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Selected Poetry.

ABOUT PRINTERS.

I wish I was a printer,
I really do, indeed,
It seems to me the printers
Get everything they need—
(Except money.)
They get the largest and the best
Of every thing that grows,
Get free into the circus—
And other kind of shows—
(By giving an equivalent.)
The biggest bug will speak to them
No matter how they dress;
A shabby coat is nothing
If they own a printing press—
(Policy.)
A ladies' fair they're almost hugged
By pretty girls you know,
That will crack everything
(Bully.)
And thus they get a blow free
At every party feed;
And the reason is because they write
And other people read—
(That's what's the matter.)

Selected Story.

From the Philadelphia To-Day.

BISHOP POTTS.

BY MAX ADELER.

Bishop Potts, of Salt Lake City, was the husband of three wives, and the happy father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the Bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys with which to gratify and amuse them. The good Bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one, and kissed each of her affectionately and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, when he came back with fifteen beautiful mouth organs in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home on Christmas morning when the whole fifteen of those mouth organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room, apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Theodore, we are so glad you have come back! Welcome home! Welcome, dear, dear Theodore! Welcome once more to the bosom of your family!" and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt front and muzzed him. The Bishop seemed surprised and embarrassed. Struggling to disengage himself he blushed and said:

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that; but there must be some kind of a—that is, an awkward sort of—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be about the—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it, dearest," they exclaimed in chorus, "and we are so glad to see you safe, safe at home. We have all been right well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the Bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with blessed serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really I do not understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your lives are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous!"

"Oh, but we didn't!" they exclaimed in chorus. "We came here to welcome you because you are our husband."

"Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you have mistaken your man!"

"Oh, no, dearest," they shouted, "we were married to you while you were away."

"What!" exclaimed the Bishop. "you don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Potts, died on Monday, and you were married to me on Tuesday."

Thursday Brigham had a vision in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony on Thursday by proxy.

"Th-th-th-under," observed the Bishop, in a general sort of way.

"And, darling, we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale; "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children too?"

"Yes, love; but only one, hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplets."

"Wh-wh-what d' you say?" gasped the Bishop, in a cold perspiration. "One hundred and twenty-five. One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful!" and the Bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semi-circle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she, in her trepidation, made a futile effort to fan him with the coal scuttle.

But after awhile the Bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that protests would be unavailing; so he walked home, holding as many of the little hands of the bride as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare off small boys.

When the Bishop reached the house, he went round among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the two second-story rooms, and attempted with such earnestness to become acquainted with new sons and daughters, that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five and the twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus. Then the Bishop went out and sat on the porch and smoked a pipe, and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around in twenty-three different places and soothed the children. It occurred to the Bishop while he mused, out there on the fence, that he had not enough mouth organs to go around among the children as the family now stood; and so, rather than seem to be partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the Bishop repacked his carpet-bag and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved her handkerchiefs at him—all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a state of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the streets.

The Bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four mouth organs, when a telegram was handed him. It contained information to the effect that the Auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the Bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing the additional organ.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house, a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran toward him, shouting, "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you! Hurrah for pa!" etc., etc.

The Bishop looked at the children and they looked at him, and then he turned to his left and coat, and was neither his nor the late Brown's. He said: "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father," and the Bishop smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes you are, though!" screamed the little ones in chorus.

"But I say I'm not," said the Bishop severely, and frowning; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous of you to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—"we know it is; and so is ours: that is our name too, since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the Bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little brothers and sisters."

The Bishop sat down on the pavement and wiped away a tear. Then he asked:

"Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd; "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mothers are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, and we are awful glad you have come home."

The Bishop did not seem unusually glad; somehow he failed to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be, in a certain sense, too much sameness about these surprises, so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally, seeing there was no help for it, he went to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed upon him, and told him how the prophet had had another vision in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts.

Then the Bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing desk, where he felt among the gum rattles for his letter-paper, and then addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a founding hospital," he said. Then the Bishop saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children and not the late Simpson's, the bride (relict of Simpson) would probably show down on him, fumble among his hair and make things warm for him. So repacking his carpet-bag, he started again for San Francisco for forty-four more mouth-organs, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman who was up stairs, and who had to be satisfied with a screeching good-bye at the top of her voice.

On his way home after his last visit to San Francisco, the Bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger

was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the Bishop:

"That was a mighty pretty little affair up there at the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow, you know, married by proxy."

"You don't say," replied the Bishop. "I did not know that McGrath was dead."

"Yes; died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the Bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop, what Bishop?"

"Well, you see there were fifteen of Mrs. McGrath and eighty-two children, and they showed the whole lot off on old Day. Perhaps you don't know him?"

The Bishop gave a wild, unearthly shriek, and went into a hysterical fit, and writhed upon the floor as if he had hydrophobia. When he recovered he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco.

He afterward took the first steamer to Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the month-organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than an hour the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking the paint off them.

A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason, and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by cyphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.

Miscellaneous Reading.

In a Sugar Refinery.

Last year the 548,769 tons of sugar shipped to the United States came in hogheads weighing 1,600 pounds, boxes weighing 450 and bags weighing 150 pounds. A large part of it came in a black, dirty, "raw" state. Raw sugar is worth about 8 cents and centrifugal 9 cents per pound. Cuba sugar is the best sugar, but it all has to be cleaned before it is fit to use, and then the raw sugar wholesalers for about 3 cents per pound more. From dirty 8-cent sugar they make white lump sugar worth 11 1/2, light yellow worth 10 1/2, dark yellow worth 9 1/2, and syrup worth 4.

Refining sugar is not the neatest business to be found. First, the sugar in filthy black bags, hogheads covered with mud, and boxes smeared over with bilge water and filth, is landed at the docks, where you see those immense sugar-houses. Then stovedores carry it back to a big copper vat filled with hot water, break open the boxes, cut open the bags, and knock in the heads of the hogheads, and let it all—dirt, mud, sticks, shoes, old hats, pipes, bones, undissolved newspapers, and sleeveless shirts—yes, let it all slide into the vat together.

They place the filthy old hogheads, soiled bags, and dirty boxes into a steam vat, steam and wash off the dirt and sugar, and then put that in too. Then a greasy old man stirs it up, occasionally expectorating tobacco-juice here and there, and scraping his filthy mud into the future frosting of our wedding-cake.

In five hours they draw from this witches' chowder syrup as pure and as colorless and odorless as ice-water, and as clean, too. All dirt, salts, smell, and every material obstacle or gaseous odor or oxide is separated, and transparent liquid sugar runs out as water trickles from a crystal spring.

First, the dirty liquid is pumped into one thousand-gallon cauldrons, with a steam pipe in the bottom. Then blue litmus (paper soaked in blue cabbage juice) is dipped into it to see if it is sour. If it is sour, the blue paper is changed to red. Then, they throw in a pail of lime. This kills

the acid, and the yellow sugar comes manure out of the sugar every day. The syrup is strained through bags—long cloth bags having four or five thicknesses of cloth in them. They catch all the heavy dirt, little stones, sand, &c., and the syrup leaves them transparent, only slightly tinged with yellow. These bags take out about four per cent of dirt—real black, muddy dirt—the same as you see in the streets. The syrup is now ninety-three per cent, pure sugar, whereas it was but eighty per cent five hours ago. There remains seven per cent of coloring, foreign salts, and gasses yet to be removed.

This is done by filtering the yellow syrup through bone black or animal charcoal (bones burnt black and ground up.) Large iron tanks, looking like upright steam boilers, are filled with bone black, and the syrup is poured through it. The bone black catches all the coloring, foreign salts, and gasses. "It is perfectly pure now?" I asked the chemist.

"Yes, sir, as near as possible. It is 99 1/2 per cent, pure sugar. You might pour five gallons of kerosene and a small-pox patient cut into sausage-meat into that first tank, and I tell you, Perkins, that I wouldn't have the slightest objection to drinking the syrup five hours afterwards. It's perfectly clean and pure."

How is this white, transparent syrup made into sugar?

This is simply done by taking the water out of it. This is accomplished by boiling it in a vacuum. It would boil like water in the open air and volatilize at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but remove the air pressure and it will boil at 150, Fahrenheit; 150 degrees never burns it, and the sugar is white. After boiling the syrup down to a thick paste, it is drawn off in pots shaped like the old-fashioned sugar-loaf. These pots hold five gallons, and are open at the large end. The small end has a hole in it, through which the water runs out, leaving the sugar to crystallize in a hard white cake, such as used to be sold in the market. But nowadays the pure white sugar-loaves are sawed up into regular-shaped cubic pieces of sugar. The soiled sugar-loaves, or those with yellow streaks in them, are crushed into lumps, and the sawdust and leavings are made into granulated and powdered sugar.

Where does the yellow sugar come from?

The syrup which runs out when the white sugar is crystallizing—the residue treated in the same manner as the original Cuban sugar, when an inferior sugar and an inferior syrup results. The syrup grows more impure each time, until finally it cannot be crystallized. It is sour and salty. This impure or brown sugar is shoveled into a centrifugal revolving machine, which revolves two thousand times per minute. This throws out the water through a strainer, leaving the sugar quite light and mealy.

"Which is the cheapest to use—brown or white?" I asked of the chemist.

"Why, white, sir. Brown sugar is simply pure sugar with dirt and water in it. The cheapest sugar to buy is white granulated sugar. It is simply 99 1/2 per cent, pure sugar, while brown sugar is only about 70 per cent, 20 per cent, water, and 10 per cent dirt and salts. White refined soft sugar is 93 per cent, sugar. I know some old women brought up on brown sugar, still stick to brown sugar, and call it sweeter than white sugar, but they simply dupe themselves. If you want brown sugar, you can take a pound of white sugar, pour in some water, a handful of saw-dust, lime or salt, and you'll have two pounds of it."

"How many kinds of crude sugar are there?"

"Three—cane sugar, fruit sugar, and milk sugar." Cane sugar is found in sugar cane, Indian corn stalks, sorghum, beets, melons, sweet potatoes, coconuts, chestnuts, palm trees, birch trees, and sugar maple. Cane sugar is three times as sweet as milk or fruit sugar. Syrup contains a good deal of fruit sugar, generated by fermentation, &c. Therefore, syrup is not so sweet as pure sugar dissolved in water. Beet sugar smells badly,

The way to do Business.

Always go to the Post-office the last thing you do, stick your letters in the Post-master's face, ask him if the mail is made up, instead of keeping the time of the arrival and departure of the mails. If you are late, insist upon your letter's being sent off any how, and abuse him if he does not send them. Always buy your stamps or try to while the mails are being distributed or being made up. Then present a five dollar note, tell him he must change it or charge your stamps. It don't cost him anything to keep books, besides he makes a big percent on stamps and he ought to be obliging. When the first of the quarter comes on and you are notified that your postage is due, pay no attention to it until you are reminded a second time.

then tell him it is a very small matter and he is in a devil of a hurry about it, and go off without paying it. If he stops your paper then give him five. Always when you write go off half-cocked, say about half you want to deposit your letter in the office, go home and send an order to the Post-master for a letter directed to John Smith or some other worthless cuss like yourself. In the mean time forget to put a stamp on it, and if you get it back from the Dead letter office in a few days, appear very much surprised, and go to the office for an explanation; or better go round and abuse everything belonging to the Post-office department as well as your correspondents for negligence. - If you should visit the Post-office and find the Post-master very busy, instead of calling for your mail at once, and giving your name or the number of your box; if you are not too stingy to rent one and pay for it, ask him if this is the Post-office, inquire after all his family affairs separately, seem very much surprised at every word he says in reply to your silly questions, ask him if he has any news and what is in the papers; if the mail is behind time go ask the cause, the Post-master knows of course. When you are forced to ask for your mail, ask if there is anything for me or any of my neighbors, or anybody out in the Sand Hills, though you my never have been seen at the Post-office the Post-master knows you and every body else and where you live and all about you. If the foregoing is not all answered meekly by the Post-master, and remains quietly submitted to regulations of his oath, and instructions, just leave him! and go away and cuss him! and be sure he don't care a cent. When you do buy stamps be sure to lick them well and fold them carefully, then put them in your pocket, then they won't stick, as a greeny did at our office a few days since.

UNOE.

DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT.—No folly is perhaps so common in the present day as that of families living beyond their incomes. This arises, of course from the want of reflection on what the consequences of such conduct must infallibly be. It is the duty of all—no matter in what rank of life they move—to regulate their expenditures to their incomes, as nearly as can be calculated, and, if possible, to live at a much lower rate. If a family have a thousand dollars a year, it should live upon seven hundred; if it have only five hundred, it should do with four hundred at the most. A little experience in house-keeping will show the propriety of this regulation, for unforseen outlays are continually arising and must be provided against; besides, there are urgent reasons for making some provisions against the day of sickness and death, calamities from which no family is exempted. We are willing to believe that most persons are disposed to live within their means, but their intention is never so strong as to enable them to withstand the temptation to fall into extravagant habits. They are generally borne away by acquaintances, some of whom may have a better income than themselves, or may be reckless of how much debt they contract. Carried away into the commission of excess by example, and dreading to be ridiculed for not "doing as other families do," numberless families bring themselves into a series of distressing pecuniary difficulties humiliated and ruined.

Frequently productive of ruin in their worldly prospects.

The emigration from England to this country has been very heavy this spring. Ten thousand emigrants left Liverpool last week, and even before that, when the season had not even fairly opened, the tide had commenced to set toward the United States.

The society editor who was kicked out of a house in Washington the other day, took sweet revenge in stating that the wife of the kicker appeared at a ball attired in a lovely pongee skirt made of government drawers for infantry.

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately, a youth cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the reply, but "your mother was the woman that had a little jackass."

IS HE RICH.—Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters.

How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point as virtue is to vice?—and yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue?

How often the first question asked respecting the suitor of a daughter is this:

"Is he rich?"

Yes, he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?

Yes, his clothing is purple and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

"Is he rich?"

Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes "take to themselves wings, and fly away?"

And you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth?

Ah! beware. The gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then,

"Is he rich?" Ask not if he has wealth, but has he honor? And do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

DRINKING WATER.—Drinking wine is a habit; so is drinking spirits, ale, cider, coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit. Some people drink little, not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. These people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk the more water passes away or the system would suffer. It is the strain affects it. The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all are drawn upon. The result is, as may be naturally expected, exhaustion. For this reason the man who drinks much water, particularly during the Summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. The water is no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not used the excess of water he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. It is a habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of being fatigued. In winter little fluid is wanted beyond what our food furnishes; in Summer some more, but not much.—Country Gentleman.

A BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.—One fountain there is whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go, drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich. Thou mayst go forth into the world, and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee. The industrious kingdoms of the ant, the works of man, and rainbow, and music records, offer to thy soul hospitality.

CONVERSATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—April is a fearful month for colds, and how to cure them is an important matter. A remedy for a "stopped up nose" is given in the following dialogue:

Smith—"Jones."

Jones—"What is it Sbish?"

Smith—"Such bordings! So code and dapp."

Jones—"Yes, sushow my dose is sushow."

Smith—"Sighnlar! So is bide!"

Jones—"Indeed—quite a coincided-ec."

Smith—"Tis. Do you kdow eddy rebedy?"

Jones—"I use caddle grease."

Smith—"Id what badder?"

Jones—"Rub it od my dose upon going to bed."

Smith—"Thadk you—I'll try id your recobbeddatiod. Good bordig, Jodes."

Jones—"Good bordig, Sbish."

Exit Jones and Smith using their pocket handkerchiefs.

DURABILITY OF TIMBER.—The stones of which the great temples of Egypt were constructed forty centuries ago were connected by dovetail-shaped ties of wood, which are found now to be perfectly sound, notwithstanding their great age. An examination of the roof of Westminster Abbey, London, made recently, showed that the timbers which were eight hundred years old were perfectly sound.