one box of Buckle's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. Lawing's Drugstore.