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CRY OF A STRONG MAN

My boat is drifting with the tide,
The noon of life is past,
All silently the waters glide,
And steady stands the mast;
There's now small sign of wreck or storm
Around my bark's strong hold,
Or tracery of the lightning's track
Where threatening billows rolled,
Lo! he who sees me now will say
The light is on the river—
But, mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

There was a time—O happy thought—
I felt thy gentle hand,
Ere yet the mariner had brought
My boat from sight of land.
There was a shore I lingered near
A morning and a day,
Ere youth, grown tired of sky too clear
Sailed recklessly away,
But they who see me now will say
The light is on the river—
O, mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

O, could one hour of youth come back—
Had I thy gentle hand
To lead me toward the certain track
Where lies my dwelling land—
Ah, stronger than the words of men,
Or gentler ones who smile,
Would be that clasp I've longed to reach
O'er many a weary mile—
For though they look at me and say
The light is on the river—
Dear mother I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

I see in dreams thy gentle eyes
Sent on me from above;
I feel thy glance of sad surprise—
I know then wouldst reprove,
For hardened heart and brow so stern
And pace set 'gainst the world—
As Saul's against the song of him
Who fled from javelin hurled;
Lo! he who sees me now may say
The light is on the river;
But, mother, I am lost to-day,
I need thee more than ever.

They knew He Meant It.

When a newly married widower passed a crowd who were standing on the corner last week one of the party remarked:
"He waited a long time before he hitched onto his second wife, didn't he?"
"How long ago did his wife die?" queried a subdued looking stranger, who was standing near.
The party figured that it had been four years.

"Too soon, too soon," mused the stranger, "if my wife should die I'd never get married again."

The moisture that gathered in the stranger's eyes engulfed the crowd in a sea of sympathy, and when he bowed his head, and they saw the marks of a rolling pin behind his ear, and observed that several tufts of hair were missing from his scalp, they knew that he meant what he said.

An editor in one of the northern counties has received \$2 in an envelope, with no writing except the words "Conscience money," written in a trembling hand, as though the writer was about to die. The editor don't know which of his delinquent subscribers to give credit for the sum, and has decided to credit a cent apiece to the two hundred names representing that class on his books.

On being asked why he went into bankruptcy, he replied: "Well, my liabilities were large, my inabilities were numerous, and my probabilities unpromising; and so I just thought I'd do as my neighbors do you know."

To the drunkard a bottle of gin is a weapon of defence; the liquor is a dagger and the bottle is its sheath.

PROFESSOR CARL.

"Girls, the new professor has arrived, and I have seen him. Madam has made an excellent choice, so far as the safety of our hearts are concerned. I will warrant every one, myself included!" exclaimed Florence Tresham, laughingly, throwing herself on the grass beside her companions.

She was the ruling spirit of madam's select seminary, an heiress, and an only child—one who seemed fitted only for life's sunshine. Youth, beauty, wealth, all were hers. What wonder that her friends worshipped, and her teachers forgot to chide?

"Is he so ugly, Florence?" questioned one of the group.

"Not so ugly," she answered; "but certainly not handsome. Tall and ungainly, with eyes that would flash fire, I think, at any reckless spirit of mischief in his class. I am rather fond of fire myself, and believe I will give him an opportunity. I always hated German; it has such a harsh, guttural sound. Imagine one making love in such a language!"

And a merry laugh escaped the red lips, echoed by the little group by which she was surrounded.

Meanwhile, looking down on them from a window above, with every word distinctly heard, stood the subject of this conversation, an ominous light even now glittering in the dark eyes.

"So I have already incited a spirit of rebellion," he murmured. "At all events, I shall have a very pretty rebel to deal with. But what have I to do with youth and beauty? Tall and ungainly she pronounced me—chosen by madam on account of my thorough safety to hearts. You are a good physician, Miss Florence, if your medicine is somewhat bitter to swallow."

"We will conjugate the verb 'to love,' young ladies."

It was the German class that professor Von Volkburg addressed, some two weeks later.

"Miss Tresham, will you begin?"

"I cannot conjugate love in German was the reply.

"May I ask your reason?"

Could it be that her ear detected a touch of irony in the professor's question? It stung her into saying more than she had intended.

"It seems pollution!" she replied.

She had said she liked fire. For an instant it flashed from the dark eyes bent full upon her, then vanished, as he spoke courteously:

"I am sorry to mark your lesson a failure, and to learn such ignorance can exist. I will excuse you from class, Miss Tresham, that your ears may not be polluted!"

What had she done? How did she know but that this man had left wife or sweetheart in his own country, from whose lips any words would seem music?

She did not know what spirit of opposition he had called forth, that she had striven from the first to impede his path, but her spirit was too generous not to regret its momentary weakness and folly.

The German lesson was over when she approached the class-room. The professor had a tired, weary look, as he rested his head upon his hand.

For a moment she stood irresolute upon the threshold, half tempted to turn and flee; for a moment only, then she boldly entered.

"Professor," she said—at the voice he glanced up, astonished—"I wish to apologize to you for my behavior in class. It was both rude and unladylike, as well as utterly unbecoming. Will you try and forget the impertinence?"

The afternoon sun streamed full upon the girl as she spoke; but the clear, peach-tinted complexion might well challenge its rays, as they could find no blemish in the lovely face.

For a minute the man's eyes rested on its beauty, then he turned almost coldly away, as he answered:

"return—that you will put the same question to me to-morrow, and let me demonstrate to the class that I stand ready to atone for my rudeness."

"That is not necessary," he answered, more gently. "Pray let it pass."

"I prefer to have it so," she insisted; and, waiting only for the promise that her request should be complied with, she left him once again to his solitary thoughts.

The school-year was drawing to its close. But one week of the term remained, when, one morning, a telegram was put into Florence Tresham's hand.

It was from her father, who had spent this last year of her school-life abroad, and stated that sudden and unexpected business would prevent his being present at the close of the term, and bidding her remain under madam's care until his return.

It was the first great disappointment of her life, and she felt for a time she could not bear even sympathy; but, holding the telegram clasped tightly in her hand, she ran swiftly down the stairs, out into the woods, where none might see her tears.

"You cry, Miss Florence? I am sorry. What troubles you? Can I not help you?"

A voice with a slightly foreign accent aroused her from her grief. Raising her tear-stained face, she saw the two eyes, whose ability to flash fire she so often in that early time had tested, bent kindly, pityingly, upon her, and somehow the first ray of comfort stole into her heart.

"What change had come over Florence?" This was the question the girls had put each other, in these later months, when the old impulse of mischief seemed to have left her, and a new and tender light to have sprung into her eyes.

They might have read the answer in the sunbeam the professor's words threw on her darkness.

She had fled from sympathy; yet, from his lips, she felt she might bear it, and so she handed him the telegram she still unconsciously clasped.

Then she was not yet to leave them!—this bright young spirit, who had come into his life for a little while; whom he had studied until the study grew more precious than he had thought; who so soon was to vanish in her own world, so widely different, so far apart from his.

Her head was bent again, else she could not have failed to see the flash of joy lighting up the eyes, which for a moment made the tall, ungainly man almost handsome.

"Do you find it so hard to stay with us a little longer, Miss Florence?" he questioned.

"No, it is not that; but that my father should not be here to see me accept the fruit of my long year of toil, robs it of all its sweetness."

"Poor child! How little you know of life and its disappointments! But come, let us go back to the house; some of your companions may teach you forgetfulness."

The trunks were packed, the diploma received, the last good-byes said, and deserted halls and empty rooms met the eye at every turn.

Outside, the June roses were in bloom, the birds sang their note of welcome, the green grass and leafy trees waved invitingly, and day after day Florence accepted their silent invitation.

Often the tall figure of the professor would suddenly appear at her side, until she grew to look for it, and to miss it when it failed her.

She little dreamed how each night he determined to go away, to put an end to the passion he felt was overmastering him, which to his strict sense of honor seemed dishonorable; how every morning found him powerless, and brought him, as the magnet needle, to her side.

"Professor," she cried, one day, when he approached her, "I have had great news! One week more and my father will be with me."

A sudden shade of paleness overspread her listener's face; then, with incoherent words of apology, he left her.

Was she ill? She would follow him.

Half a mile further on, in the heart

of the dense woods, her search was rewarded. Even so had he once found her—prone upon the ground, his face buried in his hands. The same question he had put rose to her lips.

"What is it? Are you ill? Can I do nothing for you?"

At her voice, he staggered to his feet. His face looked haggard and aged.

"Once," he said, "I asked you to conjugate the verb 'to love,' and you refused. You said in German 'twas pollution. You were right, perhaps, when the poor professor made the demand of the young and beautiful heiress—the tall, ungainly man (in whose ugliness lay his only claim to favor of the most favored of his pupils. He should have known better. It was just he should meet his punishment."

In dumb bewilderment, she listened to his words. They had been friends so long, she had almost forgotten the act of folly for which she had tried to make atonement; and he—was he so ungenerous that he must visit it upon her even now?

Then a sudden light dawned upon her—a light brought by the knowledge that this man at whom she had laughed mockingly had gained her heart, and perhaps—perhaps (oh, blissful thought!) he had made her rich, indeed, by giving her his own.

As once before her pride had bent before him, so must it bend now. Full well she knew he would ask her nothing.

A new sweetness crept into her tone as she drew nearer.

"Carl!" she whispered, the name, uttered for the first time, unconsciously passing her lips—"Carl, have you not yet forgiven me? Will you not teach me to conjugate it with you as my teacher? or—will you not change places, and let me teach you?"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, imperiously. "Do you know the gulf that yawns between us—that I am a poor man, exiled from title and estates on account of political differences in my own country—that you are young, rich, beloved?"

How would your father greet the thief who had stolen you from him? Quickly take back the words which for a moment seemed to open heaven, lest I can not later close the gates against myself!"

"You must shut me out with you then," she answered; "but too well you have taught me the lesson I once refused to learn. Carl, I love you—love you! In all its tenses it comes back to this. Once I laid down my pride and pleaded for pardon. Can you not lay yours down, when the plea is for myself?"

"Do you know what your words mean? All that they imply?"

"Oh, Carl, would you make me also parse the sequel to the verb?"

Then he opened wide his arms, a glad, new light giving strange beauty to his face, as he bent it close over that lying on his breast—a kiss falling soft and low as a prayer upon the bright head pillowed there.

But it was not, after all, a penniless suitor who claimed from Mr. Gresham his daughter's hand. Dame Fortune is not always chary with her smiles, and news came speeding from across the seas that Carl Von Volkburg's estates had been restored to him; but for this Florence cared little, only smiling mischievously, when she heard it, as she whispered:

"If I had waited a little longer, Carl, the verb might have conjugated itself without all my help. Shall we take it all back, and begin over again upon equal footing?"

"No," he answered, stooping to kiss the smiling mouth. "What conqueror again places himself at the mercy of his foe? Darling, will you not be generous to accept new defeat at my hands?"

But Florence, smiling her assent, knew her defeat was victory.

Lost in the Mississippi.

A heartrending and distressing accident occurred yesterday. In the afternoon Mr. Lane, with his wife and two children, went on the ice in the river at Lanesville to enjoy themselves. He improvised a hand sleigh and a large box, into which he placed his wife and children. Two handies extended from the rear of the sleigh, with which Mr. Lane shoved the sleigh on

the ice. They were having a delightful time. The ice near the shore was three inches thick. The river was open in the channel, and the ice near the open water was, of course, much thinner. Mr. Lane, unfortunately, ventured too near the open water. He felt the ice giving way, but before he could retrace his steps it broke through, engulfing in the stream his wife, the children and the father—all, in a moment, were launched into eternity. The maddening shriek of the drowning family was heard by a party of wood-choppers on an adjacent island, who saw the catastrophe. They hastened to the rescue, but were unable to arrive in time to be of service. Lane and his family were under the ice, their dead bodies probably floating down the river. It was sad to contemplate, and the bronzed faces of the hardy wood-choppers were moistened with tears they could not control. They went to the station and gave the alarm, and then proceeded to Lane's cabin. They found the door unlocked. Inside a bright fire crackled in the stove. The silver bright tin tea kettle was singing for the return of the unfortunate family. The cat and dog were nestled under the stove awaiting the return of the two children who petted them. Everything about the house indicated happiness and neatness. The people of the station at once organized to recover the bodies, but up to the time Mr. Hickey passed the station they had not been found. Mr. Lane was the ticket agent at the station, and is spoken of as a man of industry and frugal habits and a man who thought the world and all of his little family.

The Troubles of a Poet.

The editor of a well-known literary paper was sitting in his office one day, when a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the Colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.

"S! O, yes; I see? Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,'" said the Colonel.

"No, sir, replied the man, "nothing of the kind! That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember," said the colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smear-case To-Morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept one night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way:
'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope,
That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is! Look at that! Made it read this way:
'Lying by a weeping widow to induce her to elope.'

Weeping widow, mind you! A widow! That is too much. It's enough to drive a man crazy!"

"I am sorry," said the colonel; "but—"

"But look a-here at the fourth verse," said the poet. "That's worse yet. What I said was:
'Cast thy pearls before the swine, and lose them in the dirt.'

I wrote that out clearly and distinctly, in a plain, round hand. Now, what does your compositor do? Does he catch the sense of that beautiful sentiment? Does it sink into

his soul? No, sir! He sets it up in this fashion. Listen:
'Cast thy pills before the sunrise, and love them if they hurt.'

Now isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It's hard; that's a fact," said the colonel.

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said plain as daylight:
'Take away the jingling money; it is onlo glittering dross!'

A man with only one eye, and a cataract over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate up stairs there, do you know what he did? He made it read:
'Take away the jeering monkeys on a sorely glandered hoss!'

By George, I felt like braining him with a fire shovel! I never was so cut up in all my life."

"It was natural, too," said the colonel.

"There, for instance, was the sixth verse, I wrote:
'I am weary with the toss of the ocean as it heaves.'

It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and found the line transformed into:
'I am wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees!'

This is a little too much. That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor, don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse, I wrote:
'I swell the flying echoes as they roam among the hills,
And I feel my soul awoken to the ecstasy that thrills.'

Now, what do you s'pose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why, into this:
'I smell the flying shoes as they roast among the hills,
And I feel my soul mistaken in the arctary that whirls.'

Gibberish, sir! Awful gibberish! I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the Colonel, "come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet, "and I will come armed."

Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted down stairs.

What to Teach Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know, then?

First—To be true,—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read,—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language and life,—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society, and compelled to cry "unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged, and things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood; to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being,—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.