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## The Lincoln Progress.

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### Selected Poetry.

#### IN A LOVELY HOUR.

If I could hold your hands to-night,  
Just for a little while, and know  
That only I, of all the world,  
Possessed them so;

A slender shape in that old chair,  
Between me and the twilight pale,  
If I could see you here to-night  
So light and frail;

Your cool white dress its folding lost  
In one broad sweep of shadow gray;  
Your weary head just dropped aside,  
The sweet old way—

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain;  
The darkness crossing half your face,  
And just the glimmer of a smile  
For one to trace.

If I could see your eyes, that reach  
Far out into the furthest sky,  
Where, past the trail of dying suns,  
The old years lie;

Or touch your silent lips to-night,  
And steal the sadness from their smile,  
And find the last kiss they've kept  
This weary while!

If I could be—O, all in vain  
The restless trouble of my soul  
Sets, as the great tides to the moon,  
Toward your control!

In vain the longing of the lips,  
The eye's desire, and the pain;  
The hunger of the heart—O, love,  
Is it in vain?

#### A Woman's Love for the Beautiful.

A woman went into a barber's shop on C. street some weeks ago and wanted to know how much it would cost to dye a man's hair and mustache. The price was named and she then asked the barber to get his dye and follow her.

"Why can't the man come here?" asked the barber.

"He's dead," replied the woman, "and the last thing he said when he was passing away was: 'Sally, fix me up pretty for the funeral.' His hair curled beautifully, but was a little gray. It won't look well to see a woman crying round a coffin with an old gray-bearded man in it. So I want him fixed up a little. He was always a beauty when he had his hair dyed. I know I'd want mine fixed that way if I was gray and dead."

The barber dyed the dead man's hair in the highest style of the art, and the widow remarked, when all was over, that "he was the loveliest corpse ever buried on the Camstock." —Virginia Chronicle.

A witness was testifying that on the morning after the murder he met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter "called the waiter and said"—"Hold on!" exclaimed the attorney for the defence, "I object to what he said." Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said. "Well go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the district attorney, flushed with his legal victory. "Well," replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a rare beefsteak and a couple of soft-boiled eggs.'"

A too-sensitive lover in Burke county Ga., has broken off his engagement because his sweetheart named her pet-calf after him.

### A WILD ADVENTURE.

#### An Indian Story from the Arkansas Country.

[San Francisco Golden Era.]

Sam S. Hall, "Buckskin Sam," and old Rip Ford were trapping in the Arkansas river region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their hands too often to care for the dangers they were exposed to. Old Rip was a man who stood five feet eleven in his moccasins—a man whom you would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His hard brown face was seamed with scars from bullet, knife and claws of wild beasts, and his muscular body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle. "Buckskin Sam" was the bean ideal of a mountain and plains man, the Western hunter that the novelist paints and the school boy dreams of and wishes some day to be. Although not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage. For many a year these two had roamed the trappings together, fighting Indians, grizzlies and wolves, chased by night over the burning prairies, defending their camp against the sudden attacks of red fiends or spending recklessly at the monte board the money they had earned so hardly on the trapping ground.

They had been out all winter, and, as spring approached, the last cache was covered, and the trappers now began to think of returning home. The camp was built up near the river, a tributary of the Canadian which flowed through dismal canons, in which the light of day never shows, under the shadow of giant cliffs upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids, and abounded in rare fish, upon which they had feasted royally for many a day. They had a canoe, and had been discussing the chance of going down the stream in that, in order to save time.

"I am ready to take the chances if you are, Rip," said Sam.

"I don't like to give myself away," said Rip. "What do you know about the river, after we get down to the big canon, and who ever passed through it?"

"That's the fun of thing, Rip. We do what no one else dare do," said Sam.

"I don't like it," replied Ford, who was by far the most prudent of the two. "—ha! what in Jehu is that?" They seized their weapons and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating rifles began to play upon them they went out of sight among the rocks and began their gradual approach, which could only end in one way—the white trappers would be overwhelmed.

"There's only one chance, Rip," cried Sam.

"And that?"

"The canoe."

"I'm your man," cried the giant trapper. "You push the canoe into the water and throw in the weapons, while I keep those fellows at bay. Oh, would you? Take that!"

An Indian had raised his tufted head to get a better shot at the trappers; but before he could get back the unfailing eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sights and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet, spun sharp around upon his heel and fell dead in his tracks.

The next moment the canoe shot from the bank and headed down through the boiling flood, plunging in the canon below so rapidly that the Indians had scarcely time to recover from their amazement at the sudden exodus before the trappers were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet and uttered a low signal-whoop, and two large canoes, containing in all about fifteen men, rounded a point in the river above the canon and came flying down under the strokes of the paddles. The Indians on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the canoes dashed by at a furious speed, the wild yell of the savages announcing to the white men that they were pursued. The first

rapid passed, they entered a long stretch of water where the current was only four or five miles an hour, and there the propelling force in the other canoes began to tell, and the Indians gained rapidly.

On each side of the canon the canon was like a wall, two hundred feet in height, and the trappers could only put all their strength in the paddles and dash on as fast as they could. Two miles further and the pursuing canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons as they saw the white men almost in their grasp. Rip Ford shook his head as he looked over his shoulder, when suddenly his canoe was seized by a mighty force and hurled downward, like a bullet from a rifle. They had struck another rapid more powerful than the first, and the rocks absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the daring Buckskin Sam. "How we do move."

"I should say we did, old boy," replied Rip. "I am only afraid we are moving too fast."

"Don't you believe it," those fellows seem to be standing still," said Sam.

"They will get in the current in a moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that."

The headmost canoe of the Indians appeared upon the crest of the rapid, and came flying down after the trappers at a furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles with the exception of the man who sat at the stern, out by a touch on the water, now on one side, now on the other, regulated the course of the canoe. The second canoe followed in a moment, a little further in shore. As they gazed the bow of the last canoe was suddenly lifted into the air as it struck a brown rock channel, which the occupants tried in vain to avoid. The fierce current caught the stern, and in an instant there was nothing left of the craft, save broken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror, were borne swiftly on by the resistless tide.

"That ends them," said Rip Ford. "Be careful, Sam, for your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a scene of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemy would have gladly escaped, if they could, from the perils that surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalps and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the chase before them. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible danger before them, for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and the trappers suddenly rushed into a canon barely twenty feet wide and nearly roofed over by the cliff on each side. The current was not quite so rapid here, and they guided the canoe easily.

"This gets interesting, Rip," said Sam, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going—"

"To our death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"

Through the splash of water and the dip of the paddles they heard a low, dead, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling water. For a moment the bronzed face of Sam blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly, saying: "Better than the scalping-knife or stake, old friend. As the Frenchman says, 'Vive la mort!' Long live death!"

It was, indeed, before them, for as they shot out of the narrow pass they saw the falls before them—how high they could not tell, but the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small one. "Keep her head to it," cried Rip. "If we don't get through it's good-by forever, Sam."

The swift current caught them, and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. A moment more and it shot out into the mist and went down into the unknown depths. Each man clung to his paddle as he went down, held by an invisible power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, and then shot up into the light below the falls. Far below them the canoe floated, and as the current swept them down the two men looked back in time to

see the Indians' canoe come over the falls sideways without an occupant. It was hurled far out, and fell lightly on the water, only to be arrested by the strong arm of Buckskin Sam.

The Indians, appalled by their danger, had upset the canoe in their frantic efforts to escape. What became of them, the trappers never knew, for when they reached the foot of the rapid, far below the falls, and righted the canoe, they made no pause, but hurried down the stream, and before night were safely floating in the waters of the Canadian river. Two days later they reached Fort Sill in safety.

### Thin Skins.

No doubt sensitiveness is a mark of a refined temperament, but in view of the roughness of everyday life we can but think that too much of it is a positive misfortune.

The sensitive man is never thoroughly happy.

He is too thin-skinned to bear with equanimity the temperature of the world at large. He is always getting slighted by somebody. He is always having his feelings hurt. He is always left out when he should be counted in, and vice versa.

If Mrs. A., who is near-sighted, and would not recognize her grandfather three doors off, meets him in the street and does not know how—he is slighted—Mrs. A., has cut him. If Jenkins has a party, and invites a dozen friends and leaves our thin-skinned man out, he feels himself aggrieved. If his next-door neighbor has an attack of dyspepsia, and wears a long face in consequence, our sensitive man is sure there is something wrong. Somebody has been misrepresenting him!

He is always in trouble. As a child his nose will be perpetually out of joint; as a young man, his teachers will be in a conspiracy against him to prevent him from gaining the honors; and when it comes to falling in love, and going courting, heaven preserve him! for if there is a marriageable man within ten miles of his "beloved" he will be sure to think she favors him.

Your thin-skinned man is always taking hints.

The old adage says, "If the saddle fits you, buckle the girths."

He is continually buckling girths. If anybody laughs behind his back, they are laughing at him. If he has a long nose, and noses are mentioned, he is sure to be attacked. If he come from a poor family, and anybody mentions poverty, he is ready to flare up—they are twitting him with his humble origin!

His friends are a source of unhappiness to him, for they must talk of something, and who can manage conversation so skillfully as not to run against some of the angles of a sensitive man?

The minister means him, he feels sure, when he is preaching about special sinners, and consequently he refuses to subscribe fifty dollars to that worthy's salary.

Almost every newspaper article he reads hits him, and he is ready to beard the editor and challenge the author in behalf of his wounded feelings.

In short, he leads a life of it, and every humane person must pity him.

Time will, in some measure, wear away extreme sensitiveness, but it is a long, hard process, and if any of our readers are born with thick skins, let them thank fortune for it.

For it is a fact that this world will go on just as it has gone on for ages, totally unmindful of individual feelings beardless of crushed spirits and broken hearts, careless of lost happiness, indifferent to the joys or sorrows of its inhabitants.

And the man who is never slighted, who never takes hints, who is never downcast because of evil doers, who can go on secure in his own sense of right doing, and receive no wounds of feeling or sensibility, is the man whose days will be many, whose sleep will be quiet.

Happy individual!

"Go way, Julius, I've been eatin' onions," said she. He said, "I don't hanker after onions as a fruit themselves, Sarah Jane, but then you know I like to get my nose pretty close to where they've been."

### Doing the Local Items.

[From the Cincinnati Times.]

"Are you the boss?" he said, coming into the smoky office and dropping a grip-sack into the corner, that looked as thin as a religious devotee after Lent, and as dilapidated as a custard pie after a picnic, "because if you are I want to talk to you, and if you ain't I want you to show me the man who is."

He was informed that he was now speaking to the chief of the local department.

"You are the very man, sir, I want to see; you see, I'm a funny man, and I want to write something funny for your paper something, you know, that will make men forget their sorrows and afflictions, something that will make people happier, and turn up the silver edge of the dingy old cumulus that shadows the firmament of many a weary, worn-out soul, something that will make a man hilarious in his hours of trial, and joyous when the vulture of despair is picking out chunks of his vitals like a patent steam shovel in a gravel-bank—something—but you know, in your position, the demand of the people for more comedy and less tragedy, more fun and less fury. Never—more—but why extend my remarks? You know all, and don't you think you could find a place on your paper for me? Salary is no object. What I want is a place to be useful, a stepping stone to higher things." The "boss" thought the stranger was right in his views of taking the sunny side of life and being happy while we could, and acknowledging that there was a demand for light literature of the purer variety, told the funny man to pull off his coat and go at it.

With an alacrity that was born of genius he borrowed a pencil, a knife to sharpen it with, a chew of tobacco, and taking the first empty chair and desk in reach, announced himself as ready for biz.

"Well," remarked the city editor, "we don't want everything funny; sometimes we may want something of a serious character written up, and then, of course, you are to exercise your judgment and shape it accordingly."

"Certainly, certainly," he said. "I know how to be solemn; I've been at funerals, and hangings, and weddings, and sudden deaths, and suicides, and have seen emotional dramas and all those things, and my melancholy expression and sympathetic style never failed to excite the highest encomiums."

"Very well, then; here are some memoranda which I want you to write up and put in there for the first edition. This is one on the death of Mr. Jacob Smith, one on a case of fearful maltreatment of a wife and child by a drunken husband, and a wedding. The verses contain the particulars. Now write 'em up, and mind you get them right."

In the course of an hour he submitted a pile of manuscript, and this is what the serio comic stranger had written:

#### ON THE DEATH OF JACOB SMITH.

Yesterday at 1 o'clock P. M., death invaded the household of this estimable gentleman, and, finding him lying flat on his back in a front room up stairs, while his wife was out to the dressmaker's trying on a new silk dress, he wrestled with Jacob Greco-Roman style, and got him down worse than you ever heard of; in fact, completely got away with him, and Jake had to pass in his checks and waltz along with the old gentleman over into the promised land. His (Jacob's) wife, being otherwise engaged, as before stated, he called for the servant-girl and told her how he felt. Says he: "I'm called, and I can't ante, and the jig's up. Fix me in good trim when the undertaker calls, and put a copy of a comic almanac in my breast-pocket, so that I can read on the way over. Give me a plain wooden box, so that the difference in price can go toward paying for last month's rent, and don't have a big funeral for I never could stand extravagance. I'd like to have a red coffin, though, for red suits my complexion. Tell the old lady good bye, and say to her I can't leave my address very well, but when she comes after me she mustn't fail to hunt up the stopping-place of Jacob Smith."

Good-bye. Ta-ta! Skip the gutter." And that was the end of Jacob. He leaves a large family, a good-looking wife, and a big mortgage on his property, but Jake doesn't bother his mind over anything on this side of the sublunary sphere any longer *Epluribus mori memento unum.*

The next one was about the family row, and read:

To-day about 10 o'clock the elegant up-town neighborhood were pleased and gratified to hear the piercing shrieks of a woman and child who were receiving a charming and magnanimous beating by the husband and father, who had been partaking of the genial and generous quality of rich red wine at his aristocratic club down town. The man's name was Jones, and it appears the wife had told him the name was a very common one, and that there was more than one Jones in the world; whereat he became virtuously indignant, and the wine rendering him careless of public opinion, he at once proceeded to give the lady an artistic and pleasing castigation, and when the child cried in the sweet melodious manner peculiar to the *genus homo* in the earlier stages of development, at sight of its mother's reward, Mr. Jones cheerfully and kindly bit it a back-handed, scientific blow in the mouth, and landed it bleeding in very high colors under the bed. At this stage of the comedy a guardian of the pieces (so-called because a policeman always gets in after everything is broken up) interfered with the healthy and invigorating divertissement of Jones and carried him away in a hand-cart to the station house.

"I'd like to be married man,  
And with those martyrs stand,  
To kick my wife with a No. 10 boot  
And bust the baby with my hand."

The last one was on the wedding, and showed clearly the genius of the man. It read:

Slowly the train moved down the old cathedral aisle, grandly rose the swell of the great organ and anon swept its soft cadences along the arches and through the mullioned windows of the ancient pile. In the chancel stood the holy man in all the vestments of the priesthood, with bowed head and crossed hands, solemnly awaited the *cortège* filing down the aisle like the slowly moving stream of destiny along the corridors of time. Two souls, yesterday joyous and free, overflowing with young life and buoyant expectancy, laughing and singing like the little birds in the trees, today, with heads hung low, dressed for that journey whence there can be no full and complete return, surrounded by friends with hearts full of sympathy and eyes full of love, go down the path of the church, to let the minister of grace place upon their hands the golden fetters of conjugal slavery.

They stand close up to the door of the future, but cannot see beyond its impenetrable thickness. It will open to them soon enough, and usher them into a new world of sorrow and grief, of board bills, of cradles and crosses, and his happy heart will be drowned in the midnight pargorie, and her joyous smile will be extinguished when he comes home some night and gets into bed with his boots on. But why go on? Look upon the priest who does this dark deed; he smiles in his awful work, for he knows that Melchizedek Muldoon, when he is married to the widow Buster, will have the funds to give the preacher a fifty dollar fee.

"As life is full of woes and woes,  
And death is not much better,  
I'd marry a girl with a million pounds  
If her dad would only let her."

The editor didn't say anything, but looked unutterable things, fearful possibilities, frightful imaginings, awful probabilities, and, twitching his fingers in a horrible, throaty way, struggled for expression, and, like a man in a nightmare, gasped out one word. "Door," and pointed that way, and the funny man reached one reach for his grip-sack, and with the pencil, the knife, and the tobacco he had borrowed, went out into the great unseen.

A darkey was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had purchased at a rival shop. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The darkey assented and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat dis chile much. While he was gitten' de sugar I stole two pair of shoes."