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Selected Poetry.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Three lone, sunny summers
Have blossomed and gone
Since I saw your sweet face,
Like a glimpse of the dawn,
As out of your valve-howered
Lattice on high
You leaned with the roses
To waft me good-by!

The merry waves sparkle
And feather in foam,
As the swift prow cleaves onward,
That beareth me home;
But swifter, my darling,
In shadow and sun,
To meet you and greet you
My happy thoughts run!

Ah! there is the headland,
All purpled with heather;
And the low, reedy flats
Where we wandered together,
And there is the inlet,
The shallows, and cove,
With the green hills beyond,
And the blue sky above!

And there, running over
With sunshine and roses,
The gray, gabled cottage,
Her lattice discloses
And sweeter than all
The sweet roses, I see
The glad face that waits
At the window for me!

SUMMER AND SUNSHINE.

I clasped her hand, my little sweet,
The fading water, were swiftly going,
And just beyond our straying feet
The river's tide was onward flowing.
"Ah, love," said I, "the little boat
That lies beyond the field of clover
Upon the waves shall lightly float,
And I will row you safely over."

The field was passed. We stood beside
The rippling water, swiftly flowing,
And soon across the river wide
My willing arms were safely rowing.
Summer and sunshine in her hair,
Summer and sunshine on the river;
God knoweth how I loved her there—
A love which shall abide forever.

Summer and sunshine in her eyes,
Summer and sunshine bright above us,
The laughing air, the azure skies,
Hung over us, and seemed to love us.
To-day I clasp her in my arms—
The earth, the air, are bright as ever,
And life itself as full of charms—
And I shall row her o'er the river.

The Keys.

Father O'Leary and Curran were
cracking their jokes at a dinner-party
one evening as was their wont, when
the celebrated advocate turned abruptly
to the good father, saying:
"I wish, O'Leary, that you had the
keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?" asked the divine.
"Because you could then let me in,"
said the facetious counsellor.
"It would be better for you Curran,
that I had the keys to the other place;
because I could then let you out,"
replied O'Leary.

A Winter Peach.

The Petersburg (Va.) Rural Mes-
senger thus describes this fruit, which
it says originated with Mr. Jos. Hawk-
ins, of Dinwiddie, Va., before the war,
and which is called the "Hawkins
Winter Peach." That gentleman has
had for some years trees in full bear-
ing:

"The fruit does not begin to ripen un-
til the leaves have fallen from the tree
in November; is in no way injured by
the severe frosts of that season, and
hangs on the trees until it assumes a
beautiful red cheek. When ripe they
may be picked and put away to be
carried to market at leisure—say any
time in November or early December.
The fruit is large, (the first important
item in a market peach) color whitish
with red cheek; flesh whitish, rich,
juicy and pleasant. It will keep far
into December without rotting. It
can be handled pretty much the same
as apples."

Mr. Wm. Kirkpatrick, of Orange,
realized 90 bushels of wheat from a
sowing of 27.

JUNE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Uncle Roe was dead.

He had been the one wealthy man
of the Jeffrey family. He was one of
three brothers, who had never mar-
ried. Only the sister, Jenny, had
married, and married poor.

In a few years she was a widow
with a child. She came, then, to keep
house for her brothers, and so Junius,
her son, was brought up on the old
Jeffrey place, where his grandfather
was born.

"June," they called him. It suited
his health and beauty. Such another
curled darling could not be found for
miles around; and yet his adoring
mother had not spoiled her boy.

He had grown up sunny-tempered,
brave and generous. If he were a
little self-indulgent, he was not selfish
or weak.

With his uncles Charles and Geof-
frey, he had ever been a favorite. The
one frank, young spirit was the sun-
shine of their silent, plodding lives;
for the Jeffrey farm was stony, and
required much hard labor to render
it productive as a means of livelihood
to the united family.

They were never in anywise depen-
dent upon their merchant brother,
whose speculations of one day often
brought him a larger profit than their
united labors amounted to in a whole
year; although they were often indi-
rectly benefited by the large means at
his command.

But with his uncle Roscoe, June
had ever seemed to stand on an in-
secure footing. When the child had
been born, and his mother had writ-
ten to her rich brother that he had a
little nephew, he responded kindly,
saying: "Bring him up to be healthy
and sensible, and may heaven bless
you!" But not a hint that he might
possibly make the boy his heir; nor
never a word of the kind after he
came to live side by side with him.

But it was only natural that there
should be such expectations. June
was the last of the family line, and
though he did not bear the family
name, he had the clear-cut Jeffrey
features and the peach-blossom cheek
which had made his mother the beauty
of the neighborhood in her youth.

Had Roscoe Jeffrey love his nephew?
He never in his lifetime gave a sign
that he did.

He was a quiet man, whose reserve
it was hard to penetrate. His confi-
dence he gave to no one. Perhaps
they to whom his face and form were
most familiar knew him least. He
rarely talked at home. For days at
a time he was strictly silent. As far
as likes and dislikes went, he was in-
scrutable. He treated every one
precisely alike, and with uniform civility.
If he had any preferences, he never
revealed them.

From childhood, June had an in-
stinctive respect for him. As he grew
older it had deepened, and he had
been conscious of pain and regret that
uncle Roe had never, in his childhood
petted him—never, in his maturer
years, praised him.

He had had little thought about his
fortune until he fell in love. He told
Blanche Burtonshaw, then, that he
hoped uncle Roe would leave him his
money.

Blanche was of a wealthy and proud
family. Perhaps they encouraged the
intimacy between the young people
because they, too, expected that June
would be his uncle's heir. Time
proved this to be the case.

Otherwise, June was hardly a peer
for Blanche Burtonshaw in a worldly
sense. At twenty-one he was with-
out means or profession. He had a
fine intellect and unbounded activity,
but it had never been turned to any
account.

Being an athlete and a crack marks-
man, a champion chess-player and
base ballist, he was a favorite with
young people. Older heads might
have wagged him away from their
daughters with large expectations, if
it had not been for his near relation-
ship to rich Roscoe Jeffrey.

June began to think seriously now
of this heirship. Was it or was it not
to be?

If uncle Roe had been a different
kind of man, June might boldly have
asked him if he intended to leave him
anything; but the long years of si-
lence seemed to forbid that. Mrs.
Godfrey had neither tact nor courage

to institute inquiries, and so the mat-
ter stood when Roscoe Jeffrey died.

He died suddenly, of heart-disease,
without any warning. But, from his
advanced age and methodical habits,
nobody had any doubt but that his
will was made.

And now, hope and apprehension
shook June Godfrey from the very
centre of his being. He loved Blanche
with all the fervor of a fresh, and
earnest heart, and of late he had learned
that her parents' consent to their
marriage depended upon his becoming
his uncle's heir.

The girl, too, grew pale and nerv-
ous. June was her hero, her beloved.
It would be a dire calamity if she
must give him up. And then, out of
garden walks and moonlight saunts,
came the most earnest talk of their
lives.

"If he has made no provision for
me, Blanche, I must give you up,
then."

"So my father said."
The bright, blooming face had
whitened a little, yet both were in-
clined to hold fast to hope.

"When is the will to be read,
June?"

"In the morning."
"To-morrow at this time we shall
know, June," twining her gentle arms
in sudden strength of emotion about
his neck. "Even if he has left you
poor, I shall love you just the same.
Dearest, do not leave me!"

"Blanche, my darling, I never will,
till you send me from you."
"I care nothing for money."
A few irrepressible words; then the
silence of deep emotion.

"We will hope for the best."
These were their last words, and
then they parted.

In the morning, the family met in
the old family sitting-room, in the pre-
sence of Roscoe Jeffrey's lawyer, to
hear read the dead man's last will and
testament.

"To my brothers, Charles and Geof-
frey, I leave each the sum of ten
thousand dollars.

"To my sister Jenny I leave the in-
terest of fifteen thousand dollars,
which is invested in the—Savings
Bank, said income to be hers only
during her lifetime.

"The remainder of my property now
available, and to be available, shall go
to the organization of—"

Well, never mind—it was a great
charity, and has done much good, no
doubt. They all remembered now his
hints of it, and understood his long
labors and plans for it. It has made
his memory blessed.

But poor June! His name had not
been mentioned at all in the will. He
was not even cut off with a shilling.
For the first time in his life he felt
a furious anger toward his ever kind-
ly uncle. He had shed tears over his
dead face; now he could not have
wept for bitterness. Out of such
abundance, not even a penny for him!
And yet it seemed as if the slight of
not mentioning his name hurt him
more.

Then he must go and tell Blanche;
but she had already heard the news.
The story that Roscoe Jeffrey had left
fifty thousand dollars to a great
charity, and not a cent to his only
nephew, had already reached her.

The two looked at each other, and
and their faces grew calm over
their great resolve.

"We belong to each other. We will
be married just the same," they said.
In a few days they had settled it
all. Blanche had decided to marry
against her parents' wishes. She did
this in grief, yet conscious that she
was right, since June had already be-
gun the most active exertions to pro-
vide a maintenance for them, and
each was ready to live for the other.

The means of maintenance secured
—a simple clerkship—they were
quietly united, and went away to the
city to live.

June's disappointment had made
him a serious man. His boyish care-
lessness was gone; his habits were all
changed. To provide in independence
and honesty for his family was a pur-
pose which called forth steady applica-
tion and exertion. For at the end
of a year two little daughters, as much
alike as twin rosebuds, made Blanche
a mother. Two years later, a beauti-
ful boy increased their cares and
hopes.

June, who understood himself now

with surprising correctness, was ex-
erting himself to obtain a competent
knowledge of civil engineering, for he
had excellent abilities for this occu-
pation. A few years' study and ex-
perience, and he would command a
position which would provide comfort
for Blanche and educate his little ones.
And now he gave himself neither rest
nor sleep. He studied by the mid-
night oil; he rose before dawn.

Blanche looked on with instinctive
misgivings.
"Dearest, you will kill yourself and
break my heart!" she cried, weeping.
He cheered her and struggled on.
At last, human strength could bear
the strain no longer. He fainted and
fell beside his desk one night; and
Blanche lifted the dear head upon
her breast, and wept over him among
her frightened little ones.

When June again regained con-
sciousness, she begged and besought
him.
"Dearest! oh, my love! give up
these super-human efforts. You will
die and leave me alone. I had rather
live upon a crust a day than to see
you thus daily killing yourself."
He covered his face.

"Blanche, what if I do, you are
doomed to a lifetime of poverty. I
have no means at my command which
will adequately support five persons.
But a little while, and I could place
you in comparative ease. And to give
up now, after trying so long, gaining
so much, and hoping so high!"
"My precious husband, some other
way will open. I will write to my
father, and tell him of our little Rose
and Lily—of our boy—"

"No, no!" bitterly. "Do not expose
our poverty to them, Blanche."
"It was a trying hour."
At last June made his wife a prom-
ise. He would take a week's rest.
This greatly recruited him. Then
again he resumed his task of self-in-
struction.

Hard and slowly the time wore on.
Blanche's cheek had lost forever its
girlish roundness. It was pale with
growing care and sleepless solitude.
June, too, had grown pale and thin
in the struggle, yet his face had gained
the added beauty of heroic resolve
and patience.

One day, there came a knock at the
door. Why was it—an agent, a ped-
dler? For they had few visitors.
June rose from his desk, and ad-
mitted a stranger. He was well-
dressed and courteous, and assuring
himself that he was addressing Mr.
Junius Godfrey, he proceeded to
make certain plain statements. Soon
he was gone.

Blanche did not understand—she
could not—but there was June kneeling
beside her, clasping both arms
around her waist, and crying, "Dar-
ling! darling!" in a voice of such
gladness. And there upon the table
was a bank-book.

"June, what does it mean?"
"That we have money—money in
plenty, Blanche!"
"How?"
"When I was born, my uncle Roe
put ten thousand dollars in the sav-
ings-bank for me. With the interest
which has accrued, it is a small for-
tune now. You know we have been
moving about from place to place to
find cheaper rent, and the bank peo-
ple have just found us. Oh, Blanche,
Blanche! my poor, weary darling,
you can rest now! Put down that
tiresome sowing, and be glad with me!"

But Blanche went on making the
baby's apron, just the same; only a
tear fell upon it.
"I was sure that better times would
come," she said.

To lend a man "a quarter" politely,
requires considerable coolness and
self-control. To be slow and ceremoni-
ous about it implies distrust; to slap
down the coin with a "bang" indicates
irritation, while to search all your
pockets in succession, conveys the im-
pression that you will be left penniless
by the transaction. A smiling, quiet
promptness marks the gentleman in
this crisis.

A minister approached a mischiev-
ous urchin about twelve years old, and
laying his hand upon his shoulder
thus addressed him: "My son, I believe
the devil has got hold of you." "I be-
lieve he has, too," was the significant
reply of the urchin.

KENTUCKYS KING.

Ten Broeck's Victory Over Mollie
McCarthy.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 4.—Such a
crowd as thronged the streets, pack-
ed the hotels and boarding-houses, and
sought accommodation in every con-
ceivable place, was never seen in
Louisville before. All day yesterday
and to-day train added to the crowd,
and the inpouring continued until
noon to-day. The day opened bright
and clear, and as the hours advanced
the sun grew hotter, till it fairly broil-
ed down intensely. The city in
every direction was handsomely de-
corated, and presented a gay attire
never witnessed by our people before.

Unbounded curiosity to see the king
and queen of the turf previous to the
race was not gratified. The stables
of both were guarded by the police
and detectives last night, Mr. Harper
slept in Ten Broeck's stable, and the
heads of both horses were kept up
not even their jockeys being permit-
ted access.

Both horses were in excellent con-
dition, but the feeling and odds were
decidedly in favor of Kentucky's
horse. The Californians, of whom a
great many were present, stoutly
maintained the superiority of their
favorite, and took large odds as long
as they had a cent left. The horses
were started by Mr. Clark, President
of the Association, and the first heat
settled the contest, Mollie McCarthy
being distanced. Time—8:19.

The backers of Ten Broeck and all
Kentucky are jubilant beyond anything
ever before witnessed in the annals of
the turf. The Californians are cor-
respondingly depressed, and most of
them being dead broke, are earnestly
discussing the serious problem of how
to get back home. The horses had
been so well guarded that there is
but little room for talk about doctor-
ing which is usually indulged in. The
owner and backers of the California
Queen, though pretty well demoral-
ized still insist that she can beat
Ten Broeck, and express their willing-
ness to make another match, provid-
ed it be run on the Pacific slope. No
estimate can be made of the amount
of money that changed hands on the
result of this royal race. The betting
was not only free here, but in every
part of the country. Immense sums
were staked outside of Louisville.
Betting was pretty even here, but
odds have been maintained in favor
of Ten Broeck all the way through.

When the drum tapped for the race
Ten Broeck and Mollie McCarthy
went by the string like twin bullets.
Ten Broeck had the outside of the
track, and the mare, being on the in-
side, ran to the front from the start.
At the first quarter they were side by
side, and going gallantly on to victory.
The half mile did not change the posi-
tion, and as they moved onward the
30,000 spectators were held in perfect
silence. Between half and three-
quarters the mare got her nose ahead,
and a great cheer went up, and then,
as they came past the string, and she
again appeared in front, another cheer
was heard. The mare was running
easy. Ten Broeck was being driven
hard, and Walker urged him more
and more. In the second mile Mollie
seemed to be moving with such ease,
and Ten Broeck labored so hard that
Kentuckians wavered by thousands,
and the certainty of California win-
ning produced a dead silence. At the
half post, by the second mile, Walker
urged Ten Broeck quite hard, and
Howson permitted him to come up
side by side. A Kentucky yell, such
as was heard for miles, rent the air
as they ran past the three-quarters,
and coming into the stretch, Mollie
McCarthy brushed ahead again, pass-
ing the grand stand half a length in
the lead. "She will win sure," was
heard in all directions; and more
confident grew the cry as her easy
movement continued, the horse still
driving. She passed the quarter in
the third mile leading, but the horse
hung on to her close, and made the
pace so murderous that many knew
his bottom would have an effect ulti-
mately. At the three-eighths pole of
the third mile McCarthy let up in her
running, Ten Broeck taking the track
and passing her at the very moment
his friends were giving him up. He
increased rapidly the distance separa-
ting them. The mare's break down was

heard the field over, but she ran on.
Walker, pulling the horse slightly
was ahead on the third mile ten
lengths, and he increased it all the
time out. Although her defeat was
now certain, few realized how easy
Ten Broeck would win, he little more
than galloping the remaining mile.
The Queen of the Californians was at
the three-quarter pole when the great
Kentucky crack distanced her. The
time was 8:19, as follows: First mile,
1:49; second mile, 3:43; third mile,
5:50; fourth mile, 8:19—more than
a minute slower than his best record.
Both horses were well used up, the
heat being intense.

The Flying Machine Fizzle.

About fifty thousand people assam-
bled on Boston Common last Thurs-
day morning to witness the first ex-
hibition of the flying machine in the
open air. The plan was to sail around
the tops of the houses and over the
principal streets and demonstrate to a
wondering multitude the possibilities
of air navigation. When everything
was ready the machine was let go,
but instead of flying up gradually, as
was intended, it shot up like an arrow
to a distance of about two thousand
feet. Every one came to the conclu-
sion at once that it was unmanageable,
and the poor aeronaut was the object
of much sympathy as he floated up-
ward. He soon let off some of the gas-
but did not descend. He went up
higher and higher, and it was soon
evident that he was as much at the
mercy of the currents as any balloon-
ist. He sailed over Brooklyn, Boston
Highland, and out through Norfolk
county, and landed at the little town
of Earnham. Here he was an object
of wonder to the inhabitants, and af-
ter they had gazed on him essayed to
fly back to Boston, but on reaching
Dover gave it up, and packing his ma-
chine on the train, he returned home
by rail. He explains his failure by
saying that the gas-bag was out of
order. The steering apparatus would
not work, and one of the rudders was
disarranged. He says he had to tie
it with a cord and strap his foot to the
pedal.

"Laying By."

The summer crops are being laid by
or soon will be. The manner in which
this is done is far from being unim-
portant. Cotton fields in hilly regions
should be left with the surface as near
flat as possible, to prevent the wash-
ing, so apt to occur in a loose,
mellow, clean soil. Washing away of
the soil has been one of the greatest
evils of extended cotton culture. Grain
and grass growing farmers have no
conception of it. In level regions where
there is danger of too much water in
the soil, but none of washing, it is better
to leave good ridges or beds.

In all cases, crops ought to be laid
by perfectly clean—no grass or weeds
left to divide the soil food with the
maturing crop. Especially if the land
is to be planted in cotton again the
ensuing year, no grass should be
allowed to mature seed. If permitted
to seed, it will double the work of hoe-
ing the succeeding crops whether cot-
ton or corn. Not only so, but if cotton
is followed by grain, the latter will in
such case be succeeded by a larger
crop of grass, the seeds of which will
again give trouble in the cotton which
follows. We have often thought that
with some care in preventing the
seeding of crab grass, this part of our
farms might be eradicated, perfectly it
could be kept within much narrower
bounds. We have often noticed that
where portions of fields were laid by
grassy, the same parts would be more
grassy the next year than those laid by
clean.

The time at which a crop should be
laid by depends on circumstances. Corn
should receive its last ploughing
(a very shallow one) about the time it
is preparing to tassle. But in any
case, the ploughing does not clean it
thoroughly, it should be hoed subse-
quently. Cotton ought to have a steady
moderate growth up to the "bell"—a
little later towards the gulf. What-
ever workings are necessary to insure
this should be given to it. As long as it
worked it will continue to grow, un-
less extreme drought prevails.

The Reason Why.

"How came you to have such a
short nose?" asked a city dandy of a
country boy. "So that I should not
be poking it into other people's busi-
ness," was the reply.