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Selected Poetry.

THE LAST LOOK.

There is not a mother or father who has lost a dear little child who will not thank us for publishing the subjoined touching poem. To fully appreciate the following lines you must have bent over your own dear child, sweetly asleep in Jesus and ready to join the heavenly choristers. It was written by Edwin W. Fuller, of Lonsburg, N. C. upon the death of his little daughter Ethel, and is dedicated to his wife:

Do not fasten the lid of the coffin yet,
Let me have a long look at the face of my pet;
Please all quit the chamber, and pull to the door,
And leave me alone with my darling once more.

Is this little Ethel, so cold and so still?
Best, best, breaking heart against God's will;
Remember, O Christ, Thou didst dread
Thine own cup,
And while I drink mine, let Thine arm
bear me up.

But the moments are fleeting, I must
stamp on my brain
Each dear little feature, for never again
Can I touch her; and only God measure
how much
Affliction, a mother conveys by her
touch.

Oh! dear little head; Oh! dear little
hair,
So silken, so golden, so soft and so fair;
Will I never more smooth it! Oh! help
me my God,
To bear this worst stroke of the chastening
rod.

Those bright little eyes that used to
feign sleep,
Or sparkle so merrily, playing at peep,
Closed forever; and yet they seemed
closed with a sigh,
As, if for our sake, she regretted to die.

And that dear little mouth, so warm and
so soft,
Always willing to kiss you, no matter how
soft,
Cold and rigid! without the least tremor
of breath;
How could you claim Ethel, O! pitiless
death?

Her hands! no—twill kill me, to think
how they wave
Through my daily existence, a tissue of
love;
Each finger a print upon memory's page,
That will brighten, thank God! and not
fade with my age.

Sick or well they were ready at every re-
quest.
To amuse us. Sweet hands! they deserve
a sweet rest;
Their last little trick was to wipe
"Boo-boo," e. e
Their last little gesture, to wave as good-
bye.

Little feet! little feet, how dark the
little gloom,
Where your feet rested in that de-
parting room;
For Oh! was a sight sweet beyond all
compare
To see little "Frisky" rock back in her
chair.

O! Father, have mercy and give Thy
grace,
To see through this frown, the smile on
Thy face;
To feel that this lesson is sent for the
best,
And to learn from my darling a lesson of
rest.

What would be your opinion of ab-
sence—
Sweetness asked a lawyer of a
witness whom he was cross-examin-
ing. "Well," said the witness, "I
should say that a man who thought
he'd left his watch at home, and took
it out of his pocket to see if he had
time to go home and get it, was ab-
sence-minded."

Which is the fastest way to raise
strawberries? With a spoon.

WASHING-DAY.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Oh, dear me! what shall we do?"
said Mary Lennox. "It's just exactly
like these working people, to go and
fall ill just when we need them most!
And every napkin in the wash, and
not enough table linen to last two
weeks. You must be a very poor
manager, grandma, not to have more
of such things!"

Old Mrs. Lennox sighed as she rub-
bed the glasses of her spectacles.

"My dear," said she, "I should
have had more if I could have afford-
ed them. But times are hard, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before,"
said Mary, irreverently. "But the
question is, grandma, what shall we
do about the washing, now that
Katrina can not come?"

Mrs. Lennox heaved another sigh.
She was old and rheumatic, and the
great piled-up baskets of clothes seem-
ed a terrific bugbear before her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know," said she.
"But if you girls will help a little
about the dinner, I will try and see
what I can do. It must be got out, I
suppose, and—"

But here a slight, dark-eyed girl,
with a clear, olive complexion, and
wavy black hair growing low on her
forehead, turned from the table, where
she was rinsing china.

"You will do nothing of the kind,
grandma," said she, as resolutely as if
she had been seventy instead of
seventeen. "You attempt a day's
washing, at your age?"

"But, my dear," said grandma Len-
nox, feebly, "who will do it?"

"I will," said the dark-eyed lassie.
"Georgie, I'm surprised at you!"
said Mary. "Why, you never did
such a thing in your life!"

"That's no reason I never should."
"But, Georgie—if any one should
see you?"

"We don't generally receive com-
pany in the kitchen," said Georgie
Lennox. "And if any one should
come in—"

"Well?"
"If they like my occupation, I shall
be very much pleased; if they don't,
they are quite at liberty to look the
other way!"

And Miss Lennox tied a prodigious
crash apron around her, rolled up her
sleeves, and resolutely took her stand
in front of the wash-bench.

"It seems too bad, my dear, with
those little white hands of yours,"
said old Mrs. Lennox, irresolutely.

"Oh, my hands!" laughed Georgie.
"What are they good for, if not to
make themselves useful?"

Mary drew herself disdainfully up.
"Well," said she, "I have never yet
stooped to such a degradation as
that!"

"It would be a great deal worse de-
gradation to stand by and let my
rheumatic old grandmother do the
washing," observed Georgie, with
philosophy, as she plunged her hands
into the snowy mass of suds.

Old Mrs. Lennox had been left with
a picturesque farm-house on the edge
of Sidonia Lake, and nothing else.
And so old Mrs. Lennox bethought
herself to eke her slender means by
the reception of summer boarders.

And in September, when her two
grand-daughters obtained their fort-
night's leave of absence from the
typesetting establishment in Troy,
where they earned their daily bread,
they came home for a breath of fresh
mountain air, and helped grandma
Lennox with her boarders. For there
was no girl kept at the farm house,
and no outside assistance called in,
except as German Katrina came once
a week to wash and scrub.

"It's drudgery," sighed Mary, who
was tall and slender, with a fair com-
plexion, doll-blue eyes, and a Byronic
dissatisfaction with her lot in life.

"It's fun!" said Georgie, who had
no such exalted aspirations, and liked
to make custards, wash china, and de-
corate the tea table with flowers.

"You'll hang out these clothes for
me, Mary, won't you?" said Georgie,
as she flung the last red-bordered
towel on the top of the clothes-bas-
ket, "while I wash the pillow-cases?"

"Indeed I shall not," said her sister.
"With the Miss Pooleys playing cro-
quet in plain sight? Never!"

"Then I must do it myself," said
Georgie, with a little shrug of the
shoulder. "And—"

But just as she spoke, there came a

tap at the kitchen-door.

"Come in!" cried Georgie, valiant-
ly, while her sister, with burning
cheeks, endeavored to hide herself,
and her democratic occupation of
peeling onions, behind the big roller-
towel.

And Mr. Raymond Abbott "walk-
ed in," accordingly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Georgie,"
said he, rather blandly. "I didn't
know I should disturb you!"

"Oh, you're not disturbing me at
all," said Georgie, serenely, resting
one rosy, dimple-dotted elbow on the
washboard, and looking at him like
a practicalized copy of Guido's
angels, out of a cloud of soapy steam.

"But," he went on, "I was going to
ask one of the servants for a basket to
bring home fish in."

"I will get it for you with pleasure,"
said Georgie.

And as he turned to the dresser,
her sister answered the puzzled ex-
pression of Mr. Abbott's face.

"You are surprised to see Georgie
doing that?" said she, with a gesture
toward the plebeian tub. "And I
don't wonder. But it's only for a
frolic—a wager. Girls will do such
things, you know!"

But Georgie had heard the last
words, and turned around with crimson-
ed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"It is not a frolic," said she. "And
it's not a wager. It's serious, sober
earnest. I am doing the washing be-
cause Katrina has sprained her ankle,
and there's no one else but grand-
mamma to do it!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Abbott. "And
can't I help you?"

"Yes," Georgie promptly made an-
swer. "You can carry that basket of
clothes out to the bleaching-ground
for me."

"Georgie!" exclaimed her sister, as
Mr. Abbott cheerily shouldered the
load and strode away in the direction
indicated by Georgie's pointing fin-
ger.

"He asked me," said Georgie. "I
shouldn't have asked him!"

"Judge Abbott's son!" groaned
Mary. "The richest man in Ballston!
He'll never ask you to go out rowing
on the lake with him again."

But the reappearance of the gen-
tleman in question put a stop to the
discussion.

"Miss Georgie," said he, "I would
have hoisted them upon the riggings
for you, but the wind takes 'em off
so!"

"That's because you need the
clothes pins," said Georgie, handing
them to him with alacrity.

"Couldn't you come and help?"
said Mr. Abbott, wistfully. "Two
can manage so much better than
one."

"Oh, I'll come and help," said
Georgie; "and be glad to get my
clothes out drying."

She tied on her small gingham
sun-bonnet, and ran out into the yellow
September sunshine, while Mary
burst out crying with mingled vexa-
tion and anger.

"I never shall get over the disgrace
of it in the world," said she—"never,
never! Georgie has no dignity—no
proper pride! No; don't speak to
me, grandma, or I shall say something
dreadful! I declare I've a mind
never to own her as a sister again!"

"Have you finished the washing?"
said Mr. Raymond Abbott.

"Yes, I've finished it," said Georgie
Lennox. "But I shouldn't like to
earn my living as a laundress. It's a
very tiresome business."

Georgie was "cooling off," under
the shadow of the frost grape vines
in the woods, with a book in her
hand, and the curly locks blown back
from her pretty Spanish forehead.

Mr. Abbott looked admiringly
down on her. All his life long his ex-
perience had lain among the smiling,
artificial dolls of conventional society.
He had admired Georgie Lennox the
first time he had ever seen her; but
that day's experience of her frank,
true nature had given depth and ear-
nestness to the feeling.

"Miss Lennox," said he, "do you
know what I have been thinking of
since we hung out those towels and
tablecloths together?"

"Haven't the least idea," said un-
conscious Georgie, fanning herself
with two grape-leaves, pinned togeth-
er by a thorn.

"I have been thinking," said he,

"that I should like my wife to be just
such a woman as you are."

"A washerwoman?" said Georgie,
trying to laugh off her blushes.

"I am quite in earnest, Georgie," he
said, leaning over her. "Dear Geo-
rgie, will you be my wife?"

"But I am only a working girl,"
said ingenuous Georgie, beginning to
tremble all over, and half inclined to
cry. "We are type-setters, Mary and
I, and we are very poor."

"My own love, you are rich in all
that heart could wish!" pleaded Ab-
bott, taking both her hands in his;
"and I want you for my very, very
own!"

Raymond Abbott had fancied
Georgie Lennox when he saw her
playing croquet, in pale pink muslin,
with a tea-rose in her hair; but the
divine flame of love first stirred in his
heart when she looked at him through
the vapory clouds of the wash-tub—
Guido's angel folding her fair wings
in a farm-house kitchen!

Just so curiously a romance and
reality blended together in the world.

Uncle Remus on Education.

As Uncle Remus came up White-
hall street yesterday, he met a little
colored boy carrying a slate and a
number of books. Some words passed
between them, but their exact purport
will probably never be known. They
were unpleasant, for the attention of
a wandering policeman was called to
the matter by hearing the old man
bawl out:

"Don't you come foolin' longer me,
nigger. Youer flippin' yo' sass at de
wring color. Youk'n go rou'n' here
an' sass dese white people, an' maybe
dey'll stan' it, but we'n you come a
slingin' yo' jaw at a man w'at wuz
gray wen de fahmin' days gin out,
you better go an' git yo' hide
greazed."

"What's the matter, old man?"
asked a sympathizing policeman.

"Nothin', boss. 'cep'n I ain't gwinter
hav' no nigger chillun a hoopin' an'
a holler'n at me wen I'm gwine 'long
de street's."

"Oh, well—school children—you
know how they are."

"Dat's w'at make I say w'at I duz.
Dey better be home picken up chips
W'at a nigger gwinter I'arn outen
books? I kin take a bar'l stave an'
fling mo' sense inter a nigger in one
minnit dan all de school houses be-
twixt dis en de State uv Midgin.

Don't talk, honey! Wid one bar'l
stave I kin fa'rly lif' de veil er ig-
n'ance."

"Then you don't believe in educa-
tion?"

"Hits de ruination er dis country.
Look at my gal. De ole 'oman sent
'er ter school las' year an' now we
dassent hardly ax' er fer ter carry de
wash'in home. She done got beyant
'er bizness. I 'aint larn't nuthin in
books, 'en yit I kin count all de money
I gits. No use a talkin', boss. Put a
spellin book in a nigger's hands en
right den en dar you loozes a plow
hand. I done had de sp'unce un it."

Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Story.

It is related that a bear and its
leader lately arrived towards night at
a village near the city of Lyons, and
the latter sought admission into the
only inn of the place. The host at
first declined to admit the strange
pair, not knowing where to place the
animal, but finally he consented to
receive them. The bear was placed in
a pigsty, and its occupant—a fat
pig, which was to be killed on the
morrow—was let loose in the court-
yard. In the middle of the night
cries of help proceeding from the
pigsty aroused the house, and the
host, his wife, and the servants at
once ran to the spot. It was then as-
certained that a thief, excited by the
splendid condition of the pig, had de-
termined on eloping with it, and had
entered the pigsty with that laudable
intention. The bear, displeased at
being suddenly awakened by this en-
terprising individual, rewarded him
with a fraternal hug, which caused
the would-be thief to cry out so lusti-
ly. The man was delivered from the
paws of the bear, but only to be
handed over into the hands of justice.

"What constitutes the chief happi-
ness of your life?" asked a serious Sun-
day school teacher. She blushed and
then replied, "It is that John has at
last fixed the day."

BUB CROWNER AT THE BALL.

The Costume He Danced in at
Hangtown and What Happened
to it.

From the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.
Up in the hall of Pacific Coast
Pioneers a few evenings ago, several
of the "old boys" and a number of
later comers, their friends and admir-
ers were talking over early days in
California.

"I shall never forget my first ball
in California," said Bub Crowner. "It
was at Hangtown, in '52. In crossin'
the plains we had all kinds of bad
luck. We had some of our hosses
stolen by the Injuns, some died, and
at last we left behind wagons and
everything but what we could carry
on our backs.

"It was every fellow for himself in a
short time. I traveled on foot and
took the desperate chances of findin'
grub among sich wagons and camps
as I passed. Nearly naked and
starved I finally got to the Humboldt.
I found a large party of emigrants
camped thar for a day or two to
rest, wash clothes, bake bread and the
like.

"I was a rough lookin' customer. I
had on an old roundabout or wamus,
that I had wore all the way from
Pike, trousers that was ready to drop
off me and a pair of moccasins I got
from a Shoshone Injun for an old
jack knife.

"A man at the camp took pity on
me, and showing me two pair of
green braize drawers, told me if I'd
wash 'em I might have one pair for
my trouble. As they were sound and
much better than my pantaloons, I
jumped at the chance. I washed the
articles and hung 'em up on a bunch
of willers to dry.

"Presently the feller came and
took one pair, leavin' the other for
me. He was a little, spindlin' bit of
a cuss, while I even at that time,
starved as I was, weighed nigh on to
one hundred and seventy pounds.

"I took the drawers and went some
distance down the river, behind a
bunch of willers, to make my toilet.
The washin' and dryin' had shrunk
the drawers to such an extent that it
took me half an hour to get into 'em.
They was skin tight, and lacked six
inches of reachin' down to my ankle
joints.

"I walked up and down the bank
of the river for a long time before I
could make up my mind to go back
to camp. I went and looked for my
old breeches, but I had throwed 'em
into the river in the start and they
had floated off or sunk somewhere.

"As I walked up and down thar by
the water my long, slim, green legs
made me look like a fly-up-the-creek,
a crane, or some sich water fowl.

"When I went to camp everybody
roared and laughed, some rollin' them-
selves on the ground and roarin' till
they was black in the face.

"To keep the sun from burnin' my
ankles I got some cloth and made
straps so I could strap the drawers
down to my moccasins.

"In passin' along by the wagons I
overtook I had to stand all the fun
that people saw fit to poke at me.
Here comes the great crane of the de-
sert! some would say, while others
called me the 'green dragon of the
plains.'

"When I got to Hangtown I found
out there was to be a grand ball
that night in the edge of the town.
Before scattering out in different parts
of the country the people were goin'
to have a big dance together.

"In the evenin' I thought I'd slip
down to where the dance was to come
off and look on. I found they had
set up a lot of crotches in which they
had laid poles, coverin' the whole
with pine and spruce boughs, making
a sort of canopy. The ground had
been leveled off and beaten down till
it was like a brickyard.

"I found two or three fiddlers
mounted on pine boxes, and with them
a feller with a clarinet. They
were makin' pretty fair music, and a
great crowd was dancin' away for
dear life.

"I looked on for a time, but pretty
soon I got excited and like, forgot all
about my drawers, and sailed into
the thick of the business with a big
Pike county gal, with sun-bonnet off

and hair hangin' half way down to
her heels!

"I can tell you we made the dust
fly. I soon saw that, though my
drawers might be a little tight, I had
on about the soundest and gayest rig
in the whole place. I looked as
though I was in some kind of mas-
queradin' outfit, and began to consid-
er myself the beau of the ball—a reg-
ular dandy.

"I made them long, green legs of
mine fly in swingin' on the corners,
and was the wonder of every man,
woman and child at the ball. I got
so excited about the sensation I was
making that I cut all kinds of pigeon
wings and fancy flourishes, bringin'
down the house every time.

"Go in, green legs!" the fellers out-
side would holler, and go in I did.
Finally, a couple of children come
waltzin' along. I thought it would
be a good trick to sling one of my
long green legs, circus-fashion, over
the heads of the little couple.

"I tried it, and left that hall runnin'
like a skeered kiote, and don't know
that I've ever set eyes on man, wo-
man or child that was there from that
day to this.

"Guess you have," said an old chap
among the listeners. "I was thar and
saw the whole performance. It was
my oldest gal you was a-dancin'
with."

"The little gal you tried to swing
your leg over," said another old cove,
"was my child, and she is now the
wife of Senator W——, of Califor-
nia."

"I am the very man that gave you
those green braize drawers," said an-
other of the party. "I remembered
you as soon as you mentioned what
happened out there on the Hum-
boldt."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" cried
Bud; then turning to a "pioneer" sit-
ting near, he said: "And you?"

"Damin'," said the man address-
ed. "I guess I must a bin the Injun
that traded you the moccasins."

Check.

Check! Why, that's no name for
it. He was an itinerant vender of
lamp-burners, this one, and he gener-
ally gained his end wherever he was
permitted to enter a house. Yester-
day, while traveling about the city,
he wandered into a house in the
southern part of town, where sorrow
evidently reigned. The lamp man,
finding the door open, walked right
in, and there found a poor woman in
tears, with a friend or two trying to
console her for the loss of her hus-
band, who lay dead in the same room.

"Can I sell you my new patent
lamp-burner, ma'am?" said the ven-
der.

"No, sir," replied the woman, betw-
een her sobs, "I don't wish any-
thing of the kind."

"Please let me explain its beauties,
ma'am," said he, "and I'm sure you'll
take one. You see this?"

"But I don't want it, sir," she said.
"I wish you would go away. Don't
you see my poor dear husband lying
here? Leave me with my sorrow."

"Oh! yes'm, and I sympathize
deeply with you ma'am. Excuse me
—I can't keep back these tears. Oh!
ma'am, if you only knew what a great
consolation these patent lamp-burn-
ers of mine are on such occasions as
these you would not be without one
single minute. Why, ma'am, put one
of these in his hand and it would light
him through all the darkness he has
to pass through without any trouble;
and when you come to die, he could
hold the lamp for you when you go
to ascend the golden stairs."

And that precious scoundrel kept
on in that strain until he had sold
half-a-dozen to every female in the
room. Check! Oh! no.

At a Sunday-school a teacher asked
a little boy if he knew what the ex-
pression "sowing tares" meant.

"Courth I do," said he, pulling a part
of his trousers around in front:
"there's a tear my ma sewed—I teared
it when I was sliding down hill."

When a man leaves our side and
goes to the other side he is a traitor,
and we always feel that there is a
subtle something wrong about him.
But when a man leaves the other side
and comes over to us, then he is a man
of great moral courage, and we always
feel that he has sterling stuff in him.