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Selected Poetry.

THE LOVE OF THE PERIOD.

It was a lover loved a maid
That had a father who
Was thought to be by all the world
Exceeding well-to-do.

"Oh, be my wife," the lover cried:
"My bride, my queen, my own."
"You do not love me," she replied,
"I fear, for myself alone."

"My pa he is a wealthy man,
His only child am I,
And all his riches shall be mine
Whenever he shall die."

"But riches, the Apostle says,
Unto themselves take wings; O!
If pa were poor would you love me?"
"I would," he cried, "by jingo!"

"I am so glad—I knew you would—
I in your love am blest;
Pa failed last night," she sobbed and sank
Upon her lover's breast.

"That makes not a bit of difference,"
That gallant lover cried:
"So I have you I care not who
May take all else beside."

That night when her lover took his leave,
At twenty minutes to one,
She whispered softly in her ear,
"Darling, I was in fun."

"True, pa has failed, but he his pile
Had duly salted by;
I only wished to try your truth—
Darling, how glad am I,
For now I know you would love me well,
Even in poverty."

And as anon home went the lover,
Who by no means green,
He blithely hugged himself and sang,
"I know what failures mean."

Left-Tailed Dogs.

An Englishman who has recently arrived at Philadelphia, is shocked to see so many left-tailed dogs in the streets, and feels it his duty to call public attention to the fact. "Your excellent American oysters," he writes to the editor of the *Telegraph*, "your roast beef, poultry and superior shad have, I fear, caused a very provoking attack of gout, which will prevent me from visiting the bench show of dogs, to open on Monday next. If the dogs to be exhibited prove to be no better bred than the dogs I have noticed along your streets, the exhibition will not prove very creditable. At least ninety in every one hundred dogs I have noticed in this city curl their tails to the left, an evidence of low breed and danger. Dogs that curl their tails to the right are never afflicted with hydrophobia; that fatal disease prevails only among dogs that curl their tails to the left. No gentleman of London or any city of the Continent will own a dog or allow a dog to follow him that curls its tail to the left."

What She Found.

A newly married man gave his vest into his wife's hand to be repaired, and when he came home to dinner she showed him three pencil stubs, a piece of chalk, four watch keys, nineteen matches, six pant and four coat buttons, a receipt for making milk punch, a buckle, a blank lottery ticket, a small bandfull of gloves, a part of a roll of lozenges, three seat coupons to last winter's lecture, a poker chip and a chew of gum that had slipped down into the lining of the vest through a hole in the pocket.

It is a curious fact, and one which has not been made as prominent as its importance deserved, that the parlor is the place in which most of our matches are made.

Salt fish for breakfast and a rubber outfit will keep a man dry all day.

Freeman Still Convinced that God Bade Him Kill Edith.

BARNSTABLE, MASS., May 24.
Dr. Munsell, the Medical Examiner of Barnstable county, has been watching Charles F. Freeman very closely, especially since Freeman's removal from the barnlike jail to the new structure, but he has been unable to detect any of the usual physical symptoms of insanity, either developed or incipient. Freeman was greatly pleased when he was put into the new jail, and even his wife, whom nothing has aroused from her melancholy, was glad to get away from the loft in which she had been confined. Freeman has been especially interested in the religious discussion which the killing of his little daughter has provoked. He still holds with pertinacity to his belief that he was called by God to do the act, and that some great good is to come of it yet. To Dr. Munsell he is reported as having said a day or two ago that it was possible that what God intended was a great religious awakening. He professes to prefer to be convicted, and even hanged, rather than to be acquitted on the ground of insanity. He is said to have affirmed repeatedly that he knew perfectly well before the act, and realizes just as well now, the responsibility that he was taking, but adds that as a faithful Christian he was constrained to sacrifice his child.

Freeman was told, it is said, that the account of his act, printed in the *Sun*, had been telegraphed to the newspapers in England and France, and he seemed to view this as only the working out of the mysterious purpose that compelled him to kill little Edith. He sleeps soundly, eats well, and takes much interest in the ordinary affairs of life. Since his imprisonment, he has allowed his full beard to grow.

But Mrs. Freeman still sorrows, and is apparently pining away. She has admitted that she believed that the act was the result of a mistaken faith; but she insists that neither she nor her husband was guilty of any crime. The recent letter to a sister, which has been published, has been commented on by a number of clergymen, as not the least remarkable manifestation of this mysterious tragedy. She speaks of Elijah, Elisha, and Christ raising the dead, and still insists that after the deed was done she and her husband had perfect faith that the child would be raised to them. But as the days passed and there were no manifestations, her heart failed, and now she knows they did wrong.

Mrs. Freeman found comfort in a recent conversation she had with Mrs. Fisk, who has charge of the eldest child. Mrs. Fisk suggested that she might have been tempted as Christ was by Satan, and this made a strong impression upon Mrs. Freeman. She asked Mrs. Fisk pleadingly, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, whether she supposed God would forgive them for having yielded to temptation, and Mrs. Fisk replied that God always forgave where there was true repentance.

"Then He will forgive us," and with that remark Mrs. Freeman seemed to give up all consideration of the religious aspect of the act, and to allow her material sorrow for her child, to be unrestrained. Her husband's condition and the life of her living child are the only matters that now concern her. She does not want little Bessie brought to see her. She thought the surroundings would terrify the child. But she gave minute directions regarding Bessie, her school life, her dresses, her companions, and her religious instruction. Bessie does not yet know that her sister Edith is dead.

The Second Adventists in Pocasset have not yet recovered from the bewilderment which the widespread horror of Freeman's act has created. They are as meek and passive now as children. All that they say is, "We can't understand it." The feeble Foster Howard, one of the Elders of the Pocasset Church, the man whom Freeman first told of the act, sits day after day in his kitchen, often with his Bible open in his lap, pondering. His faith was so strong that Edith Freeman would be raised that he has not yet recovered from

the shock that the undisturbed grave has given him.

"I don't understand it," he recently said. "Here is the promise, that if we have faith sufficient we may say to a mountain 'be removed,' and it is done. Our faith was equal to that, and yet our faith does not avail."

It is possible that the Second Adventists may hold the camp-meeting, beginning June 15, as they intended, because public indignation has gone, and sympathy, or rather pity, has taken its place. But they cannot have the grove on Buzzard's Bay shore, and Mrs. Freeman's mother, has offered them a grove on her farm.

Throughout New England the attention of the clergy has been generally called to the tragedy, and many sermons have been preached upon it in Providence, Boston, Lawrence Lynn, Springfield, Worcester, and other cities. In Hartford three clergymen—the Rev. Dr. Sage, Baptist, the Rev. Dr. Parker, and the Rev. Mr. Gage, Congregationalists—preached upon it on Sunday of last week. Dr. Parker boldly said that he doubted whether the Abrahamic story ought to be accepted literally, and Dr. Sage argued as strongly that it should be so read.—*New York Sun*.

He Was Not a Veteran.

An aged man came into our sanctum yesterday. Deep-eyed sadness sat on his eye-brows, like a frog on the shore of a mill-pond. His attire was faultless in regard to ventilation; in fact, he looked as if he was a model for some house that manufactured ventilators. His shoes showed two long slits for admitting air, which could come out at his knee, elbow or hat, the whole system of ventilation being perfect and complete. He lunged his hat up on the third hook from the door, being the one set in diamonds, and drawing our new morocco foot-stool up to our feet, sat down and opened fire.

"I am probably the only survivor of one of the most desperate charges at Gettysburg," said he, "I was on the very spot which the rebels and Union soldiers charged over ten times, and I never stirred out of my tracks. I was right where fifteen cannon-balls tore up the earth in every direction, tearing men to pieces, and finally flinging back the torn armies in confusion."

"Did you escape?" we asked.
"I did."
"You escaped? But you were wounded?"

"No, sir; I was not touched."
"You were not even wounded?"
"Not much."

"But certainly your clothes were pierced with bullets?"
"Not a bit of it. Nary a bullet."

"And yet you want money. No, sir! Had your head been shot off, or a cannon ball torn you in bits, or 229 bullets been lodged in your body, you might have given you ten cents; but as it is, charity must begin at home. John, bring us a five-cent cigar."

"But I'm the only survivor," persisted this old veteran.
"Then go and hire a hall, and charge ten cents for the exhibition."
"Exhibition be hanged!" said he. "Give me ten cents, and I'll tell you how I did not get killed."

It was a tempting bait, and was taken. Then he sidled towards the door as he remarked:
"I was on the spot where that charge was made. I stood where the bullets fell like rain, but 'twas a month after it happened."

Relief From a Corn.

Soak the foot in warm water for a quarter of an hour every night; after each soaking, rub on the corn patiently, with the finger, a half dozen drops of sweet oil; wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn, and continue this treatment until the corn falls out. If you wear moderately loose shoes, it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days. Paring corns is always dangerous, besides making them take deeper root, as does a weed cut off near the ground; but the plan advised is safe, painless, and costs nothing but a little attention.

An Effect of Rivalry.

Cincinnati and Louisville used to be and perhaps still are, rivals for the trade of the region which their location makes common ground. The "drummers"—"commercial travelers," as the English call them—of either city frequently came in contact on their travel.

One night a party of each were casually assembled in the bar-room of a hotel, indulging in drinks, joking between whiles at the pretensions of their city rivals.

"Now," said a Cincinnati man, when the evening had worn on and hilarity was at its height, "I invite you to take a drink in the Louisville fashion."

The party stood up to the bar and drank off their drinks, when the Cincinnati man laid down a dime in payment, the price of a drink for one.

"How's this?" said the barkeeper. "This," said the Cincinnati man, is the Louisville style, in which I invited the party to drink. I pay for mine; each one of the party pays for his."

Presently a Louisville man asked the company to take a drink in the Cincinnati fashion.

They came up smiling, and each poured off his drink to the health of Cincinnati, with thanks to the Louisville entertainer.

This over, the Louisville man, as they fell back from the bar, said solemnly to the barkeeper:
"Charge it."

Secrets of Masonry.

Old Zach Wheeler was quite a character in his time, being a clever, easy-going, confiding man, who managed to let every body cheat him out of his inherited estates. Just as his last farm was about to slip out of his hands he succeeded in raising the money to lift the mortgage. Aaron Remer, a prominent Mason, accompanied him to the town. As they were riding along on horse-back, Zach says to Aaron, in a confiding tone:

"Now, Aaron, we are here alone, and I want you to tell me the secrets of Masonry."

"I can't, Zach; they would kill me."
"Why, they won't know; they'll never find it out."

"Yes, they will; you'll speak of it."
"No, I swear I won't."

"Well, if you'll ride close alongside of me, and put your hand upon my thigh, and take the oath I'll tell you the secrets of Masonry."

Zach was not slow to comply, and a most powerful "iron-clad" oath was administered and taken.

"Now for the secrets," exclaimed the impatient and unsuspecting victim.

"Well," said Aaron, with mock solemnity and secrecy, "in the first place, we Masons combine together to cheat every body as much as we can. This is the first grand secret. The second is like unto it. When we can't find any body else to cheat, we cheat each other, but as little as we can."

"Well," exclaimed Zach, "I swear I'll join. I wish I had done it twenty years ago, I might have been a rich man afore now."

A Sensible Girl.

"You have asked me pointedly if I could marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month; I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be to join in any gauntlet in front of churches and theatres, and comment ably on the people who are compelled to pass through it; I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father; I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue; I can marry such a man but I w-o-n-t!"

Dog Bite.

An aged forester has published the following in a Leipzig journal: "I do not wish to carry to my grave my much proved cure for the bites of mad dogs, but will publish the same as the last service which I can offer the world: Wash the wound perfectly clean with wine vinegar and tepid water; then dry it. Afterward pour into the wound a few drops of muriatic acid, for mineral acids destroy the poison of the dog's saliva."

Eleven Children Die from Drinking Poisoned Water.

Boston, June 1.

Further particulars have been received from Vermont relative to the wholesale poisoning of school children. The *Herald's* dispatch from Island Pond says that the entire school district known as the Jacob's Mills district, at Newark, ten miles from here, numbering twenty children, drank water from a brook poisoned by the carcasses of dead horses and sheep, also potato tops on which Paris green had been used, they being thrown into the brook. Seventeen children were taken down and eleven are dead. The others cannot live. Edward Morse lost two, Fred Simpson one, L. Wilson one, Mr. Park one, John Cole one, John Aldrich five, thus taking his entire family of five children. Mrs. Aldrich is hopelessly insane. The children suffered untold agonies, and after death the bodies became putrid and required immediate burial. Work has been suspended and great excitement prevails. The teacher of the school noticed something wrong about the taste of the water and forbade its use in the school, but seventeen of the scholars used it, and were stricken down within twenty-four hours. One of the children, a son of Mr. Hudson, pulled through. Just above the school house was a field of potatoes last season, and Paris green was used extensively to exterminate potato bugs. The potato tops were dumped in the barnyard of Horace Cheney, who built a drain from the barnyard to the brook; he also buried a colt, in the spring of 1878, on the edge of the brook, and the flowing water washed out parts of the carcass. A Mr. Simpson, who has lost one child, objected to the child being buried there and caused Cheney to move it and bury it elsewhere, which was done, but it was buried in a swamp only fifty feet from the brook, the water of which ran into the brook. Cheney remarked that he hadn't better do it much. Violent threats are freely expressed toward Cheney. Samples of the water have been sent to Boston for analysis, and the Selectmen will not take any proceedings till the result is known. Old and young are taking the disease, but in a milder form, and will soon recover. Six physicians have been unremitting in their attendance. Public opinion runs high, each one having his or her views of the trouble, no two stories, being alike. "The brook was poisoned, and Cheney did it," is a common expression. The matter will be thoroughly and properly sifted, and the offenders, if any, will meet with just punishment.

A Remydy for Neuralgia.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, referring to his recovery from a dangerous illness, says:—"I mention this illness that I may tell you how easily I was cured. I was bent double. I could not breathe. My physician ordered me to take a flat iron and heat it as hot as I could bear, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part and move the iron to and fro on the flannel. I was cured by enchantment. My doctor told me that some time since a professor in one of our colleges, after suffering some days with neuralgia in the head, which he himself had tried to cure, sent for the former, who prescribed a hot flat iron. The next time the doctor saw the professor the latter exclaimed, 'I had no sooner applied the heated iron to my head than instantly all pain had vanished.' My physician was summoned recently to the bedside of a woman who had neuralgia in both sides and so violently that she alarmed the whole neighborhood by the screams which her intolerable anguish wrung from her. She was taken from her bed and borne near the fire. In such severe cases a heated iron is not energetic enough. He has an iron rod fastened to an ivory handle. He heats this rod to a white heat (which causes less pain than red heat) and applies it very slightly to the pain, first in longitudinal than in latitudinal lines. The application is so light that no trace is left but red lines on the epidermis, which are soon effaced. In twenty minutes the woman walked back to bed and the third day afterward quitted it entirely freed from neuralgia. This instrument is not to be intrusted to awkward hands."

Tanning Sheepskins with the Wool on.

Sheepskins and the hides of some dogs make excellent mats, rugs, &c. The following process has been found to succeed very well:—take the skin upon a board with the flesh side out and then scrape with a blunt knife; next rub it over hard with pulverized chalk until it will absorb no more. Then take the skin off from the board and cover it with pulverized alum; double half over with the flesh side in contact; then roll tight together and keep dry for three days, after which unfold and stretch it again on a board or floor and dry it in the air, and it will be ready for use.—*Young Scientist*.

Precious Fruit.

They were out riding. Said Theodore, "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit?"
Angelina—"O! Dory, I can't tell, unless it is a cherry tree. Theodore looks unutterable sweetness, as he gazes in Angelina's eyes and says, 'The axle-tree, darling.'"

Somebody says very beautifully, "A good life is visible philosophy."

The best armor against temptation is to keep out of the range of its guns.

It pays better not to do a wrong than to do it and then repent.

A patch on the seat of a boy's trousers is "something new under the sun."

How patent is the crisp sentence, "A great deal of new light now-a-days, is only darkness after all."

No man ever lived who had only one fault. A single fault has both sexes in itself, and is sure to beget a large family.

It is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half as long to make a wound as to heal one.

A bankrupt was condoned the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all, said he; 'it's my creditors that are embarrassed.'"

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that form which within a few days I shall myself dissent.

Does not the butcher, who sells ox-tails for soup and calves' heads for dinners, make both ends meat?

It has been found that tobacco smoke contains a large percentage of carbonic oxide, and to this principally may be attributed the injurious after effects of smoking, since this gas is very poisonous. Some of it necessarily descends to the lungs. The nicotine has small influence compared with this gas.