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Selected Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes and pigments,
Not by washes for your hair.
While you're young be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controlled;
Walk work and do your duty;
You'll be handsome when you're old.
Some white locks are fair as golden,
Gray as lovely as the brown,
And the smile of age more pleasant
Than youthful beauty's frown.
'Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen! be these your maxims;
When you're sixty you'll rejoice!

KITTY CLYDE.

Kitty! Kitty Clyde! Where are you?
Nobody answered. A robin, building a nest in the great apple-tree over the south door, looked up, listened a minute, and then whistled softly to himself. He was not going to betray Kitty Clyde—not he. The great dog Rover, dozing on the piazza, half opened his eyes, and then drooped again. The truth was, Rover had declined Kitty's invitation to go off frolicking with her, and the girl had patted his head softly, touched her red lips to the snow-white star in Rover's dusky forehead—Rover's beauty-spot—and then fitted carelessly away, her bright brown curls tossing in the west wind, and a fragment of a song running over from that blithesome little heart of hers.

And so, at this very minute, Kitty is standing ankle-deep in the clear, cool, blue water of the pond, trying with all her might and main to reach a great, splendid lily that, with all its golden stamens hid and petals half closed, was just going to sleep for the night. To be sure, Kitty had already a whole apronful of the pure, sweet flowers; but when was ever mortal man, or woman either, satisfied with what they already had—when did they not long and strive after what was just beyond reach? And so it came to pass that, as Kitty pulled and tugged, the soft, treacherous bank gave way, and down went Kitty, clean muslin dress, apronful of lilies, spotless white stockings and dainty slippers, golden-brown curls and all, into the cold, dark water.

"O-o-h!" cried Kitty, struggling in the water.

And then, in a minute, something seized her, and lifted her sheer out of the water, and set her high and—oh, no—not at all dry, but very wet, indeed, among the violets, on the green bank.

Was it Rover? Kitty shook the water out of her eyes, swallowed a sob or two, and looked. And then she blushed all over her white face, and away down to the tiny lace ruffle about her throat. For her preserver was a young man, a very proper and very unexceptional young man, indeed, in a faultless black suit, which never saw a speck of lint since it was a suit. And this young man, who was quite tall—a very giant beside Kitty, in fact—surveyed her with a face in which amusement and surprise were as strongly expressed as if they had been written in letters right across his handsome, broad forehead.

"Well," said he his dark, smiling

eyes shining down upon her, "you are only the worse off by a wetting! What would have become of you, if I had not happened by just as I did?"
"I dare say I shouldn't have drowned," said Kitty, demurely. "But I am very much obliged to you."
"You are very much welcome! In return, perhaps you can tell me where Deacon Grey lives. I was just about to ask you, when you disappeared from my astonished eyes, in the pond."

Poor Kitty! Who could wonder that she blushed again, like a red, red rose, and wished from the bottom of her sorrowful little heart that she had drowned among the lilies—for was not this the new young minister, younger and handsomer than Kitty—who had only known old Parson Brown, with his snuffy tones and grizzled wig—had ever dreamed a minister could be? and had she not been charged, over and over again, to behave properly in his presence? And, now—poor Kitty Clyde!

"Deacon Grey lives there," said Kitty, who must speak, though she died, pointing at the great, square, red farm-house glowing in the afternoon sun.

"That house there in the clover field, with the apple trees around it?"
"Yes, sir! The clover field comes up to the door. Isn't it pretty?" said Kitty, forgetting her wet clothes, and what her aunt would say, in her girlish, artistic delight in the picture.

"Very pretty!" said the young man. "Very pretty, indeed!" he repeated, looking into the sweet young eyes, and seeing the rosy color come and go under the clear, fine-grained, beautiful skin.

A full half minute he stood thus, and then he started suddenly—

"I beg your pardon! I should not have kept you. You will take cold!"
As he spoke he lifted his hat, bowed, and turned away from her. In a minute or two, he was out of sight, around the bend in the road.

"How handsome he is!" thought Kitty. "And he bowed to me, just as they do in stories. Oh, dear, what a figure I am! And now I shall never dare speak to him." And two great shining tears glittered in Kitty's brown eyes.

Slowly she made her way home, and crept around to the well-room door. The parlor was open, and she heard her cousin Julia speaking, and the odor of her aunt-Grey's cake came out, delicious and tempting, and the tea-kettle was singing on the hearth. And Kitty was very cold and wet, and most unpoetically hungry. But she slipped off upstairs unseen.

An hour or two passed. Supper was served in the hospitable farmhouse kitchen. And supper being over, Deacon Grey lit his pipe, and began to discuss free-will with the young minister.

"You'd better go into the parlor, father," said Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, no matter about the parlor, wife," said the obtuse deacon. "Mr. Weston likes the kitchen well enough, I'll warrant."

Mr. Weston laughed—

"Oh, yes, he liked the kitchen!"
And he sat down on the old-fashioned settle, and seemed as much at home as if he had been a son of the family.

"I wouldn't let the table set any longer for Kitty," said Julia, gathering up the cups and saucers with a dainty grace.

Mrs. Grey remembered the Lady Washington cake which Kitty was so fond of, and the strawberries Kitty had picked, and her good heart was divided between impatience and pity.

"Oh, dear," she sighed "that good-for-nothing Kitty Clyde tires me to death."

"What's Kitty been doing now?" asked the deacon.

"Oh, don't ask! Isn't she always doing what she oughtn't to, and neglecting every thing she ought to do? Idling about the fields, all day, and reading novels and poetry, and she can't make a loaf of bread to save her life. Julia," added the matron, despairingly, "go and call her all over the house."

And so Julia's silvery "Kitty! Kitty Clyde!" resounded through the wide rooms.

And pretty soon a small figure glided silently down in the twilight.

"Ah, there you are! Now eat your supper so we can clear off the table," said Mrs. Grey, reprovingly.

Kitty sat down, still as a mouse, and helped herself to bread and butter and strawberries, and, unhappy as she had been, was making a very good meal, when all at once her aunt said: "Are there any pond-lilies about?"

Miss Julia just then sailed out of the parlor, a graceful white cloud in the dusk.

"Oh, yes. There are some great dishes of them in the parlor. We have them all the time," she said, graciously, forgetting to add that good-for-nothing Kitty Clyde gathered and arranged them.

"I thought I detected the odor! How lovely they are!"

"Oh, very lovely!" said Julia, with a sweet enthusiasm.

"That reminds me," said the young minister, laughing softly, "that I had a bit of an adventure coming from the station."

"An adventure coming from Cloverdale Station to our house?" cried Julia.

"Pray, what was it?"

"Why, a little girl—at least she was very small, though she might have been grown up—was picking lilies in the pond just down here, and fell in. Of course I pulled her out."

"Pulled her out! Did she get wet?"

"It was Mrs. Grey. She had come in with a lighted lamp."

"I'm afraid she did!" said Mr. Weston, his eyes twinkling.

Unfortunate Kitty Clyde! The cruel light of the lamp fell full upon her face, and betrayed the deep blushes and the tearful, downcast eyes.

"Kitty Clyde, was that you?" said Mrs. Grey, in a stern and awful voice.

"And you got your new muslin wet. Oh, Kitty Clyde, you are the worst good-for-nothing girl in the whole world."

"I—I don't care!" sobbed Kitty, and she fled from the table and ran upstairs, very bitterly.

"Faw, mother, you've scared her most to death. You'd ought to be thankful she wasn't drowned," said the good deacon.

"I hope I am, Deacon Grey," said his wife. "I hope I don't wish any harm to the child, though she is such a trial."

"Oh, well, well! We can't expect all girls to be like our Julia."

"Julia never caused me a moment's anxiety in her life," said her mother.

That remarkable young lady came in just then, and Mr. Weston examined her with interest. She was really a very pretty girl, lady-like, and well-bred.

"And what a good girl she must be!" thought the Reverend Edward Weston.

Yes, Julia was a pretty girl and a good girl. And Mr. Weston wanted a wife. Is that strange? Not a bit of it. All young men who are manly and pure do—when the right time comes.

Cloverdale quite agreed that Mr. Weston wanted a wife, and when he was properly installed, and every thing was as it should be, the good people took counsel together, and decided that he couldn't find a better wife than Julia Grey.

Apparently Mr. Weston was of a similar opinion. And yet, perhaps not. Perhaps it was only in a friendly way that he took Julia out to ride, and out boating on the pond, and to walk in the sweet stary summer evenings. Sometimes Kitty Clyde was with them—often not. Sometimes she started with them, but was off directly in quest of some gay night-roses.

And so Mr. Weston found obstacles in the way of studying Kitty's character. It was a study which interested him more and more. But somehow the flower which at times opened to him, and let him drink in its sweetness and fragrance, at other times folded itself away in silence, in the shyest and most perplexing manner. And the Reverend Edward Weston was exceedingly disturbed.

But he never asked himself what it meant, till one golden evening in the early October, when Jamie Wood, a stalwart young farmer, came in, and looked hard at Kitty in all the pauses of the talk. And at last Kitty slipped away. Then up rose Jamie Wood,

and took a sorrowful, disappointed leave.

"Jamie is sadly in love, poor fellow!" said Julia, tenderly.

"In love? with whom?" said Mr. Weston, rousing up.

"Oh, Kitty Clyde, of course. It would be an excellent match for Kitty, only she is so perverse."

The Reverend Edward Weston felt a sharp stab near his heart.

An hour later he was walking up and down a moonlit path, and thinking very hard and fast, when suddenly a white wraith glided out of the shadow of the trees, and would have passed him, but he put out one hand and detained it.

"Kitty, I want to tell you something. What! Will you run away from me as you do from your lover?"

Kitty shook in his hands.

"Jamie Wood is not my lover," she said, passionately. "I won't have him!"

"Why, Kitty?"

"Because I—I don't love him. Let me go, Mr. Weston!"

"Wait a minute, Kitty. I want a wife. Everybody says I do, and I am sure of it. But I want nobody but you, for I love you dearly."

"Me?" said the bewildered girl. "Such a good-for-nothing as I? Oh, you can't mean it!"

"I do, Kitty—just as you are. Oh, my darling, God is good to send me such a treasure," and he gathered her in his arms, and Kitty's longing loving heart fairly ached with happiness.

Take pride in adding that Kitty Clyde made the bonniest, best wife in Cloverdale.

What a Vag Couldn't Stand.

Twenty-eight years old, who has been loafing around the Central depot for several days, was taken to task by a hotel runner for not finding work.

"Haven't I walked from Hamtramck to Springwells, and from the Holden road to the river, asking everybody for work?" whined the vagrant. "I'm willing to do anything to make a shilling. I'll shovel snow, clean out cars, drive team bang it, I'd jump into the river for pay!"

The runner beckoned him aside and told him of a plan by which he could make a raise of cash. The vag agreed, and he was taken into an alley off Front street. The runner drew a pail of cold water, seated the vagrant on a box and said—

"I'll take about four pails of water to wet you up, but there's money in it. As soon as I souse you good and strong you run around on Third street, say that you fell into the river and lost a gold watch and \$200, and the crowd will take up a collection. Shut your teeth now."

He lifted the pail of ice water and dashed it over his fellow conspirator.

There was a yell loud enough to be heard at the depot and the vag almost jumped out of his boots.

"W-what—p-leece on—murder!" he gasped, as the icy current ran down his spinal column.

"Keep still, there, and think of the collection!" ordered the runner.

"I can't—oooh—L-o-r-l-y—o-uch—whoop! Where's a stove—where's a fire?"

"You won't make a cent," protested the runner.

"I can't help it—I don't care for money! Get me in somewhere where I can warm up, and I'll cross to Canada on the ice inside of two hours! I can stand kicks, frost bites and hunger, but—but—!"

He galloped down the alley just ahead of the second pailful, and as he flew up Third street and turned up into Woodbridge a drayman struck at him, with a stake, and called out—

"Stop thief! Pickpocket jumped off the railroad boat!"

The incapacity of age, which to young minds appears so grievous, is but to life what the repose of the evening is to a hard-spont day.

What horse is that which is generally most expensive to its owner, and is apt to amble with him into most difficulties? It is one's hobby-horse.

Few people look on any object as it really is; but regard it through some fantastic prism presented by their own prejudices, which invest it with a false color.

WHITTLINGS.

"Do they ring two bells for school?" asked a father of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends high school.

"No, pa, they ring one bell twice," she replied.

"Mamma, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for pet?" "Cause I want to draw an elephant."

"Mrs. Spinks," observed a boarder to his landlady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash, and more in the mattresses."

An Indiana girl at Vassar College writes to her parents; "This is the most stylish hair-pin of a boarding school I ever tumbled to. I can eat four times a day if I want to, and get a fair whack at the hash even time."

An Atlanta girl sat on her lover's hat, and kept him three hours over time.—Ex. The next time that young man goes to see his girl, he should hang his hat on a nail, instead of holding it in his hap.

Little Robbie went to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen.

"An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

No clue to the fellow who stold that \$12,000 package from the United States Treasury yet.

"I'll take the shine out of you," as the eclipse said to the moon.

A good action is its own reward; and it ought to be, for it seldom gets any other.

Widow Van Cott is in Washington trying to convert the President. No success.

We read that man was originally made upright, but now-a-days a great many men seem to be made up wrong.

Watteppesittukqussunnoowehtunquoh. That is the longest word in Eliot's Indian Bible. It means "kneeling to him."

A clergyman who lives on the seashore says he likes calm Sundays, and he is opposed to Sabbath-breakers.

A young poet of the realistic school writes:—Timo marches on with the slow, measured tread of a man working by the day."

Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society.

Young men are apt to think they are wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough.

It is what the hand findeth to do that must be done with might; and what the hand findeth must be at hand—reachable.

The reason why we manage so much time ill is, because we always suppose we have too much on our hands to husband well.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness, and the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains.

Things should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Poor Old Grimes.—At last we have it on irrefragable testimony, from Ogdensburg, that old Grimes' pulse has finally ceased to beat.

A few mornings since, when the thermometer was nearly played out, a ragged little beggar stopped at the door of Judge J—'s and plaintively suggested victuals. As the benevolent lady of the house was emptying a few into his basket she asked:

"What is your name, my son?"
"My name is Grimes."
"Is your father living?"
"Yes marm."
"I thought Old Grimes was dead long ago."

"That was my grandpa."

And the youngster waddled off, thinking what a good soul the lady was.

Accommodating.

In the wild Western neighborhood the sound of a crotch-grogg bell, had never been heard; notice had been given that the Rev. Mr. A——, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that 'preachin' was something to be heard, and all attended to hear it.

After the service had begun, a raw-boned hunter with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail keg without either head. The current thoughts of the preacher, led him into a description of heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, Apostles and prophets his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his Climacteric. With his eye fixed upon the highest point, and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest altitude of the heavenly place, he said:

"And where, my brethren, shall we place the apostle Paul?"

Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes upon our hero of the rifle. He therefore, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and replied:

"If he can't do better he can take my seat."

Very Unpleasant.

An old man having a little shoe shop on Maple street was yesterday complaining of his situation to a policeman. One day, about four weeks ago, a boy rushed in upon him and shouted:

"You'd better climb out of here, for your shop is all on fire!"

The old man went out in a hurry, and half his things were dragged out before he discovered that the boy had lied to him. There was no fire, and he put his goods back and wished he could reach out and get hold of the false-hearted lad.

About two weeks ago his shop took fire around the chimney, and as the shingles blazed away a boy kicked in the door and yelled out:

"Fire! Fire! Your hull concern is being cremated!"

"You gant fool me!" replied the shoemaker. "I all about dose fire knows—oh! yaw!"

In a few minutes the engines were drowning him out, and then he realized that the boy had told the truth.

His half-destroyed shop was repaired and again business went on, but the boys had a sure thing on him. Almost every day some one of them routs him out by yelling fire. He finds no fire, but he can't tell but what there may be one.

"If I shump out and find no fire I am mat," he explained, "and if I stay in, mein shop may be burned right guick, und vos shall I do? Ich nicht find out all de while."—Detroit Free Press.

A Horrid Man.—Atlanta Constitution: "George!" said the wife of a Marietta street man the other night, waking him from his slumbers.

"Whadder you want?" he growled.

"Oh listen, George! I'm sure I hear something."

"Lemme alone, Maria."

"But I do hear something—I know I do."

"What does she sound like?"

"George, it sounds like a watch ticking."

"It's the bed ticking," responded the brute, and then turned over and began to snore. Maria was gone home to her mother.

A clergyman in Boston recently aroused his sleepy audience by asserting in the most positive manner that, "notwithstanding the hard times, the wages of sin have not been cut down one iota."

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel: "Waiter, yes, sir." "What's this?" "It's bean soup sir?" "No matter what it has been; the question is, What is it now?"