

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1892.

NO. 31.

Professional Cards.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.,

Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country. Will be found at night at the Lincolnton Hotel.

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Jan. 9, 1891.

Finley & Wetmore, ATTY'S. AT LAW,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.
Will practice in Lincoln and surrounding counties. All business put into our hands will be promptly attended to.

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 Lincolnton. Those needing Dental services are requested to make arrangements by correspondence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms—CASH.

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.

GO TO

BARBER SHOP.
Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonorial art is done according to latest styles.

English Spain Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blisters from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bones, stifles, sprains, all kinds of bumps, chafes etc. Save \$50 by using a one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful remedy ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist, Lincolnton, N. C.

Subscribe for the COURIER.
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 '92

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 I cannot think of a mother who does not know of it. It is a most intelligent family cure for all ailments of infants and children."
CARLOS MARTY, D. D.,
New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

What is a Wife?

The pretty school-teacher, for a little diversion, had asked her class for the best original definition of "wife," and the boy in the corner had promptly responded, "A rib."

She looked at him reproachfully and nodded to the boy with dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.

"Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said in response to the nod.

"A helpmeet," put in a little flax-haired girl.

"One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl.

"And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a lull, and the pretty, dark-eyed girl said slowly:

"A wife is the envy of spinsters."

"One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion.

"And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.

"Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.

"Stop right there," said the pretty school-teacher. "That's the right definition."

Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked:

"Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

A Good Cleansing Fluid.

The following is an excellent cleansing fluid, especially useful when men's garments require renovation:

Dissolve four ounces of white castile soap shaving in a quart of boiling water. When cold, add four ounces of ammonia, two ounces each of ether, alcohol and glycerine and a gallon of clear cold water. Mix thoroughly, and as it will keep for a long while, bottle and cork tightly for future use. This mixture costs about eighty cents, and will make eight quarts. In using, dilute a small quantity in an equal amount of water.

A FALSE SUMMONS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The red curtains were drawn, the fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and the click of the sleety rain against the window-panes only seemed to heighten the enjoyment within, where the shaded lamp gave out its serene glow, and the pictured folds of an ancient Chinese screen shut all possible and impossible draughts away from the ruddy fire-side.

Doctor Fengrove sat on one side, with the newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Fengrove sat on the other, tranquilly occupied in darning stockings, while a chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib, just where the firelight touched its curls with fleeting glimpses of gold.

"Well," said the doctor, letting the newspaper slip down to the floor, "this is comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since—Hello! What's that? Some one knocking at the kitchen door."

Mrs. Fengrove rose and answered the summons. Presently she came back.

"It's Milo York, Doctor," said she.

"Milo York, eh?" Doctor Fengrove's countenance darkened as he spoke. "Didn't I tell Milo York never to darken my door again?"

"But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded the gentle-hearted woman, "and homeless. Mr. Evarton has turned him away, and—"

"I don't blame Mr. Evarton!" tartly interrupted her husband. "A miserable drunken loafer, who—"

"I don't think he has been drinking to-night, doctor," said Mrs. Fengrove. "He looks pale and tired. He says he has had nothing to eat since noon and has no place to sleep."

"That's no affair of mine!" retorted Doctor Fengrove, who, though free-hearted and hospitable, had in general, had hardened his heart like flint against this particular instance of humanity.

Mrs. Fengrove still hesitated. "What shall I tell him?" asked she.

"Tell him to go about his business," returned the doctor, energetically stirring the fire until a red stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Fengrove closed the door, and went back to the kitchen porch. "Milo," said she, "my husband will have nothing to say to you."

"I don't blame him much," dejectedly responded Milo York, who was, indeed, an unpromising-looking subject enough, with unkempt hair hanging over his brow, his garments in rags and the end of his nose chilled and purpled with the bitter night air.

"But it's a dreadful night," softly added Mrs. Fengrove. "Wait out here—the porch will shelter you from the rain. The coffee-pot is on the stove yet, and I'll bring you a plate of bread and cold meat and a bowl of coffee."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the tramp, gathering himself like a heap of rags into the corner, to wait.

He drank his coffee and ate his supper like a famished hound, and then Mrs. Fengrove gave him a tattered old shawl, long since cast aside by her husband.

"Take this," she said, "and lie down in the barn loft; there's plenty of good, sweet hay there. But be sure you're off before the doctor comes out in the morning."

"Thank you, ma'am," again uttered the man; and he disappeared like a shadow into the howling tempest.

"Where have you been all this time?" suspiciously queried the doctor, as his wife came into the softly illuminated arch of the Chinese screen again. Mrs. Fengrove turned scarlet under his penetrating gaze.

"I—I only gave Milo a little something to eat and drink," she faltered. "You know the Good Book says: 'Turn not away thy face from any poor man!'"

"Yes," dryly coughed the doctor, "but I guess the Good Book didn't make any allowance for tramps.

Ancient Bills of Fare.

The accounts—more frequently found in romances—of the marvelous feasts often given to ruling powers of the olden times, are eagerly read by the young and with great longings to see them repeated in the present time. Especially are they bowwowed to the young house-keepers—who have visions of surprising their husbands with a bill of fare copied from ancient times. Yet they have no idea of what the peculiar dishes were composed.

A "young lady" writes us: "I have read so much of the wonderful feasts and banquets given in ancient times, the almost fabulous entertainments of the nobles and emperors of Greece and Rome, that I am curious to know something more definite about them. Do tell me, dear madam, if you can, how the dishes, which must have cost a small fortune, were prepared. Or what did they consist of?"

"I am young, expecting soon to go to housekeeping. I am fond of trying new things, and can afford a little extravagance to enable me to do so. It would be such a pleasure to surprise my husband by giving him a dainty entertainment, entirely different from the common run of things."

You would indeed surprise your husband and guests, my dear child, with something "different" from the common run of things; if we could give you such receipts; but few, if any, have been recorded, and none that you would willingly follow. Their banquets were wonderfully lavish in the amount provided—but gross—almost beastly in the composition. Served in barbaric splendor, on polished gold set around with precious stones, yet there was no delicacy or refinement, either in the mode of preparing or arranging the food.

The women of ancient times doubtless prepared the dainties, but the men, often the nobles, slaughtered the animals, turned the spit in roasting, or prepared such savory messes as Jacob was supposed to set before his father. The real primitive mode of giving a feast depended on the immense quantity, not on the variety or delicacy of the viands set before the guests.

After many years the Egyptians began to search for new ways to diversify and enlarge their bills of fare. But their inventions turned more toward the preparation of meat and flour; some mode of lightening their dough. The Romans followed, and attempted to improve on the Egyptians' inventions. They mixed millet with sweet wine, leaving it months of a year sometimes to ferment. Improving in that form of yeast, as they used the filthy scum from their beer, with all its impurities, to raise their bread.

Ere long the Greeks and Romans took other steps forward, attempting many and unheard of ways of cooking meats to secure some new gratification for the palate. In their mad longings for something never to be had in greater feats of gourmandizing, they went beyond all bounds of decency or common sense. The Romans, both rulers and nobles, were coarser in their indulgence than the Greeks. Their emperors gorge themselves till they could not stir, but kept a slave always ready with a feather to tickle the palate to relieve them of their surfeit, only that they might begin again. No banquet that was thought fit for an emperor could be prepared for less than 400,000 sesterces, or \$16,000. This was the least the nobles dared expend for the honor of entertaining the emperor.

Nothing, after a while was prized that was not obtained at great expense, even though far less delicate and palatable than cheaper things that were easy of access. The flesh of peacocks is hard, juiceless, and not of a pleasant flavor. But it could only be obtained, in those days, at forty dollars a pound, and was, therefore, preferred to more delicate poultry. But there were too many of the nobles that could

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Found a Hundred Million Surplus and Leave a Hundred Million Deficit.

When the Democrats went out of office in March, 1889, there was a surplus of a hundred million dollars in the Treasury. When they returned to power in March, 1892, they will have to meet a deficit of a hundred millions.

In other words, the republicans found a hundred million surplus and left a hundred million deficit.

A prolific cause of this depletion of the national Treasury has been the notorious pension extravagance of republican legislation. The headlong increase in the number of pensioners and the amount of pensions during ten years is shown by the following figures:—

Year	Number Pensioners	Amount Pensions
1882	225,697	\$4,296,280
1883	303,658	60,431,972
1884	323,756	57,273,636
1885	345,125	65,693,706
1886	365,783	64,584,270
1887	406,007	74,515,446
1888	452,557	79,646,146
1889	489,725	89,131,968
1890	527,944	106,493,890
1891	676,160	118,548,959

This shows that in the first year of the present republican administration the amount paid in pensions was eighty-nine million dollars. In the second year it leaped to a hundred and sixty millions, and in the third it rose to more than a hundred and eighteen and a half millions.

In the fourth or last year of republican rule the aggregate will be a hundred and fifty millions, and the next year it will reach two hundred millions unless the outflow is checked.

This is a serious outlook for the nation. Obviously there is but one of two courses to pursue—either to cut down the rapidly growing expenditures or meet them either by oppressive taxation or by running into debt. That the first course is the only safe one to adopt must be obvious to all.

Will the republicans join with the democrats in cutting down expenditures, or will they insist on plunging the country into debt at the risk of bankruptcy.—N. Y. Herald.

LA GRIPPE.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past season it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after-effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs and has cured cases of Asthma on a Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottle at J. M. Lawing's Drug Store.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, fills up lost vitality, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

THE CHESTNUT COMPANY, 17 MORRIS STREET, NEW YORK.