

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1892.

NO. 8

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 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. 28 '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.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and the merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTY, D. D., New York City, Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. FARMER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 126th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA 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 Lincoln, N. C.

Franklin wrote the following letter to a man to whom he was lending some money: "I send you herewith a bill for ten louis-d'ors; I do not pretend to give such a sum, only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some kind of business, that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with another opportunity. I hope it may then go through many hands, before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with little money."

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) has cured hundreds of cases of Scrofula, Eczema, and other contagious blood diseases after other treatment had been tried and failed. You do yourself and family great injustice unless you give this excellent remedy a trial. Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for illustrated "Book of Wonders" filled with letters from persons cured by B. B. B.

Mr. M. J. Rossman, Greensboro, Ga., writes: "I have a lady friend who has been entirely cured of an ugly scrofulous break- ing out of the skin, and the use of two bottles of B. B. B. effected an entire cure. I know of several cases of blood diseases cured by the use of B. B. B."

E. G. Tinsley writes: "My mother and sister used B. B. B. for scrofula and ulcers. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist."

SCROFULA

SCROFULA

SORE THROAT

SORE THROAT

A Natural Inquiry.

"You have been gone some time."

"Yes, four or five of us have been taking a long tramp through the woods."

"What was the matter, was the tramp afraid to go through alone?"

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, also Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist."

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the hand above— A woman's heart and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this price less thing As a child might ask for a toy? Demanding what others have died to win With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out, Manlike you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of my women's soul Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot, Your socks and your shirts shall be whole; I require your heart shall be true as God's stars, And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef I require for grander a thing. A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts— I look for a man and a king.

...king for a beautiful realm called home, And a man that the maker, God, Shall look upon as he did the first, And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade From my soft young cheek one day; Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves, As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep I may launch my ark on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true, All things that a man should be; If you give this all I would stake my life To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook You can hire with little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way.

—Mary T. Lathrop.

A Man's Reply.

I stand at the bar of your pure woman's soul, Condemned in the cause that you plead; My only defense is the simple request That you'll judge me by motive, not deed.

For remember that man's but a child in the dark, Though formed by the hand from above; He will fall many times, but shall walk forth at last, In the sunshine of infinite love.

So I'm boldened to answer your question so fair, And give you "A Man's Reply."

That for the prize of a true woman's love I am ready to live or die,

You say that the man who gains your love Must be brave and true and good; I answer that she who wins my heart Must be a type of true womanhood.

You say that you look for a "man and a king,"

A very prince of the race; I look for a kind and generous heart, And not for a queenly face.

You require "all things that are good and true,

All things that a man should be;" I ask for a woman, with all that implies, And that is sufficient for me.

You ask for a man without a fault, To live with you on earth; I ask for a woman, faults and all, For by faults I may judge of worth.

I ask for a woman made as of old, A higher form of man; His comforter, helper, adviser and friend; As in the original plan.

A woman who has an aim in life, Who finds life worth the living; Who makes the world better for being here And for others her life is giving.

I will not require all that I have asked In these lines so poor and few; I only pray that you may be all That God can make of you.

For your heart and life and love, Are sacred things to me; And "I'll stake my life" that I'll be to you Whatever I ought to be.

—Good Housekeeping.

New York Ledger.

JULIET, THE ORPHAN

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Well, Juliet, what are you calculating to do?" said Mrs. Murdright.

"It's time to make up your mind about something, you know, observed Miss Juniata Jessup.

Juliet May lifted her heavy head and looked at them with vague surprise.

"Do?" she repeated. "What's there to do? I don't know what you all mean."

She was a dark, large-eyed girl with cheeks as pale as a calla-lily, a Spanish luxuriance of jet-black hair, and a slight figure, which seemed to be bound by the weight of her deep mourning. Mrs. Murdright was a tall, masculine woman, with iron-gray hair and a square chin. Miss Jessup wore spectacles and moved around in an active, jerky way, like an extra-large-sized

canary bird.

"It's a week to-morrow since your pa was buried," added Mrs. Murdright.

Juliet winced.

"Yes," she said, "I know it. Oh, papa! papa!"

"There, there," said Miss Jessup, as the young orphan hid her face in her hands, "don't give way. It's unchristian, and it's uncomfortable, too."

"And it's high time," steadily observed Mrs. Murdright, "that you looked matters in the face, Juliet May. You've got your living to earn, and—"

"But I thought I was to live with you," said poor Juliet, who was as ignorant in the ways of the world as a six-month-old infant. "You are my mother's sister, Aunt Murdright and—"

"That is hardly a reason why I should undertake to support every relative I have got in the world," said Mrs. Murdright, sourly. "You aren't a child, Juliet. You was eighteen last month, and there's many a girl of your age earns her own living and lays up a handsome sum besides. And it's close on the first of June, and I need every room I have to let to summer boarders."

"And there is no reason," supplemented Miss Juniata, skilfully seizing the opportunity to strike it with folded hands while your cousin Artemisia works in the skirt-factory, and Louisa Lacy goes out to tailoring."

Juliet sat looking from one to the other, while her heart seemed to stand still within her. At the Grange she had always lived in luxury. She had been the darling and idolized child of a dotting father. She had never paused to consider the question of mere money. All good and lovely things seemed to assemble around her by magic, every one had spoken tenderly to her; and now—and now—

"What am I to do, Aunt Murdright?" she faltered. "Is all my money spent?"

"Your money!" hysterically echoed Miss Jessup. "Poor child! It hasn't got none. It's all gone in rash speculations and mad inventions."

"Juniata speaks only the truth," said Mrs. Murdright, stiffly, as Juliet's eyes sought hers, as if to ask corroboration of the little old maid's unfeeling words. "You're as good as a beggar, and you must begin to consider in serious earnest what you are to do for your bread. I can't undertake to support you."

Juliet put her little cold hand in a pathetically pleading way on Mrs. Murdright's.

"Aunt," said she, "couldn't I stay here? Couldn't I make myself useful to you?"

"I'm very sorry," said she, "but I don't require anyone to play the piano, and sit around the house in picturesque positions, and be waited on. You haven't been brought up as my girls are, Juliet May!"

Juliet recoiled as if a serpent had stung her: she turned to Miss Jessup.

"Cousin Juniata," she said, "you, too, are my relative. Aid me! Advise me! You have age and experience—I am like a lost child in this great, cruel, grinding world!"

Verily Juliet May was but a novice in all conventional wisdom, or she never would have alluded so unguardedly to the age and experience of the sprightly spinster. Miss Jessup bridled.

"I really don't know that I have anything to say," said she. "As Mrs. Murdright remarks, people must expect to work in this world!"

But Miss Jessup studiously banished from her recollection the fact that, when she had first set up dressmaking for herself, Squire May had generously lent her money for her lease, furniture, stock and fixtures. He had never claimed a cent of interest; he had never so much as hinted at the repayment of his loan, and she had been equally silent. And it is to be presumed that she had quite forgotten the whole circumstance, when she added, with some little vindictiveness:

"And to my mind, it would have been a deal wiser if your papa had looked a little more closely to his money, instead of lending it to n'er-do-wells like Chauncey Graham to squander!"

"Cousin Chauncey was always good and kind!" cried Juliet, coloring up. "He would have paid papa if he could! And it is mean and dishonorable of you to say such things as these, Juniata Jessup!"

"Hoity-toity!" cried Miss Jessup. "Mean! Dishonorable! Well, if he ain't both, let him put in an appearance and say what he has done with that money!"

As Mr. Graham was at that moment supposed to be in Australia, engaged in the management of a mammoth sheepfarm, this was perhaps a rather unreasonable demand. But to Miss Jessup's infinite amazement, and, perhaps, to her discomfort as well, the front-door was pushed open at that juncture, and a broad, bearded apparition, in a suit of some foreign style and cut, stalked in.

"Is this Mrs. Moses Murdright's house?" said he. "Can any one tell me if Miss Juliet May is here?"

Mrs. Murdright stared. Miss Jessup seemed equally amazed; but, with a cry, Juliet May sprang to her feet.

"Chauncey!" she cried. "It is my cousin Chauncey!"

"I am Chauncey Graham," said the young man. "I only arrived in the port of New York last evening. It all seems so strange to me to hear that my cousin, Squire May, is dead—that Juliet is without a home!"

He stood in surprise, scarcely able to recognize in this tall Andalusian-faced girl, the chubby checked little playfellow of former years. But when she flung herself so confidently into his arms, he held her with a tender and chivalric embrace.

"Oh, Chauncey, I am so glad that you have come," she sobbed. "Oh, I was so lonely and forsaken! No one has seemed to care for me since papa died—no one offered me a home!"

"I will," said Chauncey, quietly. "There, there; little one, don't fret. It is all smooth sailing now!"

Mrs. Murdright here recovered herself so far as to extend a fish-like hand to Mr. Graham: Miss Jessup pressed eagerly forward.

"My dear Juliet," she said, with a little acidity, "you are such a mere baby! Don't you see that your cousin isn't at all the proper person to take charge of you?"

"Why not?" said Chauncey Graham. "It seems to me that I am the very one. And my mother is in New York waiting to extend a mother's tender care to Juliet."

"At all events, my dear," said Miss Jessup, "don't cling to your cousin as if he were a floating spar and you a drowning mariner! Do sit down! Dear cousin Chauncey," with a smile which displayed every one of her false teeth to the very best advantage. "This is such an agreeable surprise. We have thought and talked of you so much!"

While Mrs. Murdright hastened to prepare what she called "a little refreshment," for this relative who seemed so much nearer and dearer since he had come back home with plenty of money.

"I wish, now," she muttered, "that we hadn't been quite so sharp with Juliet. She was a silly child, no doubt, but if she is going to be rich again—Eh? What?" to her niece who now presented herself with a crape-velvet hat and ink-black draperies faded across her slender shoulders. "You're not going away so soon, Juliet, my darling?"

"Chauncey says that his mother expects us by the very next train," said Juliet, upon whose pale cheek a new color had kindled. "And we have no time to lose!"

"And," snipped Miss Jessup, who was hurriedly donning an extremely youthful Gainsborough hat with rosebuds and daisies wreathed around its brim. "I have volunteered to accompany dear Juliet. Really, I have grown too fond of her to allow her to slip away from me like this!"

Mrs. Murdright made a grimace.

"The scheming old cat," she thought. "She actually thinks she is going to lure Chauncey Graham into marriage. Well, I never did see such idiotic folly!"

But she said nothing of this as she kissed Juliet good-bye with an effusiveness which surprised the young girl.

"Farewell, my darling," she said, almost tragically. "And remember that if ever you need a home, my heart and hearth are equally open to you."

"Why didn't she say so before?" Juliet asked herself, vaguely amazed at what seemed to her such a surprising inconsistency. "Why did she talk so disagreeably about my being a burden, and earning my own living? And why is Juniata Jessup coming back with us, without ever being invited?"

Poor little Juliet! She had yet much to learn of the ins and outs of this world!

Miss Jessup's stay in New York, however, was not prolonged. She came back the next day, very ill satisfied with her journey.

"Things are quite changed since I was a girl," said she. "There's Juliet engaged to Chauncey Graham already—or as good as engaged—a mere child like that, with no knowledge nor experience of society! And Mrs. Graham taking on airs like the queen, and telling me, up and down, that she didn't care for my company! Me! Her own cousin twice removed! And Juliet parting from me like a clam, never even kissing me nor telling me she hoped to see me again!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Murdright. "That's generally the way rich people behave. But I almost wish, Juniata, we hadn't been quite so short with the child!"

"Yes," said Miss Juniata; "but who was to suppose that she was to be an heiress, after all?"

A SAFER INVESTMENT.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Grip, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Druggist.

Questions for Candidates.

At a recent meeting of the Cross Roads Club it was moved and carried that all candidates for coroner up be requested and required to answer the following questions. At every meeting in the county some friend of reform will please ask the questions and see that there is no dodging. Candidates who are not in sympathy with the people must be left at home. The questions are as follows:

1. Is there any "blue blood" in your veins, or were you swaddled in purple when a baby?

2. Were you born with a wool hat on your head and red brogans on your feet?

3. Do you believe that the poor, thriftless, laborless man is infinitely better than the privileged classes, whatever they are?

4. Would you vote for the division of property so that monopolies could not exist?

5. Are you in favor of seven hours for a day's work with pay for 12 hours?

6. Will you assist in boycotting all papers, merchants, doctors and school teachers who are not in sympathy with our ideas of reform?

7. Will you vote to abolish banks, railroad corporations and all monopolies?

8. Will you favor the issue of money by the cord and a 2-per cent of interest?

9. Do you favor the prohibition of whiskey, morphine, cucumbers and grip?

10. Do you believe in working your wife and children 14 hours a day and restricting factory hands to 10 hours?

11. Are you opposing to every man who has accumulated a little property and is independent in his affairs and opinions?

12. Will you support our side, right or wrong?

The candidate who will say "yes" to these questions will clean up Cross Roads. If any candidate makes a straddle or says "no" he stands no chance.—Carolina Spartan

The Tribune Then and Now.

Before the war the New York Tribune advocated the freedom of Southern slaves. It was the ablest newspaper in the North that championed opposition to slavery. Horace Greeley was the editor. After the war, and when slavery was abolished by a constitutional amendment, the Tribune ceased its attacks on the South and Mr. Greeley became the champion of Southern rights in the Union. He opposed the enslavement of the white race of the South. He resisted the efforts of the republican party to place negroes over white men in the South, and strongly advocated Anglo-Saxon supremacy. This made the Tribune and Mr. Greeley unpopular, and when the latter was nominated for President he was defeated. He was purged by a sentiment of hostility, until driven from the editorial chair of the Tribune and to death.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid was the next editor, and is now. Since the time his editorship began the Tribune has continuously favored negro supremacy in the southern states. Mr. Reid favors such supremacy. He would have Southern white men under the government of Southern negroes. This made Mr. Reid popular with the republican party. It has just nominated him for the Vice-Presidency. These two political pictures are for Southern white voters to look at carefully, to think about, to ponder seriously. If Harrison and Reid are elected the South will have two life-long bitter foes, filling two of the highest offices in the country, with a party at their back that has never neglected an opportunity to oppress the South. It is time for Southern white men to open their eyes fully to the situation and defeat this pair of sectional hyenas.—State Chronicle.

"The Silver Lining."

In every honest calling there are a few big prizes. There are probably half a million persons in the world who earn their living by singing, many of whom receive barely enough to live upon. But Patti received several thousand dollars every night she sings. In each country a few singers receive liberal compensation, but the number is so small, that if their large salaries were divided equally among the profession, the increase of the average income would be slight. America is the Mecca of musicians, as nowhere else are such prices charged for concert and opera, the music so benefiting by a proportionate amount. It is equally true in other professions, particularly the dramatic art. A small number enjoy large incomes, but the rank and file get little more than the necessities of life. Such is the law of the world. Nevertheless, the twenty-thousand-dollar fee which the lawyer receives once or twice in his lifetime does actually benefit the young practitioner who is starving along in a remote village. It gives him two things dear to the heart of man: pride and hope. He says to himself as he brushes his threadbare coat: "I belong to a great profession; the time may come when I, too, may be somebody.—N. Y. Ledger.

In Johnston county the Third party adopted a resolution against the agricultural college. No doubt they ignorantly believe that the State pays the expenses of the college. This is great ignorance, indeed. The United States meets every expense of the college. All the State does is to furnish buildings. There is much laughter at the Johnston county people.—Cor. Charlotte Observer.

Are you interested in Lincoln county? Then take the COURIER

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

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