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Selected Paetey.

For many a long year I have carried

MY SECRET.

it close locked within my heart, till it him old and gray-haired. has seared both heart and brain. Sometimes I have thought I had cried it aloud to heaven-confessed it with tears and groans to all the worldcast it abroad on the winds, to be carried to the uttermost ends of the carth. And then for a few brief minutes I have felt free and happy once. But it always came back to me. So soon! So soon! And then I knew that I hadn't got rid of it at all, but still carried it fast locked within my heart, as I have done from the frey. first. Oh, the torture ! the torture ! Ab, heaven! To get rid of it for a

while-for a day-even for an hour. I have a new plan now.

week, they have at last allowed me pen and ink; here on this untouched white paper I can tell it all. This pen shall be my tongue, and this paper the silent confessor, who must listen to every word of my dread

secret.

mother's cousin, of course I fancied when, on meeting Arthur Godfrey, I

ideal of an elegant, well-bred and re- to dr at all, fined gentleman. "olgang H hoave? know him better, more than pleased to remember that he was only a cousin

by courtesy. I loved Arthur God-STREET OFFICE THE

I believe I loved him from the first, although I did not then understand my own feelings; and I had little doubt but which he responded to the After begging and praying for a feeling. He as more than kind and gentle in his manner.

Besides an affectionate regard for me I thought I detected in his manner a certain deference which, to my mind indicated the tender devotion of a lover. I knew he never cared for

him there during Alice's stay-for, neither then nor anyotime. I never again," she added, blushing brightly. hearing him always referred to as spoke of it. an always and all all

My satisfaction equaled my surprise But my heart and brain were on fire; row on the lake before they arrivemy houghts flew wildly in every found him to be a young man of direction, and were so constant, that twenty-five, handsome, accomplished, I second always busy. The time good-humored-in short, my flew with them, and did not seem to ant Continue Marine Ana sill, at times, I tried to shat

I was pleased enough then to call my et ... and refused to believe in as wo ! as I did. But the time came when, with all my cunning, I could no longer even for a moment, cheat my-

self. re bus contin at dont I was half hidden in a deep arm-chair scarcely spoke at all. in a corner of the room, besides being

concealed in the gloom, when Arthur aud, geentered from the gardens, the roses for the past hopr. I was too listless and miserable-

"He has gone over to the town with The days glided by fast guough, your brother. They must be back though to misery they often, drag. soon, but we might have time for a do come." I rose without a word, wound the

scarlet scarf on the back of my chair about my head and neck, and prepared to accompany her.

As we left the house Alice called out where we were going, and then, him cousin ; and, as T learned to what our whole household saw just slipping her hand through my arm, went dancing along by my side in the abandon of girlish enjoyment.

The lake was less than ten minutes' walk from the honse; and all the way One evening in the twilight, before there Alice kept up such a run the lights were brought in, L sat sad careless talk that, in the exuberance and wretched in our great, long parlor. of her spirits, she didn't notice that

When we had launched the little boat, and jumped into her, of course I did all the rowing; for the delicate where they had been walking, among snowflakes of hands that held Alice's oars merely toyed with their work. But I bent to mine with a will, and besides being horribly jealous-to care being strong and muscular although

Nort Fra sol. ST NO. 200 Alteritative Diff.cor.

Hygienic. Infusion of Hops.-Hops, six ounces: boiling mater, one pint; soak for four hours: Dose, half a wineglassfull. This is a good tonic.

Scrofula .- A tea made of ripe dried whortleberries, and drank in place of water, is a sure and speedy cure for scrofula difficulties, however bad:

Tooth-wash .- The safest, chenpest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth brush, every morning. And being being

To Medicine Takers --- If those obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it was so much sugar.

To Cure Chilbfains .- Rub the-part affected with brandy and salt, which hardens the feet at the same time that, it removes the inflammation. Sometimes a third application cures the most obstinate chilblains.

Inflamed Evelids .-- Cut a slice of

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

Down in the glen of Ravenshoe, Beside its fountain clear, The village maids are wont to go When violets first appear, To watch the shadow said to pass Across the deep spring's sheet of glass, Of lover fond and true, Which only shows its face, they say, Between the sunset's parting ray And fall of evening dew. And thitherward May Merton went, With soft and timid tread, And o'er the magic fountain bent Her modest little head. "If fairer, happier maids than I Can in the e haunted waters spy Their fature loves," thought she, "I wonder what the fates might bring

With troubled glance she searched the poo Then caught her breath in fear ; For, framed in ferns and mosses cool, The dark face did appear Of one whose image long had caused, Whene'er in secret thought she paused, Her heart to strangely stir. Beside the shadow of her own That face within the water shone, And softly smiled at her.

Unto a friendless underling,

A joyless drudge like me ?"

Her blushes came, her bosom lept, She rose in vague alarm, But 'round her slender figure crept A strong and tender arm. And as the farmer, Philip Green (For his the face that she had seen) Controlled her rising fear, She saw the love he could not speak . In glowing eye and burning cheek, Yet came his whisper clear :

"Forgive me, sweet! the light deceit-I followed as you roved, And with you read the water-sheet, To know if I was loved. Oh, sweet May Merton, flower of spring ! No longer pine an underling Beneath your uncle's roof. When you, by wedding Farmer Phil, But carry out fate's secret will, 'And put the fount to proof."

Little Things.

A serpent's fang is a little thing but death is its victory.

A baby is a wee little thing, but a

I can see it then. My eyes can look apon it. I shall know that it has passed from my heart and brain into the keeping of this silent witness; and then, perhaps, I shall have rest. Alice Walton was my first and only intimate friend. We met first at boarding-school when we were young girls; Alice being fifteen, while I was in my eighteenth year.

We were fast friends from the beginning, for she was of a sweet, guileless and clinging nature. With her an intimate female friend was a necessity. With me it was quite difterent. I had never felt the desire to be on intimate and confidential terms with any of my school companions. I was naturally secretive, strong, self-reliant, and somewhat disposed to dominate those with whom I was brought in contact. My friendship for Alice surprised myself quite as much as anyone else, and I was quite as much at a loss to understand it. But I liked it; it was a pleasure as

well as novelty; and finding myself capable of entertaining such a feeling for one of my own sex, I encouraged and cultivated my attachment to Alice.

She was very pretty-lovely indeed; but her beauty was of a kind exactly fine, rich voice that had become the the opposite to mine.

The rest of the girls used to say, laughingly, that our love of each other was purely a case of attraction by opposites ; the desire of the darkness for light-the craving of sunlight for shadow. Perhaps there may have been truth in that explanation ; certainly we were as unlike as day and night.

Alice Walton was like a lily, fair, slender, and lovely, with dovelike eyes, and hair like corn silk. I was as dark as a Spanish girl, with hair like midnight, and lustrous black eyes -and many an admirer had told me in the days of my prime, that no Spanish girl could compete with my beauty or with my grace.

any woman before he met me; and I whether I played the eavesdropper or knew that I was beautiful-what woman is unconscious of her own charms? that Arthur cared for me even as cared for him, although no word of love had yet passed between us.

told Alice nothing of all this. I reserved my innocent triumph to be you and Evelyn were lovers." given in confidence during our first evening together; and though I would have preferred to present Arthur as my affianced lover-which I almost regarded him as being,

quite intended to confess to her frank, ly the love for which I had scarcely. confessed to myself.

Alice was a week later than she had promised, and came unexpected when she did come-arriving the day | thally keps a man in awe of her the other side of the world." before that on which she had told us beauted by you, my sweet lilyflow-

she was coming. the station; but she had been such a favorite on her previous visits that she was known to all the neighborhood; and a neighbor, who had by chance been at the depot when she then, and kissed, her-of course he arrived brought her over to us. The first I knew of her arrival was

when she ran up to me where I sat with Arthur on the veranda and listening while he read Tennyson in that sweetest music of my life.

She flung her arms about my neck, and embraced and kissed me with the childlike enthusiasm which would have seemed too gushing in any one but herself, and I responded with equal affection.

as he had never turned on me in what you, my darling !" I had thought his most fervent mo-

again, more closely, at Alice.

not; so I kept quite still, although I knew that I would presently be, the And so I felt justified in believing listener to a lover's tete-a-tete-out man

"But, Arthur," said Alice, apparently conunsing a conversation, "I thought when I saw you two togeth-

paritipa "We have never been so, my darling. You are my first and only love." Arthur. I think Evelyn is the handsomest girl I ever saw, and at school

we all thought so, toe "

There was no one to meet her at of the rosebad garden of girls, my this and back again, just for exerfresh, sweet flower that I'm not cise."

afraid to pluck and wear in my bosom for all my life."

> did, though I could not see them; for my chair was turned from them, and

I dared not move. 10.0

saved myself.

constantly, without falling in love waits of grant la ve

with admiration-such an expression love with her, if I had never seen shricked and shricked for help.

with her,"

gone; but I heard enough-too But from that hour no mortal eve has

only a slight girl, we were soon far out on the water.

We were nearly half way across when Alice said suddenly, after some minutes' slience

"Evelyn, do you know the people about here say this lake is bottomless er, that first day when I came, that first half way across? Isn't it absurd-a little lake like this!"

"Yes, but it's terribly deep, and we are directly over the spot now, which "And yet she is so beautiful, the country folk declare goes right through to the other side of the world."

"How perfectly ridiculous-just as "She is beautiful, dearest ; dazzling- if that was possible. But don't lean ly so at times; but I don't care for over in that way, Evelyn. - If you updark women. And indeed, even if I set the boat the lake is deep enough did, Evelyn is too handsome; she ac- to drown us, even if it doesn't go to

"What nonsense, Alice! When er, you are the girl for me! My rose bathe here I often swim as far out as

"Very likely, my fair Amazon but as I can't swim I prefer not to I think he drew her towards him take my bath so far from shore-ah!" A loud shriek from Alice as I bent still farther over, and in the next moment we were struggling in the water, and the boat floated from us, bottom upward.

Practised swimmer as I was I soon felt myself weighed down by my water-soaked garments; and if I had not secured an oar I' could not have

I thought for one moment I saw the white face of Alice above the water "Well, sweethcart, if I had ever but the next instant it was gone, and known her well enough not to feel though I think I regretted the act as I then turned to introduce her to afraid of her, and grown accustomed soon as it was accomplished, I could erysipelas as a wash. Also to apply Arthur. He had risen and stood to her style of beauty, perhaps, it is do nothing to save her. But I raised gazing on her with a face illuminated just possible I might have fallen in my head, floating with the oar, and it has a soothing effect. I have many

The blood seemed to rush back just arrived at the edge of the lake, ments of devotion. I turned cold all upon my heart, and then surge up plunged in and swam to our assisover, and I felt that the color had left into my brain, there was a singing in tance. But the white face of Alice my face; but I struggled to regain my ears, and I heard no more. When rose no more above the dark water. my composure, and presented them I returned to consciousness of what With some difficulty-I presently lost to each other. Then I turned to look | was going on about me, they were | consciousness-I was brought to land.

stale bread as thin as possible; toast both sides well, but don't burn ; when cold, lay in cold spring or ice water put between a piece of old linen, and apply, changing when it gets warm, Cure for Colds .-- For colds, cough, croup, or lung faver, take lard or sweet

oil, two parts; coal oil, two parts; spirits of campbor, one part; saturate flannel and apply to the throat and chest warm.

For Strengthening and Promoting ounce of spirits of ammonia, one onnce of olive oil, one drachm of eau de cologne, one drachm of tineture of Spanishflies, mixed together, and rubbed on the head once a day.

Neuralgia in the Head .- Have a flannel cap made to fasten under the chin; wear three nights; let three nights pass, then put on again if necessary. For neuralgia in eyebrows, bind a strip of flannel around the head ; rub the teeth with equal parts of salt and alum, pulverized, on a soft, wet bit of

Cure for Headache .- Put a handful of salt into a quart of water; add one ounce of spirits of hartshorn and half an ounce of camphorated spirits of wine. Put them quickly into a bottle. and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirit. Soak a piece of rag with the mixture, and apply it to the head; wet the rag afresh as soon as it gets heated.

Erysipelas .-- I have found sour milk. buttermilk, or whey therefrom, an excellent remedy to apply for the glycerine twice or three times per lay ; times applied the milk hot, and found My brother and Arthur, who had it allayed the inflammation better than cold applications, and far less troublesome than poultices.

> The Nails .- Great attention should be paid to keeping the nails in , good order. They should be brushed at least twice a day, and the skin round

Presently Alice spoke again : "Of coarse it is fortunate for me, Arthur, dear, that you prefer my poor bearty to Evelyn's; but you know I can scorcely understand any man knowing her well, and seeing her

	A lap dog is a little thing, but he is a silly thing besides. A cross word is a little thing, but it is what stirs up the elephant. The tongue is a little thing, but it fills the universe with trouble. A star is a little thing, but it can hold this great world in its arms. An egg is a little thing, but the huge crecodilecreeps into life out of it. A hornet's sting is a little thing, but it sends the schoolboy home howling. An oatl is a little thing, but it is re- corded in the great ledger in heaven. An orange peel on the sidewalk is a little thing, but it has upset many a giant. A kind word is a little thing, but it is just what soothed the sorrows of the setting hen. A kiss is a very little thing, but it betrayed the Son of God into the hands of his enemy. A word is a little thing, but it etrayed the son of God into the hands of his enemy. A spark is a little thing, but it ean light the poor man's pipe, or set the world to burning. A penny is a very little thing, but it et interest on it from the days of Cain and Able would buy the globe.—	The first vacation succeeding my acquaintance with Alice, was spent by us half at her home and half at mine; and after that we spent all our vaca- tions in the same manner. The bappy days of school soon passed away, and although two years had gone since we first met, neither Alice nor I had tired of our liking for each other, and we were firmer friends than ever. When we flually said "good-bye" to school, I made an express stipulation that Alice should come and stay a month with me, after she had first re- turned home and remained a week with her own friends. I counted the days till she came, for I really loved the girl, and I longed to share with her, as a friend, a new and delicious joy which she bad never known. A far off consin of my mother—so far off as to be no relation at all—had come in my absence to spend the summer with us. Of course I had heard of him in my	and pale blue, her rippling, golden hair, loosened by the rapid drive, which had also blown the color of a wild rose into her lily like face. Her eyes were blue as the summer sky above us, and the langhing mouth, with its pearly gleam of snowy white teeth, was of itself enough to make any face beautiful. Her gaze met his with a sweet frankness that half re- flected his admiration, and the pink in her checks deepened to a blush. They would love each other—they did already. I saw it and felt it then as well as when I finally knew it by strong, and passionate, and ardent words; and already the dark fires of jealousy consumed my soul. By an effort I roused myself. "Come, Alice, dear, to your room. I will have your trunk brought up at once." So we went together to the pretty room, which had been known in our house for nearly three years now as "Alice Walton's room." I helped Alice unpack her trunk and sort her things, and fold them away in the bureau drawers, or hang them up in the closet, as required; but I spoke no word of the tender con- fession of my love for Arthur. which	much! Till those last words of Arthur's, I had persuaded myself, not only that he had not loved me, but never could have loved me; that Alice was the only one he ever could have loyed at all, and so I must try to bear my anguish and my disappointment as best I could—but how! Those words from him let loose a devilin me! Had he never seen her he might have loved me, his own lips had said it. Heaven knows what wild and mon- strong thoughts pursued each other through my frenzied brain, then; I had not hated her till now—but I hated her from that moment—wished her dead, and would have langhed and rejoiced to have seen her die! The time, went by; hours had passed; the moon had risen, and was flooding all the world outside in sil- very light; lamps had long since been brought into the parlor; but still I sat there. At last Alice came into the room, and approaching me gaily, cried: "Ah there you are, Evelyn, and I have been looking everywhere for you; it is perfectly wicked to be in the house on such a night! Do come down to the lake. We might have a lovely row by moonlight, for I pro- mised not to the lake. We might have a lovely row by moonlight, for I pro-	mad-house. But I am not mad—no, no. I have wished to be; but my memory never fails me—my brain is strong and active as ever. I remem- ber everything. And all I have told you is true—true! I murdered Alice Walton! If They'd Only Been Married on the Same Day. Mr. Colville was reading to his wife from a newspaper on Saturday morn- ing, when he struck this paragraph : "Mr. and Mrs. James Clark, of Pulaski, New York, both came into the world on the same day, both died on the same day, and both were killed by a cancer. "Well, I declare ! Wasn't that singu- lar?" observed Mrs. Colville. "Born on the same day, died on the same day, and with the same disease. Now if they'd only been married on the same day the thing would have been complete." "What's that?" suddenly interroga- ted Mr. Colvill, looking curiously at her over the top of the paper. "I say," she repeated, "thatif they'd both been married on the—the—why, to be—" she embarrassingly added, as she caught the amused expression of his face—" that is I wonder if I thought to put on the dish-water," and	in the week. If they become stained, wash them well with soap, and, after rinsing off the soap well, brush them with lemon-juice. Salve for Chapped Lips and Haods. —Take two ounces of oil of almonds, two ounces of English honey, quarter of an ounce of essence of bergamot, or any other seent. Meit the wax and spermaceti ; then add the honey, and melt all together, and, when hot, add the almond oil by degrees, stiring it till cold. This is superior to glycerine for chapped hands, sun-burns, or any roughness on the skin. Rheumatism in the Joints.—When the joints are stiffend with rheuma- tism or a settled cold, the following applications are capital and enable the sufferer to move with ease; Cot into small bits (or gate it) one ounce of castile soap ; add a heaping tablespoon- ful of red cayenne pepper. "Well," he complained, pulling on his pants, "when I die I shan't go pokin' about cold mornings building fires." "No," was her cruel reply from beneath the warm coverlids, "for if you
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