

THE LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

TWICE A WEEK

How to the Line, Let the Chins Fall as they May.

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The Old Oaken Bucket Up-To-Date.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood, recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained, The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wildwood, The chills then contracted that since have remained; The scum-covered duck-pond, the pigsty close by it, The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell, The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard high it But worse than all else was that terrible well. And the old oaken bucket, the mold-erusted bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted, The water I drank in the days called to mind; Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted In the waters of wells by analysis find; The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron, The algae, the frog of unusual size, The water, impure as the verses of Byron, Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—the I shudder to think of it— I considered that water uncommonly dear. And often at noon, when I went there to drink it, I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer. How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy, And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell, Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites, and slimy With matter organic it rose from the well.

Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them— The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draft— I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them— With Potassium Permanganate ere I had quaffed. Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterward strain it Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined; Or, after distilling, condensed, and re-gained it In portable form, with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the enteric fever Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink, But since I've become a devoted believer In the teachings of science, I shudder to think, And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing, The story of warning to others I tell, As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing I gag at the thought of that horrible well. And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket— In fact, the slop bucket—that hung in the well.

From My Scrap Book.

LOOK PLEASANT.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome, And it's hard for us all to be good, We are sure now and then to be lonely, And we don't always do as we should. To be patient is not always easy; To be cheerful is much harder still, But at least we can always be pleasant If we make up our minds that we will. And it pays every time to be kindly, Although you feel worried and blue, If you smile at the world and look cheerful, The world will soon smile back at you. So try to brace up and look pleasant, No matter how low you are down, Good humor is always contagious, But you banish your friends when you frown.

A rose by any other name Would smell as sweet, no doubt, But society buds like flowery names When they are coming out. There are no Mays and Ediths now; No Alice—where is Kate? It's Edythe, Alys, Kathryn, Mae— They must be up to date.

A cold-blooded exchange remarks that if missionaries can induce the heathen to wear cotton clothes, the South could well afford to pay their salaries.

The Tin Mine.

The News man spent several hours Sunday at the Lithia Inn, enjoying the genial hospitality of Mr. Van Wyck Hoke, and gathered some information concerning the Tin Mine which may be of interest to our readers. This mine is located about one half mile from the Lithia Inn, and is being operated by the Piedmont Tin Mining Co., which was organized and incorporated under the laws of Georgia. The company is composed of Messrs. W. M. Mauney, John Rudisill, and M. M. Carpenter, of Kings Mountain, Judge Spencer Atkinson, of Atlanta, and others, and is capitalized at a large figure. Two shafts have been sunk, one 100 feet deep, and another 40 feet, with several counter-shafts. The operations so far have been simply to expose the veins, and from present indications the prospects are very promising indeed. Operations are temporarily suspended on account of the recent bad weather, but the Company is preparing to spend a great deal of money as they have good reason to believe that the ore is present in paying quantities. There are a great many surface indications of tin in the neighborhood of the mine and Mr. Hoke has numerous fine specimens of ore found on the Inn property. This outcropping of tin is a continuation of the lead from Gaffney and Kings Mountain, where the first discovery was made in 1883. What may be called the Carolina tin belt extends from Gaffney, Cherokee County, S. C. in a general northeasterly direction across this county; the south eastern corner of Cleveland county, N. C. and across Gaston and Lincoln counties. The tin deposits found in Rockbridge County Virginia, may be a continuation of the Carolina tin belt across Catawba, Iredell, Yadkin and Surry counties.

Tin has been found in small quantities in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia, Alabama, South Dakota, Texas, California and Alaska. The world's chief supply of tin comes from the deposits on the Malay Peninsula which extends from the extreme southern end of the Peninsula northwestward for a distance of about 350 miles to the border of the Siamese possessions. The Cornish tin mines of England are perhaps, the most widely known of any of the deposits of this metal and were undoubtedly the first to produce tin. For over 2000 years these deposits have been furnishing England with tin, and are, still producing at the rate of 4000 tons, or more per year. These are the deepest workings of any in the history of tin mining, and are now down over 2000 feet below the level of the sea. These mines are owned by the Marquis of Bute and have been in the possession of that family for generations.

The value of tin in the arts was recognized long before the beginning of the Christian Era, and it is believed that 450 years before the birth of Christ Herodotus alludes to the tin Islands of Brittany, from which the tin was obtained. The Phoenicians and Greeks also traded with Cornwall in the purchase of tin.

At the present time none of the tin used in the United States is produced in this country, but it is all obtained from foreign sources.

The fact that about 43 per cent of the world's production of tin is consumed in the United States emphasizes the importance of discovering a source of supply of this metal that can be controlled by this country.

A Minnesota man who weighed 540 pounds died poor because he was too fat to work for a living.

Don't You Like This Town?

You live here. Your business interests are here. Your home is here.

You are reading a Mail Order Catalogue. That indicates that you are not spending your money in this town. You are spending it with strangers in a big city. That city has no use for this town except to get your money.

This town has use for your money. If spent here, your money will help to build up the town. It will help to build up your own business.



In the long run more of your money will come back to you if you spend it at home than if you send it to Chicago or some other large city. You spend a dollar with Smith, up the street. Smith spends it with Brown, around the corner. Brown is just as likely to spend it with you as with anybody else. Did you ever think of that?

All of us have to spend money. There is an art in spending it where it will do the most good. If spent so that it will circulate around this town and community, it will help this town and community. You belong to this town and community. Therefore it will help you. Isn't that good logic?

Suppose you think it over next time you pick up the Mail Order Catalogue.

Crouse News.

Mr. Hunter Mauney was in town recently.

Mr. Merton Rudisill spent Sunday in Crouse.

Mr. Roy Eaker visited at Mr. Sullivan's Saturday.

Four new dwellings and one new store will all soon be completed.

Mr. Clinton Moore, of Stanley, visited relatives here the past week.

There is talk of another cotton mill being built here in the near future.

Our school will close here in about three weeks with an entertainment.

Miss Florence Hoover spent several days visiting friends in Crouse last week.

Mr. M. M. Burke's new cotton mill is doing a very good business at present.

Mrs. J. H. Sones, after spending some time with relatives here, returned to her home at Lattimore Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Johnston's little son visited Mrs. Johnston's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Heafner, last week.

Dave Michum, mentioned in The News recently as being in Lincoln-ton drunk, lecturing and preaching, is not from Crouse, as stated, but from three miles west of Crouse.

Our people are greatly pleased with the act of the Legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in Lin-

coln and Catawba counties. They are also pleased with the act incorporating the town of Crouse.

Henry News.

Hurrah for The Lincoln County News!

Rev. J. F. Deal has been sick but is better.

Mr. Lee Bean has been on the sick list, but is improving

Mr. Jeannie Sain has bought a part of Mr. A. C. Sain's store.

Mr. Jeff Hoyle, and wife, are visiting relatives in Burke county.

We are having some fine weather again; the wheat crops are looking fine.

Mr. Lee Bean, and wife, spent Saturday night with Mr. Cleofus Yount.

Miss Maude Bean spent Friday night with Misses May and Janie Houser.

Misses Smathers and Reep are carrying on a fine school at Ridge Academy.

Misses Maude Bean and Bertha Reep spent Saturday night at Mr. Rufus Sain's.

Mr. Jacob Houser, and wife, were visiting relatives in Cleveland county last week.

W. H.

W. E. Morrison, of Statesville, last week bought a ninety acre farm of Jacob Jenkins, of Stanley Creek, paying therefor 4,000, in order to get a bed of very fine gray brick clay, and will at once proceed to put in an large brick making plant.

The Brownsville Investigation.

The investigation going on before the Senate Military Affairs Committee over the Brownsville shooting scrape seems to be proving quite a farce. Senator Foraker has diligently sought to aid the witnesses in making the best possible showing but their evidence is so self contradictory that the only thing as yet proven is that they are engaged in an awkward concert of lying. The whole drift in the testimony, as given by the negro troops, is to create the impression that the people of Brownsville shot themselves up in order to create this trouble for the negro troops.

Asked where the Brownsville people could have gotten the ammunition with which they did the shooting as he believed, the witness answered, "I don't know unless they got it from the Twenty-sixth."

The Twenty-sixth was the white regiment which had occupied the post at Brownsville before the colored Twenty-sixth battalion went there.

The witnesses show a kind of dull effort at cunning whenever sharply cross questioned. Ordinarily, especially while being led by Senator Foraker, or his sympathizers, Hemenway and Scott, they have spoken out distinctly and confidently.

When having to answer questions such as giving the grounds for their belief that the people of Brownsville shot themselves up, they have hesitated, and spoken so indistinctly that questions were repeated and they were required to repeat their answers.

An instance of the extremity of their efforts to conceal things was furnished by Corporal Thornton, of Company D, who had been employed by the "Constitutional League," a colored organization of New York, to canvass for funds to be used in paying the expense of getting testimony for the defense of the discharged soldiers. Admitting that he had been employed by the organization to canvass for money, Thornton could not tell the committee that he knew what was going to be done with the money. He said all he did was to show a letter which would explain what was wanted with the money, but just what it was he could not say. He would have to have the letter. He was instructed to send for the letter.

Corporal Thornton also believed that the Brownsville people killed their neighbors and wounded others and shot into the houses of their women and children. His testimony varied from the others in the respect that he judged the firing was done by guns of different caliber, including pistols and shot-guns.

Winter Washington, corporal of company B, was the first witness from that company. The announcement of his name was the occasion on Thursday for Senator Foraker to get in a smart allusion to the story that the president intended to appoint the negro, Ralph Tyler, surveyor of customs at Cincinnati, on the recommendation of Booker Washington.

When the witness was asked to give his full name, he responded, "Winter Washington."

"Booker Washington?" asked Senator Overman, as if much surprised, as he bent forward to scrutinize the witness who was burly, stock and a very black man.

"Oh, no; not Booker Washington—Winter Washington," hastily corrected Senator Foraker, and he nearly broke up the proceedings with laughter when he added: "Booker Washington is too busy with his senatorial duties."

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A Prophet of an "Age of Gold."

That a college dignitary is not always a practical or logical thinker, is very aptly illustrated in the case of Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. Twice within a month the doughty Chancellor has rushed more or less rampantly into the public arena as the self-appointed champion of the trusts and corporations. On both these occasions, his deliverances have been such as to challenge anything but admiration or approval, either for fairness or accuracy. The average intelligence revolts at the statement that the workers, as a class, are overpaid; that they are improvident and vicious, and that their love of drink is the chief support of the multitude of saloons in our great cities; that the united interests of labor constitute a despotism which threatens the permanency of democratic institutions, "clutching by the throat our fundamental liberties, and making the absurd boast of having produced the wealth of the world by the hand." This, and much more to the same effect.

In these stirring days, he is a wise man who tries not to inflame class against class by the use of vituperation, but rather endeavors to find a common basis for harmonizing the interests of all. It is the ill-advised championship of precisely such men as Chancellor Day that is making far more acute than reason and fact would justify the situation as between labor and capital. No sensible person, legislator or private citizen, wants to "destroy the present forms of corporate business." All that is proposed is to regulate them by suitable legislation. This the Chancellor knows as well as anybody else. Even the most strenuous defense of the corporations cannot justify his foolish philippic against the industrial classes, which is calculated to intensify rather than allay that "class feeling" which all sensible Americans condemn.

There is the suggestion of a mild form of megalomania in the assumption by Chancellor Day of the role of a prophet of the coming billionairism. Peering into the future, he discerns on every side the approaching triumph of wealth. The coming American will be essentially a money getter. The growth of the faculty of acquisitiveness will develop the master-mathematician—the billionaire. "We have only begun," says Mr. Day, "to swell the fortunes of the world. Millions have taken the place of hundreds of thousands as a measure of wealth. Billions will displace millions before the century closes."

We will not go more deeply into this golden dream of a Midas age, which seems to have so fascinated the Syracuse Chancellor that all other considerations are forgotten. Most Americans will differ with him. Prosperity with honor we welcome; but there are a thousand things that have to do with the well-being of our beloved land that are far more to be desired than the dawn of an age of colossal fortunes, which would mean the decline of the Republic.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ill a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Christian Herald.

Ex-sheriff A. H. Boyd, of Lenoir, shot himself just below the heart with a double-barrel shotgun about noon Saturday, and died about an hour and a half later. He said the shooting was accidental, but he has been worrying over his past financial troubles recently, and only a few weeks ago took an overdose of laudanum, so it is generally supposed that the shooting is the outcome of the former, and was with suicidal intentions.