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Selected Poetry.

THE ALBUM.

My photograph album? Certainly,
You can look, if you wish, my dear;
To me it is just like a graveyard,
Though I go through it once a year.
And new faces? No, indeed. No,
I stopped collecting some years ago.

And yet, Jeannette, look well at the book;
It is full of histories strange;
The faces are just an index, dear,
To stories of pitiful change—
Drama and poem and tragedy.
Which I alone have the power to see.

Ah! I thought you would pause at that face;
She was fair as a poet's lay,
The sweetest rose of her English home,
Yet she perished far, far away;
At the black massacre at Cawnpore
She suffered and died—we know no more.

And that? Oh, yes, 'tis a noble head!
Soul sits on the clear, lofty brow;
She was my friend in the days gone by,
And she is my enemy now,
Mistake, and wrong, and sorrow—alas!
One of life's tragedies—let it pass.

This face? He was my lover, Jeannette;
And perchance he remembers to-day
The passionate wrong that wrecked us both
When he sailed in his anger away.
Heart-sick and hopeless through weary years
At length I forgot him—despite these tears.

That handsome fellow? He loved me too;
And he vowed he would die, my dear,
When I told him "No"—'tis long ago;
He married the very next year.
That one I liked a little but he
Cared much for my gold, nothing for me.

Brides and bridesmaids together, dear,
And most of them parted to-day;
Some famous men that are quite forgot,
Some beauties faded and lay gray.
Close the book, for 'tis just as I said—
Full of pale ghosts from a life that's dead.

A Western Romance.

Eleven years ago the daughter of W. B. Wallace—a little school girl of seven years—was abducted from her father's house, in Portland, Oregon. Wallace searched high and low for her, and though he felt certain that her mother, from whom he was separated, had taken her, there was no clue to her whereabouts. One day last month the father was surprised to receive a dainty missive, addressed in a neat hand. He was still more surprised when the words "My dearest, dearest father," met his eye.

He read through his tears that Lillian was living with her mother at Yankima, and that she had determined either to reconcile her parents or to live first with the one and then with the other. She said that her mother put her in the Sisters' school at Vancouver, and that she had been educated there. Wallace remembered that he had been a policeman at Vancouver during a part of the time mentioned by his daughter, and had passed a thousand times under the shadow of the school building, never dreaming of her presence. He hastened to Yankima, and it was agreed that there should be a reconciliation. Miss Lillian is a handsome young lady of eighteen now, and the part she played in the romance makes her the heroine of Portland and of the far Northwest.

A young man in Nebraska sent an offer of marriage to a girl in Iowa whom he loved, and in reply received this telegram: "Come on with your minister."

THE MADMAN'S FIRE-CURE.

Fred Brace, commercial traveler, stepped from the cars to the platform of the station, of Marshtown, with a look of disgust upon his face. Certainly the prospect was cheerless enough—rain and mud, mud and rain everywhere.

Fred traveled for a Philadelphia house, engaged largely in the wholesale trade, and was their leading salesman. He never consulted his own convenience, should it be at all opposed to the interests of his employers. Even Esther Morrow, with her tender brown eyes, could not make him neglect business, even for an hour. Everybody said he was fortunate in the possession of such a sweet heart as Esther, and so indeed he was.

As has already been stated, there was a look of disgust upon his face, and mud and rain everywhere else. At the station, which was such an old broken-down affair that it looked as if it might have been built for some railroad before the flood, there was not a living soul besides himself. There was nothing for it but to walk through the rain and mud to the village, a good half-mile off. When at last he entered the village hotel, his fine broad-cloth clothing looked more like a very wet bathing-suit than anything else. The prospect here was about as cheerless as at the station.

It was an out-and-out country hotel, exhibiting a very dirty bar-room, very rickety stairs, and an apparent tendency on the part of the whole building to topple over—one of those places in which a man of experience expects a bad bed and worse food. But Fred had to put up with it. There were two dealers in town who must be seen, and there was no train by which he could leave till next morning. With a sigh he resigned himself to the situation.

When he had gone up stairs, put on some dry clothing and returned to the bar-room, he found the rain had suddenly ceased, and that the sun was shining brightly. You may be sure it added nothing to his pleasure to think that by waiting half an hour at the station he might have escaped that disagreeable wetting.

It was just dinner-time, and having disposed of what little he could of what was set before him, he sallied out on business.

In spite of the past rain, it was a scorching afternoon. The sun seemed resolved to burn the world up. Nature seemed to gasp with the intense heat. By supper-time everything was so dry, that no one would ever have suspected it had rained that day.

After supper, the landlord said to Fred, in an apologetic way:

"Yours is a double-bedded room. I hope you won't be put out by it; but I'll have to let another gentleman have one of the beds."

Fred being of an accommodating disposition, replied good-naturedly:

"Oh, that's all right!"

He spent the evening with one of his customers—Fred found sociability paid—and at ten started back to the hotel.

As was natural, as he walked along the country road, his thoughts turned upon his room-mate. What kind of a man would he be? Short or tall, stout or slim, gay or grave? Would he snore? The last question was by far the most important.

When he entered the hotel, he inquired if the stranger had gone to his room. Receiving an affirmative answer, he proceeded to do likewise. His knock at the door was answered by a deep, melodious voice, and when he entered he saw the stranger comfortably settled in an arm-chair, reading.

"Welcome, sir!" said the deep voice, in quite a dramatic way. Fred saw at a glance that the stranger was a large, stout man, of great strength—an ugly customer in a fight, no doubt. But he had quite a mild face, pleasant on the whole, though the eyes seemed very black and restless.

"Boggs? You have no doubt heard of Boggs."
Fred had not heard of Boggs, and so expressed himself.

"Ah," returned the other, "I'm surprised!"
Having locked the door and put the key in his pocket, he returned to his chair, and again took his book in his hand.

"Mr.—By-the-way what is your name, sir?"

"Boggs."
"Thank you. This is quite an interesting subject upon which I am reading, Mr. Brace."

"Indeed! What is it, Mr. Boggs?"
"The stranger had been sitting with his chair toward the window. He now turned it sharply round, and looking Fred full in the face, with those cold-black eyes glistening said, in a strange whisper:

"This book, sir, is upon the treatment of the insane."

Fred started at the significance of the man's manner. The quick action of turning the chair, the glitter of the black eyes, the whisper, so intense in its emphasis—all seemed strangely disproportioned to the subject and circumstances.

Fred making no reply, the stranger rose from the chair and paced the room with quick strides, continuing:

"Yes, sir; on the treatment of the insane. But it's all bosh! None of these doctors know anything about the matter. I am the only living man who understands the subject. I say living man, because it is known to the dead, and from the dead I learned it."

The suspicion that had flashed on Fred's mind before was now a certainty: He was alone with a madman! Alas! himself a man of no mean strength, yet when he looked at the gigantic statue of the maniac it was a great relief to think that his insanity was apparently of a mild type. Having read somewhere that it was well to humor the insane, he asked:

"Could you tell me the secret, Mr. Boggs?"

Looking searchingly at him with those terrible eyes, the stranger inquired, in that blood-chilling whisper:

"You will never reveal it, upon your soul?"

"Upon my soul, I will never reveal it."

"Then listen to the secret told me by the dead. Like cures like—all the world knows that, or ought to. Why are men insane?"

Here the maniac stood by Fred's side, and whispered in his ear:

"Why are they insane, I ask? Because their heads and brains are hot—because their brains are on fire!"

Oh, the terrible emphasis of the man's words and manner!—oh, the wild glitter of those dark eyes! Fred shuddered at the terrible fancy.

"Have I not said like cures like? Then, what is the cure for a burning brain? Fire, fire! Lurid flame, with its scorching tongues!"

The man's earnestness was awful. Fred dared not call for help—could only sit there striving to hide the fear that caused cold sweat to burst from every pore.

"Aye," the madman went on, "walk the insane quickly through fire, and they are cured!"

Suddenly, he placed his hand on Fred's forehead, then burst into a low triumphant laugh.

"Why, man, half the world's mad, if they did but know it. You are mad—your head burns and scorcheth my hand! Oh, if it were winter, and a fire in the grate, how quickly I could cure you!"

How devoutly thankful Fred felt that it was summer! Still, thinking to humor the madman, he said:

"I am surprised to hear that I am insane, sir; but you must know, and I yield to your experience. I even regret that there is no fire in the grate. Where there, I would gladly permit you to try the experiment."

Thus the terrible hours wore on; Fred not daring to go to bed, the madman showing no desire to do so. It was past midnight; all had retired, and silence reigned throughout the house. The madman was seated again, but still poured out his strange vagaries. At one time he had suggested

and taking the lamp in his hand, almost carried the idea into execution. Fred dissuaded him however, by suggesting that the flame would not be hot enough.

As we have said, it was past midnight and all was still. Suddenly the silence was broken by cries of terror and the tread of hurrying feet upon the stairs. There was a suffocating smell in the room; and both men, glancing at the door, saw smoke sweeping through its chinks. A moment after there was a loud rap, and a voice screaming: "Quick, quick! for your lives! The house is on fire!"

Fred sprang to his feet, but like a flash the madman was upon him, pinning him to the chair.

"Fool!" he hissed out, "do you not see that this is a Providence? The flame shall cure you this night!"

That grip was like iron; there was do shaking it off.

The house seemed deserted now, but Fred could hear voices outside beneath his window; but his shriek for help was smothered by the maniac's strong hand.

The voices outside were many, and the village engine was already pouring its streams upon the burning building. The room was full of smoke, but still that madman pinioned Fred to the chair and smothered his cries.

Suddenly he loosed his hold, and drew the key of the door from his pocket. Fred sprang to the window. Those below saw him.

"A ladder! Help! help! for heaven's sake! I am alone in this room with a madman!" he cried out.

But the maniac's hand was on his neck and his powerful arm around his waist. The open door, already on fire, showed the centre of the building one lurid flame. Even at that distance it almost scorched him. It seemed a miracle that the room in which they stood was not on fire. The stairway fell with a crash, and before them was a yawning gulf of flame. Fred was a powerful man, and, as the madman dragged him toward it, fought every inch.

But what avail was his strength against that of the maniac? Inch, by inch, foot by foot, he was drawn nearer that awful gulf. The hot breath of the fire was now intolerable. Still he resisted with grim desperation—still the lunatic, laughing with that wild triumphant laugh, dragged him nearer to that horrible fate.

Hotter, hotter, grows the air! One burst of flame darts into the room, and leaves its mark upon the madman's face; but he only laughs the louder and drags Fred on.

So choked and strangled by the smoke now that he is almost unconscious, Fred closes his eyes while his burning flesh shrinks from its coming torture.

He knows the madman is preparing for one last mighty struggle, and that when it is over he will be the prey of that awful flame.

But there is a heavy footstep behind them. Upon the madman's head with crushing power, the strong arm of a brave young farmer brings down a heavy cudgel. The maniac falls forward over the edge of the doorway into that pandemonium of flame.

That same strong arm is around the now unconscious form of Fred Brace and is bearing him toward air and life.

When he opened his eyes again, he was in bed, and sympathetic faces were bending over him.

He was not seriously injured, and in a few days he told his Esther all the terrible story, and kissed away the tears she shed in sympathy.

When the debris of the fire was cleared away, the body of the poor maniac, charred past recognition, was found. How the fire broke out was never known.

Work of Three Acworth Ga. Roughs.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

KINGSTON, GA., May 23.

Just before noon to-day the depot at this place was the theatre of one of the hardest fought and bloodiest encounters ever known in north Georgia. The facts in the case can be readily told and are suggestive.

This morning a large party of Sabbath-school people from Acworth reached here upon the train to spend the day in picnic and other pleasures. Among those who accompanied the party were three brothers named Morris, from Acworth, one of whom, Thompson Morris, was the town marshal of Acworth.

These men appear to have been in the mood to enjoy a frolic not at all in keeping with the objects of their neighbors and brought with them, or procured here, whisky enough to make them boisterous and unruly. They visited a house of bad character in this vicinity, it is said, and were ordered away from it on account of their unseemly behavior. After leaving it Thompson Morris is charged with having fired his pistol in the streets, thereby violating an ordinance of the town, Kingston being incorporated. Mr. John Burrough, the town marshal, approached the party and told the offender that he had violated the ordinance and he would have to arrest him, or collect from him the usual fine of one dollar. Some discussion of an angry nature ensued, but Morris paid the dollar. Afterwards some one informed him that Burrough had no right to collect the dollar from him, and led him to think that he had been imposed upon by the officer.

Morris followed Burrough down to the depot and spoke to him, telling him that he (Burrough) had no right to collect the dollar from him and making some angry and excited remarks.

Burrough said: "There is the mayor over there; go and ask him if I did not have the right and if I was not in duty bound to collect it."

Morris retorted: "You call him over here yourself!"

Burrough said: "That is not my business; if you want to ask him, go and do so yourself."

Morris thereupon flew into a rage and slapped Burrough in the face, cursing him as he did so. Joseph Morris and the other brother were standing by, in assisting distance. Burrough raised his stick as though to defend himself from further assault, when Joseph Morris drew his pistol and snatched it in an attempt to shoot Burrough. The latter stepped back to avoid this new attack and Thompson Morris and Burrough also drew their pistols and a general fusillade began between the two brothers upon the one side and Burrough alone upon the other.

Burrough began to retreat across the railroad tracks and the Morrises pursued him. The firing was rapid and at close quarters. The Morrises fired until they exhausted the chambers of their revolvers, while Burrough fired at each as best he could and shot both his pursuers.

Although thus wounded they supplemented their bullets with rocks and threw at Burrough until they fell in their tracks from the effects of their wounds. Burrough also sent a ball through the clothing of the third brother. Burrough was not hit by any of the shots fired at him.

Thompson Morris was shot near the region of the heart and died in about thirty minutes after he was struck. Joseph Morris was shot in the abdomen and lingered until 6 p. m., when he, too, expired.

Burrough, knowing that there were so many citizens of Acworth present in the town and fearing they might desire to make trouble for him, disappeared and his whereabouts are not known. It is expected that he will appear to-morrow as the general public verdict is that his acts were purely in self defence.

He is a man of cool and determined bravery and strict in the performance of his duties. At the same time he is one who would not do another an un-called-for injury.

The father of the unfortunate Morris was in Kingston and with his

accompanied by him and his other son and citizens of Acworth, were taken upon the down train to-night to their home to await burial on Sunday, it is thought. The elder Morris deceased, leaves a family it is said. The affair is very deeply deplored by every one, and the family of deceased have the sympathies of all, notwithstanding the young men lost their lives in this reckless and unnecessary manner. Mr. Burrough is reported as much affected that he should have been forced to kill these young men, but feels that but for Providential direction to the affair he would himself have been the victim.

How a Young Man Lost His Dog.

"This is the station, is it?" he asked as they opened the door of cell No. 5 at the Central and waved him in.

"Yes."

"Then I'm the same as in jail, am I?"

"You are."

"All right! This is the last god-darned time I'll believe anybody under oath! So go ahead with your old bristle business."

He was a young man of 24, wearing his overalls in his boot legs, and before coming to town he had broken off a twig from a peach tree and placed the blossoms behind his hat band and over his left ear.

"Hast thou been deceived?" inquired our reporter, as the officer got through locking the cell door.

"Hast I? Well, you'd better bet I hast! I'm a reg'lar eight rail fence blown flat by a tornado! I'm going to commit the suicide when I get out of this, I am!"

A chew of tobacco and a few kind words opened his heart, and he explained:

"You see, I lost my dog in town the other day, and I come in this morning to find him. Dad, the darned old basswood, told me to call on a fortune teller and find out who stole Tige, and I was fool enough to do it—fool enough to do it! I called on a woman back up here about a mile, gin her \$2, and says I, where's Tige? He's up here in a Dutchman's yard, says she. Did he steal him? says I. He did, says she. Then I'll bust his head, says I. You will marry rich, have lots of happiness, live to be 100 years old and go to Heaven when you die, says she, and she stopped rolling her eyes and hawked onto them \$2 like a turkey on a later-bug."

"And you found Tige?"

"You hold on! I found the Dutchman's, and says I, where's my dog? I don't know says he. You're a liar, says I, and with that he had it which and I other, and he had just flung me out doors when the constable came along and nailed me."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm in a nice fix, I am! Tige gone, \$2 gone, me in the jug and dad planting corn with a blind eye and lame back! We're a nice family, take us all in a heap, and you go out and bet ten to one we are! No, you can't help any, 'less you want to leave me a lead pencil. I feel like composing a poem on a fool, and I'll write it on the wall here. Good-bye, Mister—come back in an hour and I'll have a poem done and be in my grave mebbe, for I can't bear up under more'n a wagon load of woe."—Detroit Free Press.

"Patrick," said the priest, "the widow Molony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?" "Yes, yer honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed and ate it, yer honor." "Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on Judgment Day, what account will you give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?" "Did you say that the pig would be there, your riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well then, your riverence, I'll say, Mrs. Molony, there's your pig!"

Life changes its aspect as we grow old. In our young days we are compelled to give the closest attention to the rule of three. As we advance in years, however, things simplify themselves in a very mysterious way, and if we are married we generally find that the rule of one is about all we can sub-