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### The Zincoln Progress. PUBLISHED BY DeLANE BROTHERS.

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### Selected Pacten.

### A LILY.

Though the soil of sin lies on the land, Through slime still a lily may shine, Still the stars of a lost Eden glow, Looking up from the darksome mine.

Tis a dull city court-room where Sin, Bold Vice, sad Remorse, and Mistake, Answer questioning Law at its bar,

Where Justice, though blind, keeps awake.

Here a decalogue broken, lies prone O'er one who was pure once and fair, In a mother's arms cradled lang syne, Now drifted beyond human care.

Captured Theft shows its grimy hand

And Riot, with eyes dull and red, Questions still if the pain of Remorse Belongs to the heart or the head.

"Mary Martin, found drunk in the street," The prisoner arose at the call, Young and fair, yet the soil of the street

Rested thick on the dress and shawl. Very shame-faced, and tearful and pale And the kindly old Judge spake low;

"Far too good for the Island;" then asked "This prisoner does no one here know?" Then a young working man from the

Stepping forward, said: "Sir, I do;"

"She's my wife, Sir! I thought in my

This time I would let it go through.

"But I can't do it, Sir, after all;

She's been a good wife, Sir, to me, And I love her." Some eves looking on

Dimmer grew, as the Judge set her free. When the man drew her hand in his arm, Brushing soil from her dress and her

Did the clerk make an entry, "Love

O'er failure and sin, after all."

# Trusting Futurity.

At four hundred and something Jones Street is a fortune-teller, who has made a new departure in the astrological profession by causing her customers' horoscopes to appear on a slate lying upon the table. She enjoys the large patronage due to a soothsayer who serves up at the very least a rich uncle in India, and the undying secret love of a dark-eyed person of the other sex, according to circumstances, to each cash client. The other day, as young Guffey and a half-dozen boon companions were going home from the club in a state of owlish self complacency, they came to where Signora Clementina's sign invited the passer-by to peer into futurity. They accordingly filed slowly in, and, sitting around the signora's table, had whole hunks of coming events dealt out to each. When they arose to depart, Guffey waited until his party had got safely into the street, and then putting his hand into his vest-pocket, inquired the amount of the bill.

"Seven relatives at two dollars and a half," replied the sorceress, sweetly; "just seventeen dollars even."

"And you are sure everything on that slate will come out all right?"

"O! it's certain sure."

"Then put the bill on the slate too;" and the wicked young man had just time to escape before an educational adjunct was shivered just where his head had been.

# Sharp.

"Darn a fool !" said Wilkins to his wife. "Certainly," replied Mrs. Wilkins, flourishing a darning needle. "Whereabouts are you worn out?" "Some people are too smart to live long," retorted be. "My dear," she answered, sweetly, "let me congratulate you upon your fair prospect for a long life."

## WHAT SHE DID WITH HIM. the world!"

Ruth Starling smiled through the tears that sparkled on her dimpled cheeks like dew-drops on the heart of

. "I love Charley dearly, and I know he loves me; but his people are rich and proud, and would never consent paper will be furnished one year, free of to his marrying a poor seamstress. When his sister, Mrs. Howe-she's only his half sister, you know-found it out she was angry enough, you may be sure. She waited until Charley had left town, and then told me she didn't want me any longer, with disagreeable to hear. I heard of your Aunt Polly's death, and thought that I would come and stay with you a ments of Marriages and Deaths, and no- few weeks. All the families are out of town now that would be likely to give me employment."

Mary Delevan's kind heart was touched by the timid, deprecating look in the soft, dark eyes that were lifted to hers.

"I'm so glad you've come, dear. I've been very lonely since aunt died. I don't mean to let you go away very soon, either. You know I always said that you should live with me when I was married. Only, I am not marrieJ yet."

Ruth looked a little curiously at the face on whose sweet serenity there was now a touch of sadness.

"And what about that handsome young lawyer, Brockley, who was so attentive to you the last time I was here? It is not fair for you to keep me in ignorance when I have told you everything."

"There is nothing to tell," said Mary, with a smile and sigh. "Mr. Brockley was poor. Aunt Polly didn't believe in love, you know. thought people ought not to marry unless they 'bettered their condition,' as she called it. Aunt was old and infirm, and I could not leave her. My lover-if I can call him suchgot tired of waiting, I suppose. At all events, he went away, and has married since, I have heard. Let us change the subject."

The subject was pretty effectually changed by the entrance of Kitty, Mary's little handmaid, with a letter, whose contents threw her young mistress into a maze of perplexy and astonishment. They were as follows:

"DEAR MADAM:-You are hereby notified that you have been duly ap pointed executrix of the estate of Hester Cady, deceased, and guardian of her grand-newphew and heir.

"You can have all necessary papers and information by calling at the office of North, Harding & Co., Counsellors at-Law, 20 State st., S--."

"Can it be intended for me?" was Mary's wondering exclamation as she picked up the envelope, on which was written in a round clerkly hand: "Miss Mary A. Delevan."

"Such a queer letter!" she added, in response to the wide-opened eyes of her companion, and tossing it into her lap.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Ruth, as she made herself mistress of its contents, "And who is Hester Cady?"

"She is an old friend of Aunt Polly's I believe. I never saw her but once and why she should make me executrix, and guardian to a boy, is more than I know!"

"If it was only a girl, now; you can do most anything with girls," smiled Ruth, in the serene consciousness that girls were a higher order of beings. "What will you do with him?" "I've half a mind not to do any-

thing with him!" responded Mary, in the same aggrieved tone and man- than her own. ners.

with a sapient shake of her pretty

"I don't know what I shall do with him!" sighed Mary. "Of course he'll spoil my garden, hack up my furniwater!"

do that!" laughed Ruth. "Never time of it." mind, Mary; you just turn him over to me. You have two servants, and next to no sewing, and I was afraid at all," interposed Mr. Smith, whose that I shouldn't find enough to do to countenance was expressive of the keep me out of mischief. Now I've found out what my mission is. mistake," stammered Mary, looking rather like boys; and I'll take this one entirely off your bands so that he sha'nt bother you the least bit in North. "I have a strong suspicion made.

started out, bright and early, in the unless Mr. Smith decides to do so." pony-chaise, for the good old city of man about twenty-five, who was guardian-angel." writing at a desk.

"It is Mr. Brockley, I do believe!" whispered Rath.

Rising to his feet, the young lawyer turned towards them a face radiant with surprise and pleasure.

It was too late to retreat, if Mary had wanted to do so, so there was nothing to do but go forward.

"Mr. North has stepped out, but will be back shortly," said Mr. Brockley, the junior partner of the firm, in reply to her questions,

With these words he ushered the two into an inner office. Mary's cheeks were very red, but there was a grave expression in her eyes from which he vainly strove to obtain an answering glance.

Giving Mary a seat by the window benefit, Mr. Brockley withdrew, pausing for a moment on the threshold, in the vain hope of receiving a look from the blue eyes that were obstinately bent upon the floor.

"What a pity he's married; he's just as much in love with you as ever!" whispered Ruth, upon whom this little by play was not lost.

"For shame!" responded Mary, turning very red. At this moment Mr. North entered. When Mary made known her er-

rand, he stared at her for mements without speaking.

"Are you Miss Mary A Delevan, of Wilton?" "Yes."

"How old are you?" "Twenty-two."

that name?"

"Not that I know of," responded Mary, a little bewildered at this crossquestioning, but ending in supposing it to be a lawyer's way.

Then, a moment later:

"The-the boy you mentioned, Smith. "Boy ?"

"Yes; Mrs. Cady's grand-nephew?" "Oh, yes. Well, your ward is a pretty big boy, ma'am. I'm expecting him in every minute; then he can speak for himself. Excuse me until then."

And out of the room he darted.

"Did you bear that, Ruth?" faltered Mary, in a tone of dismay. "A big boy! What can I do with him? I've half a mind to-to run away!"

"Nonsense! Mary; don't be frightened. Didn't I tell you that I'd take fish," replied the other. charge of him? I am not afraid of any boy, big or little!"

glancing at the speaker, advanced eagerly towards her.

"Ruth !"

"Charlie!"

membering Mary, Ruth added : "Miss | fly paper in it!" Delevan, Mr. Smith."

grand-nephew," said Mr. North, who was just back of him.

"Impossible!" cried Mary, looking one. in belpless bewilderment at the smiling face that was all of a head higher

"That is the way the will reads, at "That wouldn't do," said Ruth, all events," said the lawyer, smiling. "Mrs. Cady had some very peculiar notions; her nephew is twenty-onejust your own age, I believe-but he is not to come into posession of his property until he is twenty-five, or ture and keep me continually in hot marry without his guardian's consent. If he's as willful as most young men "He wouldn' be a boy if he didn't on that point, you'll have a lively

> "I'm not in the least willful; Miss Delevan will have no trouble with me most serene satisfaction. "I-I think there must be some

> from one to the other. "That is what I think," said Mr.

that Mrs. Cady had in view, when she Though a little dubious in regard made her will, your Aunt Polly, as to powers that she had never seen she was generally called, but whose tested, Mary was not a little cheered real name was Mary, and who died by this assurance, together with about the same time. However, there as they were pitched into the bag-Ruth's hopeful way of looking at being no other Mary A. Delevan in gage car with a crash. They began existence, there is no one to dispute packing a week ago. When the sub-The next morning the two girls your right to the office in question,

"Which I have no intention of S--, which was only five miles dis- doing," was the gallant response. tant. They experienced no difficulty "With one exception"-here he in finding the law office named, and glanced at Ruth-"there is nobody throw that in most any way. Night

> "I think I shall transfer you to her," laughed Mary. "Ever since I had over again what I should do with very well, and he braced them with you; now I've found out.

> hands, you know," she added, turning collars and cuffs, and found a place for to Ruth.

entire concurrence with this arrange- filled it nicely. ment; and if Ruth was silent her smiles and blushes were quite as eloquent.

down the stairs to where the ponychaise was standing, and Mr. Brockley followed.

It was Ruth's turn now.

she, as that individual drew her arm open trunk with tears in her eyes. which he lowered for her express in his. "Judging from appearances, I don'tthink you'll miss me much."

> Mary turned towards Mr. Brockley, who was standing quietly by the cariage, her eyes very bright with the indignation at her heart.

"Mr. Brockley, how is your wife?" "My wife that is to be-I hope-is very well, thank you. In fact she never looked so well, in my eyes, as

Then, in quite another tone:

what is more, unless you marry me | could be rolled to the size of a quart I never shall be!"

words, Mary suffered the speaker to slippers. Her brown bunting fitted assist her into the carriage and take into the niche she had reserved for a place by her side.

"Humph! Any one else there of delightful drive that followed, is none of our concern, reader; but the satisfactory understanding that resulted to pack in a whole bed when she refrom it can be inferred from the double wedding that took place a few John Brockley, and Ruth Mrs. Chas.

# It Isn't the Fish.

A citizen who was yesterday getting ready for a trip to the Flats and a struggle with bass and pickerel, was stopped on the street by a solemn-minded acquaintance; who said:

"It seems curious to me that you will go up there and sit in the hot sun and fish, when fish are so cheap in the market."

"Why, I didn't care a cent for the

"Then why do you go?"

"I don't mind telling you, but don't Here a young man entered, who, let it go any further," whispered the fisherman. "Every fisherman you meet up there offers you a ten cent eigar and a drink of six dollar whiskey, while you may walk around "I never thought to find you here!" town all day, and never be asked to "Nor I you." Then, suddenly re- take a glass of water with a piece of

The solemn-minded man looked "Also your ward, Mrs. Cady's horrified, but he hadn't gone two blocks before he entered a store and asked to see a fish-line-a cheap

# In Mourning.

A man was standing on a corner the other day, gazing around at nothing particular, when a friend stepped up to him and said:

"I see you have a mourning band on your hat." "Yes, I have; it's for my mother-

n-law," "Your mother-in-law?"

"Yes, my mother-in-law," replied the man in mourning. "Why, I didn't know she was

"Well, she isn't-she recovered.

tles which fly from one side of the loom of life to the other, bearing the many colored threads out of which the fabric of our characters is he finds that nobody will take

Events are only the winged shut-

#### How to Pack a Trunk.

Mr. Bowerman and wife left for the country yesterday. One could tell their trunks were not over half full, ject was broached he said he preferred to pack his own trunk, and he didn't propose to take a whole month to it. either. All be intended to take along was an extra suit, and he could whose only occupant was a young else that I would rather have for my before last he began work. It struck him that he had better put in an extra pair of boots, as a foundation and he flung 'em in the corners with his clean that letter I've asked myself over and shirts. The shirts didn't seem to ride two pairs of trousers. Then he stuff-"You promised to take him off my | ed his Sunday coat pockets with it, used his white vests for "chinking," Mr. Smith eagerly protested his and the balance of his clothing just

utes to pack his trunk is a dolt !" said | ing kind words and so their kindness Mr. Bowerman, and he slammed The three now took themselves down the lid and turned the

Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when the husband went up stairs at "I'm going back with Charlie," said 10 o'clock she sat down before the exposure as that of other animals. A

"You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down in awful contempt. Guided by that roguish glance, "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I must lop down for a few minutes."

"She went away to lop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused : "Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilize it."

Removing everything, he began re-"I am not married, Mary. And packing. He found that a silk dress jug. A freshly starched lawn was Too bappy and bewildered for made to take the place of a pair of three handkerchiefs, and her best bon-What was said during the long and net was turned up in its box, and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space turned and said he was the only good husband in this world, and she kissed weeks later, when Mary became Mrs. him on the nose as he turned the

> "It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronizing reply as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar alarm.

When that wife opened the trunk last night --! But screams and shricks would avail nothing.

Roast Neck of Mutton. Take a piece of the best end of the neck, trim off all superfluous fat, saw off the chine, wrap up the joint in a piece of oiled paper. Roast it at a brisk fire, basting frequently. When it has roasted half an hour sprinkle the joint freely with salt and put it near the fire, and as soon as it has taken a good color it is ready. Time of roasting must necessarily vary, according to the nature of the fire, the size of the joint and the taste of those for whom it is cooked for eating meat overdone or underdone. No hard and fast rule can be given for the time of roasting.

# Run Out.

Little Georgie Johnson is a bright little fellow of his years, and is noted for his smart sayings. The other day he went into a neighboring candy store, and inquired for a particular kind of candy.

"Well, I am very sorry, Georgie, replied the owner of the store, "but it has all run out."

"Well, then, give me some almonds," said Georgie.

"They are run out too. Won't any thing else do you?" continued the

"Well, that's too bad, Georgiethey are run out, too." Becoming disgusted, Georgie archly

"Any cocanuts?" inquired Georgie.

inquired: "Don't you think, Mr. M., that you had better run out, too?"

It does not follow that a man will at last learn to keep his word because

## Religious.

The secret which you never tell is the only one that is absolutely

Ignorance of the whole truth is the source whence proceed the greatest

The man who does not help us at the right moment does not help us at

Some one has said that there is no pleasure that can equal that of going to church.

He who has a true friend has great riches; he who has a false friend is hopelessly in debt. There is happiness enough in the

world for all of us. The chief difficulty is in getting our share of A kind word is worth sometimes

more than a dollar. And yet if the exchange could be made at par every-'The man who takes over ten min- body would make a business of saywould be destroyed.

### Value of Sheep Manure.

There is no manure more fertilizing in its nature than that of the sheep, and it does not so readily waste by German agriculturist has calculated that the droppings from 1,000 sheep during a single night would manure an acre of land sufficiently.

### Clover Pasture.

Clover pasture when young and growing rapidly is generally considered too full of water, compelling animals to eat too much bulk in order to obtain sufficient nutriment, expanding their stomachs and crowding upon the space allotted to the lungs and other viscera. Clover is undoubtedly less valuable for young pasture than for any other purpose to which it is usually devoted, but if allowed to blossom and then cut, wilted and fed in the stable there is scarcely another forage crop that will yield so much food per acre for stock, and farmers are fast finding it out. One acre of clover cut and fed in this way will keep a given number of animals as long and well as two acres pastured, and stock will not be obliged to expend nearly as much of the force acquired in fighting flies.

# Manure.

This is a favorable month for gathering materials for the compost heap. Road dust, which is particularly valuable for adding to the compost heap and mixing with the scrapings of the poultry yard, may be gathered now in abundance. The damage which is frequently done to manure by exposure to the hot sun may be avoided by keeping it in compact, flattened. heaps and watering now and then if need be with a few barrels of water. Cut all weeds out of the pastures, lest they may be cropped by cows or horses, and the seeds brought home to go upon the fields again in the

# Bran for Cows.

A great reccommendation of bran as food for cows is that it restores to the soil the phosphates and other saline materials which milk carries off in large quantity. The pastures of our old dairy farms have become exhausted of their saline elements by the vast amount of milk and bones they have produced, and there is no more effectual restorer of fertility than bran. We have seen wonderful effects on old, worn out pastures by feeding the cows, not only in winter, but all through the year, with wheat bran. In summer it is fed, three or four quarts per day to each cow made into a mush with whey, and the result is seen in the pastures, not as soon, but as nearly, as in the milk pail. In the winter bran and roots, or brain and meal, in conjunction with early cut hay, make cattle thrive and give a wonderful potency to the pile of manure.

By the falling of a rotten bridge over the Housatonic, at Stockbridge, Mass., yesterday, a wagon containing eight persons was precipitated into the river. One was taken out dead, two badly hurt and the others more or less injured.