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### Selected Poetry.

#### THE FALL OF MAN.

When the squirrel's foot and the oak leaf  
In measure just agree,  
'Tis time to plant our corn, sir,  
"So come to the field with me."  
  
The old man's form was faulty,  
And his feet were hard to see;  
So we put him in the cart, sir,  
And drove along with glee.  
  
We braced him up as best we could,  
And left him there to see,  
While we planted all the corn, sir,  
On the north side of the tree.  
  
We turned him round at noon time;  
Without a murmur he,  
While we planted all the corn, sir,  
On the south side of the tree.  
  
At the close of the day we left him,  
That poor old man, you see,  
To watch the planted corn, sir,  
On both sides of the tree.  
  
A week of April passed, sir,  
A busy week to me,  
And again I saw the watcher,  
The old watcher by the tree.  
  
His hat was on the ground, sir,  
His trousers out at knee;  
But his little arms were plainly  
Outstretched to welcome me.  
  
The next morn there came a shower,  
A shower large and free,  
To wet the little plants, sir,  
Just pushing up to see.  
  
But the lightning struck the watcher,  
It did not touch the tree;  
And the old man fell to the ground, sir,  
A shattered wreck was he.  
  
A hundred crows had watched him,  
From a distant dead oak tree,  
And as he fell—they fell, sir,  
All fell to work with glee.  
  
They had kept a week in Lent, sir,  
A happy week to me,  
But their fast had made them crazy  
For the corn beneath the tree.  
  
There was a rise in corn, sir,  
A rise that few shall see,  
A corner on my corn, sir,  
That surely cornered me.  
  
The crows had won the battle;  
That corn was high to see,  
But the fall of that old man, sir,  
Was the fall that ruined me.

#### A Mystery.

Two darkies had bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his in, trusted the whole to Julius' keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:  
"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam. All mystery to me."  
"Ab, Julius, what was dat?"  
"Well, Sam, this mornin' I went down into the cellar to get a piece of pork for breakfast, and I put my hand down into the brine, and felt all around but no pork dere—all gone—couldn't tell what be went with it; so I turned up de barrel, and Sam, as sure as preachin', de rats eat a hole clear fru de bottom ob de barrel, and dragged de pork all out."  
"Why didn't the brine run out ob de hole?"  
"Ab, Sam, dat is de mystery."  
  
Sometimes children see things which even their parents fail to recognize. When a little girl got into a fit of passion the mother told her to go at once to her room and ask God to forgive her. She went with hesitating step, and her mother followed her to see that she did as she was told. Kneeling down by her crib, tears in her eyes, but pretty nearly as cross as ever, she said, "Lord, give me a good temper," and then added in very decided tones, "and Lord, while you are about it, you may as well give me some too."

#### BONNY KATE.

It was to me Kate Ray first came, to whisper in my ear the fact of her engagement to Neil Rivers. Her lips were yet warm with his kiss, her cheek flushed with the crimson its pressure had brought there. Her little hand trembled in my own; but she hid the tell-tale face within my lap, as she half-sobbed out the story of her happiness.

To no one would I so soon have given my darling—my bonny Kate—and well I knew my brother (Kate's father) would sanction and confirm his suit.

Like a troubled dream, the broken sentences falling from the girl's lips wafted me back many years to just such a time in my own life—an hour destined to ruin and shipwreck—and memories long forgotten stirred to life, refusing to lie quiet longer in their graves, until tears, one by one fell on the golden, bowed head my hand so lovingly pressed, and I could but pray they meant no such presentment of evil for this young life.

It was as I expected—my brother gave willing consent to the suit, only insisting that a year should elapse before its consummation.

It was at this time we received an addition to our family. In Edith Howland's glorious beauty, Kate's loveliness almost paled. She burst in upon us, one evening, like some brilliant constellation, absolutely flashing light and color—a constellation which had been somewhat prepared for, inasmuch as a letter had preceded her, announcing her coming.

She was a distant relative, on Kate's mother's side, with some Spanish blood in her veins, to which her dark eyes and rich coloring attested.

Not since her childhood had she heretofore honored Danton Hall with her presence, and I wondered what freak brought her now; but, though her host may have shared my wonderment, his hospitality was too far-famed to give it outward evidence, and, had she been a daughter of the house, she could have received no warmer welcome. Indeed, she won Kate's heart at once.

"Is she not lovely, auntie?" she exclaimed, when she came as usual to bid me good-night, in my own room. "I am so sorry Neil was not here to-night to see her," she added, in her unconscious selfishness.

It was, indeed, an unusual thing for Neil to be absent, and early next morning he rode over to make amends.

I was present when Kate presented him to her cousin. In that moment I fathomed the reason for her coming; in that moment the distrust which had smoldered since first I had looked upon her blazed upward. They two had met before. In her eyes, as they rested on his face, flashed a glance of triumph; while his cheek grew pale, and in the formal bow with which he acknowledged the introduction there was none of the easy cordiality which characterized his aim.

I knew he had come over for the day; but in about an hour—an hour of constraint and inward chafing on his part, of continued and brilliant conversation on hers—he ordered his horse, and soon rode out of sight.

"You did not tell me that my new cousin was to prove so handsome, Kate!" Edith said, from where she languidly reclined upon a sofa. "I have rarely seen a handsomer man." Kate's cheek flushed with the praise, and I saw the words had woven another link in the chain which bound her to the speaker.

A few days after, I was entering the library one afternoon, when I caught the sound of Kate's name, in Edith's voice. Unconsciously, it arrested my steps.

"Have you, then, so forgotten the past that you have given this pale-faced girl my place in your heart? Think how I must have changed, to stand here and plead with you thus—plead for my own! What else, think you, brought me here, but the hope of seeing you face to face?"

"Hush, Edith—hush!" broke in Neil's voice, while my very heart stood still, as I saw before me my darling Kate's happiness trembling in the balance, and I listened eagerly (forgetting the words were not intended for my ear) for what next should follow. "Do not say more which will

cause you only after-regret. Do you forget it was your own hand which overthrew the temple my boyish faith had builded? I was but a college lad, and well you knew your beauty blinded, dazzled me—so blinded me that the day your letter came, stating you had thrown me over, I fancied my belief in woman forever shattered. Thank God! it was not so. Thank God! it was but a boy's love I gave you, which, rightly fostered, might have developed into the stronger affections of the man—the affections which now have centred, with all the intensity of which they are capable, upon the gentle girl you call cousin."

I breathed freer. At least Neil was not unworthy. What now need I fear?

"And you dare say this to me?" questioned his listener. "You dare boast of your love for another? Take care—take care! You may go too far! Neil, Neil!" her voice breaking and growing tender and soft, "you do not mean it—you do but try me, as I tried you in that far-off time! I have never loved any man but you! What does Kate know of love—its power its depth, its intensity? Nothing! But I am starving at your very feet, and you deny me even a morsel!"

"Edith, forget what you have said, as I forget it. What would Kate think if she could hear you? I have told her nothing of that time except its bare facts—withholding, of course, your name. She does not even know that we have met before. When I last saw you, I divined it was your wish, and obeyed it. Will you not forget the past, as I have done, and let us be friends?"

"Friends"—she fairly hissed the word—"friends! When I have done to you even as you have done to me, and more, then I may accept your magnanimous offer."

I was so stunned by what I had heard that I had barely time to make my escape ere she swept from the room.

Dear little Kate! I watched her with new tenderness on that evening, as I watched with new zeal the dark, evil eyes which, from beneath their long lashes, peered vengeancefully forth.

Was it that I felt the magnetic, evil power lurking in their depths to work ill to my darling? Every day the intimacy grew between the girls. One evening, Kate came to my room a magnificent opal flashing on her finger.

"Is it not exquisite?" she said, holding it up to the light. "It is a gift from Edith. You cannot think how highly I prize it. She asked me if I was not afraid to wear it—so many people are superstitious about opals—but I told her, as her gift, I could afford to disregard such folly."

"It is very beautiful," I answered. "Let me see it," attempting to draw it from her finger.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, holding it up. "I would not let you see it. It is mine, and I will keep it." I waited quietly Edith Howland's my brother to deal with her, after pouring forth a flood of abuse against her treachery.

Each week she grew weaker and weaker. At first we scarcely noticed it, though it sounded oddly, indeed, to hear her, who had always been the one to return unfagged from any excursion, however long or tiresome, to be the first to propose return.

At last we insisted upon summoning the physician. He came, but shook his head. There seemed to be no disease that he could fathom—a few weeks, the cooler weather, would bring her all right again; but the few weeks passed, the cooler weather came and my darling's cheek grew paler. The ring was now much too large for the little finger it once so closely girdled. Regarding it sadly, one day she said:

"I believe the opal's evil influence is at work, after all, Edith. Look, is it not paler? I think I have never been quite well since I have worn it."

Was it altogether my fancy that, looking hastily up, I saw a flash of triumph in the dark eyes bent upon her as the color surged upward in Edith's cheek? Was there ground for my wild suspicion that my child's idle words might not be without foundation?

"If you think so, Kate, take it off, dear," I interposed.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Edith and I have made a compact. I always keep my word."

"You surely are not superstitious, Miss Ray," said Edith.

But I answered nothing, only when an hour later, I saw Neil Rivers wending his way across the lawn, a sudden resolve flashed into my mind, which I determined should be put into speedy execution.

The ring was to be replaced only by her wedding ring. Then the wedding should take place at once—months earlier than we had anticipated, and Neil should take his bride to other scenes, where she might recover health and strength. I made him my ally, still not even to him trusting my dark suspicions of the opal, and found him eager and anxious to enter into all or any of my plans.

With my brother (Kate's father), I had a more difficult task. To have his child leave him for a stranger, when she was ill and suffering, it seemed hard indeed; but I told him I thought he might trust her to her husband, and when the doctor strengthened her, saying it was long what he had wished to propose, her father gave reluctant consent.

I arranged then for Edith's absence for a few days, and as she found the old hall dull, and thought her plans successfully working, she was glad to go. Then we unfolded our scheme to Kate, as though it had been decided on the moment.

"At least, send for Edith," she pleaded. "She will think it so strange." I shook my head.

"There must be no excitement, darling. Neil is going away on business"—this was a pretext—"and he will not go without you."

I left him to finish my arguments, and when I returned knew he had been successful.

The next day, my bonny Kate was married. In my hand she placed the opal.

"Edith bade me promise," said she, "I should give it to no one but her; but you will see she gets it, auntie, will you not? It must be nonsense, but I fancy I feel better already. See how strangely my finger looks where it has been."

I said nothing, but that day placed the ring in the doctor's hands saying only it had a curious history attached to it, and was supposed to be permed by some subtle poison.

"I would advise you, Miss Ray, to destroy it," he said on his return. "It conceals a deadly poison, and is so arranged as to occasionally imperceptibly prick the finger and let a drop mingle with the blood, producing not death, but weakness and disease. Who could have invented so barbarous an instrument, and how did it come into your possession?"

I did not answer his question; he answered mine—that was sufficient. I awaited quietly Edith How-

land's my brother to deal with her, after pouring forth a flood of abuse against her treachery.

He only smiled, as she answered: "In five minutes, Miss Ray, I will be ready to receive him; but believe this—I never intended to kill her; only to show Neil how poor, and weak, and fragile was the girl he had preferred to me. I thought thus he would return to his allegiance. If I had failed in this, I would still have spared her life."

White and breathless with indignant horror, I led Kate's father to the library-door, leaving him to meet alone one who had threatened such misery to his home; but my name, in startled accents, recalled me.

In five minutes, she had said, she would be ready. She spoke truth; for she had gone for judgment before another and a higher tribunal—a Judge whose mercy equals His justice.

In all her radiant beauty, she lay, cold, and lifeless, and dead, one slender hand grasping the empty vial, whose contents had so swiftly and so surely done their appointed work—a fitting termination to such a life.

The men who always say a kind word for their neighbors and turn a deaf ear to scandal are not only very blessed, but also very scarce.

#### About Eels.

Eels—are they kin to snakes? We shall leave that question to Darwin and Huxley. You know they are the leaders of modern thought; and it takes a thought-leader to find out a thing of that kind. They say eels are a connecting link between the batrachians and the true fishes, and, standing at that position, they are no kin, or, if any, very little to snakes; though they may be cousin-german to a salamander or mud puppy. But there is another question: How did the eels get into this position of middle-man?

Did he evolve, so to speak from his cousin catfish? or did he involute from his cousin mud-puppy? or did he proceed from that great practical evolutionist, his uncle bull-frog, who used himself to be a tadpole? These are momentous questions, but the writer hereof is not a modern thought-leader; hence he does not undertake to settle them. A smart fellow however, is this eel—slippery, you know. He knows that the position of middle man, if not altogether one of honor, is certainly one of profit and emolument; hence, having attained to that position, he refuses to "offshoot" any more; he will no more either evolve or involute; he is a middle-man forever—first, last, and all the time. There was another question much argued: Does the eel lay eggs, or does she produce her young alive? It is now settled that she lays eggs; but where does she lay them? When, where, and how do they hatch? These questions remain to be answered. Any one may find out such things as these. It does not require a modern thought-leader nor an intellectual giant to solve them; but any ordinary man who happens to discover them in the act can tell where they lay and hatch. Eels ascend fresh water streams in the spring, and descend to brackish water in the fall. This, however, seems to be a very limited movement, when compared with the enormous numbers of them found hibernating in the mud-flats of tide water. We are convinced that there are millions of these eels which are hatched, and which spend their entire lives in and about those mud flats, and we are further convinced that there are colonies of families of them localized in the meadows and marshes about the springs of inland sections, in which localities we have often seen them dug out of the mud by ditches, both in autumn, after they had left the neighboring streams, and in spring, before they began to ascend them. These may have been stragglers who had determined to desert the main body and go into winter quarters in that mud rather than take the trouble to swim several hundred miles down stream to the mud-flats of tide-water for that purpose; or they may have belonged to a family born and bred in that place, and never having experienced the wish to roam. Eels are very widely distributed over the world, and we doubt whether they are to be classed as strictly migratory in their habits. They rather, perhaps, stay longest where they fare best. Where-soever mud is, there eels are at home. When the weather is cold, they bury themselves at the end of a sort of burrow in the mud, keeping the hole open. Last winter, along the shores of the Chesapeake, they were destroyed by thousands, when the tide having been driven out before the furious north-west wind, miles of the flats were left bare and exposed to a temperature below zero. The unhappy eels all froze to death; nor did they thaw out and come to life again when the water floated in. Freezing seems to kill them more effectually than cooking; for when cooking done and brown and set aside, they will presently become raw again; whereas, judging from the odor, those that are frozen make no effort to come to life again, but quietly remain dead. One other point in the natural history of eels which is not generally known perhaps, is the readiness with which they make somewhat extensive passages over dry land in order to get around obstructions to the ascent of streams, or to pass from one stream or body of water to another. We once encountered a large-sized eel late one warm, sunny afternoon in September, making his way very quietly and deliberately through some short grass towards a small stream at the far side of a mead-

ow some three hundred yards away, and coming from the direction of a spring under some trees—the nearest water in the direction from which he came some two hundred and fifty yards distant. This eel evidently knew what he was about, and was guided on his way either by instinct or experience.

A gentleman in Fairfax county informs us that he saw an eel one afternoon come out of an alder swamp from among some bullrushes, where the mud was nearly dry, and pass over a railroad track and move off across a dry sod toward a small stream some distance off. Being decidedly nocturnal in their habits, it is likely that such overland trips are undertaken more frequently at night than in the day time. As food fish, eels take a very high rank. Their flesh is by many considered a great delicacy, and at particular seasons vast numbers are sold in city markets at profitable prices. They are enormously prolific, and may be readily cultivated ponds of in proper construction; but they are voracious destroyers of the spawn of all sorts of fish, often proceeding to the extremity of attacking the gravid female for the purpose of securing the coveted spawn. Eels are the just abomination of anglers and gill-netters. Some persons will not eat them because they look too much like snakes; others decline them because, after being cooked and set aside, they get raw again; and we once heard an ancient colored lady say she was afraid to eat them for fear they might "come alive agin" in her stomach. It is not to be doubted that eels are, on the whole, savory and wholesome food. The Dutch cook them with onions in a peculiar sort of salmagundi scramble, the smell whereof is extraordinary.—Virginia Farmer and Planter.

#### Rules for Home Education.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

"Sambo, what you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?"

"How do you know I hab a watch?"

"Kase I seed the chain hang out ob your pocket in the front."

"Go 'way, nigger, s'pose you see a halter round my neck, you think dar is a boss inside ob me?"

It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.

The best kind of revenge is that which is taken by him who is so generous that he refuses to take any revenge at all.

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.