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## The Lincoln Progress.

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### HOW GREAT IS CALOMEL, THE GODDESS OF PHYSIC!

[The following lines, written nearly a century ago, when calomel was the great medicine of the physicians, are copied from a pamphlet published about 1810. They are peculiarly interesting now.—W. H. M.]

Physicians of the highest rank!  
To pay their fees we need a bank,  
Since Science, Wisdom, Art and Skill,  
Seem all comprised in Calomel.

Since calomel's become their boast,  
How many patients have they lost;  
How many thousands do they kill,  
Or poison, with their Calomel?

Howe'er their patients may complain,  
Of head or heart, or nerve or vein,  
Of fevers high, or parts that swell,  
Their remedy is Calomel.

When Mr. A— or B—is sick,  
Go fetch the Doctor, and be quick!  
The Doctor comes of free good-will  
But ne'er forgets his Calomel.

He takes his patient by the hand,  
And compliments him as a friend;  
He sits awhile his pulse to feel,  
And then takes out his Calomel.

He turns unto his patient's wife;  
"Have you clean paper, ma'am, and knife?  
I think your husband would do well  
To take a dose of Calomel."

He then deals out the fatal grains;  
"I think these, ma'am, will ease his pains,  
Once in three hours, at sound of bell,  
Give him a dose of Calomel."

He leaves his patient in her care,  
And bids good-bye with graceful air;  
He hopes bad humors to expel,  
She freely gives the Calomel.

The man reclines upon his bed,  
And o'er the pillow leans his head;  
Like hunted harts upon the hill,  
He pants and drills with Calomel.

His neighbors they flock in to see  
The dire effects of Mercury;  
What is it so effects the smell?  
'Tis the perfume of Calomel.

The man grows worse quite fast indeed,  
"Go call a council! Ride with speed!"  
The council comes like post of mail,  
And—trebles the dose of Calomel.

The man in death begins to groan;  
The fatal job for him is done;  
His soul is urged to Heaven or hell,  
A sacrifice to Calomel.

Physicians of my former choice,  
Receive my council, take advice;  
Be not offended though I tell  
I'm not so fond of Calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,  
Pray let me die a natural death,  
And bid you all a long farewell  
Without a dose of Calomel.

### How Fast Can a Hound Run?

This interrogation is frequently heard, and always with varying answer. A practical demonstration of speed of this species of quadruped recently came to our notice, and being well authenticated by several gentlemen who were on the train we give it as an illustration:

J. A. Ford, of this city, owns a heavily built mastiff hound. Business one day called him to Ceresco, a village eight miles distant, and dog accompanied him. On his way he got aboard the train and discovered the absence of his dog. The train began moving, and he stepped to the platform and there saw that the dog had just started. The dog ran after the train, but as the speed of the train constantly quickened, it jumped on board of it. Then the train began to stop, and the dog quickened his pace until within a mile or two he kept up with the cars, which were moving at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. He arrived a few minutes after the cars, his feet sore and his face red from contact with the splashing water on the ties having, made the distance of eight miles in a half an hour.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### ULRIC'S UMBRELLA.

The February twilight was closing, dim and flecked with falling snow, over the gray and wintry world. Not the gaslights, glimmering faintly through the white veil, nor the blaze of the innumerable shop-windows, could dissipate the gathering gloom; and the wind, as it rushed down the narrow lanes, and held high carnival in the broad thoroughfares of the wider streets, seemed, like a human demon, to leave a sound of mocking laughter behind it.

Mr. Jekyll had dismissed his artificial-flower hands early this evening. "No use wastin' gas and steam-power for all you'll do to-night," said he, sourly. (Mr. Jekyll had somehow seemed to consider the whole race of working-girls as his natural enemies.) "Be sure you're here in good season early to-morrow morning, and do your best to make up for lost time."

And thus it happened that Fleda Fairfax, in her worn water-proof cloak, patched boots, and poor little oft-mended gloves, was making her laborious way home through the snow and wind, before the shimmering gray of the February dusk had fairly settled into bleak, black night. The wind was tangling her dark-brown curls all about her fresh face; the nipping cold had painted her cheeks brighter than any rouge; and the shabby brown veil, which did very well for ordinary weather, was twisted by the fantastic fingers of the blast into a cable rope, which streamed behind, like a signal of distress. And as she advanced toward the street-corner a lighted horse car glided past.

"Oh, dear!" said little Fleda, under her breath, "I wish I had five cents to ride! For that mended place in my umbrella has given way, and—"

With the same instant, a furious gust of wind rushed around the plate-glass angles of the drug store on the corner, and turning the unfortunate umbrella inside out, snapped its worn sticks in twain, and sent it flying over the head of an astonished cartman, who happened to be driving past just at that unpropitious moment.

"Oh, dear," cried Fleda Fairfax, dropping her dinner basket in her consternation, "what shall I do now?"

A tall, dark young man, in a sabre-trimmed cloak, and a fur cap which covered his handsome brows *a la Russe*, came out from the drug store just then,

He glanced first at the "flying machine," which had by this time landed itself securely on the wooden awning of an opposite hardware establishment, then at poor Fleda.

"Is that your umbrella?" said he.

And Fleda answered, "Yes sir!" and straightway began to cry piteously.

"I wouldn't do that," said Ulric May whose heart was as soft as that of a woman; and he put his own umbrella into the little cold hand, which was so insufficiently sheltered by the darned thread gloves. "Here, take this!"

"But—but it's yours!" said Fleda.

"No matter," Mr. May answered.

"I am quite enough bundled up in this fur cloak, without any umbrella!"

And he vanished into the whirling white darkness, before Fleda Fairfax had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind to thank him.

"It's silk," said Fleda, to herself, "with a carved ivory handle—an eagle's head with an ivory chain in its mouth! And it must be worth at least ten dollars! And I was such a goose that I never thought to ask him for his address, so that I might return it to him."

"—is she pretty?" said Sibyl, with a sinking heart.

"Well—yes," reluctantly admitted Berengaria Todd; "I suppose she wasn't with a con—"

"—I believe it!" said Sibyl, to cry among the fashions of her boudoir.

"Neither," said Miss Todd, "and I better do?" sobbed one of those human

too much snow the night before; the worn waterproof cloak had played her frail lungs false.

There was no artificial-flower factory for Fleda Fairfax that day.

She got up and dressed herself, and made a cup of weak tea and a thin slice of toast; and, just as she was sitting down to the enjoyment of this poor little breakfast, there came a sharp "rat-tat-tat!" at the door.

It was Miss Berengaria Todd, on her tract-distributing rounds among the poor.

Every one in the district entertained a wholesome dread of Miss Berengaria Todd. Whole tenement-houses became dumb and silent before her—children scrambled under beds, garrulous old cronies retreated behind wash-tubs, and dealers in small wares drew down their shop-blinds, and pretended to be not at home, when the tap of her determined knuckles sounded at the doors.

"Oh!" said Miss Berengaria, eyeing Fleda through a pair of uncompromising spectacles, "only just up? Upon my word! the indolence of the working-classes is getting to be a growing evil."

"I'm not very well to-day," faltered Fleda, "and—"

"And tea!" said Miss Berengaria Todd, with a near-sighted duck of the head toward the cracked cup. "And toast! And talk of hard times, and strike for higher wages! Young woman, do you know that all this is very sinful?"

Fleda sat pale and palpitating.

"Have you read the tracts I left when I called here last?" demanded Miss Berengaria, suddenly changing her base.

"No, ma'am," confessed Fleda.

"Nor knit any stockings for the Omani Indians? nor mended the flannel wrapper for the Rheumatic Old Gentlemen's Home?" went on Miss Todd.

"No, ma'am," said Fleda.

"And don't you know that you are a drone in the human hive, young woman?" demanded Miss Berengaria gradually raising her voice to a shrill treble.

"But," pleaded poor Fleda, "I am so tired by the time I get home from work at night—"

"Tired!" squealed Miss Berengaria. "The working Christian should never be tired!"

"And then there's all my own sewing and mending to do."

"Vanity and vexation of spirit!" groaned Miss Todd, rolling up the whites of her eyes. "And—bless and save us!" with a little spasmodic start, "what do I see? Not—a silk umbrella! With a carved ivory handle and a Paris trade-mark on it! I should like to know, young woman how you came by that silk umbrella?"

But Fleda Fairfax's patience was fairly exhausted at last. She rose up with calm dignity.

"Miss Todd," said she, "it is none of your business. I—I dare say you mean to be very kind, but I regard all this as unwarrantable interference. Please to walk out!" and she opened the door wide.

Miss Berengaria Todd retired, so to speak, "in good order," secretly vowing vengeance on this audacious young working-girl; and Fleda Fairfax sat down, and drank her tea and nibbled toast with a sense of vague exultation.

"Yes," said Miss Todd, nodding her head like a newly-imported Chinese mandarin, "you may not believe it, Sibyl Walton, but I saw it myself—Ulric May's own silk umbrella, with the carved eagle's beak, and the pendant chain, in ivory, in a working-girl's room, in a tenement-house. She's one of old Jekyll's artificial-flower hands. Forget her name, or maybe I never saw it—I've so many down on my list in that street."

"—is she pretty?" said Sibyl, with a sinking heart.

"Well—yes," reluctantly admitted Berengaria Todd; "I suppose she wasn't with a con—"

"—I believe it!" said Sibyl, to cry among the fashions of her boudoir.

"Neither," said Miss Todd, "and I better do?" sobbed one of those human

ivie who found it imperatively necessary to lean upon some one.

"Write a severe note and discard him at once," said Miss Berengaria, sternly.

"But—I love him."

"Sibyl," said the spinster, "where's your woman's pride? Are you willing to share your dominion with every pretty factory-girl in town?"

Sibyl wrote the note, blotting its fair text with many tears, and told Mr. May that, "after much consideration, she had come to the conclusion that they never could be happy together, and, therefore, she returned him the diamond engagement ring, and remained ever his true friend," etc., etc., etc.

But, just as Sibyl was sealing the letter with a splash of pale-blue wax, uncle Theodore came in—a blustering bald-headed old gentleman, with a comfortable double-chain, and kindly smiles in his cheeks.

"Eh?" said uncle Theodore. "How? what? Tears, little Sibyl? What's the matter? and what have you been writing in that letter?"

"I am sending back Ulric's engagement ring!" faltered the yellow-tressed little beauty.

Uncle Theodore whistled, low and long.

"That's a pity, isn't it?" said he. "Fine young fellow, Ulric May—very fine."

"But he doesn't love me!" sighed Sibyl, with a big lump rising into her throat.

"Rich, well connected—all that sort of thing," added uncle Theodore. "And what's more, he has a good heart. It was only last night I saw him, in all the storm, give his umbrella to a poor little bit of a girl whose umbrella had just turned itself inside out, and flown over the housetops like a crazy bird. The ivory-headed one, too that he bought in Paris! Never once stayed to be thanked."

"What!" cried Sibyl, suddenly jumping up, and putting the yellow ringlets out of her eyes.

And uncle Theodore repeated the story.

"Ah, you dear, darling uncle, I'm so glad you happened to come in just now!" said the girl, laughing and crying at once, as she squeezed and kissed her venerable relative, after a most distracting fashion. "Give me the letter, Miss Todd—the hateful, suspicious treacherous letter! Let me tear it up! Ulric is a noble hero of chivalry, after all, and I will never, never doubt him again!"

Miss Berengaria Todd went home, highly disgusted with the soft and yielding nature of womanhood in general; and Mr. May was agreeably surprised by the warmth of the welcome he got, when he called to see his fiancée that day.

And little Fleda Fairfax carries the silk umbrella yet, and treasures it for the sake of the kindly giver, although she does not even know his name.

### Wedding Presents.

[From the New York Times.]

Reform is necessary in the matter of giving wedding presents. Two phases of funeral pageantry have already received that intelligent attention which only a New York public can give. It was once the custom in this city to hire an endless train of carriages to attend the funeral of any poor person who might have left ambitious relatives. We have known of one instance when the remains of a child five years old were carried to the grave followed by forty-eight hackney coaches. A poor Irish woman once spent \$450 of the \$600 which her husband left her to give him "a decent burial." It was once fashionable to hire empty carriages to swell a funeral train, as a mark of respect to the dead. When this custom fell into disuse among the wealthier classes, poorer people took it up, and they beggared themselves to honor the memory of the departed and advertise their own ostentation. Finally, it came to pass that when people saw a long cortege of alleged mourners passing through the streets, they said, "This is an Irish funeral," just as they would say, "A little German band," when the sound of the plaintive cornet and the blare of the trombone reached them from the next square. The priests preached against this wicked extravagance, the news-

papers having first moved in the matter by referring to "the long parade and pageantry of death" in suitably sarcastic terms.

The flower business at funerals was next overdone when people began to retrench in the matter of carriages. A few flowers on the bier illuminate the darkness of the closing scene, sweeten the heavy air, and suggest pleasant thoughts in the midst of gloom. Foolish people, however, squandered their substance in elaborate "floral designs" more or less ugly, and too often given in such profusion as to destroy the beauty and simplicity of the effect which flowers produce when judiciously used. So odious did this fashion finally become that people who were called by bereavement to make ready their friends for the grave were obliged to add "no flowers" to the funeral notice, precisely as "no cards" was put after a marriage notice when card etiquette was more severe than now. In a majority of instances, friends are now requested not to send flowers to funerals. The tender office of placing a last tribute of affection on the bier is left, as it should be, to the few nearest and dearest friends of the dead.

In the matter of giving presents generally, there has grown up a gross abuse. The original intent and meaning of the gift have been destroyed. Holiday presents too often are not the loving offerings which they should be. They are either given as bribes or because they are expected. Now and then, somebody receives a gift which brings the giver so delightfully to the mind of the receiver that it is a real joy. Or some company of employees present to their employer or associate a token of their respect and affection which is so genuine that it needs neither apology nor explanation. But the whole business of giving presents is so overdone that most of our readers will sympathize with that courageous Boston girl, who, being about to be married to "a man of limited income," as they say in Boston, requested her dear friends not to send any wedding presents. She was afraid that she might not be able to reciprocate in kind. This wise girl of Boston struck the key-note of the bridal-present movement. She would be expected to keep an inventory of gifts received, and a list of the donors, and when any of these had a wedding in their family, she must give something at least nearly equal in value to those which she had, in each instance, received. We have heard of a young lady who was endowed on her wedding day with fourteen silver butter-knives. Reserving two of these she put the rest away "in lavender," and when her turn came to contribute to the general joy of her friends, she faithfully returned the twelve butter-knives to the twelve families from which they came. In this case we must suppose there was nothing said about the loss of interest on the original investment. This incident suggests, also, the nuisance endured by those who receive promiscuous gifts from promiscuous friends, so that they are embarrassed with duplication and reduplication of articles which often are, at best, mere superfluities. Young people, who begin life in a modest boarding house, are sometimes loaded down with table-ware and furnishings fit for a small hotel.

There was a time when it was more blessed to give than to receive. But this cannot be the case with Mrs. Spriggins, who says to her spouse, "Now, there's that tiresome Mary Ann Blifkins going to be married, and I suppose we shall have to give her something, because she gave our Arabella Jane that confounded old sugar-dish." How much sweetness and light is there in Mrs. Spriggins' chromo after that? Nevertheless, we cannot doubt that the Spriggins family view with pride the array of wedding gifts spread out on the piano in the back parlor, what time the maternal Blifkins falls on the neck of her newly married Mary Ann, and bursts into a flood of fond and foolish tears. Possibly, too, we can understand why the custom of giving wedding presents survives under so many discouragements, if we reflect that the paternal Blifkins will send a carefully-prepared list of Mary Ann's gifts to be published in the newspapers. And what female of spirit, we should like to

know, can endure to see the humble butter-knife which she has given, out of her poverty, or stinginess, placed in contrast with the real lace shawl presented by Mrs. Gunnybags? Often, in certain circles, the wedding gifts are ticketed and laid out as at a fancy fair. The proud and happy family send a catalogue to a friendly reporter. And when this appears in print, they are shrill in their denunciations of the impudence with which "the newspapers invade the privacy of the domestic circle." Who shall tell what Leart-burnings, jealousies and meanness are represented in the glittering array of bridal gifts? The tenderness and grace of the good old custom have quite departed. Unless things change for the better, wedding invitation cards, "No presents."

### A Very Natural Mistake.

A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl last week. His wandering gaze being fixed by the gorgeous display in a dry goods window, he entered the store and bashfully stopped in front of a pretty young lady behind the counter.

"How much are those?" he inquired, pointing at a pair of handsomely muckle plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents," replied the young lady, sweetly, handing out the articles in question, and blushing slightly.

"I think they are kinder pretty, don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for somebody's else opinion.

"Very," replied the young Miss; "they are the latest style."

"Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was goin' to get them for a gal that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?"

"I should think she might—I don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again.

"Well, I don't hardly know, myself," said the young man, picking up one of the dainty articles, and examining it closely.

"You don't suppose they are too large now, do you?"

"Why—I—" stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper.

"They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion, "but of course I wouldn't be certain. She's middlin' size, but not very fat, and mebbe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your bigness, and if these would fit you, of course they'd fit her. Now, just suppose you try them on, an' if—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting," and she swept away to the rear of the store, leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, holding in his hands what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets.

And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a direct line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing toward home at a rate that threatened to irretrievably ruin the old family horse. He won't buy any bracelets now until he's married.

A class was being examined recently in the sea-beaten town of Sussex. The subject under discussion was the flood.

Among the first questions put was, "How did Noah understand that there was going to be a flood?" "Cause shouted an archin," he looked at his almanac!"

A Frenchman, on being told that a young lady had given him the "mitten," said, "Me no comprehend vat you call him. Ze mitten is ze glove without ze fingaire—she no geef me ze mitten; but her fader—he geef me an introduction to his shoemaker."

According to the Burlington Hawk-eye, a boy on West Hill started to school on the opening day of the term, and before he was five blocks from home, he lamed a dog, lost his geography, scared a horse, broke his slate, and had three fights. Times are looking up.