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WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who love me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
And the good that I can do.

Temper.

Happy is he who can command his temper even under trying circumstances! The evils wrought by unbridled tempers are beyond calculation. The violent temper of a fretful and irascible man gives his friends much concern. His conduct, when under its influence, renders him very unamiable, and, of course, greatly diminishes their regard for him. And this is not all. If he has any real sensibility, the emotions he feels are as painful as those he causes in the breasts of others. When the calm of retirement succeeds to the bustle of company, his solitary moments are embittered by very mortifying reflections; for it has been well remarked, "that anger begins with folly and ends with repentance." A few bitter words spoken in anger may rankle for a lifetime. Self-command, beside preventing their utterance, enables us to maintain the dignity of our nature as intelligent beings, establishing the empire of reason over the passions. It renders a person the master of himself under all the various circumstances of life; in prosperity, cheerful without insolence; and in adversity, resigned and calm without dejection. It gives an effectual check to all the vicious propensities of envy, malice and anger; and in the same proportion as it restrains them, it encourages the growth of the virtues, prevents them from running into extremes, and fixes their due bounds.

The longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain. The dry spell in this season has lasted three months.

To Cure Colic.

For the violent internal agony termed colic, take a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of cold water; drink it and go to bed. It is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

One Woman's Idea of How to Keep a Husband.

How to win a husband, has bothered many a woman, but how to keep him after the winning has bothered far more; and yet if a husband is worth winning, he certainly is worth keeping. I have always had an idea that I should like to write a book entitled, 'What I Know About Husbands.' But there are difficulties attending the task, not the least of which is the danger of impressing the public mind with a suspicion that there may have been a plurality of husbands, when I assure you, dear reader one husband will afford an ample opportunity for the study of the species as though he were a hydra-headed animal. Not that all men are alike by any means, but all husbands require very similar kinds of treatment, subject to sundry modifications of time, place, and mode of application. Why women in the main do not give this question the serious attention it demands I can not understand, for they could save themselves many heartbreaks and the world many sneers if they would as practically apply their intellects to the problem of how to manage husbands, as they do to the acquiring of any other knowledge.

I am not going into the old question of smiling welcomes—tidy costumes, dainty dinners, uniform amiabilities, and such sweet considerations, they are supposed to equalize the uneven surface of men's perverseness. On the contrary, I believe that wives as a rule have lost too much of their individuality by this eternal and generous outpouring of concentrated sweetness. Too much of anything creates satiety, and sugar palliates the taste much sooner than vinegar. Besides, men's life is a game of pursuit, and they do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowls; they prefer the vanity of wild hunt and the excitement of choosing where the prize is marked uncertainty. Wives, never let your husbands know your thoughts; never allow any one whose love you wish to retain to feel that, like a finished book, you have given forth all your attraction, and are ready to be closed and laid on the shelf with others of your kind. Always keep in reserve a new chapter, so that the volume shall remain unfinished even when the binding is old, and the reader himself worn and weary. Do you not suppose that men appreciate the value of a little mystery, and that half their attractiveness to us women is the varied life they lead of which we are believed to know so little? Women before they are wives are uncertain, capricious, and coy enough; why should they change the very bait that lured their captives?

A husband is the nicest thing in the world, if you choose to think so and keep him so. In the first place, he must think he is having his own way, and that you are permitting it; not because of any fear of him, or of any fawning love for him, but because you are convinced he is the best judge of his own affairs, and, from your knowledge of his character, you have the most implicit and unvarying confidence in him. This is the most subtle of flattery and though the dear one may know he is flattered, he little dreams that you know he is flattered. Say you—and herein lies deceit—not so; it is but the keeping bright of a golden treasure, that would tarnish if neglected.

Some men love to feel themselves very autocrats in the eyes of their wives; so, it is well to assume a helplessness and dependence which you have not, and which will, if you have it not, never interfere with your natural dignity in their eyes. Nine times out of ten a little woman full of helplessness and clinging tenderness will win a man when a self-reliant, self-asserting female will fail; and it does seem as if these subordinate little creatures know just how to rule a man. But there is a method in their madness that does not spring from ignorance of the power of their weakness. If a man is jealous, give him no cause to doubt you, and so establish his perfect confidence. This is one trait in a husband's character, however, that is beyond all others difficult to manage, because jealousy though it may sleep profoundly, never really dies, but awakens at the slightest touch with redoubled folly, and un-

reasoning misery. A fault-finding ill-tempered husband is cursed with his own medicine, given in well-selected doses and dignified quantities. One of a curious turn of mind gives you a power that is incalculable, for to hold a secret over an inquisitive man will endow you not only with the value of the secret, but the satisfaction in the telling of it, which has almost the same effect upon the humor that a good dinner has upon the stomach.

The man who is fond of beauty must have it in his wife, or all else fails her. Even beauty, if she has it, must be adorned, but this is no hardship for any woman, so I will not dilate upon it. The truth is, dear wives, a husband must be studied the same as any other lesson, and it remains with yourselves whether the task conquers you, or you the task.

Some one has said that women are born martyrs, and I believe they are; but that is no reason why they should remain so. We are all born babies for that matter, and yet we outgrow babyhood in spite of this state of affairs at the dawn of our existence.

'All's fair in love and war'—and surely in marriage are both, and therefore a double excuse exists for using any available means to make fewer martyrs in the world.

We live in wicked times, and must not expect to find perfect mortals. We must take our man just as he is, not as he ought to be, and live to meet his defects with intelligence and prudence, not antagonism and fault-finding. The chain of matrimony that betrays its weight is galling enough, and if we never felt its check no cynic would have dared to say, 'Marriage is the sepulchre of love.'

But to sum up my receipt for married happiness, let me add that it is of man's weakness a wife has to treat. Having discovered all these, and found an antidote for each, she holds the keynote to her own and husband's happiness. If any man knows a better receipt than I have tried to present, women, I know, will be glad to receive it.

Brother Gardner on the Revised New Testament.

'I take pleasure an' satisfaction,' said the President, as he held up a parcel, in informatin' you a worthy citizen of Detroit, who does not care to have his name menshu'd, has presented dis revised edishun of the Bible to de Lime kiln Club. We do not open our meetin's wid prayer, nor do we close by singin' the doxology, but nebertheless I am shuah dis gift will be appreciated by all. Dar has been considerable talk in dis club about dis revised edishun. Some of you have got de ideah dat purgatory has all been wiped out an' heaben enlarged twice over, an' I have heard odgers assert dat it didn't forbid lyin', stealin' and passin' off bad money. My friends, you are sadly mistaken. Hell is just as hot as eber, an' heaben hasn't got any mo' room. In lookin' ober some of de changes las' night I selected out a few paragraphs which hab a general b'arin'. Fur instance, it am just as wicked to steal watermelnyons as it was las' y'ar or de y'ar before an' de skeerer de crap de bigger de wickedness.

'No change has bin made in regard to loafin' aroun' de streets. De loafer am considered jist as mean an' low as eber he was, an' I want to add my belief dat he will grow meaner in public estimasun all de time.

'De ten commandments am all down beah widout change. Stealin' an' lyin' an' rundin' out nights am considered jist as bad as eber.

'I can't find any paragraph in which men am excused from payin' deir debts and supportin' deir fam'lies.

'I can't fin' whar a poo' man or a poo' man's wife, white or black, am 'spected to sling on any particular style.

'Dog fights, chicken liftin', polytics, playin' keards fur money, an' hangin' aroun' fur drinks, an' all sich low bizness am considered meaner dan eber. Fact is, I can't fin' any change what-ober which lets up on a man from bein' plumb up an' down squar an' honest wid de world. Dey have changed de word 'Hell' to 'Hades', but at de same time added to de strength of de brimston an' de size of de pit, and we want too keep right on in de straight path if we would avoid it.

Doan't let any white man make you believe dat we's lost any gospel by dis revision' or dat Peter or Paul or Moses hab undergone any change of sperrit regardin' de ways of libin' respectably an' dyin' honorably.—Free Press.

Aunt Susan's Suggestions to a Fretful Wife.

'Heater!' exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceaasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. 'Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?'

'What do you mean?' was the startled reply.

'He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find.'

'Oh, auntie!' Heater began.

'Don't interrupt me until I've finished,' said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. 'She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are; in fact, I think not, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be good-natured.'

'Why, auntie—'

'That isn't all,' continued Aunt Susan. 'Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman, who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other night, the only remark he made about them was: 'She is a sweet woman.'

'Oh, auntie—'

'That isn't all,' composedly continued Aunt Susan. 'To-day your husband was half way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say: 'There, Will, jist see your tracks on my clean floor! I won't have my floor all tracked up! Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his mustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were so sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'

'But, auntie—'

'Harken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like your Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affections will die a long, struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years off fretfulness and fault finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference.'

'But, auntie—'

'Yes, well! you are not dead yet, and that sweet-tempered woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence.'

Mustard Plaster.

By using syrup or molasses for mustard plasters, they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper, or fine cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster is varied by the addition of more or less flour.

Wagon Wheels.

When the paint gets off the rims of the best wagon wheels, they lose moisture and shrink very fast in dry weather. The quickest preventive is a mixture of petroleum and linsed oil applied to the fellos with a brush, several times over, where they are dry.

Stove lustre, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker and more glossy and

durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new. The odor of the turpentine, passes off quickly.

'What a Nose!'

Not many years ago, in the village of Eatonton, Georgia, a man made his appearance and stopped at the tavern. He was possessed of a most remarkable nose, which almost monopolized his entire face—red, Roman, enormous; it was such a nose as is only seen once in a lifetime. So great a show was it that it attracted universal attention. The glances cast at it and the remarks made about it had owner somewhat sensitive upon the subject. A half grown negro boy was summoned by the proprietor to carry his baggage to his room. Coffee was much taken with his nose. As he came out of the room unable to contain himself longer, he exclaimed—

'Golly, what a nose!'

Our traveler overheard him and went to his master with his demand for his punishment.

Coffee was called up, and at the suggestion of some bystanders, let off on condition that he would apologize to the offended gentleman. This he readily agreed to do. Walking to the room where our traveler was, and touching his hat and humbly bowing he said—

'Massa, you ain't got no nose at all.'

Handsomely Taken In.

Captain Archibald Western was a noble specimen of a fine old American gentleman. He kept the handsomest horses and owned the best estate in all the country, and his heartiness of manner and cordiality of soul made him beloved and honored by the constituents whom he had repeatedly represented in the Legislature of the State. But Captain Archibald had, like all other men, his weak points, and sometimes he would meet an unscrupulous neighbor who would not hesitate for a moment, if opportunity offered, to turn them to his advantage. One hot day as he was returning homeward from a visit to a distant field with a heavy new overcoat which he had taken with him in anticipation of rain, folded across his arm, he overtook a young fellow who was walking in the same direction, and accosted him with—

'Here, Jim, you jist carry my coat along a little way, until we reach my gate.'

Much to his astonishment Jim made not a word of objection, but took the coat and walked along beside him in silence. Pretty soon, however, his pace slackened and he began to lag a little behind.

'Hallo,' said the Captain, 'if you can't walk faster than that, I'll take the coat myself.'

'Why, you see, sir,' said Jim, apologetically, 'I've jist come from the fever hospital and I ain't very strong yet. I reckon you'd better carry it.'

'The fever hospital!' shouted the captain, who entertained a holy horror of all contagious diseases. 'Did you say that you came from the fever hospital?'

'To be sure I did,' said Jim; and his eye twinkled mischievously: 'I came out this morning. Here's your coat, sir.'

'Keep off! keep off!' cried Captain Weston, his fat frame quivering with excitement. 'If you come near me, I'll knock you down. The fever hospital! you rascal; why didn't you tell me before? Don't you touch me. Take that coat away! Burn it, sir. Never come near me again. O, Lord, O, Lord, what if I've caught the fever. Be off, you villain, be off!' Poor Jim took to his heels with the coat, and the captain hurried home to dose himself.

The best of the joke, however, was that Jim had not been inside of the hospital, at all—having only walked there to carry a basket of eggs for the doctor's wife. But the captain never saw the coat again, and he has never to this day, heard the last of "that fever."

Most persons, when they come in from the rain, put their umbrellas in the rack with handle upward. They should put it downward, because when the handle is upward the water

runs down inside to the place where the ribs are joined to the handle, and cannot get out; but stays rotting the cloth and rusting the metal until slowly dried away. The wire securing the ribs soon rusts and breaks. If placed the other end up the water readily runs off.

A Yankee in the Smith Family.

Well, I put up with it first-rate, a good natured fellow that I met at a billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman—looking as though she lived on laffin, her face was so full of fan. After a while—after we'd talked about my girl, and about the weather in come three or four children, laffin' and skipping as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddlebags, in which I had put a lot of sugar candy for the children as I went along. 'Come here,' said I, 'you little rogue; come here and tell me what your name is.' The oldest came to me and says: 'My name is Peter Smith.' 'And what's your name, sir?' 'Bob Smith.' The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy, and old Mrs. Smith was so tackled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on but didn't say much. 'Why,' says I, 'Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly.' 'No,' said she, laffin', 'I set a good deal on 'em' but we spoil 'em too much.' 'No, no,' says I, 'they're well behaved children and by gracious,' says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith; 'I never did see anything equal it,' says I, 'your own eyes, mouth, forehead and perfect picture of hair, sir,' tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin' at that, her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house laffin'. 'Do you think so, Col. Jones,' said she, looking toward Mrs. Smith, and I thought she'd go off in a fit. 'Yes,' says I, 'I do really.' 'Haw haw, haw!' says Mrs. Smith, kind of half laffin', 'you are too hard on me now with your jokes.' 'I ain't jokin' at all,' says I, 'they are handsome children and do look wonderfully like you.' Jist then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darn'd if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one of 'em! and their heads was curly all over! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and sort o' petted them niggers as play things. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how thight stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things, I could a got over it; but kissing 'em showed I was in arnest.

A Scheme to Encourage Wedlock.

At the next meeting of the Ontario Legislature application will be made for the incorporation of the National Marriage Dowery Association. The object of the promoters of the scheme is in all probability to make money, but the result of that quest of money will undoubtedly be to encourage the man and the maid to wed. The society first began its operation in Indiana, and is casting its benevolent arms over the bachelors and spinsters in other States, Territories and Provinces. In the words of the circular, the association is established "to encourage lawful wedlock, to promote economy, to endow homes and to make married life the end and aim of the rich and poor alike." The scheme is as follows: Supposing John Smith, on the 13th day of August, cash his lot in with this association. He pays, in the first place, \$5 for his certificate, and a semi annual payment thereafter of \$1. In case some of his co-insurers marry and there not being sufficient funds in the Treasurer's hands to pay the sum to which the newly married man is entitled, an assessment of \$1 is levied all round. These are the payments to which he is liable. The benefits are that should he marry on the 13th of August, 1882, he is entitled to \$200. Should his marriage not occur for five years, he would be entitled to \$1,000 and so on. We don't suppose that ladies are excluded from the association. It's a grand scheme. Any young lady who was known to have one of the certificates would be the observed of all observers, and the admired of all admirers. At church and market places she would not want for wains.