

# The Lincoln Courier.

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUG. 4, 1893.

NO. 16,

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## 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,

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

**Dr. A. W. Alexander**

DENTIST.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

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Godley's Lady's Book.

## A Rose from the May-Queen's Crown.

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

"Oh dear! oh dear! What can it be he wants? If I can only tell! For he does want it so!"

Margery wrung her hands in her impotence. To think she could not help him—not help him, who had been so good, so good to her!

She fell down on her knees at the bedside. The old face upturned on the pillows could not turn to look at her thus. The restlessness grew in the haggard eyes, that seemed the only thing alive in the poor stricken body bound fast by paralysis.

"Dear Mr. Gregory, if you could only speak one word—could only tell me what to do for you!"

"One thing you must not do, Miss Margery," said Dick Stafford's voice from the other side of the bed, "you must not take your face out of his sight. I can see my uncle grows more troubled when he loses sight of you."

As she rose to her feet at his bidding, the young man looked full at her with that in his eyes, which showed a quite sufficient appreciation of the old man's whim.

But Margery was not heeding Dick. All her thoughts were bent on poor Mr. Gregory, lying there these three days, with that hunger in his look—motionless.

"No, not quite!" cried out Margery suddenly, replying to her own thoughts. "See, his poor fingers are moving, moving. Not his hand—only his fingertips. Oh, do you think life is coming back into them?"

Oh Dick, shan't we send and have the doctor here again at once?"

In her earnestness, she did not notice how she had called his name; but Dick glowed with what appeared to be an eager hope; and no doubt was so, though not what she thought.

"Look at him, Miss Margery. If eyes could speak, his seem to me to say he does not want the doctor; he does want you."

"The poor hand—the dear hand, that has always been doing deeds of kindness. Always, always!"

With a little articulate murmur of tenderness, such as one uses to a child, she put her hand on the now useless one.

More and more his fingers strove to stir under hers. What his lips could not, his eyes tried hard to tell her. So often did they glance from Margery to the small table at the bedside, that Margery touched one by one the things that stood upon it, hoping to come at his meaning.

Not the cooling drink; not the medicine phials—the bit of paper and pencil for jotting down the directions the doctor had given her? The paper, the pencil?

His look of relief was so instantaneous, that Margery caught it eagerly.

"Oh, do you think he could write what he wishes, if I could guide his hand?" she asked Dick, who brought her a book to put under the bit of paper on the bed.

Dick brought the book, indeed; but he looked more than doubtful, as once more she knelt down at the bedside, and put her soft hand over the restless withered one.

Yes, she was not mistaken. Slowly, and with difficulty, under her guidance a few straggling, hardly legible words were traced upon the paper:

"Watch-chain key desk will—"  
There the pencil fell from the relaxing fingers. For an instant those disconnected words seemed to stare blankly out of the paper with no meaning for the two young heads bent wistfully above them.

Dick tapped his forehead significantly, standing where the old eyes could not see him.

"He's wandering," the gesture said plainly enough to Margery.

But the girl shook her head. "Do you know where his watch and chain were put?" she asked quickly.

They were found presently, in the dressing case where they were laid

three days ago, when at the close of her May ball, Margery came up as May-queen in her white dress and rose crown, to say good-night to the invalid giver of the May ball, her father's old friend, and so-called guardian of the penniless orphan girl. She came up, to find him fallen in the doorway between his two rooms, half hidden by the portier; rigid and motionless in that death-like paralysis.

A small gold key on the watch-chain proved the key to the mysterious writing. It unlocked the desk on the writing table in view in the outer room; and as the lid flew up, there was disclosed a half unfolded paper: "Last Will and Testament—"

"That is what he wants," began Margery, eagerly; then stopped and drew her breath short and hard, as her eyes fell upon a line of figures in the body of the will.

\$100,000—  
"\$100,000 to my nephew Richard Stafford; the rest of my property real and personal, to be divided equally between my nephew Oliver Dean, and Margery—"

Margery read no more. With a hot blush for her inadvertence in reading anything at all, and a dim sense of wonder at the terms of the will—(for was not Oliver Dean considered old Mr. Gregory's favorite; and was not old Mr. Gregory's modest fortune generally estimated at somewhere about a hundred thousand?)—the girl lifted the paper from its place.

"It must be this, that your Uncle Gregory wants—" she was beginning.

The words stopped suddenly upon her lips. The color flew into her face that the next instant was strangely pale; for as she lifted the paper, her eyes fell upon something lying under it. A dead rose from the May Queen's crown! The May Queen herself, and Dick Stafford looking over her shoulder into the open desk, knew it at a glance. A whitish-brown, withered Cherokee rose with its glossy green leaves.

Dick Stafford had good reason to recognize it; since he had been at some pains to send for these same hedge row blossoms, from the girl's old home, for that occasion of the May party.

There it lay now, under the old man's will, in the locked desk, the key of which had never been out of the old man's possession until this moment, when he had signified his wish to have the will brought to his bedside.

The keen eyes of the old man were watching both the young people from his pillow. They were not conscious of his scrutiny; they were only conscious each of the tense look in the other's face.

Then slowly, still not lowering his eyes from Margery, Dick Stafford stretched out his hand for the dead rose and thrust into his breast pocket, Margery turned cold, shivering, as he did it. How fervently he did it; how guilty he looked, she said to herself with a sinking heart.

No one but Dick and she had had Cherokee roses; and what had Dick been doing at this desk?

That desk; or of which he had appeared so profoundly ignorant, when together they looked over poor Mr. Gregory's crawl.

Meanwhile, Dick was regarding her with a sort of wistful pity in his troubled eyes. Was the child mad that she had done this thing? Had women no sense of right and justice in their usefulness? Those two last ciphers of the 100,000 were squeezed together, if they had been inserted afterwards. Was the child mad—in her desire to help him, Dick Stafford, to more than a paltry \$1,000 left him in the will; had she not scrupled not only to defraud herself, but also Oliver Dean, who had always been considered the old man's favorite nephew? Had she tampered with the will, leaving her rose there unaware, a silent witness against her?

He thrust it out of sight; breathlessly, not knowing what was possible to do,—only not to betray this child, who could not have known what she was doing!

As for Margery, her brain was

feeling with the wild thoughts pressing on her.

Was Dick Stafford mad, that he had done this thing? Was it because 'had done this thing, that he would not understand the poor old man's writing just now? Surely, surely, he could not have added those two cramped wedged in ciphers, and so enriched himself! It seemed clearly impossible; and yet—

That word took Margery's breath away; with the swift memory of Dick's tirade against poor young men wooing rich girls, and her secret consciousness that if he had not been poor, and she with expectations of the old man who had been as a father to her, Dick would long ago have spoken. And the dainty, glossy leaves? Cherokee rose she had fastened in his buttonhole, the night of the ball—

Margery turned sharply away, as he thrust it in his breast. With fire in her eyes, but a deathly pallor in her face, she moved back to the bed, the will in her hand. She could not deny the command, the entreaty, in the old man's eyes. She had laid it, folded close, upon his hand. But he would have it unfolded; how could she deny him that, either? She opened it, and held it out to him, slowly, reluctantly; yet she would not meet his eyes as he read it; nor herself read in them the story of Dick Stafford's sin. She turned aside, and busied herself with arranging the phials on the stand beside the bed.

The click of the door presently started her into glancing over her shoulder at it. It was Dick leaving the room. As she turned back, the restless fingers were still moving, moving as though they vainly strove to reach the pencil. The restless eyes met hers again; not to be gained.

Dick had gone; no harm need be done she told her quailing heart. She flung herself down on her knees at the bedside; she put the pencil once more into the helpless fingers, guiding them. Ah, how she watched for the irregular, hardly legible words they formed with so much difficulty! Her breath came fast; there was a mist before her eyes.

"Pair young fools. Will all right. Oliver's rose."

Margery laid her hot cheek against the weary hand, from which she drew away the paper, and hurried to the bell, pulling it vehemently again and again.

As the door was opening:

"Send Mr. Dick here—at once, at once, do you hear?" she cried to the servant she supposed answering her summons.

But this was Dick himself; who came hastily forward and took her in his arms, seeing her changing color.

She broke into a tearful laugh.

"Pair of young fools—" she cried: "Pair of young fools!"—and thrust the penciled paper on him.

"Pair of young fools!" This May day a year later, the words were spoken again; this time by old Mr. Gregory himself.

For after all, he recovered sufficiently to explain how he had the knowledge of Oliver Dean which caused him to alter his will by the addition of two ciphers to convey the bulk of his fortune to Dick Stafford; who, he knew, would be sure to marry Margery. It was the shock of that discovery of Oliver's unworthiness, which was the cause of the paralytic seizure a moment after altering the will; and the old man fallen in the doorway between his two rooms—speechless—had seen Oliver enter, go the open desk, the rose stolen from Margery, to provoke Dick's jealous anger, dropping into the desk from his lapel as he lifted the will from its place. Then something had drawn the young man's eyes to the prostrate figure staring at him; he had flung back the will, letting the spring-lock slam to; and fled.

"The will might bide its time," said Mr. Gregory; meanwhile, he would give his blessing to his pair of fools upon this their wedding day.

## A BRIEF SKETCH OF HON. KOPE ELIAS.

A Busy, Bright, Useful and Successful Life.

Shelby Review.

The most important office from a political standpoint, in the State is that of Collector of Internal Revenue. There are two districts in the State each carrying a salary of \$4,800 per annum and accompanied by a vast amount of patronage giving great political power. Only one of these districts has yet had a Democrat placed in charge—the 5th or Western—and in appointing Hon. Kope Elias, of Macon county, collector of this district the President has proven himself true to his friends and a wise executive.

Mr. Elias has for years been one of the most prominent and popular Democrats in the State, but since he has taken charge of the 5th District, his popularity in Western North Carolina at least, has increased vastly. The following brief sketch of his life will doubtless be read with interest.

Kope Elias was born at Columbia, S. C., July 9th 1849. When he was ten years of age his parents moved to North Carolina. For the next five years he attended the academic school at Lenoir, Caldwell county, Rutherford College and Marion. At the close of the War he went to New York and attended school. At 18 years of age he returned to North Carolina and began the study of Law under chief justice Pearson of the Supreme Court and at 21 began the practice of law in Cherokee county. The next year he was appointed solicitor of his district for one circuit and filled the office with such distinguished ability that his success in his chosen profession was assured. In 1872 he was made a sub-elect for seven counties in the 9th Congressional District on the Greely ticket and made a magnificent canvass.

He moved from Cherokee county to Macon county in 1872 and located permanently at Franklin, where in 1876 he was married to one of the State's most beautiful and intelligent women, Miss Dimoxena Siler, daughter of the lamented Capt. Julius Siler, and niece to the late Governor Swain.

Mr. Elias has been active in every campaign and we are safe in saying that no man of his age has ever done more effective, or vigorous work than he. He has been chairman of the Democratic executive committee of Macon county for 20 years and a member for many years of the Judicial, Congressional and State executive committees.

In 1887 he was elected to the State Senate representing the counties of Jackson, Macon, Swain, Graham, and Cherokee, and Clay. During the session he served on the most important committees. He was chairman of the joint committee of the Senate and House on the appointment of justices of the peace. The Republicans and Independents had a majority on joint ballot of 3, yet through the able management of Mr. Elias, the Democrats elected 2,700 magistrates by a majority of 18—a most brilliant and important triumph for Democracy. He was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in the General Assembly, and was popular with both parties, being at the close of the session, presented with a gold-headed cane by both Houses.

Mr. Elias is one of the few original Cleveland men, and was outspoken in his advocacy of his nomination. He was a delegate to the National Democratic convention in 1884, and did good work for Mr. Cleveland. In 1888 he did not attend the National convention because it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Cleveland would be re-nominated.

Notwithstanding Mr. Cleveland's defeat, Mr. Elias was always his champion and defender and constantly declared his faith in him. In 1892 he was elected a delegate to the national convention in the face of the opposition of the anti-Cleveland politicians. He at once waded into the midst of the fight and made a series of brilliant and

able speeches in Mr. Cleveland's behalf in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois.

When the clans began to gather at Chicago, Mr. Elias was early on the ground and was made one of the Cleveland caucus managers. On Monday before Mr. Cleveland was nominated on Thursday, he telegraphed to friends in this State, that Mr. Cleveland would be nominated on the first ballot and that he would be elected president by the largest popular vote ever given to a candidate. After the nomination Mr. Elias was appointed on the committee to officially notify Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson of their nominations.

When in Washington and New York shortly after the convention, Mr. Elias was interviewed by the leading papers of the country and declared that notwithstanding many leading Democrats of the State declared that Mr. Cleveland could not carry North Carolina, he would carry it by 25,000 majority and lead the ticket by 3,000 votes, (and he did lead it by 2,998 votes.)

Mr. Elias took the stump in Western North Carolina and made a campaign which competent judges say has never been equaled in the history of the State, superior even to the great campaigns of Ransom and Vance. He created great enthusiasm.

In 1890 Mr. Elias was the people's choice for Congress in the 9th District, and led the balloting in the convention. There was a deadlock, and although he was in the lead, in a speech that added largely to his established reputation as an orator and created immense enthusiasm, he patriotically withdrew from the race.

When he located in Cherokee county in 1870 and began the practice of law, Mr. Elias' worldly possessions consisted of a dollar. But he had brain and energy and soon made his way to the front rank and in a few years won the leading and controlling practice in the 12th Judicial District and has accumulated a fortune of \$100,000.

Mr. Elias is a warm-hearted, genial gentleman, and wins friends wherever he goes. He has no superior in the State as a political manager, and as a campaigner he has but few equals.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Cleveland should be his warm personal friend in view of his devotion to and his services for Mr. Cleveland, and, with his knowledge of men, it is not surprising that Mr. Cleveland should have selected him for the important office of collector.

Mr. Elias has very clearly defined his plans. He intends by judicious appointments to elevate a service which in the unwise, and often incapable, hands of Republicans has become odious to the people and fruitful of oppression and scandal. That, under Mr. Elias wise and conservative administration, the service will, as we stated some time ago, be elevated, purified and dignified, is assured. He has shown excellent judgment and an intimate knowledge of his district, the requirements of the service and the character of the applicants, in the appointments he has already made. Patterning after Mr. Cleveland, whom he justly regards as the greatest statesman of the age, Mr. Elias has gone about the work of changing his subordinates slowly and with deliberation. He has also adopted an "ex-rule," but the rule is not flexible.

Mr. Elias is peculiarly blessed in his home life. His residence in the town of Franklin, a beautiful modern structure, is situated in a grove of magnificent oaks upon an eminence overlooking the beautiful Valley of the Little Tennessee and surrounded by the grand mountains of the Blue Ridge. Here it is that the accomplished and lovely women whose companionship has been a benediction to his life and an inspiration to his labors, presides with gracious dignity and kindly hospitality. They have five children—four handsome sons and a lovely daughter—and every one of them shows the inheritance from their parents of high order. Few chil-

have been so carefully trained, and educated.

Mr. Elias will do a great work or the public service and his party—work that will last and bear fruit for many years.

**Something That Pays.**  
It pays for a mother to take time enough to dress as well as she can, in order to be "pretty" for her children.

The man or woman grown looks back and remembers some dainty gown, or a rose, perhaps, tucked in a bit of lace at the neck, or the scent of violets about her belongings, which makes the memory of the mother seem almost divine.

What boy does not feel proud of his mother when the other boys praise her? Mother is mother the world over, but the ideal is different for a boy whose mother has pretty graceful ways, who knows how to look dainty, and can make his home attractive for his friends.

In a certain family where the mother was an invalid the daughters spent a certain amount of time in doing up pretty white wrappers and caps for her to wear; and during the ten years that she was an invalid she never wore anything but white.

"It is so becoming to mother," they used to say. "She always looked so pretty in white dresses when she was well that it is a pleasure for us to see her wear them now." And until she died the same loving care for her appearance was shown by all her family.—Selected.

**Charcoal For Fowls.**  
We have found charcoal a very excellent thing to furnish our poultry with. It may be given in a powdered state, mixed with the soft meal feed, and a little pulverized sulphur at the same time may be added to advantage. But the very best way to supply this is to burn an ear of corn (upon the cob), charring it to blackness and throw it before them. They will devour every kernel, and so supply themselves with a grateful and hearty substance that sweetens the crop, and serve as an admirable tonic to the stomach.

At this season of the year the above recommendation will be found a valuable hint to poultrymen. Hens about ready to lay will devour this prepared charcoal eagerly and the increased redness of their combs afterward evince the efficacy of this allowance. For a month or six weeks in the early breeding season nothing is better than this for laying hens given them daily.—Poultry World.

**Raise Your Hogs.**  
The Atlanta Constitution gives good advice as to raising hogs. The South must return to its old ways—to raising its hog and hominy in great abundance. The Southern stomach must not be cheated. More of bacon and green if you please, and not New England beans, is what the Southern appetites crave. The South "will get left" if it does not work on these lines. Corn cribs and hog pens in the West for the South will not begin to do. Raise your own hogs. The Constitution says:

"The Southern farmers who have been holding their hogs until they are two years old have been losing money on them. In the West hogs are slaughtered when they are nine months old, and there is really no reason why they should be allowed to consume food and be a dead expense for a year or so longer.

"Long before the war and during that period the South raised all the pork that she needed and she can do it again, and have a surplus for the market."

We are glad to believe that there is improvement in North Carolina in the hog raising business. There are few things on the globe more toothsome than the best North Carolina hams cured after the good old way. It is enough to satisfy all the demands of a fastidious taste quickened by abstinence. The South simply cannot afford to be dependent. Get out of the old bad ruts—Wilmington Messenger.