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AN INTERESTING STORY.

Wanted-A Wife.

was far too slippery to be trodden

alone; I have popped the question be-

will have me except an old maid; and

I'm not partial to old maids; though

goodness knows, I want a wife al-

most hadly enough to take one. I've

hardly a button on any of my shirts,

or other undergarments, and am con-

sequently obliged to fasten them with

pins, (which occasionally prick me, at

most inconvenient times.) My toes

are poking out of my socks, and my

fingers out of my gloves, while to

crown all, 1, who am a great lover of

cleanliness, am forced to sit in a horri-

ble dirty room. I have changed my

boarding house ever so many times,

but it doesn't make a particle of dif-

ference. My landfady always says it

isn't her business to "clean up" after

me; the servants invariably remark

that it is no basiness of theirs, and

I'm sure nobaly can say that I ought

to get a broom and dustpan and keep

My washerwoman is everlastingly

cheating me, besides continually sup-

pressing various article of clothing;

and when I mildly inquire where they

have gone to, she solemnly swears

she never had them ; though I could

swear equally solemnly that she had.

Then she cuts the pearl buttons off

my shirts, and declares they came off

in "the wash;" and if I venture timil-

ly to suggest that she should put them

on again, she thanks God that all the

gentlemen are not as mean as I am.

Oh. dear ! It's very hard upon a

poor fellow not to be able to get a

wife when he wants one ! I'm not so

very bad looking, either ; to be sure

I squint a little, but then that peeu-

liarity is sometimes admired, and

even if it were not, surely some kind

hearted girl might shut her eyes to

the fact and confer upon me the ines-

timable benefit of becoming my part-

ner for life. I'm not bad tempered,

and don't drink. I'm only thirty, and

though I now belong to a club, I'll

promise to give it up if required. I

possess enough money to keep a wife

comfertably; I'm tall, and have a

splendid moustache; and what more

I receive no answer to this advertise-

ment, I shall speedily emigrate to

some tropical climate, where clothes

If, after waiting a reasonable time.

could a girl ask ?

my own room clean.

TERMS-IN ADVANCE :

10L 3.

Winne year 18,00 To persons who make up clubs of

range names, an extra copy of the brow and with my hands on my heart made the most pausionate appeal aromantie maiden could desire. I have proposed in the giddy manes of

dices and crimines idvertisements. Ar hind the door, on the stairs, and in fact Arnounce e miod as advertisements. Arnounce-as of Marriages and Deaths, and no-of a religious character, inserted everywhere I could, the last time be-

is and solicited. Thereanal Communications, when individual interest, or recommenda-art fundidates for offices of honor, is a rust, will be charged for as ad-bartist, will be charged for as ad-bartist, and the solicited to be a solicited

Selected Poeteu.

ANOTHER'S.

te his the most alluring eyes-Antle Greeinn mose; forum the most bewitching guise halparti-colored hose ih can thrill on -strangely when de classes her in the dance least, they tell me so-but, then I pever had the chance

er melting tones, so people say, Interinate the brain diave, when she has gone away, A joy akin to paint in solve is like sweet in rele, when listrains are soft and low use who've heard it say -but then Inever allel, you know !

bemakes the most superio regout-Eils stockings by the score, Liows Latin, and Italian too. times, French and pleaty more! led just the girl to sweeten life-Adorable !- divinie! short she is a perfect wife !-But then sive isn't mine

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM. for sne hour of youthful joy !

five back my twentieth spring! Mather laugh a bright-haired boy Than reign a gray-baird king Whith the wrinkled south of age ;

Away with learning's treawn; ar and life's wisdow writting page And east its trophics down.

a moment, let my life blood stream From boy hood's fount of fame ; me one giddy, reeting dream Of life, and love, and fame.

If listening angel hear the prayer, And, calmily smiling, said 21 but touch thy silvered hair Thy hasty wish had sped.

But is there nothing in the track Tubid thee foudly stay, hile the swift seasons hurry back To find the wished-for day

the trust soul of woman kind, Without thee what were life? Our blas I cannot leave behind, Pil take my precious wife.

heangel took a supplire pen And wrote in rainbow hue, The man would be a boy again

And he a husband too. and is there nothing yet unsaid,

highly respected by all around him. "Can't you tell by the look of me that I am no one-horse bummer ?" he I do wish somebody would tell me inquired. "I know who I am, and I how to get a wife ! For the last ten know what I know. Who was the years I've been continually proposing first President ? George Washington. at all sorts of times, in all sorts of What is the earth's surface composed places, to all sorts of girls, and in all of ? Land and water. What is the sorts of positions. I have been knelt Government of this country ? Repubin the clear moonlight, while the soft lican. I could answer such questions zeyhyrs of June fannned my heated right along for ninety days."

It was hard for him to part with a five dollar bill, but he had to or peg shoes for thirty days. It also hurt him to think that he was treated like the waltz ; I have besought a fair girl one common average of drunks, and to be mine while stating, reminding he went away with the feeling that he her at the time that the path of life had stambled upon the birth-place of tyrants and despots.

Selling the Old Farm.

There is a constant buying and selling of farms going on from year to year in our country. This restleseness on the part of the farmer, and this desire to change a present location for another one hundred miles off, is so frequently witnessed in our day, that We cease to wonderatit. In the time of our forefathers, when a man was settled on a farm, he commonly continued through life, and then left it for his son. In times gone by the same farm was first occupied by the grandfather, and so on by the son and grandson. Then the good old homesteal was reverenced, and the oceupancy was esteemed a privilege. There was a satisfaction felt by the successor, that his predecessor was his relative, cultivated the same fields, wandered by the same brooks, traversed the same hills, and ate of the fruit of the same orchard. Then there was a home feeling, home asso ciations, and homeattachments. Now the farmer looks more to his pecuniary gains, and when offered a large price for his land, besitates not to sell. He quits his beautiful home, his well cultivated acres, and emigrates to the far West, and commences a life of hardship that he never dreamed of. It can be safely said that where one man succeeds in this undertaking. many fail. If he could only sell his new farm, how gladly would be hie back to the old home now occupied by strangers, and the enclosure containing the graves of his kindred going to ruin. With the advent of spring many will dispose of their farms and remove to a far off country to undergo the privations and troubles incident upon establishing a home in a new country. Our advice is to remain where you are; if you are comfortably off, be content to remain so do not exchange a certainty for an uncertainty, unless powerful reasons are brought to bear upon you to seek a new settlement in a distant region. Stick to the old farm, for it has never failed you in the time of need.

The Wonders of Wooing.

In olden times it was the fashion of a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceed-The way in which Daniel ing. Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers he w concht hoblin

declined to do the courting, requesting William to act as his agent. William consented, but soon found he was in love, and wanted the lady himself. He could not think, however, of depriving his brother of such a Dade was illiterate he was a good treasure, and knew not how to act. An aunt kindly delivered him of his difficulty by telling Jacob, who willingly resigned the damsel to his brother. and went out of the way until she had been made Mrs. William Grimm.

A Sharp Bootblack.

In Albany, a few days since, an old rogue beat a young one. A man stepped up to a juvenile bootblack, opposite the Stanwix, and had "a shino." He gave the youth a five dollar bill.

"Hain't got change enough, cap'u," said the "shiner," displaying about \$2.00 in shinplasters. "How much have you ?" asked the

stranger. "Lemme see," said the boy, count-

ing his money ; "jess \$2.20." "Give me that and Le will wait till

you get change," the stranger replied. The youth grabbed the \$5 bill, gave his customer the \$2.20, and as he "scooted" he was overheard to say to a chum : "Sim, if I hain't back in a few minutes, tell that 'ere cucumber that I have got run over and smashed fiver nor mince meat. He hain't

much stuck-oh ! no." As the boy departed, the stranger told "Jim that he would be in the office of the Stanwix, across the way where he wished the 'shinner' would

bring him his change. In a few moments the bootblack came running back with the perspiration streaming down his face.

"Jim," said he to the boy, "where's that 'ere fraudulent deckin ? Bust me if he hain't shoved a 'queer' bill onto me. 'Tain't worth the paper it's printed on," and he danced about as if he had lost a large fortune. Jim told him the stranger was at the Stanwix, but a ten minutes' search failed to reward the youth.

The biter that was bit returned to his post with a downcast look, and was heard to say, Jim, that 'ere villain must belong to the whisky ring. He was too soon for this dack. Then skates-that 'ere caliker for the ole woman and a dozen 'penny-grabs' for this 'hair-pin' to smoke on Christmas day, is gone up the flue, and that ere son of a gun has stuck me \$2.20, when I thought I had a soft thing' on his five-dollar bill, But I've learnt one thing, and that is not to count my chickens agin afore the old hen has laid the eggs to sit on. Shine 'em up, mister? Only ten cents .---Whitehall Times.

All For Principle. They came out of a Michigan

avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug. and as they reached the walk, he said "Now, Dolly, you carry the jug and give me that quarter of a pound of

ten. "I'd like to see myself!" she replied. "Dolly, do you want to see your husband lagging an old brown jug from his great enemies, the woodpeckthrough the crowded streets of the metropolis-do you want others to see

An Old-Time Office-Seeker. Governor Jack Tyle, of Virginia, and old Jack Dade had been chums the "juice nectariops" together. If you please.

soul and companionable, and Tyler, of great ability, liked him anyway: After Tyler was inaugurated Dade made a trip to the capital to see him. The interview was characteristic.

"Jack, old boy ! how are you ? Come in," said the Governor, greeting the old man as of yore. "Governor Jack," said Dade (for they always called each other Jack "I want a offis,"

The Governor laughed. "Jack," said he, "what are your qualifications for office ?" "Well, now. Governor Jack, 1 kin

mix drinks. I kin mix your whiskey sling, and your poor wine sangeree and your tod," said Dade, going over a catalogue of compounds, "and I kin drink 'em, and you know it."

So they laughed together, on the strength of reminiscences.

"Well, Jack," said the Governor, what kind of an offlee do 3'04 want ?"

"Governor Jack," was the response, 'I wants a office with hell up big pay and nothing to do!"

Value of a Scrap-Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper, which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important article. And a good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been next day, and says he saw particles of accustomed thus to preserve short articles, can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down-and turn over the familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty encedote-it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable receipe you had almost forgotten, and which you have found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares and trials. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glit- tea." tering gold. Hoard with care the procious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you have accumulated,-Selected.

Who Rob Orchards ?

In a certain village in the far West was an atheist. He was a great admirer of Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright, but he could see no beauty or excelence in the Sun or righte-

This man of course, never entered any place of workship. Indeed, in the fruit season he was specially busy

on Sunday in defending his orehard er and the idle, profligate persons of the village, who on that day made have !"

If a young lady wishes a young sentleman to kiss her, what papers should she mention? No Spectator, and had "punished" a great deal of no Observer, but as many Times as

NO. 149:

At a collection made at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich one of the old-time fellows and a man man who was well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the cart reply. "Then take some thing, sir," said the lady ; "you know I am begging for the poor."

> An Irishman was brought before a justion of the peace on the charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned : t trade are you ?"

your bonor, an' I'm a sailor." a scataring man! I question whether you have ever been to sea in your "Shure, now, an' does your life." honor think I come over from Ireland in a wagin?"

The Shower of Flesh from a Clear Sky. On Friday a shower of meat fell near the house of Allen Crouch, who lives some two or three miles from the Olympian Springs, in the northern portion of the county, covering a strip_of ground about 100 yards length and 50 wide. Mrs. Crouch was out in the yard at the time, engaged in making soap, when meat which looked like beef began to fall around her. The sky was perfectly clear at the time, and she said it fell like large snow flakes, the pieces as a general thing not being much larger. One piece fell near her which was three or four inches square. Mr. Harrison Gill, whose veracity is unquestionable and from whom we obtained the above facts, hearing of the occurrence visited the locality the meat sticking to the fences and scattered over the ground. The meat when it first fell appeared to be perfeetly fresh.

The correspondent of the Louisville Commercial, writting from Mount Stering, corroborates the above, and says the pieces of flesh were of various sizes and shapes, some of them being two inches square. Two gentlemen, who tasted the meat, express the opinion that it was either mutton or venison .- Bath County (Ky.) News.

Her Love had Waned.

They came out of a Michigan avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug, and as they reached the walk he said :

"Now, Dolly, you carry the jug and give me that quarter of a pound of

"I'd like to see myself?" she replied. "Dolly, do you want to see your husband lugging an old brown jug through the crowded streets of the metropolis-do you want others to see him ?

"Come along with that jug !" she impatiently exclaimed.

"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses here, and we know it, but everybody else will think it's whisky if I carry it."

"Let 'em think."

"Dolly, if you love me you will carry the jug."

"I won't carry it !"

"Then I won't ! I've got twice as much character to sustain as you

With these dosolving years."	women unknown, and where, conse-	skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unravelling. "Gracie,"	"Come along with that jug!" she impatiently exclaimed.	and havoe among his apples and peaches.	"Sustain it then," she said as she started for the wagon around the
By, yes, I would one favor more ? Wy foud paternal joys-	quently, a wife will not be one of the absolute necessities of civilized life.	said he, "we have been untying knots. Let us see if we cannot tie one which	"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses in here, and we know it; but every-	son-m-inw-un atheist, nice minsen,	He called to her, but she did not
wild not bear to lose them all ; Fü take my girls and boys,"	Not a Common Plug. Bijah's next hand-out was a man	will not untie in a lifetime." With a piece of tape he fashioned half a trac	body else will think it's whisky if I carry it."	gentleman-as a pastor of a congre-	answer. Giving the big jug a terrific swing into the air, he let go his hold
whailling argel dropped his pen, Why, this will never do ;	had been to the masthead on the		"Let 'en think." "Dolly, if you love me you will car-	eosted the ministers : "Sir, what is the use of your preach-	and it came down with an awful crash. "'Lasses is nothing to principle!"
Man would be a boy again, And he a father too !"	mainusst of a ship, looked down from Pike's Penk and lived in a fivestory	bolical bargain. Most men, when they "pop" by writing, are more straightforward and	ry the jug." "I won't carry it."		he explained to the little crowd, and
and laughed. My laughter woke The household with its noise, note my dream when morning broke,	house. He had a word or two to say and he said:	matter-of-fact. Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart : "Dear Mrs.	"Then I won't! I've got twice as much character to sustain as you have !"	better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing in	Delais On the Res Of the
Taplease my girls and boys. For Wrndell Holacz.	here as if I was a common plug of a	Seurlock (there were no misses in those days,) I am tired of calling you	"Sustain it then," she said, as she started for the wagon around the cor-	your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchard ?"	One-quarter of a pound of Spauish brown, one-half pound of copperas,
breis a story of an old hunter	It was explained to him that law was law, and his Honor quietly and	by that name; therefore, say a day when you will take that of madam.	ner. He called to her, to her, but she did	To this the minister pleasantly re- plied :	one pound of sulpher, two pounds of charceal, one pound of dry and three pounds of
wandering about for awhile	delicately added that one who had	Your devoted, humble servant, Richard Steele." She fixed the day	not answer. Giving the big jag a terrific swing	"My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed, and I should most willingly read the follows who rob	green poke root and three gallons of water; boil well one hour and put in a traugh with drinking water as
wements, got into a chat with,	shouldn't be so particular about facing	accordingly, and Steeled her name in- stead of her heart to the suitor. The well-known brothers, Jacob	into the air, he let go his hold, and it came down with an awful crash.	your orchard a lecture on thieving,	a traugh with drinking water as strong as hegs will drink. If a heg is too sick to drink, drench once or
had a chance to buy all the	an admiring public. The prisoner admitted that he was probably drank when found. He was	and William Grimm, were exceeding-	"Lasses is nothing to principle !" he explained to the little crowd, and then followed on after DollyDc-	you and the major here that I never get a chance."	twice. A serious charge has been brought
* pair of oid boots, "And why	a stranger, coming here to talk up a new patentright, and he prudently	desire to be married. But it was	trait Free Press.	laughing; on which the elder atheist,	
"You buy it?" "Well, I hadn't boots just then," was the old atmin reply.	determined to have his drank before	one of them should become a husband, and Jacob being the elder, it was	Nother-"Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?" Charlotte-	cal tone, said :	1. Immoralty ! 2. Parshality ! 3. Keeping disordly sheal ! 4. Carrying
When can a lamo he wild to be in a	It was not his present intention to	agreed that he should be the one to enter the bonds of matrimony. A	"Oh, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our les-	enough; it is not the church-going people that steal my apples."-Kind	The committe-man who wrote the charge thinks of running the school
tamper? When it is put out.	low down, and he insisted on being	suitable lady was found, but Jacob	sons or not."	Words.	himself next quarter.