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Selected Poetey.

### **CONFES**-FRANCES SILVERS' SION.

We publish, by request, says the Blue Ridge Blade, the following confession of Frances Silvers', who was hanged in Morganton on the 12th of July, 1833, for the murder of her husband.

This dreadful, dark, and dismal day Has swept my glories all away, My sun goes down, my days are past,

# A POT OF GOLD. "Uncle Pardon never shall leave

his money out of the family !" said Miss Katura Dean.

She said it half a dozen times a day on an average, in the hearing of Emma Rane, whose cool, unconscious face had never yet seemed to take in the hidden meaning.

It was a delicate, reserved face, of great sweetness, yet having a certain power of hiding any strong emotion of which the tender heart was capable. And they were not Dean featuresthose exquisite lines and curves. The Dean features were strong and aggressive. From a little child, Emma had secretly experienced a feeling of dread when viewing Miss Katura's nose in profile.

She had come to the Willows, Pardon Dean's fine farm, when but nine years old. His younger sister, a sweet, childless woman, had adopted the little girl when an infant, and loved and cherished her as long as she had a husband and a home.

Losing both in a terrible conflagration, she returned to the old homestead where she had passed her youth, and, dying soon after, left this little daughter of her adoption to the tender mercies of her brother and sister. Pardon Dean was an eccentric man, far advanced in years. Katura was a hard, unloving woman, between forty and fifty, stiff in her notions, immovable in her prejudices. From the time little Emma was brought to the Willows, she had looked upon her as an interloper. Yet, when Lucy died, she promised her that she would take care of the child until she was old

friend, the woman's was embittered her meaningly through his half closed by the apprehension that her favorite | eyes. In vain Miss Katura frowned. nephews-all Deans, as I have saidwould lose a penny of the Dean fortune.

When Emma was sixteen, she would have driven her from the house to earn her own living, but that Linly trunks and boxes, she carefully Lane came to the Willows, and then and there fell in love with Emma, so that Miss Katura said, in her heart: "It is well. Let him marry her and take her out of the way. That will House, lands and moneys he had left save all gossip and notoriety." For she knew that the neighbors

whispered among themselves : "She is hard on Emma Rane!" As for Linly Lane, he was just such a hearty, generous, handsome fellow as gentle, loving girls adore; and it among his plants. One, a beautiful seemed to Emma that a whole joyous spring, full of sunshine, flowers and had suspended close to his bed-so bird songs, had suddenly come into near that Emma was obliged to her life, when he told her that he loved her; but they were poorer than any pair of robins in the orchard, for they had nothing to build their nest

"If you want her," said Miss Katura, grimly, "take her."

"But I have no practice yet, and no home," said young Dr. Lane. "If Mr. Dean would like to help us a little, however, I would gladly make a beginning, and have no doubt but that

At last she said :

"I will find his will, and see what he has left her."

So she commenced a furtive search. In desks and drawers, in closets, searched, and at last discovered, in a partition of her ecentric brother's tool-box, the important document.

It was eminently satisfactory. to the Deans.

She put the paper back carefully. "It is all right. He has left her nothing!" she cried, triumphantly.

As for uncle Pardon, he seemed to care nothing but to be undisturbed foreign vine, with pink blossoms, he water it very carefully, lest the moisture should drip upon the sheets. Her young heart ached in these last days on earth of her kind old friend. How many a dark hour his smile of indulgence had brightened! What a power, not to be overthrown, was he in that anstere household!

And now he was slowly fading out of

Almost helpless, and half-insensible, he lay among the white pillows, and

## "Pizun and Ki-Nine."

She wasn't after hair dye or cosfinished putting up a prescription to cure a long-faced boy of a hacking cough, she turned from the stove and asked :

"Do you keep drugs and medicines and pizuns and so on ?"

"Oh ! yes, we keep all such things." "And ki-nine ?"

"Yes, we have quinine."

tin' some pizun and some ki-nine, but in ole Mississipp. Bin Mississipp, I dunno. So many folks have been sah? Fine old State, sah." slaughtered by druggists' mistakes that I'm canmost afraid to even ask for camfur gum ; tho' I suppose I can smell camfur gum farther off than any other woman in Michigan. Have you ever killed anybody by putting up morphine for baking powder ?"

"Never."

tongue.

"Been in the business long?" "Only twenty-one years."

"Well, you orter know gum 'Rabic from sweet oil by this time, but some men are awful keerless. I've had a sab. I am not indifferent to dress, brother pizuned by wrong medicine, and I'm a little shaky. Where is your ki-nine ?"

"This is it," he replied, as he took gal. down the jar.

## "Too Much Elewation."

NO. 306.

He was a new boot-black, but metics, but when the druggist had already seemed quiet at home at the old stand so long a familiar object on the line of our daily peregrinations.

"Sartin, boss; shine 'em up in less'n no time," said he ; and we mentioned to the hurricane deck of his place of business.

"Well, yes, boss, not been here long, but I'se getting' insight inter der ways mighty fast. De ways here, "Well, I called in to see about git- sab, is different to what dey is down

> "The colored people here appear to be quite as happy as in any part of the world," we ventured to remark. "No, sah; beg leave to diffah; you's not on de inside, sah ; dar's too much elewation; dat's what's de matter. Give you an instance. Las' week, you know, sah, de cullud folks had a ball; quite a high toned affair, sah.

Well, I engaged a young lady for de party, sah; one dat I at dat time looked on as de pride ob de country, and I put on clothes, sah-clothes dat don't every day see de light ob de sun-and went to de residence of de

"I 'rived at de 'pinted time. De She wet her finger, pushed it into gal was in de bes' room an' in her bes' the jar and then rubbed it on her clothes, waitin' my arrival on de scene. De ole man was dar, an' de leaux, wid a few juvenile supernumerary members ob de family. "Miss Augusta smiled"on me in dat meltin' way ob de eyes dat allers guv me a movement of de heart. I was interjuced to de more influential members of de household, an' de discours was agreeable. Presently I suggested dat it would be well to be movin' for de party an' Miss Augusta rose in all de pomp and circumstances of her "We arrived on de stoop of de door, If I'm treated well I'm a great, hand an' offering my arm, I supposed we to trade at one place ; but the minnit should progress. No, sah, not a bit I see any stinginess or cheatin', a yoke of it. Dat gal receded. She rose sing hand on the cold brow, which of oxen couldn't pull me into that erec' to an astonishin' hight, an' as she transfixed me wid her gaze, she He weighed out the drug, labelled uttered dese memorable words : 'Whar's de transpotation ?'

And I must leave this world at last.

Oh! Lord, what will become of me? I am condemned you all now see, To Heaven or hell my soul must fly, All in a moment when I die.

Judge Daniel has my sentence pass'd, Those prison walls I leave at last, Nothing to cheer my drooping head Until I'm numbered with the dead.

Bat oh ! that Dreadful Judge I fear ; Shall I that awful sentence hear; "Depart ye cursed down to hell And forever there to dwell ?"

I know that frightful ghosts I'll see Gnawing their flesh in misery, And then and there attended be For murder in the first degree.

There shall I meet that mournful face. Whose blood I spilled upon this place; With fluming eyes to me he'll say, "Why did you take my life away ?"

His feeble hands fell gently down, His chattering tongue soon lost its sound To see his soul and body part It strikes with terror to my heart.

I took his blooming days away, Left him no time to God to pray, And if his sins fall on his head Must I not bear them in his stead?

The jealous thought that first gave strife To make me take my husband's life, For months and days I spent my time Thinking how to commit this crime.

And on a dark and doleful night I put his body out of sight, With flames I tried him to consume But time would not admit it done.

You all see me and on me gaze, Be careful how you spend your days, And never commit this awful crime, But try to serve your God in time.

My mind on solemn subjects roll; My little child, God bless its soul! All you that are of Adam's race, Let not my faults this child disgrace.

Farewell good people, you all now see, What my bad conduct's brought on me-To die of shame and of disgrace Before this world of human race.

Awful indeed to think of death, In perfect health to lose my breath, Farewell my friends, I bid adieu, Vengeance on me must now pursue.

Great God! how shall I be forgiven?

enough to take care of herself. More than a decent living she never meant her to have. As she said-"Uncle Pardon's money should never go out of the family." For there were the children of another brother to inherit the patrimony-a family of five, all Deans to the back bone.

As for uncle Pardon, as he was called, he made no demonstration regarding the little Emma, until the

child had lived with him a year. Always quiet and sensitive, she grieved long for her adopted mother, and under the rule of Miss Katura grew quiet and sad. The cold, harsh woman never found opportunity to punish her with blows, but she frowned so ominously on the slightest mishap that the whole existence of the child was darkened.

When about ten years old, she accidentally terribly scalded her little hands, with a pail of boiling water; and Miss Katura was about to rush upon the poor child and punish her irrepressible screams, when uncle Pardon caught Emma up, and mur muring, "Poor little dove-poor little dove !" plunged her hands into a bowl of sweet oil, thus relieving her anguish.

Miss Katura stood aghast. Not but what she would have applied means of alleviation, if the child had patiently awaited her leisure, but she instinctively resisted any demand made upon her by the little alien; and when her brother showed not only solicitude but tenderness, she was astounded and enraged. The next morning, when he asked how the child was, she retorted :

"She is well enough. So you have adopted her, too, have you? 'You will be leaving her your money next!" "I shall do as I please about that," he replied, slowly adding, as he rose from the breakfast-table : "I think likely I shall leave her a pot of gold."

we shall succeed finely.

He knew that Emma had labored faithfully in the house as a handmaiden for many years, and believing that she deserved the dowry of a daughter he had no hesitation in hinting as much.

"Uncle Pardon's money never shall go out of the family !" snapped Miss Katura.

Seeing how matters lay in this direction, Dr. Lane simply replied : "Then I can not marry at present." He was satisfied, however, that uncle Pardon had warmer feelings for Emma, and believed that a more generous response could be elicited from him.

As for Emma, he knew that he had so brightened her life that she was now comparatively content, and he tears, reached up and took down the prepared to commence his practice hopefully. But there were two older ing, she met Miss Katura's triand well-established physicians in the city, and at first it was up-hill work. And now, I am sorry to say, Miss Katura showed a spirit utterly venomous.

"That fellow isn't going to marry you, Emma Rane, and you had better go somewhere and earn your living, instead of waiting around here for uncle Pardon's money."

"I am not waiting around here for uncle Pardon's money," answered Emma, her gentle eyes flashing at last with indignation. "I do not want his money. I am willing to go away and prefer earning my living. As for Dr. Lane, we-we shall be married some time, when he is better off,' with a maidenly blush on the pure cheek.

"Umph! you had better talk to somebody who can't see. You can't cheat me about what's going on before my eyes every day. You and uncle Pardon are as thick as can be behind my back; but you needn't think to wean him from his own flesh and blood."

"Hold your tongue!" harshly interrupted another voice. "Let the girl alone! As for you, Emma, if you want to marry young Lane, tell him that when I die I will leave you a pot of gold; for your deserve it, if ever a girl did."

his hours were numbered.

Dr. Linly Lane was far from her, too. An epidemic had appeared in an adjoining town, and he had been sent for three weeks previously, and had not returned.

One night, old Pardon grew restless. The doctor was at his bedside. Miss Katura bent over him, and there were servants in the room.

vine with the pink flowers. Transplant it in the spring, child. Goodbye-good-bye !!'

suddenly, uncle Pardon was dead.

While he lay composed in his grave clothes, Emma, after pressing a caresshe could hardly see for her blinding pot of trailing pink blossoms. Turnumphant smile.

"I wish you joy of your inheritance," she said.

nothing more," sobbed Emma.

Perhaps the hard woman was rebuked by the young girl's sincere grief, for she uttered no more taunts or days.

hurried to the Willows.

to Emma. "What did uncle Pardon | Where is it ?" eave you, Emma ?"

"You, too?" she asked, reproachfully. "He left me the memory of much kindness, and a pot of pinkblossomed vines, which was long in his room."

"It is well," was his only answer. His prospects had brightened. He had won friends for himself in the adjoining town, where he had labored faithfully among the sick and dying, stingy sellin' pizun, will be stingy in and had been invited to settle among other things, and I do hate a stingy them. So he took Emma from her person. My first hashand was powerlonely home at the Willows, and they ful stingy, and he was struck by commenced their housekeeping in the lightning." prettiest of little villages.

In a sunny bay-window the pink- and labelled, she carefully took up the flowered vine was hung, but it package and said : gradually lost its rosy blossoms and

"Now, then, write on this that it is to be kept in the old china tea-pot, on the third shelf of the pantry, and that it's for rats. Then write on this kinine that it is to be kept in the old coffee-pot in the cupboard, and that

"Tastes like it, but I dunno. Sure ole woman also figgered in de tabthat ain't morphine ?" "Yes, very sure."

"Sure your clerk washed the jar out clean afore he put the ki-nine in ?"

"Oh ! I washed it myself." "If this shouldn't be kinine, you'd have the law put to you the worst kind. We've got money in the bank "I am going. I give Emma the and we'd never settle for no ten thousand dollars !"

"I know it to be quinine."

"Well, then, gimme fifteen cents' high-priced attire. And, the ebbing tide of life falling worth, and I want down weight, too. store again."

it with great care, and then she said : "Now I want ten cents worth of pizun to kill rats." "What kind ?"

"Why the pizun kind, of course. "I am glad to have it; I want Pizun is pizun the world over. Don't seem as you were used to handling 'em."

"Do you want arsenic?"

"Certainly; but I want you to be powerful keerful. I'm a woman of On the day of the funeral, Dr. Lane 59, and I've nuss'd the sick ever since I was a girl, but I never handle pizun "I could not come before," he said without a chill creepin' up my back.

He handed down the jar, and she smelt the stopper, shook her head, turned the jar around and whispered : "That looks a powerful sight like

cream-a-tarter!" "Oh ! no-that's arsenic and no mistake."

"Well, I've got to take the chances, I 'spose. I'll take ten cents worthdown weight. Any one who will be

When the poison had been weighed

"'De what ?' says I, feelin' dat suffin was agoin' wrong.

"'De trans-po-tation! Whar's de transpotation ?'

"'What's de transpotation?' says I. "De wehicle-whar's de wehicle?" she says.

"I don't know nuffin' 'bout no wehicle,' says I.

" 'Whar's de kerridge ?' says she. "'De kerridge ?' says I. 'I haven't seen no kerridge.'

"Mistar Berry, does you pretend to tell me dat you've come to de ball without a kerridge?' and she became of a still greater hight.

"Why, of course," says I. 'I thought we could walk. Down in ole 'Mississip de gals think nuffin' of goin' miles an' miles'-

"So you expects me to hoof it, Mistah Berry? You tell me 'bout de gals in Mississip, Mistah Berry ; do de gals in Massissip know anything 'bout proper attire, Mistah Berry ?' An' she guv a sort of kick an' a sling of her body an' trailed out about four vards of train.

"De ole man, an' de ole woman, an' all de rest now put in dar 'pearance, an' says de ole man, 'What's all dis 'fusion of tongues ?'

Not fit for earth, not fit for heaven, But little time to pray to God, For now I try that awful road.

# "Giving In."

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights than squable to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

give much ; but if you only knew how Miss Katura's presence. it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

Miss Katura was uncertain how much of earnestness there was in this but she feared-she very much feared, that the eccentric old man, as selfwilled as herself, had found a soft spot in his heart for the little white face and blue eyes. Do as she would, she could not help Emma growing up pretty and a lady. The beauty was irrepressible, the refinement innate. Clad in the coarsest homespun, her lingered some weeks. slender feet disguised in coarse, ill fitting shoes, the sweet voice and fair face, would yet attract the beholderand, in cautious crumbs and snatches, old Pardon gave her his heart.

Emma soon learned that he loved A rich, but parsimonious old gen- | her, and loved him warmly in return; tleman, on being taken to task for his but, both dreading domestic storms, uncharitableness, said : "True, I don't they never demonstrated affection in

"You shall not!" screamed Miss Katura.

"I will !" shouted old Pardon. Whether this fit of anger was the cause of it or not, I cannot say, but that night the old man was stricken with paralysis. It was the third time he had been thus attacked and the doctor said he could not recover from it; but he partially recovered, and

"Don't you dare send Emma away," he muttered, thickly, to Miss Katura. "Let her come in here every day and water the plants. I want to see her." Miss Katura could have killed her brother, but she dared not refuse him. He had always been fond of plantshis room was full of them-and as Emma went lightly to and fro, dusting the calla leaves, twining the

But while Emma's life was sweet- ivy vines, and supporting the heavy on earth, it would cease to be so the ened by the feeling that she had one heads of bursting buds, he watched moment you and I entered it."

"Uncle Pardon told me to transplant it in the spring," said Emma, one fine March day. "I must do so, or it will die."

drooped.

She carefully removed the root and it's for chills." turned out the earth, and then, wonderful to see, the pot was lined with gold pieces, so that in a moment she had counted a thousand dollars! "I knew it was so, or I gussed at it!" said her husband. "I was sure he would outwit that woman."

But Emma had no feeling of triumpt. She only sobbed, gratefully : "Dear uncle Pardon! He meant to take care of me, after all, though 1 was not one of the family." Invested wisely, the money laid

the founnation of a fortune.

John Newton once said to a lady with ideas of a pure church : "Well, madam, if there were a perfect church

The druggist followed orders, and the old lady put the "pizin" in her pocket and the "ki-nine" in her reticule, and want out saying:

"It may be all right, but I dunno. If my old man is took off instead of the rats, I'll begin a lawsuit next day after the funeral !"

A distinguished English professor "Dar you talk to me and my darter of chemistry has named his five girls in dat bituminous manner, said de ole respectively Glycerine, Pepsin, Ethyl, man, an' he guv me a lift wid his ole Methyl and Morphia. We feel sure stogas dat raised me off'n de stoop an that Morphia must be one of those followed it up wid numerous of de nice, soothing kind of girls who calm same dat was much assistance to me a fellow down like a warm flat-iron ;

Glycerine must be the pain-killer of in gittin' out de gate. the family; Pepsin the cook. As for "Dar's too much elewation, sah Ethyl and Methyl, they are too awfully creepin' into cullud society. I turns scientific for us .-- New York Advertiser. my back to it, sah."

"Mistah Berry doesn' consider de honah sufficient to warrant him in de outlay necessary for de furnishing of propah transpotation," said Miss Augusta.

'Sah !' said de ole man ; 'Sah !' said de ole woman; 'Sah !' said all de little members.

"I said nuffin'."

"Does de niggah 'spect he's gwine to lead our darter off on de hoof like she was a cow ? said de ole woman. "Who you call niggah, ole woman ?" savs I. "Why, I'se drove better lookin' heffers nor yours to de plough in ole Massissip!"

"De gal shriekt !"