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What Makes Bow-Legs.

Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and a Manchester (England) physician, Dr. Compton, attributes the first mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are soaked or slipped. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees, the doctor ascribes to a different, childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked under the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has been always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventive is to put the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

A French Way of Washing Clothes.

A system of washing clothes has lately been introduced in some French towns which is worthy special mention. Its economy is so great as to greatly reduce the cost. This is the process: Two pounds of soap is reduced with a little water to pulp, which having been slightly warmed is cooled in ten gallons of water, to which is added one spoonful of turpentine oil and two spoonfuls of ammonia; then the mixture is agitated. The water is kept at a temperature which may be borne by the hand. In this solution the white clothes are put and left there for two hours before washing them with soap, taking care in the meantime, to cover the tub. The solution may be warmed again and used once more, but it will be necessary to add a half a spoonful of turpentine and another spoonful of ammonia. Once washed with soap, the clothes are put in hot water, and the blue is applied. This process, it is obvious, saves much time, much labor and fuel, while it gives to the clothes a whiteness much superior to that obtained by any other process and the destructive use of the wash-board is not necessary to clean the clothes from the impurities which they contain.

The Power of Latin.

Some years ago in a Rhode Island Legislature a member moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statutes so that the people could understand them. A Mr. Updike took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. He said they were not afraid of anything they understood; that it was the Latin words they were afraid of, and proceeded to illustrate as follows: "Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago who was a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was boeing corn, and he saw the sheriff coming with a paper, and asked him what it was. Now if he had been told it was a writ what would he have cared? But he told him it was a *capias satisfaciendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and has not been heard of since."

A GHOST STORY.

[From the Tarboro Southerner.]

Timidity is one of those idiosyncracys of the human mind that has never been satisfactorily accounted for, and I believe that, as a general thing, most people are more or less timid. Probably credulity has much to do with it, and probably it may be a want of that strong reasoning faculty which could not fail, when properly exercised, to convince one's self that there really could be no danger where their exaggerated fears most apprehended it.

Bravery, on the other hand, is a qualification that few, if any, possess. In fact I doubt its very existence in the common acceptance of the term. Pride, self-respect, a fear of ridicule, and a strong sense of duty all conduce to the make-up of what is commonly called bravery, and when you find a brave man, so-called, you will find that he possesses all these good qualities with a great many others. When you find one wanting in these, you will find them replaced by an overweening cupidity or strong avariciousness; or the first law of nature so firmly implanted in his mind that he has been driven by it to make for himself the questionable reputation of being a brave man.

Daring has often been confounded with the term bravery and, if the truth were known, most of those called brave have gained the appellation through daring. Many men become tired of the burden of life and wish to lay it down, while at the same time a long religious sense prevents them from thrusting it from them. Such men seek every means authorized by religious belief and the opinion of the world to rid themselves of it and thus become brave or daring as the case may be. Being destitute of these feelings they become suicides and gain the reputation of being too cowardly to live. How inconsistent with what our opinions ought to be. Both are too cowardly to live, but the suicide the more daring and consequently the braver of the two, according to the common acceptance.

The fear of supernatural agencies is the most common, and there are but, but people who will acknowledge, even to themselves, that they are afraid of ghosts, yet they will, on passing unfrequented places, particularly those that have the reputation of being haunted by spirits from the other world, feel an indefinable dread of something, they know not what, and are continually on the *qui vive* for the sudden appearance of some shape or other. An unusual sound or an object distorted by some peculiar light or shadow at once magnifies what was before a mere apprehension into a reality, and presto, a marvelous ghost story follows. A little time to think, a little boldness, a little common sense, the slightest investigation of the matter would reveal the whole truth and reduce our fund of ghost stories wonderfully. No doubt many, so-called, ghost stories are manufactured for the entertainment of the credulous public by clever people. Remarkable as it may appear, we seldom hear of a ghost being seen by more than one person at the same time, and the proof of the fidelity of the stories related by ghost seers is almost always wanting. I can recall but one instance where more than one person was present at any ghostly entertainment.

Not very many years ago in the county of W— stood, and still stands for that matter, a house that had the reputation of being haunted by a real rapping spirit. No one could remain in the house for any considerable length of time, night or day, on account of a loud knocking on the roof, sides or doors of the building, as if some one without or within, according to the position of the audience, were beating the long roll with a pair of heavy drum sticks. No food could be prepared or eaten anywhere on the premises; as soon as it was uncovered it was immediately filled with filth, as if the Harpies that annoyed Æneas and his Trojans, were invisibly present in the air and paying their unwelcome attentions. The reputation of the place spread far and wide and hundreds came to witness for themselves, many of whom

are living at this day. I have heard the circumstances related by more than a dozen credible witnesses and believe they were sincerely truthful in their statements, but lacking sufficient courage to attempt a rational solution of the wonderful mystery.

An attempt was at last actually made, not to solve it, but rather to investigate it by out-heroding Herod. A gentleman, then in the prime of life and magnificent manhood, proposed to some of his companions to go with him to the house and remain all night with the hope of making some discovery. The proposition was accepted by a few of the boldest of them and they at once made preparations to carry out their design against the rapping ghost. They procured a jug of whisky and a pack of cards and proceeded to the scene of their future exploits, with a determination not to be out-done by any ghost of a Harpy that ever flew.

Having lighted a roaring fire and several candles, they began their amusement of playing cards and drinking. It was not long before their cards were not in a condition to be handled on account of the filth with which they were covered and the glasses from which they drank were in the same condition and both had to be abandoned. At first the rapping was gentle and not very rapid, but gradually increased until the gentleman referred to arose from his seat at the fire and, in rather a bantering tone, remarked: "Play me a tune, d—n you, and I will dance it." Immediately it struck up one of the popular airs of the day and he began to dance. Such terrific rapping, it is said, was never heard and in perfect time, and the dance was executed with equal vigor and preciseness. The pidgeon-wing, the double-shuffle, the scamper-down and other popular steps kept exact time to the diabolical music. Throwing his hat on the floor and his coat on a chair, he cried out, "Faster, d—n you, or acknowledge yourself beaten. The knocking, still keeping time, descended from the roof down the side of the house and at last reached the door, upon which a perfect hurricane of blows, louder and quicker than ever, descended. One by one his companions deserted him and ran out of the opposite door, leaving him to his solitary dance and the supernatural music. All over the door it played and then crossing the floor began under his very feet. This was more than he could stand. His face was pale and haggard, his hair with great drops of sweat clung to his forehead. One fearful glance he threw over his shoulder to see if his companions were still sustaining him with their presence. He missed them and, with a single spring, cleared the door, leaving hat and coat behind, and though wearied with his dance, was not many minutes in reaching his house.

He is living now, and has never since been known to defy the powers of a ghost. The whole mystery still remains unsolved save in this way:

The owner of a house, who was a young man and had married against the wishes of his parents, was induced to rent for a celebrated conjurer or root-doctor, and employ his services, who informed him that it was his own father who was carrying on this *diablerie* and that the only way to put an end to it was to do him some bodily harm or damage to his personal property.

He acted upon the advice and in a night or two went to his father's stables and cut the throat of a very valuable young mare that he owned. From that time the knocking ceased and has not since been repeated.

Of quite a different character however is the story I am now about to relate. Not a thousand miles from the village of L., in the same county, resides a gentleman of the very best character in every respect. Intelligent, generous, charitable, hospitable to a fault, he is honored by all who know him: yet strange to relate, he is afraid of ghosts and goblins.

Living in an old fashioned house with no one but his wife it is hardly to be wondered at that his superstitious notions cause him to act strangely at times. One night during a slight windstorm the front door was blown open and by its continual slamming awoke him from his slum-

ber. He awoke his wife and in a frightened whisper communicated to her the startling intelligence that the ghosts were walking again.

She is of the type called strong minded, fortunately for him, and not afflicted with any ridiculous notions of ghosts. After satisfying herself that the noise proceeded from the slamming of the door she informed him what it was, and proposed that he go and shut it. This he refused to do unless she would go with him and carry the light.

When she had bantered him for some time on his cowardice, she told him in plain terms that he ought to be ashamed of himself being a man and the head of a family to entertain any such notions, and concluded by ordering him to get up and shut the door. This he positively refused to do, as she knew would be the case, but offered to go with her and protect. After amusing herself at his expense as long as she chose, arose, lit the lamp and proceeded into the outer hall forbidding him to follow.

When left alone in the darkness he became frightened at the idea that the ghost fleeing from the light might seek refuge in the chamber where he lay, so he got up and followed her to the hall.

When he arrived within a few feet of her, a puff of wind extinguished the light and they were both left in the dark, he frightened and she annoyed; but, in order that she might not escape him and leave him alone with the hobgoblins in that great large room, he seized her night gown.

Feeling something tugging at her gown from behind, she at once thought that some evil disposed person had entered the house and endeavored at once to make her escape to her husband's room at the same time giving a slight scream.

At this point all his absurd fears culminated in the certainty that she had seen the terrible apparition and so he screamed in concert, which frightened her still more.

In clutching her gown from his grasp it was torn near off her, but she succeeded in releasing herself at last and ran for the door of the bed-room, but instead she ran full into his arms and they both rolled onto the floor together frightened out of their wits and each screaming for the other with forty-hyena power.

At length a servant in one of the out-buildings was aroused by the hub-bub and came with a light disclosing the whole laughable scene.

It is said no man ever put on a more sheepish look than he did while his wife was lecturing him for nearly frightening her to death so foolishly. It is to be hoped that this incident has taught him a lesson and that on the next visit of his ghost he will remain in bed and keep his head covered up.

Cruel to be Kind.

Two travelers, relates Lord William Lennox, were journeying together over a dreary common, when one remarked to the other that he trusted they should not fall in with any highwaymen, as he had one hundred pounds secreted in his boot. They had not gone many miles before they came to a most secluded spot where four cross roads met, and a gibbet at some little distance, with a skeleton body suspended in chains to it, showed that a human creature had met with an ignominious death. As the two travelers, who had met accidentally at an inn, passed the gibbet, three fierce, rough-looking men suddenly rushed forward, determined, as they swore with a dreadful imprecation, to have the money or the lives of the travelers.

"Spare our lives! Take all I have!" cried one. "Here it is," offering a handful of silver.

"That won't do," responded the highwayman. "I'll soon see what you have about you."

"Stay," said the other. "My companion has our money hid away in his boot."

"Traitor!" exclaimed his companion, while one of the gang, with blackened face and cocked pistol, proceeded to take off the boots of the terrified victim.

"If you've spoken falsely," shouted the first, "I'll give you an ounce of lead for your pains."

"He has spoken truth," announced

the searcher. "Here's a prize—a hundred pounds of Bank of England notes."

Securing the money the two travelers were blindfolded and bound to a post, while the horse was taken out of their gig and turned loose on the common. It was nearly an hour before they were released from their position, during which period the ill-used victim vented his anger pretty loudly. Upon reaching the next town where a deposition was made before a magistrate, the worth justice commented in rather a severe strain upon the conduct of the base miscreant who had acted so treacherous a part.

"Hear my palliation," meekly said the accused.

"Stand down; I've heard enough," vociferated the man in authority.

"One word," continued the other. "My object was not to screen myself at another's expense. My companion told me he had one hundred pounds in his boot; I had twelve hundred in my waistband. Had I been searched that must have been discovered, and would have probably led to my companion being searched; so I thought it better to sacrifice the smaller to the larger sum. I now return the money I was the means of his being deprived of, and in future recommend him to be more prudent in keeping his own counsel."

Thirty Hours in a Chest.

Among the prisoners who sat in the Central Station dock on Saturday after-noon, was a young girl, but sixteen years of age, who, in a brief period, has had the most sensational experience as a burglars "kid," comprising a forced concealment in a West Philadelphia residence for the long period of thirty hours. She said her name was Katie Du Roy, and that two months ago she came here from Reading, but declined to say where she lived.

The house where this occurred is located at No. 12 South Thirty ninth street, and is occupied by W. H. Harrison with his family and domestics; and it was the design of burglars, the names of whom are not disclosed, to make it the field of a night's operation. They found in Katie a willing tool, and on Sunday evening, the 10th of August, she stole into the house, leaving her shoes in the cellar and creeping up stairs into the servants' room. Mrs. Harrison being in confinement that evening the household was all astray, and just after the girl had gone up stairs, one of the servants entered the room. The young thief crawled under the bed, but not before she was observed. The servant shrieked with fright and rushed from the room. Mr. Harrison hurried up stairs, heard the servant's story, instituted a search, but found no one. During the entire night, owing to Mrs. Harrison's condition, the family was constantly moving about the house. Day came, but nothing more from the alarm of the night before. Another night followed, and the family sought repose, wearied from a long season of watching. On the morning of the 12th Mr. Harrison arose to find that his clothes had been rifled of what valuables were in them. Going down stairs he saw that some one had breakfasted before dawn, and found everything in confusion, but nothing of value carried away. The back part of the house was open, but bore no evidence of violence, and had clearly been opened from the inside.

Mr. Harrison, shortly after this strange occurrence, read of a girl who had been found secreted under a bed in a house on Thirty-fourth street, below Walnut, and he went to Moyamensing to see her, believing that she was the party who had created such havoc on his premises. He had an interview with her, when she confessed that she had spent a night and a day three weeks ago secreted in his house.

Katie Du Roy being called upon to explain at the hearing, made a full confession. When the servant girl rushed from the room in fright she looked around for a place of concealment, and observing a large sized chest standing in the chamber, she jumped into it and closed down the lid. Fortunately, the family, in their search, had overlooked this, and she was not caught. Here she remained all that night and all of the next day

and into the night, without food or drink, while her accomplices were waiting and wondering without. On the second night, when all were asleep, she issued from her retreat, and having appeased her hunger from a meal which had been spread for the servants' breakfast, she slipped away. The magistrate held her in \$1,500 bail to answer at court.

How Butter is Sometimes Tainted.

Winter and spring butter is often very much injured in flavor by allowing cows to eat the litter from horse stables. Cows are not unfrequently very fond of this litter, though it is impregnated with liquid manure from the horses, and if allowed, they eat it greedily; and the effect is that their milk and butter will be tainted with the taste of this kind of food, in the same way that the flavor is injured by eating turnips, but to a more disagreeable degree. If the litter is allowed to be eaten, it should be given to cattle not in milk, and on no account should milch cows be allowed to consume other than the sweetest and purest food. Very nice butter-makers are sometimes at a loss to account for stable taints in butter, especially when extraordinary precautions have been taken to have the milking done in the most perfect manner, and so in all the processes of handling the milk until the butter is packed for market. Still the butter has a disagreeable taint, and the cause often comes from allowing the cows, when turned out to water and exercise, to feed about the horse stable, where they consume all the litter which, on account of its being soaked with liquid manure, is cast out of the stable.—*New Yorker.*

The Treatment of Cows.

Of the treatment of cows the *Prairie Farmer* says: "Very many farmers and many otherwise good dairymen seem to think that they may save money by turning the cows upon the pastures on the first appearance of grass, and that thereafter all the feed given at home is thrown away. There is nothing more fallacious. If you have plenty of pasture and it will not poach under foot, give the stock a chance at it by all means, but do not fail to give the usual feed at night and morning so long as they will eat. The young grass will tend to clear the system of humor, and act as an alternate to the other food given. It will also quickly improve the color and flavor of butter. If pasture is not plenty, it is far better to keep them in the yards until the grass grows to a fair bite. It is the worst possible policy to try and save hay and grain in the spring between fodder and grass. Such stock will show this false economy all through the season. Another mistake is in supposing that cattle stabled all winter may be turned out in the spring and exposed to cold storms of wind and rain. Pull off your winter flannels the first of April, and see how it is yourself. Stock, especially dairy stock, and all animals giving milk, should be carefully protected from storms in the spring until the days and nights are warm. A cold storm will not only distress a milking animal severely, but the milk will shrink from a single exposure, often to such a degree that it will not be regained during the whole summer. It is far easier to bring the milk yield up to a maximum than, once lost, to recover it. Therefore give plenty of good feed and shelter all through the spring."

An Irishman who had been overwhelmed by a torrent of babble turned loose upon him by a verbose simpleton, with whom he had attempted to reason on some question of law or gospel, was a day or two after told that the fellow was boasting of having gained a victory over him—that he had "utterly annihilated him." "Faith and he did," said the son of Erin; "he demolished me wid exactly the same kind of a weapon as that wid which Samson of ould slaughtered the Philistines"

The Prince Imperial of Austria has been appointed Commandant of the Thirty-sixth Regiment of Infantry, and will study the administrative service in garrison with it at Prague.