

The Lincoln Courier.

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LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1893.

NO. 38.

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.

March 27, 1891

Bartlett Shipp,

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

Finley & Wetmore,

ATTYS. AT LAW,
LINCOLN, N. C.

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

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,

SURGICAL 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 arrangement by correspondence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms—CASH.

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.

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.

English Spavin Liniment

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

POISON

and then my system was prostrated and saturated with poison and I became almost helpless. I finally came here, my mouth so filled with sores that I could scarcely eat, and my tongue raw and filled with little knots. Various remedies were resorted to without effect. I bought two bottles of B. B. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed and my tongue entirely clear of knots and sores, and I feel like a new man.

CATARRH

ever had any effect upon the disease until I used the great Blood Purifying Agent as B. B. B. a few bottles of which effected an entire cure. I recommend it to all who have catarrh. I refer to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga. and will reply to any inquires.

ONE MILLION LADIES

Are daily recommending the Perfection Adjustable Shoe. It Expands Across the Ball & Joints. The best fitting, nicest looking and most comfortable in the world. Price, \$4, \$5, and \$6. Consolidated Shoe Co., Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass. Shoes Made to Measure. To be found at Jenkins' Bros.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures rashes, or no pay required, it is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

For Debility, Indigestion, and Stomach Disorders, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. All dealers keep it. It is perhapt. Genuine has trade-mark crossed red lines on wrapper. Are you interested in Lincolnton county? Then take the COURIER

A MILLION FRIENDS.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest, and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

INVENTION

has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old, no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address: True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

DESERVING PRAISE.

We desire to say to our citizens that of the many we have been selling, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given 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 flow from their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. At J. M. Lawing's Physician and Pharmacist.

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Helped the Other Fellow Out.

Pittsburg Chronicle. A Pittsburg who spent a part of last summer in England tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious part of a parish in Penzance.

A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing, at frequent intervals, "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's bird was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!" The story got out in the parish and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

Live it Down.

The young clerk's eyes flashed as he read an article in the morning papers. It was an outrageous attack upon the gentleman at the head of his department or a course of action which was represented as both base and cowardly. All the correspondence relating to the affair had passed through the young man's hands, so he knew that the statements were false and most damaging to the reputation of his beloved chief.

Carrying the paper to the gentleman assailed, he asked if he might write a reply. The elder man read the paragraphs calmly, smiled and shook his head. "What will you do?" the clerk asked. "Live it down," was the reply, as I have done so many other calumnies. Talking back is the most futile and undignified exertion in the world. If you succeed in cutting up one falsehood each part will wriggle against you; let it alone and it will die of starvation."

Against Wind and Tide.

BY ANNIE SHELDON.

People in Maysville always shrugged their shoulders when Mark Lamson was mentioned, and usually the expressive gesture was followed by some deprecating remark. "Comes of bad stock," old Judge Lennox would say, in his pompous dictatorial manner. "All the Lamsons were worthless, and Mrs. Lamson was a Hodge, and everybody knows what they are."

The house in which Mark was born, and where he scrambled up to manhood, was a large farm-house, tumbling to pieces inside, with a roof always being patched against leaking, doors without locks and with shaking hinges, windows that rattled in every wind, ceiling that dropped plaster whenever a heavy foot shook the upper rooms and furniture in the last stage of shabbiness. His father and mother were slatternly in dress, shiftless in household management, and the handsome, bright boy was over-indulgent and neglected as their own indolence suggested.

But Mark Lamson inherited none of the leading traits of his parents. Probably in some remote ancestor there was a mixture of energy, resolution and ability of which the Maysville gossips had never heard, and for which they certainly gave Mark no credit. It was in vain that the principal of the Maysville High School declared that mark had graduated with the best record he had ever given in the school. It was useless for the lad himself to keep his life free from blame, and earnestly endeavor to do his duty. Maysville could not forget that he was a Lamson, and his mother a Hodge—"bad stock!"

As he passed from boyhood to manhood, Mark began the unequal struggle against fate and circumstances, that was dictated only by his own energy. His father had been able to get bread from the farm by a lazy tillage that gave the bare necessities for the table; his mother had a very small income that gave the three clothing of the poorest description, and both were in open-mouthed wonder that Mark was not content, as they had been, to dawdle through life and "make out" with what they had.

And Mark, struggling to attain better things, with only a vague, undisciplined longing for improvement, met no encouragement, at home or abroad. He tried to obtain a situation, but employers were shy about giving work to a Lamson; he met but cool reception at the Maysville social gatherings, having no knowledge of how to repair his own linen or keep his poor clothing even tidy. Boy-like, he imagined a new suit and gay necktie were all-sufficient for a party, and did not heed the frayed cuffs and broken collars at which the Maysville belles turned up their noses.

But, in spite of his father's lazy comments, his mother's fretful remonstrances, Mark Lamson, finding no employment outside, determined to see if the farm would not find him in work.

"Oh, yes; do as you please," his father said. "But there is no money for new fangled fixings, and the land is about worn out. Plenty of it, to be sure, but 'tain't worth shucks." So, single-handed, Mark undertook the work of bringing up the old farm. Early and late he toiled, repairing fences, weeding, picking stones, rooting out dead stumps, preparing his land, without one hand stretched out to help him, one voice to wish him success. Thomas, the only man his father employed, gave a surly refusal to aid, upon the ground that his regular routine of shillings farming took all his time, and Mark patiently submitted.

He was twenty-one years old, when into his dull, monotonous life came a new stimulus—a hope, bright as a vision and almost baseless. He fell in love! He did not walk in cautiously, counting his steps and weighing his chances, but he fell in plump, suddenly, hopelessly.

There had been a warm discussion at the judge's about inviting Mark to the party that was to celebrate Essie's eighteenth birthday and her final return from boarding-school. But the pet of the house had a will of her own and a lively recollection of Mark's handsome face and boyish gallantries, and insisted upon his being invited. Mark, carrying in his memory only a prettily little girl, found himself confronted by an undeniable beauty; a face to win homage in far more pretentious circles than Maysville boasted, and a gentle grace of manner none of the girls of his acquaintance had ever extended to him.

The touch of the soft, little hand offered to greet him riveted the chains Essie's face had cast about Mark's heart, and made him her slave then and there. He had staved all his life for sympathy, and his first half-hour with Essie filled his long-aching heart with content. She remembered all his boyish aspirations; she entered into all his hopes and ambitions. The party was the beginning of an intercourse that stimulated anew every good resolution, gave a new vigor to every hope of Mark's life.

There are women who carry in their own hearts an overflowing fund of sympathy, who can sink self utterly in the presence of another person's interest, and throw their own power into their neighbor's work without officiousness or offense. Essie Lennox was such a woman; young as she was. She could give her whole mind to every detail which she had carried to her, from the cutting of aprons for a neighbor's child to the gentle soothing of an invalid's terror of death; from her mother's preserving kettle to the comforting of a newly bereaved widow or orphan. Nothing was too deep or solemn, nothing too transient or trivial, for that tender, ever-active interest and sympathy that made her the idol of Maysville as well as the comfort of her home.

And in her home she found no one whose claim seemed stronger to her than Mark's. The village was essentially democratic, and the fact that Essie was the only child and heiress of the richest, most influential man in the place did not prevent her from visiting Mrs. Lamson upon terms of perfect equality. She was fond of the weak, amiable woman, strongly as she censured, in her youthful strength, the easygoing indolence that made her home such a scene of confusion and discomfort; and, in her gentle, pleasant way, she endeavored to brighten that home for Mark by suggestions and offers of help that fell to the ground. It was fighting a feather bed to try to rouse Mrs. Lamson to any active improvement, and rebuffed there, Essie could only help Mark by words of sympathy that were like wine of life to his love.

An hour with Essie sent him back to his uphill work full of new hope, every energy stimulated, every hope brightened. He had not dared to set before him in plain words the hope of one day winning her heart to answer his own, for there was all the lamidity of true passion in that young, ardent heart, but he realized a new force, a new spur to ambition.

Essie never sneered at him as the neighbors had become accustomed to doing; Essie never threw cold water over his plans for improving the land; Essie was never sarcastic over the clashing of his poverty and his ambitions. As he saw her more frequently, he ventured to tell her of wider, wilder hopes, of some day escaping from the drudgery before him, and making his way to a city, where his education might give him a start in more congenial occupation.

"Father and mother seem to need me, now," he told Essie, one day; "they are old, and they have no other child. I think it is my plain duty to stay."

"I think it is," was the quick reply; "your mother could scarcely bear a separation."

"And while I am here, I must do the work that lies under my hand," he said, "hard as it is! But Essie, and his face brightened, "do you

know that already I have made the farm pay double what it has ever done. Next spring I can hire help out of money I saved from the sale of last year's crops!"

Essie, all eager interest, entered into the discussion of the capabilities of such a lot for turnips, such a patch for wheat, the possibilities of a dairy, the best culture for fowls as if she had never studied music or filled her head with French and German verbs.

But the horror and wrath of Judge Lennox, when, after two years of mild courtship, Mark took his fate in his hands and asked permission to marry Essie, cannot be described. "A Lamson!" he cried, when having dismissed Mark he returned to the bosom of his family. "A Lamson for Essie's husband! The fellow wants my money to send after all his father and his grandfather have squandered!"

"Do you really and truly think Mark is a spendthrift, papa?" Essie asked quietly. "Does he ever lounge about the stores or taverns, as Harry Carter and James Rayburn do?"

"Well, no, I never saw him," was the reluctant admission.

"Did you ever hear that he drank or gambled, or even smoked?"

"No—I never did."

"Is he not regular at church?"

"Yes, he is."

"But, oh, Essie!" struck in Mrs. Lennox. "What shabby, half-washed shirts he wears, and his fingers all out of his gloves, and half the buttons of his coat gone!"

"Poor Mark!" said Essie, gently. "He needs a wife."

"Well, he need not look here for one," growled the judge.

"I heard Mr. Thompson say, last week," said Essie, quietly, "that there is not a better farm in Greene county than Lamson's."

"Such a palace of a house!" the judge sneered.

"Mark is hoping to put a new house on the place next year. He has had builders over from B—, but they say the old house is beyond repair, and it would cost less to have a new one."

"And where is the money to come from?"

"Where the improved farm came from," said Essie; "from Mark's industry, perseverance and energy, in the face of the hardest discouragements ever a young man had to fight."

"Eh!" said the judge. "What? What?"

"See what he has done," said Essie, still in an even, quiet tone that carried conviction far more than an excited one. "Eight years ago, when he was but a boy, he put his shoulder to the wheel and took his playtime between school hours to weed and clear away stones. Nobody helped him. He was ridiculed, sneered at, discouraged on all sides. He had the poorest farm in the place, and he has made it one of the best. He has put every spare dollar into books on agriculture, improved machines, good stock. He has now four men at work for him, good horses, good cattle, good poultry, and he will have a good house. Papa, do you not think it will be a pity to have the new house in the care of Mrs. Lamson, to ruin as she has the old one? Out-doors the management is all left to Mark, and see what he has done. But a man cannot make a home comfortable alone; he needs a wife."

"Well," said the judge "let him have one, but not my child."

"Still he loves me," said Essie. "and I love him!"

"Pshaw!" said the judge, and marched out of the house.

But prompt as he was, he was just, and he loved Essie. He had let prejudice influence him against Mark all his life; now he took pains to find out how much of his dislike was well founded. Grudgingly enough was the verdict given in Mark's favor. Maysville did not willingly acknowledge it had been wrong in its estimate, and snubbed upon Mark all the faults of his ancestors. But the faults were strong, and Judge Lennox found himself confronted by them. Slowly, for he was not easily convinced,

he took respect into the place of contempt, and, after a month of patient investigation, sent for Mark.

The interview was a frank, manly one, the old gentleman not being given to half-hearted measures of any kind. He admitted his former prejudices, and heartily commended the young man who had struggled so nobly.

"When your new house is finished," he said, "I will let my Essie be your wife. A man who can make his way against wind and tide as you have done, deserves a happy home."

The judge being a power in Maysville, public opinion veered round, as soon as the engagement was announced. The new house being completed, Essie became housekeeper, Mrs. Lamson gladly resigning her feeble reign. And under the new regime it was wonderful to see how even the old people smartened up. They had no chronic objection to cleanliness, if some one else did the necessary work; and with Mark and Essie to govern and direct, the Lamson farm and Lamson household so lost its old name, that you could scarcely find to-day in Maysville one voice to repeat the old saying that "Mark Lamson came of bad stock."

Mr. Carlisle on the Silver Question.

Now it is pretty definitely settled that Senator John G. Carlisle of Kentucky will be Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland, his views in regard to silver become important. The latest expression of them is found in a letter which was published in the Courier-Journal on Aug. 9, 1892, and which that newspaper has recently reprinted:

"The gold and silver coins cannot be of equal intrinsic value, as demanded by this resolution, unless the metal contained in each of them is of equal value while still in the form of bullion. Coinage adds nothing whatever to the intrinsic value of the metal, but only ascertains officially its weight and fineness, puts it in a convenient form for circulation, and authenticates it by the stamp of Government. The United States has coined over \$400,000,000 in silver since the passage of the act in 1878, but this has not added one cent to the intrinsic value of the metal contained in them; nor has the purchase and coinage of this enormous mass of silver during a period of fourteen years caused by any increase in the price of silver bullion. On the contrary, the price of silver bullion in all markets of the world, in those counties where there is free coinage as well as in those where the mints are closed to silver, is much lower now than it was in 1878, when this Government began to purchase it at the rate of \$24,000,000 worth per annum."

"Neither gold nor silver coin, except the subsidiary coins, will ever again enter into very general use as currency in any great commercial country. The principal office of these coins is to form a basis for the issue of notes or certificates which constitutes the most convenient form of circulation among the people. Any measure which would have a tendency to broaden this basis of circulation by increasing the amount of metallic money with which the paper can be redeemed would in my opinion, be beneficial not only to this country, but to the world generally; but this cannot be done by the fabrication of two coins of the same denomination, but not of equal intrinsic value, because both of the coins cannot constitute at the same time the money of redemption. Sixty-eight cents worth of silver and one dollar's worth of gold cannot both be standards of value at the same time and place, and this has been fully demonstrated by our own experience during the last fourteen years, for, although the silver dollar has been all that time a full legal tender under the statutes of the United States, everybody admits that we are still on a gold basis, and therefore the value of all the paper in circulation is measured not by silver but by gold."

Free Balloons for Meteorological Observer in High Air.

The employment of free balloons for meteorological observations at very great heights has long been discussed, but hitherto with little practical result, because as yet no balloon suitable for this purpose has been devised. M. Ch. Renard, a French scientist, however, has just presented to the Paris Academy a design for such a balloon which promises to be a success.

His proposed miniature vessel for sounding the atmosphere is supplied with a very light self-recording barometer and self-recording thermometer, partly made of aluminum, each weighing less than five pounds. To prevent derangement of the registering apparatus upon the fall of the balloon he provides each instrument with an elastic guard so effective that the corkwork of the instrument is not interrupted by the shock of the fall. The total weight, instrument included, does not exceed twenty-one pounds avoirdupois.

If found to work satisfactorily this simple and apparently cheap device will mark a new era in meteorology. At present meteorologists know but little more by direct instrumental gauging of the upper atmosphere than the fanna inhabiting the floor of the Atlantic know of the Gulf Stream and its associate surface currents.—N. Y. Herald.

Locomotives That Can Travel at the Rate of 91 Miles an Hour.

Washington Star: Strange that Philadelphia, which is reputed a slow town, should pronounce the fastest locomotive in the world. Yet such is the fact. A great factory there, which is the biggest of the kind in existence, turns out 1,000 mighty iron horses with sinews of forged steel every year. It completes three of these engines every working day, and at a pinch it can increase the number to four per diem. That is the rate of output, though, of course, such gigantic machines cannot be begun and finished within twenty-four hours. Forty-five days are ordinarily required to make a locomotive, though the task has been performed in seven days. It would take five men a year to build one, if they had to do everything, starting with the raw materials.

A Philadelphia man made the first locomotive that ever pulled a load. It was famous "Old Ironsides," built in 1832 for the German town railroad. Up to that time the steam horse had been generally declared useless for practical purposes. After this achievement orders flowed in upon inventor. The factory which he created now sends its locomotives all over the world. It has supplied the engines for the new railroad in the Holy Land from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which was open to traffic October 1 last. The line is fifty three miles long extending across the Plain of Sharon and then thence up through the mountains of Judea. Such rapid transit is a great help to pilgrims. Thus far the only casualty reported was the running over of a camel and its driver.

Six weeks ago the speed record of locomotives was broken on the Reading railroad between Philadelphia and Jersey City by an engine which made a mile in 37 seconds. Five miles were also covered in 3 minutes and 25 seconds. Going at such a rate the engineer does not venture to put his head out of the car window. If he did so he could not breathe and tears would be blown out of his eyes. On the stretch of the track spoken of the fastest trains in the world are run every day, covering miles in 42 and 43 seconds rights along. A mile in 37 seconds signifies 94 mile an hour. There is no doubt that a speed of 100 miles an hour will soon be reached and exceeded. Better tracks, bigger wheels and higher steam pressures are essential elements of acceleration. This factory in Philadelphia employs 4,500 men, divided into day and night shifts. In wages \$60,000 a week is paid.