

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1892.

NO. 6

Professional Cards.

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

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 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 OGBE 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. ANCHER, 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.,
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Baptist Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Eklia 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," 155th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CHRYSLER COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

The Outlook for Rice This Year.

We have reports of a great enlargement of the rice acreage this year; and it is now estimated, from the extent of the planting, that the crop of the year will be about one-half larger than that of last year or any other recent year. Messrs. Dan Talmage's Sons in Bulletin No. 1, Rice Crop, 1892, state:
"The rice crop of the United States this year under any favorable growing conditions can hardly fall short of 8,000,000 bushels. The basis of estimate is on acreage planted, prepared and promised. The enlargement is mainly due to planters who have had previous experience, but further augmented by those who planting less cotton adopt rice as a substitute crop, it being equally safe and abundant as any other grain and of much higher value. About half the crop was seeded during March and April; operations suspended during May, but will be resumed early next month, continuing in the extreme Southwest until the middle of July."

A larger acreage than ever before has been planted in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana; fair progress in experimental rice raising is noticed in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. We venture to suggest to those unacquainted with the culture, the propriety of giving it a trial on a small scale—say five acres or, perhaps, less the first year. Rice will make a crop on any cotton lands and quite as profitable, considering prevailing low prices in cotton. Many have an erroneous idea that it is an aquatic plant thriving only under moist conditions. The yield of lowland rice is heavier than upland, but the latter equals wheat, will grow as readily and is worth twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than it or any other grain.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.
This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drug-store.

"WITH THE MEASURE THAT YE MEET."

BY MRS. E. W. MASON.

The table is spread for supper,
The cloth laid clean and white,
The china and glassware sparkle
As over them falls the light.

There are edibles good and substantial,
And daintier dishes withal;
And tho' five hungry children are waiting,
There's room and enough for all.

But we spy, in the corner, another
Small table less daintily set.
For linen, we see but plain old cloth;
For china, but pewter; and yet,
While we note this plain little table,
With less of love's dainty things stored,
It intimates, somewhere, another
Not fed at the family board.

We tarry a moment and wonder,
Hear a voice less sweet than strong
"Tell grandpa his supper is waiting,
And tell him to hurry along."

"Now, Jamie, what are you doing,
Whittling all over this floor?
If this is the way you litter the house
You'd better play outside the door."

"But, mamma, just see what I'm making,
A nice wooden plate, and spoon,
To-morrow I'll have this one for papa,
To-morrow I'll make one for you."

"And when I get my new hammer,
And the things Santa Claus brings
I'm going to make a table,
And on it I'll put these things."

"Then I am going to keep them
Till you're old, like grandpa, you see,
And you hand is stiff and shaky,
And you spill your coffee and tea."

"Then, it shall stand in the corner,
For you and papa alone;
For you won't eat with the other folks,
But have one all your own."

"For it is so much nicer,
I've often heard you say,
For old folks to be by themselves;
Then, too, they're out of the way."

The mother went about her work,
With thoughtful but troubled brow
Was the same fare in store for her
She dealt to others now?

The little table disappeared,
The pewter tray is gone;
And at the larger table stands
Another chair beside her own.

A stronger and a steadier hand
His tea and coffee pours of late;
And daintier morsels find their way,
Somehow, to grandpa's china plate.

"Think I'll not make the little stand
I told you 'bout the other day,"
Said Jamie; "if you eat with me
Guess you'll not be much in the way."

The lesson's plain. We often shape
With our own hand our destiny;
And oft the measure that we mete
Is measured back to us again.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, yshaw!" said Miss Beatrix Belden.

"It's too provoking!" said Clarissa, her elder sister.

"What could have sent the little thing up from the country, at this time of all others?" said Beatrix, twirling the rings around and around upon her fingers.

"I think the whole race of country cousins ought to be annihilated!" said Clarissa.

"They're very nice in July and August," said Miss Beatrix. "But, oh, dear, who wants 'em coming down to New York in this unexpected sort of way, with hair trunks and paper-covered band-boxes, just when we're getting ready for the masquerade ball?"

"Hush—sh—sh!" said Clarissa, lifting a warning finger, "here she comes, now."

And little Faith Blossom came in, with a wistful expression on her dimpled, childlike face, and her eyelids slightly swollen, as if with secret tears. For she had come to New York, fully believing that her city cousins meant all they had spoken in those gushing invitations of theirs, when they spent a month at the Blossom farmhouse; and, some how, her reputation at the brown-stone house on Park avenue had not been all that she had anticipated.

"We were just talking about the ball," said Beatrix, trying to assume an easy nonchalance of manner.

"A ball?" cried Faith, brightening up at once. "Oh, I'm so glad! I brought a blue silk dress that was mamma's once, with lace trimmings and—"

"But it's a masquerade," interrupted Clarissa.

"I suppose I could buy a blue mask?" suggested Faith, who had dreamed of a masquerade ball all her innocent life long.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Belden, "you've no idea, child, how the latest dress here. It isn't likely your old faded finery will be of any use. I'm sorry, of course," as she saw the color rise to Faith's cheeks and the tears of mortified pride suffuse her eyes; "but I really think you'd better stay quietly at home. I dare say there will be some smaller party where you can wear the blue silk dress. And Mrs. Maverick's masquerade is one of those exclusive affairs where there's a limited number of tickets, and I couldn't think of taking such a liberty as to ask for an additional one on your account."

"Just as you please, Aunt Margaret," said Faith, choking down the little sob that rose into her throat. And she went quietly out of the room, murmuring something about a crochet-needle that she had forgotten.

"Poot child!" said Clarissa. "I'm sorry for her. Did you see how disappointed she looked?"

"It's just as well," said Mrs. Belden, resolutely. "She's so much younger than you, girls, and she has such a radiant country complexion."

"Like a cabbage rose, exactly," said the disdainful Beatrix.

"Gentlemen are apt to admire that sort of thing," said Mrs. Belden, sagely. "And, you see, she hasn't come to pearl-powder and false hair yet—and you and Clara are getting on a little; and, perhaps, it's just as well that you shouldn't go out together."

"Yes," Clarissa added; "and Mr. Southwick was inquiring very earnestly about her the other day."

"That settles the matter," said the judicious matron. "She shall not go to the masquerade ball on any terms, nor to the parlor concert to-morrow, nor to Mrs. Kissinger's kettle-drum on Friday."

"But, mamma, how are you going to prevent it?"

"We can easily contrive one excuse or another," said Mrs. Belden. "She must be kept in the background until Emile Southwick has proposed for Clara."

And when old Miss Morel called that afternoon and asked expressly for Faith Blossom, Mrs. Belden made some smiling excuse about her niece having a headache.

"Call her down," said Miss Morel. "I'll take her out for a drive in my carriage. Fresh air is all she needs, I'll go bail. I've taken a fancy to that bright-eyed little rosebud of yours."

And Beatrix Belden, who would have given the prettiest ring off her taper fingers to be seen in the park with old Miss Morel, was obliged perforce to go up to the little room where Faith Blossom was looking out over the dreary expanse of chimney pots, with her round chin in her hands and a homesick sensation in her heart.

"I don't think I care to go," said Faith, sadly.

"Child, are you crazy?" demanded Miss Belden. "Mr. Southwick's aunt! And the richest old lady in the city. Get your things on at once, or she'll say we are keeping you shut up like a captive princess."

So little Faith Blossom went—and she and old Miss Morel became excellent friends.

"Not going to the masquerade ball?" said Miss Morel. "But you shall go! You shall go in spite of 'em all!"

"But I've nothing to wear," said Faith.

"I'll see to that," said Miss Morel, with eyes that twinkled roguishly behind her black Chantilly veil that was worth its weight in bank-notes.

"And Aunt Margaret says—"

"Never mind Aunt Margaret," insisted

interrupted the old lady. "We'll make a modern Cinderella of you, my dear! Just you keep your own counsel, and we shall see what we shall see!"

Clarissa and Beatrix Belden appeared themselves gorgeously upon the night of the masquerade ball.

"It's so lucky that Faith has gone to her room early, with a headache," said Clara. "It does seem hard to keep her at home when—"

"Nonsense!" said Beatrix. "What could we do, weighted with a little country fright like that?"

"I saw her blue silk dress yesterday," said Miss Clarissa. "Such a dowdy old thing!"

"It's quite out of the question that she should go," said Mrs. Belden, who was squeezing her plump figure into a crimson-satin dress profusely trimmed with thread lace and hangles.

But the hack which had been engaged to convey the three ladies to the ball had hardly driven away from the door when the lamps of Miss Morel's close carriage came blazing around the corner like a pair of fiery eyes, and Keturah, the maid, all smiles, opened the door before the footman had time to ring.

"She's all ready, mem," said breathless Keturah. "I helped her to dress, mem, I did."

There was a brilliant assemblage gathered that night in Mrs. Maverick's superb suite of apartments, but the belle of the occasion was the beautiful young girl who came as *Summer Dawn* with old Miss Morel—*Summer Dawn*, with robes of pink and pearl sparkling with dew-drops of tiny solitaire diamonds, and lovely golden hair floating like a cloud over her shoulders.

"Such eyes!" said Mrs. Maverick. "Such a complexion!" said Mrs. St. Elwas.

"Such a figure!" cried Miss Dubouche, who was an amateur sculptress, and as such qualified to express an opinion on the subject.

"Who can she be?" said Beatrix Belden, who, in the crowd, could not reach the apartment where homage was being paid to the belle of the evening.

"The most peerless little creature that has been introduced this season," answered Mr. Wynfield, with admiration. "But, upon my word, I couldn't catch her name exactly."

"I wonder if I could get an introduction," said Clarissa, wistfully. "I'm afraid the crowd around her is too great," said Mr. Wynfield.

And when at last, by dint of insistent pushing and perseverance, a torn dress and a damaged point-lace fan, Miss Belden succeeded in reaching the blue-and-silver boudoir where Mrs. Maverick received her most select and favored guests, she was just a little too late. Miss Morel and the radiant *Summer Dawn* were gone.

Clarissa could have shed tears of vexation. She had missed an introduction to the reigning sensation (Mrs. Belden's eldest daughter, be it understood, was a born tuft-hunter); she had ruined her dress; she hadn't had a chance to speak to Mr. Southwick, who was there as *Sir Walter Raleigh*, in costume of black velvet, clasped with topaz and slashed with orange satin, and she hadn't stood up to dance in one solitary set.

"I hate masquerade balls," said she, spitefully. "They're the stupidest things in the world."

Mr. Emil Southwick called the next evening, however, and Miss Belden brightened up a little.

"Give me the card, Katty," said she to the maid, "and I'll take down my crimps in a minute."

Keturah grinned like an African gorilla.

"It's not for you, Miss Clara," said she. "It's for Miss Blossom!"

Two weeks afterward, Faith Blossom went home an engaged young lady, to prepare for her wedding.

"But remember, my dear, the bridal outfit itself—the dress and veil and orange blossoms and all—are to be my present," beamed Miss Morel. "We didn't think, did we, Cinderella, that the prince would come so soon?"

For little Faith Blossom had won the heart of Emil Southwick.

"But where did he first see you, child?" eagerly demanded Beatrix Belden, who could scarcely believe the testimony of her own ears, until her eyes corroborated it by means of the superb diamond engagement ring.

"At Mrs. Maverick's masquerade ball," said Faith, smiling and coloring.

"At the masquerade ball? Were you there?"

"Miss Morel took me," said Faith. "I was dressed as a *Summer Dawn* in pink and white, and Miss Morel lent me her diamonds."

Beatrix stared. Clara dropped her work box.

"Faith," cried they, in an unconscious duet, "were you the *Summer Dawn*—the belle—the beauty—the observed of all observers?"

Faith Blossom's cheeks grew rosier than ever.

"I—I believe there was only one *Summer Dawn* there," said she.

"She is my little Cinderella," said old Miss Morel, who had come noiselessly in, and stood behind them. "And, God bless her, she has won the prince!"

A JUNE WEDDING.

AUGUSTA SALISBURY PRESCOTT.

A year ago, the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love. This year the young woman's fancy is turning with happy anxiety to thoughts of her wedding. How she shall be married, and when and where?

June is the month of sunshine, of flowers, and of weddings. It is the month when Nature, having ordered her spring suit in advance, is beautifully decked out in all her new finery. The skies are fair, the ocean skimming, and the earth as green as a whole year of preparation can make it. All the world of living things is at its best. What more fitting time could there be for spring nestling, and spring alliances of love!

Since June is so pre eminently the month of flowers, it is demanded the June weddings be as far as possible floral weddings—not combinations of miscellaneous floral decorations, but a beautifully artistic selection of some happily suggested flower. If the bride has a penchant for any particular flower, that one is the one selected to play the part of trumps at the wedding; or, if the groom, mayhap, is partial to any particular growth of the floral kingdom, he is allowed to select the flower which shall figure at the nuptials. More often a flower in keeping with the season is chosen, and with this for a keynote, all the decorations are attuned in harmony.

Daisy weddings are particularly pretty and appropriate for this season. The bride's bouquet is composed of two hundred and fifty daisies. If she chooses, as is now the lad, to carry a flower muff, the muff is made of daisies, which are wired on a satin foundation. A delicate wire framework holds the muff in shape. It is suspended from the neck, or around the waist, by a fine silver chain.

All the days which the bride-elect has had to spare, she has spent in embroidering her marriage robe. A great border of daisies has been done in raised work around the front of the skirt. A high Medici collar, and cuffs that come to a point over the top of the hand, are embroidered in daisies. Daisy chains, such as were familiar to the days of our childhood, hang in long festoons from the flower muff, if one is carried, or, if not, from the bouquet. The bride's veil is fastened on with daisy chains, and instead of falling in a long sweep to the foot of the court train, is festooned up at one side with sprays of daisies. The slippers are of white satin embroidered in silver daisies, and the flowers are repeated upon the instep of the stockings. The hands are bare, for it is no longer the mode for a bride to wear gloves at her own wedding.

Since Mrs. Astor recalled the fashion of going to the altar with a simple bouquet in her hand, it has become the style to carry merely flowers. The prayer-book is no longer good form. The groom's nee tie is embroidered in daisies, to match the bride's dress. If the bride wishes to do a particularly graceful thing, she embroiders the nee tie with her own hands, and gives it to the groom as a wedding present. Many young women who are not sufficiently industrious or accomplished to decorate their wedding-gowns, manage, by dint of industry and skill, to ornament the bridal scarf for the bride-groom.

Lover's Knot weddings are new and have just a taste of the fantastic, the unique and the pretty which is sought by those who are on the lookout for something to mark the wedding occasion as different from the thousand and one others that take place every day. At these weddings the lover's knot is the distinctive feature in the jewelry and in the decorations. The wedding-bell which hangs over the head of the bridal party is suspended by an enormous double knot of foliage. Leaves of all shades of green and long vines of ivy, smilax and woodbine are intertwined until a graceful knot is produced. This is repeated upon the centre of the dinner-table, and a knot of flowers composes the bridal bouquet. Some flowers lend themselves nicely to this treatment, and even the stiffest of flowers can be persuaded to lie in place if entwined with a sufficiency of vines.

The bride's wedding ring is a lover's-knot. It is really two rings, one of platinum and one of gold, fastened on thy top by a double twist. Underneath, a small band of gold catches the rings together and bears the inscription, the date of the wedding and the initials of the contracting parties. If the bride so pleases, it is a pretty custom very much in vogue to be married with two rings. The groom's ring in this case is a large knot of gold upon a slender twisted wire. The pin given to the best man is a small knot, and the bridegroom's present to the bride's maids consists of a knot of either gold or platinum, in the center of which is a small stone to match, if possible, the floral decorations. If these have been entirely of green, emeralds are chosen. If the flowers are white, diamonds or pearls are the choice. If lilacs, violets or pansies predominate, amethyst pins are given. At daisy weddings, daffodil weddings or yellow rose weddings, the lovely topaz is obtained in as great a profusion as the purse will permit. Topaz pins for the bridesmaids and the topaz "pinkie" ring for the maid of honor are selections that leave little to be desired by the jewel-loving maidens.

No bride has a traveling dress now-a-days. She has a gown which she intends to travel in, but she calls it a going-away gown. It has for some time been a little trick of the newly married couple to slip stily from the parental mansion and to depart to places unknown to any but their own loving selves. But this costly little arrangement has been frowned upon by Dame Mode, and she has decided that there shall be no secrecy as to the going away, and not a great deal of privacy during the tour. Indeed, she has almost entirely banished the wedding tour from her list of things which she deems to be good form. The proper caper is to retire to a country house owned by some of the family or by a dear friend. There they pass a day or two alone ere the departure to cities and places where old acquaintances and relatives must be met and visited with on every hand.

The country home is equipped with servants, fully prepared for the reception of the young couple, and even placed in holiday attire. It is then deserted by all save the bride and groom, and to this retreat come the bride and bridegroom for their honeymoon. This is done in the very most high-toned of families, and it is also a favorite custom with those who wish to do things very nicely, even though they may not have the money to do them lavishly.

After the seclusion of the country home and the inevitable visiting tour which is deemed necessary in order that the bride may become well acquainted with her new relatives, the couple are at liberty to settle down to their every-day life, or, if circumstances permit, to depart for a long tour in foreign lands or wherever their own sweet fancy may lead them.