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# The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VII.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1893.

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### New York Letter. "COUSIN FRED."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a stormy twilight in February, the air full of the dreary atmosphere of a newly fallen snow, the huge pine-trees of the northern woods writhing themselves about like giants in extremis, and the Maryville stage had just come in with two passengers.

Ladies, both of them; one, apparently thirty years old, the other, scarcely seventeen; and as they sat there warming themselves by the hotel fire, the landlord touched his wife's shoulder, and whispered to her: "Farmers!"

For there was something in the cut of their curious fur-lined dresses, the shape of their best grape hats, the very way in which they unconsciously carried themselves, which was as foreign as the *Marsellaise* itself, although there was no accent in their voices as they questioned whether any conveyance from Barnet Hill had been sent to meet them. And the landlord was right; for Genevieve and Geneva Ballage were the daughters of American parentage, born in sunny France. Orphaned and alone, they were coming to America to claim the protection of a relative of their mothers, "Cousin Fred," as they had been taught to call him.

"Do you suppose he will be good to us?" Genevieve, the dimpled seventeen-year-old, asked as she sat with her cheek against Genevieve's shoulder.

"I hope so, darling," said the elder sister. "No one but a brute could be unkind to you."

For little golden-haired, rose-lipped Geneva was one of those human sunbeams who take every heart by storm, and in her deep mourning, she looked even sweeter and more attractive than her ordinary wont. And dark-eyed Genevieve, thirteen years older than her sister had long ago unselfishly put aside her own personality and identified herself entirely with the household pet and beauty.

"I wonder if he is a cross old crab," pondered Geneva, as she drank the tea brought to her by the landlady, and basked in the welcome warmth of the blazing logs, "or a whimsical 'old bachelor, full of caprices. Oh, Genevieve! Don't you dread to meet him?"

Genevieve smiled. "Little one," said she, "don't fret. Whatever happens, we shall be together, and—"

But, just then, the landlord came bustling in.

"The double sleigh from Barnet Hill, ladies," he said, rubbing his hands. "And Mr. Barnet himself has come."

Close on the landlord's words came Mr. Barnet, of Barnet Hill, a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with bright brown hair clustering over a noble forehead, keen, black eyes and features clear and perfect as those of the *Apollon Belvidere*.

"Are these my cousins?" he said, pleasantly. "You are welcome to Barnet, Genevieve and Geneva."

Instinctively, little Geneva put her hand to her disheveled curls. Had she expected to see any one but a wrinkled, old sexagenarian, she would have taken more pains with her toilet. But Genevieve rose and smilingly put her hand into the extended palm of her cousin.

It was a long, snowy drive to Barnet Hill, Geneva declared, joyously, that it was worth it all, when they were ushered into the great, old-fashioned drawing-room with its blazing canal-coal fire, its yellow-satin curtains and the moss-carpet on which the foot-fall made no sound.

"Do you know," said Cousin Fred, laughing, "that I was expecting to see two school-girls in short frocks and thick boots?"

"And do you know," retorted Geneva, "that our minds were fully prepared to behold a rheumatic old gentleman with a crutch?"

inevitable "little blond like a mouse's hand" arose on their atmosphere.

"Genevieve," said Mr. Barnet rather gravely, one day, "I wish you would warn my dear little Gypsy against that Captain Allaire. He's a pleasant, amusing fellow, I know; but he's scarcely the person I should select for any girl's husband."

"Yes, Cousin Fred, I will speak to her," said Genevieve, sighing softly, as she wondered what spell Geneva possessed to win all hearts to herself, from the stately Cousin Fred to the handsome, dashing young captain of artillery.

"But have you reasoned with her on the subject?" "Half a dozen times," said Barnet. "But she only laughs at me."

Genevieve was silent. She wondered if popular rumor was correct, and Frederic Barnet really *did* love little Geneva so hopelessly, so dearly.

Genevieve came home late that evening in the rosy sunset, with scarlet wild-flowers in her hair.

"I have been to the village," she said, "with Captain Allaire."

"Oh, Geneva?" pleaded the elder sister. "When Fred thinks—"

"I don't care what Fred thinks," interrupted the beauty, with a toss of her head. "Listen, Genevieve, I have a secret to tell you: I was married to Captain Allaire this afternoon."

"Married?" echoed Genevieve. "Oh, Geneva!"

"Look at my wedding-ring," said the wild little gypsy, holding up her pretty, taper finger. "Yes, married—really and actually married! I am Mrs. Allaire now," with an amusing assumption of matronly dignity.

"But Cousin Fred—"

"Cousin Fred may help himself if he can," said Geneva audaciously. "Perhaps you don't know, Jenny, that Cousin Fred himself means to be married very soon."

Genevieve turned pale. "Genevieve!" she cried. "You can't mean that!"

"Poor little Genevieve!" consoled Geneva. "But you will lose your home. You must come and live with me and Charley."

"I could not do that," said Genevieve, giddy and confused with the unexpected succession of startling news. "I must look out for a situation in some school or as companion or nursery governess! But oh, Geneva, are you quite sure about Fred?"

"I heard the old housekeeper talking to the coachman, when I was waiting, down behind the shrubbery, for Captain Allaire to come," said Geneva, with a nod of her pretty head. "She said he had told her himself and had instructed her what rooms to prepare and what alterations to make in the household arrangements, for his coming marriage."

she could never remain at the Hill when beautiful Mrs. St. Dean or Alicia Hilyard should either of them be the mistress there.

"It would kill me," she thought, clasping her hands. "Yes, it would kill me!"

Mr. Barnet had turned kindly to her, and led her to a seat beside the window.

"You are pale, Genevieve," he said. "Your hands are as cold as ice. Surely, you do not take this mad freak of little Gypsy's so bitterly to heart? Never fear for her; she's a butterfly who will slip honey from all life's garden ground. Her nature is light and frothy; far different, Genevieve, from yours. Sit down, little cousin; I have much to say to you."

"Now," thought poor Genevieve, with her color blushing from scarlet to white—"now it is coming. I shall be politely dismissed from the only home I have!"

And a sensation of indescribable loneliness passed through her heart as she pictured Geneva radiantly happy with her captain of artillery, Cousin Fred secure in the love of some stately and beautiful woman, herself only left out in the cold of life's dreariest vale, an unloved and solitary old maid. But she spoke nothing of all these sickening fears; only looked at him, with wistful dark eyes, in silence.

"Genevieve," said he, "do you think it would be a wild and foolish dream for me to think of marriage?"

"You? Oh, no," she answered, trying to smile.

"But I am three and thirty." "You are only in the prime and fullness of life," she responded. "For a man with women," sighing softly, "everything is so different. But, Cousin Fred, if you really intend marrying—"

"I really do," he said smiling gravely.

"Then I shall be no longer in your way," she said valiantly. "I will leave Barnet Hill at once."

"But that's just what I don't want you to do, Genevieve," with her hand still closely held in his. "Dear, solemn little woman, is it possible that you don't comprehend what I mean?"

"You think," with a startled look, "that I can be useful about the house?"

"Must I say in so many words, Genevieve?" he asked. "Shall I go down on my knees, like the heroes of romance, and say: 'Sweetheart, will you be my wife?'"

Genevieve started to her feet in a panic.

"I really mean—you," he said, resolutely, holding her fast, when she would have flown from him. "Little girl, then you never have suspected how dearly I love you!"

And Genevieve, clasping both hands over her eyes, could scarcely persuade herself that all this was not a dream, a beautiful, blissful yet baseless dream. Mrs. St. Dean was no longer a rival! She had nothing to fear from Alicia Hilyard! Cousin Fred loved her, and her alone! Cousin Fred had *always* loved her!

### New York Ledger. The Coming Woman.

BY R. S. STOWELL.

A good deal of comment has of late been indulged in about the various occupations of women and their fads, follies and amusements. Somebody is sure to be shocked whatever a woman may do. If she remains quietly at home, avoids general society and busies herself with her own affairs, she is mysterious, and somebody's eyebrows are raised whenever she is spoken of.

If she goes out frequently, no matter what her errand may be, she is a gadabout. If she sits quietly in her place at a reception or party, she is stupid. If she is lively and vivacious, she is a flirt or is trying to attract attention, even if nothing worse is said about her.

If she is fond of horses, a certain portion of the community is horrified. If she goes to races, it is simply shocking, no matter if the taste may have been inherited from the father, or that she may have been taken about in his arms to see the best races and finest blooded nags of his day.

It would be somewhat interesting to the inquiring and unprejudiced mind to be informed just what a woman should do. We hear no end of talk about what she should not be and do; but the ideal woman does not seem to be described in any of the current literature.

There is a great deal of vague talk about the domestic woman and the home woman, the woman whose entire existence is comprehended in the meet-you-as-husband-with-a-smile platitudes, that is so old that it deserves to be superannuated; but she who narrows her life down to a perpetual smile, while she is all right enough in theory, for some reason or other, in practice she doesn't pan out at all.

A great deal is expected of the nineteenth-century woman, and a great deal more will be expected of her in the next decade. It would be worth while for these croakers and would-be philosophers and critics and fault-finders and the whole tribe of malcontents generally to turn their attention to the question: Where will she find a man worthy to be her consort? If, as all of these platitudes inform us, the chief end and aim of woman is to adorn a home, it is a matter of primary interest who is going to provide the home, and, of course, as the first count in this indictment, what sort of a provider it is that is to be the mainspring of all of this sweetness and light.

Some of these days, when we have grown a great deal wiser and more comprehensive and clear-sighted than we are now, we will find out that there is no sex in occupation; that if a woman can run a farm, manage a mind, successfully conduct the affairs of a counting-room or plan a house, that is just the proper thing for her to do.

The old cry that the children will be neglected usually comes from dyspeptic croakers or from men who are willing to sit idly about the domestic hearth-stone while their wives earn money that provides them with the necessities and many times with luxuries of life. It is said that there are in the State of New York alone over twenty thousand women who support their husbands.

Many a young woman has chosen a career and an independence of her own, because of what she has learned of the habits of her father and brothers as well as other men of her acquaintance. Not long since, one of the most intelligent young women of the age remarked to her friend: "I suppose it is very unkind and unflattering to me to say it, but if all of the women when they marry have to put up with what mamma and my married sister do, the best thing for me is to be able to take care of myself and stay single."

And many other young women looking about the world are fully justified in taking the same ground; therefore it is that women everywhere are making themselves inde-

pendent and are learning to meet emergencies if they arise. The brilliant and petted graduate is becoming wiser than her generation; for she knows that she is no more likely to find a pathway of roses than her associates; and when she sees half a dozen of her two-year-old classmates living in silent if not outspoken wretchedness, she thinks that it behooves her to do something to so fortify herself that when the time of trouble comes she will have the means of support and the ability to keep herself and her children from want if necessary.

### The New Tariff Bill.

The Ways and Means Tariff bill, which will probably be known as the Wilson bill, is a satisfactory response to the demands of the country for a reduction of the heavy tax imposed by the McKinley act. It follows with remarkable strictness the traditions of the party, and when passed will be a full redemption of the pledges made in the Chicago platform, and so distinctly accepted by the people of the United States last November.

In its economic principle it is strictly logical and according to the tariff-for-revenue idea. It begins with free raw material and laps off almost every specific duty without any favoritism whatever. The ad valorem duty is preferred to the specific duty and marked reductions are made in the entire general list. These will be, under the proposed law, at about two-thirds of the present tariff. Throughout the whole bill is so framed as to repudiate, entirely, the idea of protection. Of course this is unpopular with large manufacturers and trusts that have been filling their coffers by means of the tax thus levied. Already they are beginning to kick and are trying to get an extension of their lease of legalized robbery. This however, will not deter the Democratic party in the performance of its duty and the redemption of its pledges, just as the threats of inconsistency have not deterred Mr. Wilson from putting coal and iron ore on the free list.

Sugar is also to be kept on the free list, while the bounty is to be withdrawn gradually and the duty on refined sugar is to be reduced. It was found to be directly hostile to American institutions to take the bounty away at once, consequently the plan of gradual withdrawal was adopted. The reduction of the rate on refined sugar is a blow at the sugar trust, and its stock went down as soon as the bill was made public. The same is true of the stock of the cordage, coal, iron and other trusts which have been built up and fostered on the tariff and other kindred Republican legislation. Indeed this is a feature of the measure that will go far toward recommending it, that it aims a blow at these most avaricious organizations which have cursed our country and oppressed our people in this decade.

The bill, on the whole, is an excellent one, and shows that it has been prepared with a great deal of care and conscientiousness. The committee has had it under consideration for the past two months and deserve high credit for their very industrious and intelligent work. We hope that within the next two months it will become a law. And when it passes and our people are relieved from the burdensome tariff rates they are now paying, we confidently expect a new and brighter era to dawn for American commerce, agriculture and manufactures.—North Carolinian.

### To Make Home Out of a Household.

Cultivate conversation. It stands among the richest of home talents, and is one of the requisites of social popularity. To descend to vulgar expressions, the man who cannot talk is "out of it," while the fellow who has something to say, no matter what its intellectual value, is decidedly "in it." Not that superficial chatter about airy nothings is to be encouraged. Quite the contrary, but the fact is quoted merely

to impress upon the mind that the man who has something to say is the man who controls attention and possesses influence.

Do not feel that because your ideas are ordinary and your language plain and ungraceful that it is your best course to keep silence. No man or woman can become a good conversationalist without first passing through a course of training. That training is found in improving the small opportunities, in rubbing boldly into the areas of opinion and discussion, even though you know you will be disarmed and that defeat is inevitable. Hold fast to your courage. If your opinions are honest and your arguments genuine you will be listened to with respectful interest. A few setbacks must not dishearten you; they should stimulate you to renewed efforts. A strong opponent, steadfastly met, will harden your mental muscles and give you confidence. Keep up the fight and you will soon find yourself a leader in thought and influence.

The place to begin the cultivation of one's talking powers is at home. Do not sit at the table like a specter in self-satisfied gloom, or in grim silence bug yourself in the quiet corner of the library fire. Shake off your selfish reserve and let your conversation enrich the lives of those who are unfortunate enough to have to live with you. Has there not been some event of the day that would interest your family, or some idea that the others would enjoy? If not for heaven's sake say something commonplace, if that is the best you can do. After that better deals will come to you, or you will find that some one else has a thought worth listening to.

When the ball is once started it will roll of itself. You will be surprised to find out how much is owed away in the heads of your son and daughter, or, if you are an older brother, you will be forced to confess that, as far as brains are concerned, the little fellows no longer merit your lofty disdain. When the bonds of family sympathy and equality are once established, when each learns to be at once a generous talker and an unselfish listener, then will the family be the fountain of greatest pleasure and deepest interest, while at the same time it furnishes that training which qualifies the man to strike out into a broader world and to push his way to the fulfillment of his life's ambitions.—Boston Budget.

### How Patrick Henry Became a Lawyer.

During the year of seeming idleness, young Henry conceived the idea of becoming a lawyer. Working in the soil would not give a livelihood; drawing money by measuring tape had produced the same barren result. But words were failed him. He could move or melt any audience before whom he might stand. Therefore, he determined to earn his living by his tongue.

The wonderful mental capacity of this broken-down farmer and merchant may be understood when we learn that after a very few weeks of reading and study, he presented himself at Williamsburg before the examiners, and was admitted to the bar! Not, however, without much urging and entreaty, for the examiners soon discovered the paucity of his knowledge of the statutes. In spite of his ignorance of the forms and technicalities, young Henry pleaded his own case so well that he received his license, not at all because of his legal proficiency, but solely because of his ingenuity and the promise he gave of future usefulness. One of the examiners, Mr. John Randolph, was much shocked by the quality of the knowledge of the man that he had refused to examine him. But he shortly discovered that the candidate was a diamond in the rough, and after rejecting him to a most severe series of subtle and intricate queries, he was forced to remark, "Mr. Henry if your industry be only half your genius, I assure that you will do well and become an ornament and an honor to your profession." Prophetic words!—Bliss & Gray.

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