

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUG. 12, 1892.

NO. 15

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,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891.

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.

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,

SURGEON DENTIST.
Terms—CASH.
OFFICE IN OGBE BUILDING, MAIN ST.,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
July 11, 1890.

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

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. ASCHESS, 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 MARTY, D. D.,
Lale Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Killis 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. PARDEE, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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

A Pat Answer.

A farmer called on his brother-in-law in Oxford the other day, and the third party was discussed.

"Why is it," asked the Oxonian, "the Third party people are always abusing the Democrats and never say any thing against the Republicans?"

"I can answer that," said his wife, before the farmer had a chance to reply, "You never hear a child abuse its mother."—Oxford Day.

During the month of February I bought one bottle of B. B. B. for my four-year-old boy, who had what doctors term hereditary blood poison, and to my utter astonishment one bottle cured him. In February my elder son, twelve years of age, was literally covered with ugly sores on his legs and a terrible eruption on his head. He was cured with two bottles of B. B. B. As a quick blood cleanser it has no equal.
JAMES HILL, Atlanta, Ga.

For several years I have been suffering from a constitutional blood poison, which has resisted the treatment of our best physicians, and the use of the most noted medicines.

I was covered with a copper-colored eruption all over my body and limbs, with loss of appetite, excruciating pains in my back, aching of my joints, general debility, emaciation, falling off of my hair, sore throat and great nervousness. I became incredulous, but being told that B. B. B. was a sure enough blood purifier and that it did not require a patient to use a gross before he was cured, I commenced its use. Within two weeks' time I felt improved. I have taken about ten bottles and feel as well and as strong as any man. My appetite and strength have returned and my hair does not fall out. I do not hesitate to say that B. B. B. has no equal as a general blood purifier, and any one who will use only one bottle will be convinced that it has no equal in these parts. I still continue its use, as it is a splendid tonic and keeps my system in a fine condition. You have the liberty to direct any sufferer to me in person.
K. P. B. JONES,
Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by W. L. Crouse & Co.
The book is good in vain which the reader casts aside. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hopes of fresh pleasures, are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.—*Ec.*

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.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY.

BY ANNIE SHEIELDS.

I am Tom! Dick is my brother, and we are the orphaned sons of Richard Hope, who went down with the *Stacy Jane* with his wife and the fortune he had made in California, when we were but six years old. We were twins, and clinging to each other, were picked up by a passing steamer and carried to New York. I was old enough to know and tell that we were going to visit our aunt, Mrs. Dresdale of Oakhill, and kindly strangers saw that we arrived there safely, forlorn little orphan beggars. But fresh misfortune met us, for our aunt died one week after she gave us a tearful welcome.

We had no real claim upon Uncle Cyrus Dresdale, being only his wife's nephews, but out of his great, generous heart he gave us the place of sons in his home. Dear Uncle Cy! Never were boys made happier than he made us for four years, sending us to school, and giving us every pleasure boys delight in, and, above all, such loving companionship as few enjoy, even with their own father.

Then the change came. Uncle Cy married again, and his wife could not endure to have two great rude boys about the house. Every day, every hour, we committed some unpardonable offense, and found all our pleasures restricted. First, our ponies were sold; then our rabbits and guinea-pigs were killed; then we were moved from our large, beautiful room to a miserable little attic, where we baked in summer and froze in winter.

Uncle Cy has stood by us as far as his quiet, peace-loving disposition allowed, but his new wife ruled with a rod of iron, and, at last, seeing we could not please her, he sent us to a boarding-school. Homesick for a week, we were thoroughly happy afterward, and wanted for no pleasure Uncle Cy could give us. I cannot dwell too long on our boy life, but we, Dick and myself, can never forget the kindness of Uncle Cyrus Dresdale. We came to Oakhill sometimes for a brief holiday, and this brings me to Harry.

Harriet Dresdale was the only child of our dear Uncle Cyrus, and was born just one year after his second marriage. It was uncle himself who gave her her nickname, greatly to Mrs. Dresdale's disgust, but, as he said:

"Really, my dear, I must complete the trio, Tom, Dick and Harry."

We were twenty-one years of age when Uncle Cyrus took us into his study one morning and made a brief speech that I shall never forget.

"My dear boys," he said, "for you are as dear to me as sons, and have made me proud of you many times, I must send you away once more. We will not talk about the reason, but you know it is not because I do not love you. You have good education, good morals, and I am not afraid to trust you. You, Tom, will practice your profession, and Dick can go into business, since he wishes it; and you will each find ten thousand dollars in the G—Bank that is your own. It will keep you from want, until you can make more by your own talents and exertions. Come sometimes to see me; do not forget that I love you."

He broke down there, and we hung about him as if we were still little boys, full of love and gratitude, and keenly aware of the cruelty of separating us from him.

Off to the great city, where Dick opened a drug-store and I put out a doctor's sign. We both studied medicine, but Dick would not practice. His was a delicate, sensitive nature, most unlike my own, and he could not bear the sight of suffering. We were unlike in all things, and no one would have guessed we were twins. I was tall, strong and dark, not in the least handsome Dick was slender and fair, with a rare beauty of face and a gentle-

ness that was almost womanly.

We had been seven years in the city, and once more were at home at Oakhill, when we could spare a vacation, for Mrs. Dresdale was dead. There was nothing said, there could not be, but we knew that we were welcome, and we stole many a day to run down to visit dear Uncle Cyrus, and it must be told, fell in love with Harry. Can I make you see her, this cousin who was not our cousin? Brown, curling hair shaded a face of pure oval shape with delicate, regular features. Great blue eyes, soft, wistful, innocent as a babe's, lighted her beauty, and her smiles displayed perfect teeth. She was not tall, but her figure was graceful and prettily rounded, and her hands and feet were dainty as a fairy's.

She was frank and sisterly with us and always gave us cordial welcome, and we never guessed each other's devotion, because we could not well leave the city at the same time, Dick leaving me in charge of his store and clerks, and taking my practice in return.

Not until Uncle Cyrus died did we know that we both loved Harry, and then a crushing blow fell. For it was found, after our uncle was buried, that he had left nothing of a once noble fortune. Nothing for the delicate natured child who had never known a wish ungratified. Harry's aunt, Mrs. Leyburn, took her home, and the beautiful house at Oakhill was sold. After all the confusion was over and there came a breathing spell, Dick took me into his confidence.

Like blows from a hammer his words told on my heart.

"Tom," he said to me, "I have been over to see Harry. Poor little girl, she is very miserable. All her bright, pretty smiles are gone, Tom. It would make your heart ache to see how pale and sad she is."

Ah! Had it not already made my heart ache?

"She has lost the kindest father, Dick," I said.

"And, as if that was not sorrow enough," said Dick, "they are not kind to her at Leyburns'."

"Not kind to her!" I cried. "I thought the fairly worshiped her."

"So they did when they thought Uncle Cyrus was wealthy. Now they tell her every day that she must find something to do—some way to earn a living."

"Never!" I cried. "Why, Dick, we owe everything to Uncle Cyrus, and we are not poor men now."

Then Dick said, in a faltering voice:

"Do you think, Tom, it is too soon after her loss for me to tell Harry how I love her—to ask her to be my wife?"

The room seemed to be reeling around me; Dick's face grew dim; his voice sounded far away. He loved Harry! And I was only waiting till the first bitterness of her grief was over to ask her to be my wife. Fool that I was! What was my homely face compared to Dick's beauty; my quiet ways against his grace and tenderness? Before he spoke again, I had recovered from the shock his words gave me, and resolved to keep my secret. Let him win her if he could. I dared not think of my own chance if she refused him. Time enough for that.

Day after day he sought her, yet kept silent. Little guessing the torture he inflicted, he told me of his wooing, but ever with the same refrain.

"She gives me no chance to tell her how I love her, Tom! She is like a sister, only."

I kept away, but my hope grew stronger. If she loved Dick as a sister, might it not be that I—homely and quiet as I was—had won deeper love I craved. My patience must have been great in those days. Every lonely hour was filled with dreams of Harry's fair, sweet face, her low, musical voice, her bright, winning grace. I recalled every loving word she had ever spoken to me, every caress she had given to me. I knew that even in her childhood I had given her more than a brother's love, and I saw that her mother had dreaded lest she should

love one of the penniless boys who were so dear to their adopted uncle.

We had begun, Dick and myself, to turn some of our investments into ready money, to make a fund for Harry.

"She shall have the twenty thousand and uncle gave us," we said, although it would cripple us somewhat for a time to take so large a sum out of our fortunes. Nothing had been said to her, for we were afraid she would refuse to take it. We waited for Dick to speak, but we gathered the money together in bank.

We had no home to offer Harry, even if Mrs. Grandy would have permitted her to accept one. The store was a store only, with a small room back for storing larger quantities of drugs than were in daily demand. Dick and I had a large room in a boarding-house opposite the store.

It may have been the longing for a home that first suggested to us the idea of investing part of Harry's money (we always spoke of it as hers) in a house and some furniture, each hoping to share it with her. The first real brightness that came into her dear face after her father died was when we told her we were going to housekeeping, and begged her to help us select and furnish a home. Again, I starved my own heart, and sent her with Dick house-hunting, until they selected a house that seemed the perfection of a modest home, most unlike the Oakhill mansion. But it was Harry's own taste that selected the furniture, suited to the small rooms, but good in quality, and Harry said; "Ever so pretty!"

It was all ready and paid for, and five thousand dollars still in bank, when we all went over to admire the final effect.

We were standing in the pretty parlor when Harry said, softly:

"I hope this will be a happy home for you, boys, and that there will soon be the sweetest of wives to share it with you. And now, to-day, you must give me your good wishes, too. I am going to be married!"

"Who said it? The voice was choked and hoarse. Not mine; surely not Dick's."

"Papa knew," said Harry; "but we were to wait until Charlie was a little more prosperous. I was not sure"—and Harry's eyes drooped— "whether my loss of fortune would not make me less attractive to Charlie, but I wronged him. We will be very poor, but I hope I can help him, and we have made up our minds not to wait for money. Some day we may invite you to our house, but, in the meantime, you will come to see us where we are boarding; will you not?"

I answered, pitying the ghastly white face that Dick had turned to the window. And I continued my answer by asking:

"Who is Charlie? You forget we have not seen him, nor, indeed, seen you as much as we would have wished."

"Charlie Foster, a clerk in a bank. Dick has met him."

"Yes," Dick answered, in a low voice. A fine fellow he is, too Harry. Come, Tom, we must be going."

Not a word was spoken until we stood face to face in our own room. Then Dick looked me in the eyes.

"You, too, Tom?" he said. "I never dreamed of that."

"I wanted you should have the first chance, Dick. But it is all over, shall we take Dr. Merton's offer?"

For we had an opening that promised well in another city. It had scarcely been considered, but it came as a relief, and we accepted it. Our wedding present to Harry was the house and five thousand dollars, her father's generous gift to us in the past. It is many long years since that wedding day that we faced bravely, and we are rich men—Dick and myself. But we never married, and our money will go to Harriet Foster's three boys, Tom, Dick and Harry.

Pay your subscription to the LINCOLN COURIER.

Why I Never Tasted Liquor.

Edward W. Bok, editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*, in an article to the *Young Crusader*, a few months back, made some statements that ought to have wider wings. As an exceptionally successful business man and brilliant writer, the following testimony must find its way to reason with all the energy of acquired momentum:

"First of all, I never did so because I seemed to possess an inborn hatred of all intoxicants. Although brought up with wine on the table, I could never be induced to taste of it, when, as a child, some light wine would be placed to my mouth to sip. To some good mothers this may seem an unwise thing for my parents to have done, but it must be remembered that I was born and brought up until my sixth year in Holland—a country where drunkenness is never seen, but whose people, high and low, believe in a moderate use of light wines, and have been brought up for years in that belief.

"But, as I grew older, I began to apply reasoning to my principles. Being early thrown into business life and among men older than myself, I naturally matured quickly. I was about sixteen if I remember rightly, when I began attending public dinners and assemblages in the capacity of a newspaper reporter. Wines were more freely used then at dinners than now, and I soon saw that I must make up my mind whether at these gatherings I should partake of wines or decline them.

"I had been trained to the belief that it was always best to err on the safe side, and as I sat down to the first public dinner I ever attended—a New England dinner in Brooklyn—I turned down all the wine-glasses set before my plate, and thus I have followed ever since."

"At first, my principle never to touch liquor or spirits of any kind directed to me the chaffings of my friends. I was told it looked 'babyish,' that I could not expect to go out much and keep to my principle, that I would often find it considered as discourteous to refuse a simple glass of wine tendered me by my hostess. But I made up my mind that there was no use having a principle unless one stuck to it. And I soon saw that people respected me the more for it. And just let me say right here to all my young readers who may see these words: I never lost one friend by my refusals, but I made scores of friendships—of men, from one who has occupied the Presidential chair, down to women, among whom are the best and most famous in our land to-day.

"I honestly believe that a young man who starts out in this life with a fixed principle, whether it be that he will not eat, smoke or indulge in anything which in heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and adheres to that principle, no matter under what circumstances he may be placed, holds in his hand one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day. There is a great deal of common sense abroad in this world of ours, and a young man with a good principle is always safe to depend upon it. The men and women in this world whose friendships are worth having are the men and women who have principles themselves, and respect them in others, especially when they find them in a young man.

"Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor, was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest, yea, brilliant literary men, dethroned from splendid positions owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year, occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who, two years ago, easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special

field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles, and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities, writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand. And that is only one instance of several I could recite here. I do not hold my friends up as a terrible example; he is but one type of men who convinced me and may convince others that a clear mind and liquor do not go together.

"I know it is said when one brings up such an instance as this: 'Oh, well, that man drank to excess. One glass will hurt no one.' How do these people know it won't? One drop of kerosene has been known to throw into flame an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into flame a smouldering spark hidden away where we never thought it existed. The spark may be there, and it may not. Why take the risk? Liquor to a healthy boy or young man will never do him the least particle of good; it may do him harm. The man for whom I have absolutely no use in the world is the man who is continually asking the young man just to have a little. One glass, you know! A man who will wittingly urge a young man whom he knows has a principle against liquor, is a man for whom a halter is too good.

"Then, as I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence, i. e., that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never hit a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to personally inquire into it, and of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country whose name I selected at random, twenty-two never touch a drop of wine of any sort. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why did not these men directing the largest business interests in the country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong.

"And as opportunities came to me to go round in homes and at public places, I find that I do not occupy a solitary position. The tendency to abstain from liquor is growing more and more among young men of today. The brightest young men I know, young men who are filling positions of power and promise, never touch a drop of beer, wine or intoxicants of any sort. And the young man who to-day makes up his mind that he will be on the safe side and adheres to strict abstinence, will find that he is not alone. He has now the very best element in business and social life in the largest cities of our land with him.

"He will not be chided for his principle, but through it will command respect.

"It will not retard him in commercial success, but prove his surest help.

"It will win him enemies, but bring him the friendships of upright men and good women.

"It will win him surer favor than sought else in eyes which he will sometime in his life think are the sweetest he has ever looked into.

"It will insure him the highest commercial esteem and the highest social position.

"And as it moulds his character in youth, so will it develop him into a successful man and a good citizen.

"Try it, my young friend, and see!"

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