State Library

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI. LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1893. NO. 39.

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 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.

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.

July 11, 1890. 1y

Dr. A. M. 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 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.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints sweeney, 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 Lincolnton N C.

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

Kennesaw, Ga., Sept. 11th

B. B. B. Company: My Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in acknowledging the great benefit my wife has derived from your great and wonderful medicine, B. B. B. For two years she was a great sufferer from scrofula, or some blood disease which had lain dormant all her life. We had attention from some of the most skillful physicians in the country, but all to no effect, until we had all despaired of her ever recovering. Her mouth was one solid ulcer, and for two months or more her body was broken out with sores until she lost a beautiful head of hair, also eyelashes and eyebrows; in fact, she seemed to be a complete wreck.

Now comes the great secret which I want the world to know. Three bottles of Blood Balm medicine has done the work which would sound incredible to any one who did not know it to be so. Today my wife is perfectly healthy and clear from scrofula taint, and she now has a three-month-old babe, also perfectly healthy.

Very respectfully,
H. L. GASSTDY.

ONE MILLION LADIES

Are daily recommending the

Perfection ADJUSTABLE **Shoe**

It Expands ACROSS THE BALL & JOINTS.

This makes The best Fitting, nicest Looking and most comfortable in the world.

Prices, $2, $2.50, $3, and $3.50.

Consolidated Shoe Co., Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass. Shoes Made to Meas'ure.

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 Piles, 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, Pvhsician and Pharmacist

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Are you interested in Lincoln county? Then take the COURIER

A LEADER

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medical tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Sick headache, Indigestion Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c per bottle. Sold by J M Lawing

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

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. M. Lawing's drugstore. Large size 50c and $1.00.

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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

"Flour Corn."

Mr. F. H. Dover, of Grover, was in the *Enquirer* office one day last week, and brought with him a product of his farm which is to us, something of a curiosity. The product referred to is what is known as "flour corn". In appearance it is very similar to the ordinary Indian corn, except that the matured ears are about the color of the common white corn in the roasting ear stage. The grains look something like pardelain, though they are not quite so white. Mr. Dover explained that the original seed came from Kansas, but he has been planting the corn for several years, and this year made in the neighborhood of thirty bushels. He went on to remark:

"You say you never saw any of it before, and of couse you haven't; but I can assure you that if the truth was known, you have eaten it, and that many a time. Those Northwestern millers grind it into flour, and mixing it in the proportion of one third to two thirds of wheat flour, sell the whole as the genuine wheat product. The taste of the "flour corn" is so nearly the same as the ordinary wheat flour, and as the corn in no way affects the 'rising' properties of the wheat flour, an expert could hardly detect the adulteration."

To prove what he said, Mr. Dover left a few pounds of his corn flour with the request that we give it a practidal test, instruction, however, that it be mixed with wheat flour in the proportion of one to two. The good lady who does the *Enquirer's* cooking, followed instruction implicitly. We have been eating wheat bread a good long while, and think we ought to know something about it, but Mr. Dover's prediction turned out literally true. The quality of the bread was in no wise impaired, and the mixture was not distinguished by taste.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

Mr. Simmons Likely to Be Collector of the Eastern District.

Special to the Observer.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Representative Grady returned today. He says it is generally understood in eastern Carolina that Mr. Simmons will accept the collectorship of the eastern district. It is said here that he will be collector.

From Woman's Work.

Chastened.

BY LYLE BROWN.

"Are you always happy, Aunt Calla?" This question was ask d by pretty golden haired Eva Moore as she sat on a stool at her aunt's feet.

Carolina Leighton was a sweet-faced woman somewhere in the forties. Her white hair gave her the appearance of being some years older, yet the face was not an old one, and at times took on a far more youthful look even than the actual years would indicate. Eva Moore was her favorite niece, and many a leisure hour she passed with her loved Aunt Calla.

Mrs. Leighton's home was a little cottage on the outskirts of a New England village, nestling among trees and flowers. In summer the little nook was indeed beautiful, but in winter when the trees were bare and the flowers withered, the cottage was bleak and unattractive in appearance. Yet winter was when Eva loved best to visit Aunt Calla.

Let us enter and see if we can discern the charm, for naught of cheer can we behold outside on this dreary winter's day of which we write. We will step unbidden into the room where we saw Eva enter an hour ago. Ah! methinks this is enchantment. Surely, this beautiful room has naught to do with the homely exterior we were viewing but a moment ago.

Soft as velvet is the carpet beneath our feet. A bright fire is burning in an open grate before which the two are sitting absorbed in conversation.

Windows are at the south, the east and west, shaded with dark, rich curtains, over which beautiful lace ones are draped gracefully to the floor. At the south a bay-window is filled with some very choice plants and vines. The vines meet at the top and twine their clinging tendrils about each other, drooping carelessly to the blooming flowers beneath. A pair of bright-hued canaries are pouring fourth the notes of a glad song from their perches within a pretty cage.

The walls are covered with a rich paper, forming a background for some rare works of are—souvenirs, methings of some greater, grander times.

Scattered about the room are odd pieces of upholstery, easy chairs, cozy willow rockers, blue divans and a sofa that seems ever coazing you to its easy luxury.

The north wall is filled with shelves; and here is the secret of the room's great attraction. We find a collection of books, their value out of proportion with the surroundings outside. In the centre of the room stands a table covered with a heavy cloth. Here are late papers, books and magazines. A little niche by the east window contains a magnificent desk with all the necessary appointments for writing. Surely Aunt Calla has literary tastes.

In this cosy room Eva has been in the habit of spending many of her leisure hours since early remembrance, and here we find her now, a lovely girl of fifteen, sitting upon a divan at Aunt Calla's feet, and we are just in time to catch the sentence written at the beginning of our story: "Are you always happy, Aunt Calla?"

"Did you ever see me otherwise, Eva? and why do you ask?"

"Aunt Calla, I know you have children sleeping in the church-yard yonder, that the one you loved best on earth is lying there, too. My memory reaches back to a time of tears and sadness, and I have had hints of trials in your past life—trials so great that death is a small affliction in comparison. Yet, to me your face has ever worn the same peaceful expression, your eyes look into mine with the same quiet, loving look, speaking of perfect trust in all the ways God's providence has led you. I have never seen you otherwise. I ask you why, because I can but wonder if memory never stirs sad thought over the 'might have been?"

"Ah! Eva dear, your question has already stirred my heart to tears. You know not the effort one must make to forget the time when the sunshine seemed all blotted from my life—when every hope seemed dead, and every hour a weary groping from the tomb. I am living in a forgetfulness of self, and thus the past vanishes and the present is ever bright with the hopes I am weaving, with the golden threads of peace, into a robe of everlasting—the robe that I shall don some day when all that 'might have been' shall be restored to me tenfold.

"Yes, you have had hints of sorrows in my life other than death brings. You want to hear my story. I see it in your eager eyes. You shall hear it. I will once more let the clouds of the past drift across my memory, that you, my little Eva, may have a glimpse of the gloom through which Aunt Calla has walked to the calm heights of peacefulness—even unto the mountain top, from which, always, I behold these dark life clouds—clouds that from the heights on which I stand, I only see the side with the silver lining.

"You have heard of the brightness, the wealth and luxury of my early married life. You have been told of the mansion where life was one joyous whirl of gaiety; where every comfort that earth can give was mine, where the two that sleep out yonder were given me to keep, methought for all time; for life and fortune seemed so secure that naught could darken my happy day.

"But my feet were destined to tread the well-worn path of adversity, affliction, disappointment, and loss of dear friends by death, e'er the true meaning of life—the development of a soul for heaven—was understood. How I repined and would not be comforted when fortune took flight. To me it meant shame and disgrace, poverty and degredation.

"Your uncle tried to dispel the gloom by picturing the happy time when his strong determination and willing hands should restore to me the luxury of our former lives. Day and night he worked, while I grieved and fretted, making the lives of those about me unhappy, that should have been my privilege to brighten.

"The years flew by, and far from the scenes of that early life, again we found ourselves possessed of wealth. Then for a few years I regained my spirits and entered into that arena of life that belongs only to the frivolous butterfly of fashion.

"But the one who had gained all this luxury for me was broked in health, and worried in mind and body; but I saw it not. Wishing to see me happy and contented, he went on uncomplaining, becoming more and more engrossed in business cares, which were already weighing him down. My Carelessness blinded me to his true condition. Engrossed with the pleasant social life, and with pride in my beautiful children, Georgie and Bessie, I saw not the clouds gathering over my head. I was doomed to pass through a trial to which loss of property was as nothing.

"Bessie grew ill; all the skill that medical knowledge could give was at the bedside of my child, without avail. When they said she could not live, I sent up agonizing prayers to the Great Physician for aid. I besought and pleaded, aye commanded, that she should be left to my care. But prayers could not avail against the decree of the heavenly will. Bessie was gone—a mother's heart was broken. Beyond the gloom I would not see, and hence was comfortless.

"But my husband's condition soon aroused me from this overwhelming grief. Another was going down the dark valley or the shadow of death, and I was powerless to stay his feet. The death of our little Bessie had hastened my husband's decline; and now remorse and grief together seemed eating away my very heart. Why had I not seen sooner, and stopped him in his eager race for wealth? It was too late, for in a year he was laid beside little Bessie, and Georgie and I were left alone.

"How I loathed the luxury I saw at every hand. I shut my ears to every sympathetic word. My heart grew hard in my affliction and I cared for naught on earth. I neglected my boy—turned him over to the care of others and brooded alone.

"Six years of this miserable life passed. Georgie was sixteen, and I knew not whether my boy was good or bad. His wants were supplied lavishly, and his education attended to; but between him and myself there had sprung up no bond of sympathy during all these years. I had forgotten that my boy had a soul to cultivate. The thought did not come to me that I might lose all the love that he gave me before Bessie and her father died. This was the condition of things at the end of the unhappy six years.

"One afternoon Georgie did not return from school. Greatly alarmed, I sought him throughout the town. He had been seen last with a bad boy, Joe Hudson, getting aboard the evening train going toward the seaport a hundred miles away. That was all we could learn. In fact, that was all we could learned for two years. Money was used freely. I was completely aroused to my neg ect of duty, and resolved that if these chastisements were from the hand of God, henceforth my first thought would be: 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"At last I gave Georgie up for dead, and set about making up for my selfish, negligent life by doing whatever my hands found to do for the needy of this earth. Ever since my husband's death, my beautiful home, my jewels and fine dress were hateful to my sight. I saw in it all, the life it had worn away in the gaining. I wanted none of it. All should be used for the good of others, while I repented in sackcloth and ashes. Humble in look and apparel I went about my task of doing good.

"At last the wealth was gone, but not all in charity. Reverses came that swept away the most of my husband's hard-earned fortune. After that I could smile. My prayer was answered, and adversity was mine. Then it was that this peace settled down over my soul and left me as you see me to-day, serene and contented. Happiness was not for this life, my hopes were anchored in heaven—all but one—I believed my boy was dead, but of this I was not sure. I gladly left the beatiful home where everything I beheld but brought back some sad remembrance. The beautiful belongings of this home procured for me this little cottage. I thought at first to make it bare and comfortless—an exile and a punishment for my neglect of duty. But a little before my plans were all completed I had a vivid dream of my boy. He came home to me, and I held him for one brief moment in my arms. When I awoke, it was with a resolve to furnish one room for him. And here in 'Aunt Calla's Retreat,' my love for him found expression. This work of love had much to do with making me the contented woman you see me to-day. Sufficient had been left me for all my modest wants by a small venture of my husband that was not swallowed up with the bulk of his fortune. Thus, whatever I thought my boy would prize found a place here as you see.

"But about Georgie's return. You saw his grave out yonder with the others. I had been here only a few months, when word came that he was alive and well. He wrote me a letter, telling me he had heard through the papers of my loss, and would hasten home to me if I needed him or wished him to come. I cannot tell you of my great joy, nor the extent of my heart anguish when I read those words: 'If you want me to come.'

"Over the stormy billows, thousands of miles away, flew the loving words from a mother's heart, bidding him come and telling him how very much I wanted him. He had been in Australia more than a year, he said, and had earned enough to make a little start for me when he came.

"Georgie came home to me, but I could not keep him. He was taken sick aboard the ship, but the thought of home and mother kept him up; and when at last, in this room, I clasped him close to my arms. We carried him there to Georgie's couch where he lay for a week, hovering between life and death.

"He finally rallied, and for a year he was able to be up; but fever had broken his constitution; I knew too well the shadow had settled upon the last of my treasures, and he, too, would soon leave me. And yet, this was the happiest year of my life. We learned to understand each other, and little by little I drew from him his sorrow for my coldness to him; how he had felt that I loved only Bessie and father, how he had wished that he, too, might sleep beside them, for he had loved the lost ones and longed for their companionship. How, after a time, he fell in with bad boys, and although he never did anything vile and low, he grew rough, and was delighted with the stories Joe Hudson told him of adventures on board a ship; how they had at last run away, taking every precaution to conceal their flight.

"He had become disgusted with Joe and hired out to a firm where he was winning respect and business ability. He had not considered it very wrong to take the step he did, for the thought always came up: 'Mother does not love me; she cared only for father and Bessie; she would never miss me.' But when he heard of the great loss, and thought that mother might be in need, his great desire was to return and take his fathers's place and thus win her to thinking of him as her stay and comfort.

"These facts were gathered during little confidential talks all through the happy year of my boy's stay with me, and when at last I knew that I could not keep him, I gave him up without a murmur, feeling that his work on earth was done, and that little Bessie and papa would rejoice in welcome one more into their bright home above. For myself, I knew that my soul had grown out of earth's selfishness into the ways of peace; that my trust was in the promise of a union, in God's own time, with those who had gone before: that the 'might have been' would yet be lived in a home beyond the skies.".

Aunt Calla had been softly stroking the fair head while she talked. When she had finished, Eva bowed her face and sobbed aloud. Quietly raising the drooping head, Aunt Calla kissed her and bade her wipe away the tears, "for see, my child, I have passed once more through all the trials and under all the clouds of my sorrowful life, but am again on the side that has the silver lining; that side, dear Eva, is the side toward heaven, and I am content."

Looking up, Eva saw the peaceful, happy countenace of Aunt Calla, and throwing her arms about her neck, kissed the dear face and thanked her for the story, which she said would be a lesson for her through life.

Eva has gone, and Aunt Calla is left alone with her birds, her books and her writing, above all the pleasant memories of her bay all through that happy year when each had learned the other's heart, and still loving waited the call that would make the little band complete.

JAMES G. BLAINE DEAD.

The Struggle is Ended at Last.

WASHIOGTON, Jan. 27.—James G. Blaine died at 11 o'clock this morning. He passed a restless night and this morning was very weak. Shortly before 8 o'clock a change for the worse occurred, and both physicians were hastily summoned and remained at his bedside until he died.

His death was quiet and peaceful and he retained his consciousness until a few minutes before death.

His whole family, Miss Dodge and the trained nurses were at his bedside.

Dr. Hyatt said that Mr. Blaine's death was due to sheer exhaustion. He was unwilling to make any statement regarding the exact disease of Mr. Blaine until he had received the consent of the family.

The news of Mr. Blaine's death spread like wild-fire. Crowds gathered on the corners and visitors flocked to the house.

Dr. Hamlin, who passed the house at the time the announcement of death was made, at once entered and remained with the family some time.

Word was sent to the President immediately after his death. At 11:25 President Harrison, accompanied by Private Secretary Halford and Lieut. Parker, walked over to the Blaine mansion. The President showed marked signs of grief. Postmaster General Wanamaker followed the President.

The President had been warned of Mr. Blaine's approaching end, through press bulletins which informed him that Mr. Blaine could not live through the day. A few minutes later he received the announcement of his death. The cabinet was immediately notified. Secretary Foster, of the State department, was at home preparing to leave town when he was notified by telephone of the ex-Secretary's death. He postponed his trip and ordered the State Department to be closed.

The President issued a proclamation announcing the death of Mr. Blaine and directing that on the day of the funeral all the executive departments at Washington should be closed; that on all the public buildings throughout the United States the national flag be displayed at half mast, and for thirty days the Department of State be draped in mourning.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died on Monday. He was one of the South's greatest and purest men. Speculation is rife as to whether Harrison will fill the vacancy or leave it for Cleveland. If Harrison appoints, there may be doubt of confirmation. Since his death, there are only two Democrats on the Supreme court—Chief Justice Fuller, and Justice Field.—*N. Carolinian.*

The Split in the Alliance.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., January 22.—The next issue of the *National Economist* will contain a manifesto from a faction of the Farmers' Alliance appealing to members, in the order to repudiate the acts of the late Memphis convention, by forming a new organization on a strictly non-partisan basis. The manifesto is signed by J. F. Tillman, of Tennessee, who, along with his office, was "abolished," as far as the Alliance is concerned, at the Memphis convention. Mr, Tillman denounces the men who now control the Alliance, and reveiws the origin and growth of the order, pointing out its original purposes, which he declares were in accord with the principles of the Democratic party, and which he, as a lifelong Democrat, undertook to carry out and impress upon its members.

Referring to and defining the action of the late national campaign, in which he is charged with treason to the Alliance by sending out, under his official signature, numerous documents appealing to the Alliance to be true to the Democratic teachings upon which it was founded, he says: "I conceive it a duty devolving upon me, both as general manager and director of the lecture bureau of the Democratic party, to contribute to the success of a cause common to the interests of both. That the literature sent out under my signature aided the Democratic party and contributed alike to the defeat of the Republican and Third parties, I have no doubt, and freely admit—in fact, such were my desires, because the Third party in my State and other Southern States was allying with the Republicans in its efforts to defeat Democratic principles."

A call will be issued in a few days for a convention of the seceding faction, which will meet in Memphis or Atlanta some time during April.

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