

# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1892.

NO. 29.

## 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

**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. O. Wood  
March 27, 1891

**Bartlett Shipp,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

**Finley & Wetmore,**

ATTY'S 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,  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

Will spend the WEEK BEGINNING WITH THE 1ST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH at office in Lincoln.

Those needing Dental services are requested to make arrangement by correspondence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms—Cash.  
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. ASCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and so meritorious 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 Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 1286 Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

The most common of the skin diseases which are cured by the use of B. B. B., the quick blood purifier, are as follows: Eczema, Ringworm, Scald-head, Pruritus, Old Sores, Pimples, Itch, Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Rinsing, Syphilitic Ulcers, Pimples on the face, Hives, etc.

The above skin diseases and eruptions are cured by the use of B. B. B. in an incredibly short time, and we hold unmistakable evidence of that fact. No remedy has ever been offered possessing such wonderful effect over these blood diseases. Our limited space will permit us to offer only a few of the many voluntary certificates which we hold, and ask the reader to examine for himself and be convinced of the merit of remedy. Send for book to B. B. B. CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Pay your subscription to the LINCOLN COURIER.

**BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.**  
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Dr. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

Are you interested in Lincoln county? Then take the COURIER.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing, Druggist, Lincoln, N. C.

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.

**Marion Butler Rebuked.**

Every Democratic candidate in Sampson county was elected. This is the home of Marion Butler, who has been misleading the people. He claimed the county was with him and it doing otherwise is a rebuke to his unfaithfulness and treachery. It is gratifying that his own house has done what it did.—*Concord Standard.*

**ALL FREE.**  
Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertiser, Druggist and get a Trial Bottle Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor. Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. J. M. Lawing, Druggist.

## THE STOLEN CURL.

BY COLONEL INGEBHAM.

Upon the shores of Lake Pontchartrain and on the southern border of the State of Mississippi, a long row of elegant villas, a group of business houses, and here and there a public building or private institution, form the lovely and quiet town of Pass Christian, noted for its balmy climate, the beauty of its situation, its handsome residences, and the wealth and refinement of its citizens.

To the young ladies' academies and military institutions of Pass Christian, many of the wealthy planters were wont to send their daughters and sons to be educated, and as the pupils of the respective institutions would meet, in their daily promenades, many admiring glances would be exchanged between them, and longings felt to become acquainted.

Among the fair pupils of the Lake Academy none were more beautiful than Rosa Vertner, the sole heiress to all of her father's cotton estates, situated upon the Mississippi River.

A shower of golden curls fell upon her shoulders; blue, dreamy eyes, a bright, smiling face and a graceful form, added to a disposition of the truest womanly sweetness, made the young girl of fifteen particularly attractive to all who knew her.

Many a handsome cadet from the military academy had fallen in love with the bewitching beauty at the first glance from her heaven-lit eyes, but to none did she show a preference, when meeting at the soirees and receptions given by the different schools.

One of Rosa's greatest, though silent, admirers was Earl Griffith, the son of a Mississippi planter, whose estate lay adjoining that of Mr. Vertner; but between Mr. Vertner and Colonel Griffith there existed great bitterness, and for years the families had not spoken, though meeting constantly in social intercourse at the houses of neighboring planters.

The feud commenced long years before, in the old days before the war, when Mr. Vertner and Colonel Griffith were rivals for the hand of Earl's mother.

Colonel Griffith had won her heart and hand and married her, and his success so enraged Mr. Vertner that he challenged him; a duel followed, and in this encounter Colonel Griffith came off victorious, severely wounding his adversary. Since that day neither had spoken to the other.

Meeting at Pass Christian, thus it was that though Rosa could not but see that Earl Griffith admired her, and he felt that she was not indifferent to his gaze, both were governed by the remembrance of the feud existing between their parents, and gave no sign of recognition of the other's feelings.

Toward the close of a lovely summer day, in the year that this story opens, the fair pupils of the Lake Institute had gone down the long pier leading out into the lake, to the bath-house of the institute.

Soon a merry party of damsels were splashing about in the water. It was a pretty sight, and a handsome youth of twenty-one, clad in the stylish uniform of the Pass Christian Military Academy, paused and gazed upon the lovely scene.

Suddenly a shriek was heard, and a dark form was borne away by the tide, out of reach and aid from her companions.

With the speed of a deer the young cadet sped down the pier, reached the bath house, and bounded headlong in to the water.

Vigorously did he breast the waves, and soon rapidly overtook the fair girl, who was struggling to sustain herself above the waters, for she was a fair swimmer.

Soon he came nearer, and seeing that help was at hand, her courage forsook her, and she sank beneath the waters, while shrieks of distress from the shore showed that her companions believed her forever lost.

With a deep dive, the youth succeeded in catching hold of the drowning girl, and with renewed strength started shoreward.

Bravely did he struggle, and at last he felt that he would reach the shore, for when almost to the bath-house, two of the professors of the institute, alarmed by the cries of distress, had run down to the scene, and swimming out a few yards, had relieved the tired youth of his precious burden.

Without a word, the young man turned once more seaward, and, to the surprise of all, commenced to swim down the coast.

In vain did they call to him from the shore; on he swam, and night coming rapidly on, he was no longer visible.

After continuing slowly and with strong and steady stroke down the coast, the cadet swam toward a pier that projected some distance into the lake, and then drew himself, greatly fatigued, from the water.

Looking around him to see that he was not watched, he walked rapidly up the pier, and struck off across the fields for the academy.

Arriving there, he sought his room, and reached it unperceived, where he hastily changed his clothing.

Before descending to the study hall to join his fellow-students, he drew from the pocket of his saturated jacket which he had thrown aside, a long golden curl, dampened by the sea-water.

"I could not resist the temptation to sever this beautiful curl from its golden mates; she will miss it, and yet she will never know who it was that saved her life."

And carefully drying the tress of hair, the cadet placed it securely away.

A great excitement was created at Pass Christian by the saving from a watery grave of the beautiful Rosa Vertner, and of the strange conduct of her noble preserver, whose name he might be, for it was impossible to discover his name, and all that could be ascertained was that he was a cadet from the Military Academy.

That much the young girls had noticed, as he sprang from the pier, and Rosa, having become unconscious, could not describe his features.

The missing curl was commented upon and the faces of all the cadets were eagerly scanned by the pupils of the Lake Institute, and the citizens, who evinced a deep interest in the mysterious affair, but yet an expression of innocence rested upon every student's face, and gave no clue.

Mr. Vertner came to the Pass, and in vain did he visit the academy and endeavor to find out the brave youth who had rescued his daughter from death; it was useless, and after a time it was thought of only as a thing of the past.

Three years have passed since the incidents mentioned above, and from the shores of the sunny Gulf the scene changes to the banks of the Mississippi River.

Riding slowly along the levee road are two persons—a lady and a gentleman upon horseback.

Earnestly they are conversing together, and then the maiden draws rein, and rests her gloved hand upon her companion's arm:

"Earl, here you must leave me, and forever. It is hard to give you up, but my father will never forgive and forget the past, not ever for my sake, as dearly as he loves me."

"I cannot again meet you. This morning he discovered our secret meetings, and forbade me ever again to see you; and upon your return home you will find a bitter letter from him, demanding my letters."

"You know how dearly I love you, and yet you know we must part. Good-bye, Earl, and that God will protect you will ever be my prayer."

As she thus spoke, bright diamond tears rolled down the beautiful face of Rosa Vertner, and fell upon the roadside. Her companion said:

"I will not urge you to disobey

your father, Rosa. I have ever loved you since as a little girl I used to see you dashing about upon your pony. When at the Pass at school I loved you more dearly; and how I blessed the kind fate that threw us together, untrammelled by the presence of our parents, when you came up the river a year ago upon the steamer.

"Then I felt that you controlled my life's happiness, and dearly have I enjoyed our stolen interviews."

"Now all is over, and we must part. I will do as your father asks me in his letter—return all you have sent me, Rosa, my own darling, good-bye!"

Thus the lovers parted, and while Rosa returned to her father's plantation, a mile down the river, Earl Griffith leaped his horse into a cotton-field that bordered the river bank and darted away in the direction of his own home, for death had laid his own father in the grave, and he was master and owner of the large estate.

Arriving at his door, a negro messenger from the Vertner plantation awaited his arrival and presented him with a letter.

Entering his sanctum, he broke the seal, and his brow darkened as he read the contents.

"For her sake I will forbear, and for her sake I will return her letters—every little moment of her love; yes, all."

A few moments after, the ebony messenger rode away, bearing in his hand a small package addressed to—

**MR. BRUNCH VERTNER,**  
SUNNY SIDE PLANTATION

Branch Vertner was pacing the broad veranda that encircled his handsome residence.

A stern, haughty man, his brow was darkly clouded, and his eyes wore an angry expression, as ever and anon he glanced down the avenue, as if in expectancy.

"Ha! at last! I hope he has not dared to refuse my demand; if so—"

And he grasped the package held out to him by the negro.

Breaking the seal, he glanced over the contents. The frown darkened, when his face suddenly paled. The letters and love tinkles fell to the floor as he exclaimed:

"What does this mean?"

In his hand he held a long silken curl, flashing like golden strands in the light of the setting sun.

Upon a card attached, he read:

"Rescued from the waves. Pass Christian, June 15th, 18—"

One moment he glanced at the card, his face changing, with the emotions that swept over him, and then he called out to the retreating messenger:

"Robert, come here!"

The negro again advanced.

"Mount your horse and return at once, and quickly, to the Griffith Manor. Present my best wishes to Mr. Earl Griffith, and say to him that I request the pleasure of seeing him immediately at Sunny Side plantation!"

"Yes, sir."

And while the messenger started away at full speed, Mr. Vertner continued his walk up and down the veranda.

An hour had not passed when Earl Griffith rode up to the door, dismounted and ascended the broad steps, wearing upon his face a puzzled expression at his strange and unexpected summons to Sunny Side.

Advancing toward him, Branch Vertner extended his hand, which he said, in a firm voice:

"Earl Griffith, I never believed that you, or one of your race, would ever be invited across my threshold. Your package sent me this evening told me who it was that saved my daughter's life three years ago; hence I bury the matter and offer my hand. You are a noble man, and I believe will accept it."

Thus the feud was settled, all animosities buried and the two families united by the strongest ties; for Earl and Rosa were married soon after and all this happiness came about through the romance of the stolen curl.

## No English Cheap Labor.

The people of the nation have spoken. Their verdict is:—  
*No English cheap labor.*

That is the result and the meaning of yesterday's election, in which protection, with its consequences, was the one great issue.

The campaign was fought on protection. There was no issue on candidates, except as they stood for or against protection. There was no issue on parties except as they represented tariff for public revenue. There was no choice between the candidates as personalities or between the parties as political organizations. The paramount issue was protection.

The *Herald* set out to show that no aspect of protection is more vitally important than that of *English cheap labor*. No aspect more closely touches the industrial welfare of the nation or more vitally affects the interests of its wage earners. Protection can produce no effect more disastrous to American skilled labor than an influx of *English cheap labor*. This is its worst, and must be its inevitable, consequence if maintained.

The *Herald's* campaign was brief, but it has proved effective and triumphant. It was not waged to elect Mr. Cleveland or defeat Mr. Harrison. It was not made to help the democrats or hurt the republicans. In short, it was not a personal or a political campaign.

Its aim was the aim of an independent journal. Its purpose was simply to lay the case before the people by showing that protection was the great issue involved and what must be the consequences to American wage earners if protection were maintained.

Clearly foreseeing that if continued the inevitable result would be an influx of *English cheap labor*, the *Herald* felt confident that the toiling masses had only to be awakened to the danger that menaced their welfare to realize its significance and rise to avert it.

To this end we warned the public that such an influx would be far more disastrous to the industrial East than the invasion of *Chinese cheap labor* proved to the Pacific coast, and that to meet the evil the nation would have to enact a law for the exclusion of *English cheap labor* as it had to pass a law to arrest the inflow of *Chinese cheap labor*.

That the people might see in advance of its enactment the scope and meaning of such a law the *Herald* published day after day on this page the text of the *Chinese cheap labor* law which Congress had to pass and the text of the *English cheap labor* law which it would have to enact if protection were maintained.

Having thus presented the case forcibly and clearly, the mission of the *Herald* as an independent journal was fulfilled. It was then left for the people to decide.

They have now decided. Their decision shows that at last they have awakened to the fact that a high tariff protects capital, but does not protect labor.

That it swells the profits of employers, but does not increase the wages of employes.

That protection is a boon to protected manufacturers because it cuts off foreign competition by closing American markets to English manufacturers.

But that it must prove ruinous to American wage earners, because by closing our markets to English manufactures it will close English factories and mills, throw English operatives out of employment and cause a flood tide of *English cheap labor* to flow into this country and overrun the entire field of American skilled labor.

Awakened to the disastrous tendency of protection and realizing the danger menaced by *English cheap labor*, the people have rendered their verdict. It is against protection and against *English cheap labor*. It is for American skilled labor and American wage earners.

that there shall be in this country no *English cheap labor*.—N. Y. *Herald*.

## It Came too Late.

The original principles of the Farmer's Alliance have received the commendation and endorsement of students of political economy and genuine Reformers everywhere, including the greatest of them are Grover Cleveland. If there ever was a time when that organization as a body had an opportunity to aid in a fight for real reform, that time has been in the campaign that closed last Tuesday. Never before was a battle waged so peculiarly on the line of this masses vs. the classes, and never did the people respond more heartily to the only party that was fighting real battle to help them.

In this battle many of the Alliancemen have been on the side of Cleveland and Reform, and it has been wholly their own fault that they this year fought under a new, strange and illusory banner. They were persuaded that the new party could win; that it was fighting the evils that burden the farmers; and that it was advocating the relief the farmer needed. This was false, but good men believed it and followed the *ignis fatuus* until brought to a sudden halt by overwhelming defeat. Who is it that has made the farmers believe that relief could come by joining the People's party? First of all it has been Dr. C. W. Macune, who through his paper, the *National Economist* has first destroyed their faith in the Democratic party, and then led them by easy stages to believe that deliverance and help could come through the People's party, falsely so called, because the election returns, show that there are not many people in that party. Dr. Macune is largely responsible for the fact that many of our people have lost faith in the Democratic party, and that they embarked in the wild goose chase of following Weaver.

Just five days before the election, he wrote the following letter which he evidently caused to be sent out through all the daily papers. Here is the letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, '92.  
To Hon. Daniel Smith, Mobile, Ala.:  
"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I take the liberty of writing to you as an influential Alliance man of your State to say that I now think it necessary, if we are to preserve the order that we at once go to work and urge all Alliancemen regardless of their political affiliations, to again come into the ranks and put their shoulders to the wheel, assuring them that we will make it in fact as well as in name a non-partisan organization. The complete defeat of the People's party which has every day become more apparent since the Georgia election, must not be allowed to destroy the Alliance, and we can prevent it by timely and wise action. Let the spirit of intolerance cease.

"Fraternally,  
W. C. MACUNE"

If Dr. Macune had been a wise leader, he would not have pursued a course that has brought only disappointment and shattered hopes to all the people who listened to him. The people trust a man once, but when, because they listen to him, they are led into disaster, they will prefer another leader when they again want to wage battle.

If the Alliance is to regain its influence it must first of all put some other man than Mr. Macune in the lead. It is the policy he and the greenbackers in the order have pursued that has carried it largely into a new party and caused it to lose most of its members. If there is to be an Allianceman of power and usefulness, there will have to be an infusion of new blood, and that men who have abandoned it because of Weaverism and Macunism will have to be recalled and asked again to help direct its destiny. But the Alliance cannot survive—(honest men will not stay with it) unless the members of Gideon's Band, such as Dr. Macune and S. Otho Wilson are made to step down and out.—N. Carolinian.

Subscribe for the COURIER.

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