

F. H. DeLANE, Editors and Prop's.

LINCOLNTON N. C :

SATURDAY, ::::

An enterprising reporter interviewed the Democratic members of the Georgia legislature upon the next Presidential nomination, and twothirds of them declared for Tilden.

THE noted Dalrymple farm, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, employs 400 men during the present harvest, and would use 600 more but for selfbinding. It has 11 self-binding reapers and 20 steam threshers. The farm contains 75,000 more acres in space than the original District of Columbia. Ground was first broken in 1875. This year more than 10,000 acres are in crops. The owner will ship 500,000 bushels of wheat this year to New York, at a profit of \$180,-000. In reaping each machine makes an eight foot sweep and cuts fifteen acres a day. Twenty-one machines work simultaneously on a square mile patch, running one after another.

The Situation.

There is nothing comfortable in the health reports of yesterday. The list of new cases is but a few points less than the day before, while the death as the army had been divided into roll is correspondingly increased. Such was not expected in view of favorable conditions of the weather and surroundings. The official reports give nineteen new cases yesterday, of which twelve are white and seven colored. Total new cases to date, nine hundred and eighty-one. The undertakers yesterday reported ten interments, eight of which were whites and two colored. Total deaths to date, two hundred and eighty-four. The only comfort we can find is in the comparison of the fatality of yesterday with that of the same day last year when the death roll footed up ninety-two. - Memphis Appeal.

The Maine Election.

Augusta, ME., September 9 .- The latest returns indicate that the Republicans have a majority in the House and Senate, and that Davis, the Republicon candidate for Governor, will have a considerable plurality over the other candidates. The Democrats, however, claim that the Senate is undecided, and some doubt is expressed touching Davis's plurality. A violent rain storm prevailed all day yesterday, by which telegraphic communication was retarded.

LATER .- Returns, although not official, show; House, 87 Republicans to 64 opposition; Senate, 15 Republicans to 10 opposition, with York, Oxford and Franklin uncertain. One vote from either county gives Davis the Governorship. In the event of the opposition getting all, the Republican House would probably send up the name of Hon. Bion Bradbury, straight Democrat, who has a few scattering votes thrown, and the opposition Senate would of course elect him. This estimate gives Cumberland Sagadahoe, Lincoln, Kennebec, Androscoggnis Hancock, Washington and Piscatauquis caunties to the Republicans, making fifteen; Somerset, Penobscott. Waldo, Araostook and Knox to the opposition, making ten; York 3, Oxferd 2, Franklin, uncertain.

[Note.-California has also gone Republican and elected an entire Republican congressional delegation. It is not at all surprising that both these States have gone Republican since they have always been classed as Republican States .- EDS. PROGRESS.

Webster on John's Gospel.

Daniel Webster was always a firm believer in the divine character of the Holy Scriptures. Some one speaking in his hearing of the sublime poetry of the Old Testament, he at once seriously replied: "Ah, my friend, the poetry of Isiah and Job and Habakkuk is grand, indeed; but when you have lived as I have, sixty-seven years you will give more for the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of John's Gospel, or for one of the epistles, than for all the poetry in the Bible."

Three beautiful girls of Macon, Ga., having met at Catoosa Springs, fell companions, and concluded to pay for say that I will not surrender?" the welfare of their lovers. The first

her petition when it was discovered dan some information on which he best days the muscular strength of a that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises showed Gen. Sheridan Gen. Lee's note, young, but she always refused to marwere terminated at once.

THE SURRENDER AT APPO-MATTOX.

Gen. John B. Gordon on the Unwritten History of the Event. From the Interview in the Philadelphia

Times.] On the night of the 7th of April was held Lee's last council of war. There were present Gen. Lee, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, as head of the cavalry Pendleton, as chief of artillery, and myself. Gen. Longstreet was, think, too busily engaged to attend. Gen. Lee then exhibited to us the correspondence he had had with Gen. Grant that day, and asked our opinion of the situation. It seemed that surrender was inevitable. The only chance of escape was that I could cut a way for the army through the lines in front of me. Gen. Lee asked me if I could do this. I replied that not know what forces were in front of me; that Gen. Ord had not arrived-as we thought then he had not-with his heavy masses of artillery, I could cut through. I guaranteed that my men would cut a way through all the cavalry that could be massed in front of them The council dissolved with the under standing that the army should be surrendered if I discovered the next morning, after feeling the enemy's line, that the infantry had arrived in such force that I could not cut my way through.

"My men were drawn up in the little town of Appomattox that night. I still had about 4,000 men under me, two commands and given to Gen. Longstreet and myself. Early on the morning of the 9th I prepared for the assault upon the enemy's line and began the last fighting done in Virginia. My men rushed forward gamely and broke the line of the enemy and captured two pieces of artillery. I was still unable to tell what I was fighting. I did not know whether I was striking infantry or dismounted cavalry. I only knew that my men were driving them back, and were getting further and further through. Just then I had a message from Gen. Lee, telling me a flag of truce was in existence, leaving it to my discretion as to what course to pursue. My men were still pushing their way on. sent at once to hear from Gen. Longstreet, feeling that if he was marching toward me, we might still cut through and carry the army forward. I learned that he was about two miles off, with his men faced just op posite from mine, fighting for his life. I thus saw that the case was hopeless. The further each of us drove the enemy the further we drifted apart and the more we left our wagon trains and artillery, which were parked between us. Every time either of us broke only opened the gap the wider. I saw plainly that the Federals would soon rush, in between us, and then there would have been no army. I therefore determined to send a flag of truce. I called Major Hunter, of my staff, to me, and told him that I wanted him to carry a flag of truce forward. He replied:

"'General, I have no flag o

"I told him to get one. He re

"'General, we have no flag of truce in our command.'

"Then said I: 'Then get your handkerchief, put it on a stick, and go for-

"'I have no handkerchief, Gen-

"Then borrow one, and go forward

"He tried, and reported to me that there was no handkerchief in my

"Then, Major, use your shirt! "'You see, General, that we all have on flannel shirts.'

"At last, I believe, we found a man who had a white shirt. He gave it to us, and I tore off the back and tail; Hunter went out toward the enemy's had for many years worked at the lines. I instructed him to simply say to Gen Sheridan that Gen. Lee had written me that a flag of truce had been sent from his and Grant's headquarters, and that he could act as he thought best on this information. In a few moments he came back with Maj. -, of Sheridan's staff. This

officer said : present his compliments to you and to demand the unconditional surrender of your arm y."

into a pious strain for want of male compliments to Gen. Sheridan, and the old man died she still stuck to the

"I am perfectly well aware of my enfeebled and rapidly sunk. Her down by the hundreds of barrels. ed .- New Orleans Times.

may or may not desire to act.' He dismounted, and I did the same. | provide for the family. Then, for the first time, the men seemed to understand what it all meant. And then the poor fellows broke down. The men cried like children. Worn, starved and bleed ing as they were, they had rather bave died than have surrendered. At one word from me they would have hurled themselves on the enemy and have cut their way through or have fallen to a man with their guns in their hands. But I could not permit it. The great drama had been played to its end. But men are seldom permitted to look upon such a scene as the one presented there. That these mon should have wept at surrendering so unequal a fight; at being taken out of this constant carnage and storm, at being sent back to their families; that they should have their starved and wasted forms lifted out of the jaws of death, and placed once more before their hearthstones, was an exhibition of fortitude and patriotism that might set an example for all time. 'Ah! sir, every ragged soldier that

surrendered that day, from the highest to the lowest, from the old veteran to the beardless boy, every one of them, sir, carried a heart of gold in his breast. It made my heart bleed for them, and sent the tears streaming down my face, as I saw them surrender the poor, riddled, battlestained flags that they had followed so often, and that had been made sacred with the blood of their comrades. The poor fellows would step forward, give up the scanty rag that they had held so precious through so many long and weary years, and then turn and wring their empty hands to gether and bend theirheads in an agony of grief. Their sohs and the sobs of their comrades could be heard for yards around. Others would tear the flags from the staff and hide the precious rag in their bosoms and hold it there. As Gen. Lee rode down the lines with me and saw the men crying, and heard them cheering 'Uncle Robert with their simple but pathetic re marks, he turned to me and said, in a broken voice, 'Oh, General, if it had only been my lot to have fallen in on of our battles, to have given my lif to this cause that we could not

A Kentucky Romance.

The wedding guests departed, the lights were put out, and the bride's father locked the front door, and a' break of day the bridegroom left the house, meeting on the piazza a servant, to whom he mutterel, "Tell your master I am gone forever." The father in law, upon receiving the message, hurried to his daughter's room, her still in her wedding robes, with hair dishevelled and veil torn off, and in a state of great excitement. A severe fever followed, but never in the cause of her agony. To a friend kiss your little ones ere they sleep in Louisville, the other day, she told the cause. On the wedding night she found out that a former suitor was in love with her, and that she thought more of him than she did of her husband. When her husband entered the chamber he asked her if his rival had ever made love to her, whereupon she told him the truth. Then, with coldness and calmness, he said, "Addie, you love him ; he shall marry you; we shall never meet again." They sat down on the sofa and talked until dawn, and when it was light he kissed her good-by, and with a "God bless you," passed out of the house. It was two years afterwards when he died on the frontier, and then the other man stepped forward and claimed the widow. The second weding took place recently.

A Female Blacksmith.

Rachel Yent, who was buried on Monday afternoon from the residence of her niece, Mrs. Dora Remschneider, and, rigging this to a stick, Maj. No. 22 north Spring street, Baltimore, forge and anvil. Her father, George Yent, came to this country from Germany and opened a blacksmith shop on Britton street, afterwards removing to Eden street near McElderry. She learned the trade in girlhood, and became as good a band as any man could be. As her father broke down and grew old she took centrol of the "Gen. Sheridan requested me to shop and supported the family by her leather apron, and frequently smoked trade, but a few months ago she grew fish, and the town folks salted them

one to kneel had not gone very far in situation. I simply gave Gen. Sheri- work had given her in her The demand for salt was so great man. She had eligible offers when and he determined to await events. ry, preferring to remain single and

Another Mercantile Failure.

Out on Michigan avenue a man near seventy years of age started a small confectionery store some months since and the other day sent word to his three creditors up town that he had failed and wished to compromise. The trio went down to the store, which they found in full blast, and the four sat down for a talk.

"You see shentlemens, I do not peesness, and my family cats up all the brofits," explained the tradesman by way of excuse.

"You owe me \$12," replied one of the creditors, "and each of the others \$15 apiece. That makes \$12."

"Shust \$42," sighed the old man. "Now, then, how much money have on on hand ?"

"Shust \$60, and no more." "Very well; as you have had bad uck, we will settle with you for one handred and twenty cents on the dollar, and you can go on as before."

"Yaw, I will do dot, shentlemens, and I am much obliged for such kind dreatment."

He got out his money, the twenty paid, and before the creditors retired cream. They had not been gone an hour before the old man rushed out and halted a policeman and said:

"If I fails in peesness and bays one handred und twenty cents on der dollar, vhat does it mean?"

stand how to fail, was the reply.

"Ish dot bossible?" whispered the old man.

"I should say so."

"Vhell, I go pack to der shoe peesness again. Vhen I fails in dot pees ness I makes everything; when I fails in dis peesness I pays more as I owes."-Detroit Free Press.

"Kiss Me, Mamma!"

'Kiss me, mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little supplicant is that soft, gentle kiss. The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is revelling in the bright and sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss it. mamma, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The mem ory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pi'grimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; for remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorn's to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the where, to his amazement, he found little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lip will become dewy again, as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch her wildest delirium did she betray a mother's love, a mother's kiss. Then there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of

A Fish Story. John F. Ratcliffe, of Portsmouth

Ohio, furnishes the newspapers with the following fish story: In the fall of 1831 the Scioto Fish Company was organized, the object of which was to put a fish gate at the mouth of Law son's Run, in Wayne Township-now in the city of Portsmouth. Lawson's Run, or "Funk's Gut," as it is some times called, at that time had a very narrow entrance into the Ohio River -not exceeding twenty feet in width -the banks being perpendicular, and held by a luxuriant growth of willows Above the mouth the run widened out in a basin of some two acres, and contracted its banks again, further up to about the same width as at its mouth. The theory was that the fish would leave the river when it was high and seek food and shelter in the run. So the gate was completed in 1821, and when the flood of 1822 was at its highest the gate was closed and much anxiety was felt by those interested for the river to fall, and to learn whether they had caught any fish or not. The river fell slowly, but it soon became evident that there were plenty of fish in the basin. Suffice it to say it was the most marvelous catch ever known. Our best citizens claim that the entire two own labor. She wore a tight-fitting acres was a solid mass of fish ten feet woolen dress and a blacksmith's deep. Everybody came and hauled fish away at will. Country people "Major, will you please return my a short clay-pipe as she toiled. When from thirty miles around came with wagons and loaded them down with

that merchants advanced the price three dollars per barrel It is a well authenticated fact that one catfish was hauled away that weighed 1,500 pounds, and that William Giddings, now of Marietta, Ohio, carried off a speckled brook trout weighing 112 pounds. But all the fish carried and hauled away were as a drop in the bucket to the immense mass left behind to decay. It is said the stench arising from the decayed fish was simply borrible. When the fish had decayed, the bones covered the ground like ricks of hay, and well may our eminent geologists say it was a crime, when in 1866, they visited the place and dug down through four feet of solid fish bones. The Scioto Fish Company was enjoined in our Courts, and in 1833 the injunction was made perpetual, as such wholesale slaughter of fish was adjudged to be detrimental to the public welfare. Ex.

Burning of "Castle Thunder."

RICHMOND, VA., August 26 .- At an early hour this morning a fire broke ont in R. H. Whitlock's tobacco-box manufactory, at the corner of Eigh teenth and Carey streets, and before the flames could be gotten under control the extensive establishment, together with the large brick tobacco factory of Messrs. Turpin & Bro., ad per cent. was added to claims and joining the box factory on the east was totally destroyed. A row of he insisted on treating them to ice frame houses on the south side of Carey street sustained some damage, as also did the brick tobacco factory of Jackson, Turpin & Co., on Eighteenth street, west of the box factory. The building occupied by Turpin & Bro., which was destroyed, was well "It means that you don't under- known as "Castle Thunder," and was nsed during the war as a prison-house for both Federal and Confederate prisoners. The total loss is estimated at over \$51,000.

How to Cure Bright Tobacco.

The most important part of the process is to have the tobacco right on the hill. It must ripen yellow and should not be housed before it is fully ripe. It should be as near uniform in size and color as possible, with from five to eight plants to the stick. owing to size. It should not be allow ed to remain in the sun too long after entting, but should be housed immediately. The sticks should be put in the house nine or ten inches apart on the tiers. As soon as in the house it is best to raise a fire under it sufficient to warm up the house the over night and let it die down. Start fires early next morning so as to raise the heat to 95 degrees and continue at that de gree from twenty four to thirty hours, or until the tobacco commences to yellow on the tips and around the edge of the leaf about one inch. Then raise to 100 degrees and continue at that degree until a majority of the tobacco is yellow; then raise to 105 degrees, and continue for an hour or two; then raise to 110 degrees, and continue about two hours; then raise to 115 degrees and continue two hours; raise to 120 degrees and continue about one hour; then raise to 130 degrees, and continue until the leaf is cured on the lower tiers; then raise to 135 degrees, and continue until all the leaf is cured; then gradually raise the heat at intervals of an hour or two, until it reaches 180 degrees, and continue until the stem and stalk are entirely killed. In order to clear the tobacco house it is very often necessary to put bushes or straw in the house, and wet it thoroughly the night before the tobacco is to be taken out. It is hoped that some beginner in curing tobacco may be benefitted by the above bints. -A Farmer in Oxford Torchlight.

That was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a rose-bush, on the topmost stem of which a rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once and earnestly exclaimed to her brother: "See, William, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," shout-

ed the book agent, "before the pic-nic

concludes I want to sell every one of you a copy of the 'Life of Pocahontas.' She was an Injun girl, Poky was-they called her Poky for short -but she wasn't the kind that went around pedding baskets and blowguns. Not frequently. She staid at home playing croquet in the front yard, or went to the Ladies' Aid Society, and didn't take no copperas off o' nobody. The celebrated John Smith came traveling through them parts as agent for a family paper, but Poky wouldn't let her father raise a club. She married Smith afterwards, and the last act of her life was to die of consumption." Just here officer

Uncle Sammy Jones approached with

a shot-gun and the meeting adjours -

COMMERCIAL

Lincolnton Market.

We quote general prices as follows

[Corrected by P. D. Hinson.] Friday, Sept. 12, 1879.

Flour, Family,...... 2 50@2 Extra, 2 40(a) 2 50 Corn...... 60(a, 70) Peas...... 65(a) 00 Oats, 30 (a. 35 Butter, 12½(% 15 Chickens,..... Salt-American, 25(a) Yarn-per bunch,..... 90@1 00 Sheeting, Bacon-Hams, Shoulders,.... Sides,..... 8 (a) Pork,..... Lard, Tallow, Bees Wax..... 25 a Apples—Dried, 3 Apples-Green,..... 40 a Peaches-Dried, 4 a Blackberries-Dried, 4 a Meal, 70 a Wheat,.... Potatoes-Sweet, 40 a 5 1 Irish..... Beef. Hides-Green,..... 5 a Dry...... 8 a12 Sole Leather..... 24 40 a : 0 Molases,.... Kerosene Oil.....

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