

THE LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

TWICE A WEEK

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

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"The Pastor's Reverie."

By Washington Gladden.

"The pastor sits in his easy chair,
With the Bible upon his knee,
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
Are changing momentarily;
The shadows lie in the valley below,
And hide in the curtain's fold;
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
'I remember the days of old.'

'Nor clear nor dark,' as the Scripture saith,
The pastor's memories are;
No day that is gone is shadowless,
Nor night was without a star;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
The portion of his cup;
'The hand that in love hath smitten,'
he saith,
'In love hath bound us up.'

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
Of stubble and snow and bloom,
And now it trips through a festival,
And now it halts at a tomb;
Young faces smile in his reverie
Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first with fear
And faltering lips he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
To the waiting multitude!
He walks again to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have
Pressed
Heaven's safe and pleasant ways.

He enters again the home of toil,
And joins in the homely chat;
He stands in the home of the artisan;
He sits where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire and the rich
man's feast.
But who today are poor,
And who are the rich? Ask him who
keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove
resound
With the merry children's din;
He hears their shout at the Christmas-
tide,
When Santa Claus comes in,
Once more he lists when the camp-fire
roars
On the distant mountain side,
Or, proving apostleship, flies the brook
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
To the altar slowly move,
And the solemn words are said that seal
The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white robed cherub crowing
response
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels, again:
Again the thin hand lies
Cold in his palm, while the last far look
Steals into the steadfast eyes;
And now the burdens of hearts that break
Lie heavy upon his own—
The widow's woe and the orphan's cry
And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
Are the days that are no more,
So mournfully sweet are the sounds
that float
With the winds from a far-off shore,
For the pastor has learned what mean-
eth the word
'That is given him to keep—
'Rejoice with them that do rejoice
And weep with them that weep.'

It is not in vain that he has trod
This lonely and toilsome way,
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day;
For the soul that gives is the soul that
lives,
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and shorten the
way,
And brighten the homeward road.
Amen and Amen."

President Roosevelt's "molly-coddle" is no new member. The word was used centuries ago by old English writers to designate an effeminate, and has been in almost constant use ever since. A "Molly" is a husband who stays around the house too much, meddling with the domestic affairs of which his wife should have charge. "To molly" is to follow the wife about to see that the household duties are not slighted and to find fault with everything. This has nothing to do with "hot tamale."—N. Y. Press.

Interesting Letter From Cuba.

To the readers of The News.

Though my letter to the Editor of The News was not intended for publication, as I deemed it unfit for his columns, yet if it gave pleasure to any of his readers I am amply repaid for the few minutes required to write it. Were I so gifted, would gladly give you a complete description of all the wonderful sights we beheld on our trip.

Jacksonville is the gateway to Florida, therefore, our first stop. We had not been there since the destructive fire of 1902, and were pleased to note how quickly it had overcome misfortune and is again a beautiful and lively city.

A visit to the ostrich farm, just outside the city limits, is interesting; 147 birds are kept in pens; they are so large and vary in color, at a little distance resemble a herd of calves and they are fairly gentle. We saw them harnessed up and driven to carts, and men also rode them at a rapid gait. The male bird is a considerate father, and assists the mother in hatching and caring for the young; he has been accused of setting altogether at night, when necessarily he slept, but this is a mistake, as we saw him quietly on the nest in the day time. There is a store where all kinds of beautiful feathers and fans are for sale. A trained animal show, music and other things will amuse you for several hours.

We had the pleasure of going on board the Arappahoe, a very handsome Clyde line steamer, from New York. Mr. Gould's private yacht was anchored here too. A trip up the lovely St. Johns and down the Florida east coast is an enviable one. The first stop is St. Augustine, the oldest city on the continent; was founded by Menendez in 1565. The picturesque beauty of the old city, mingled with its modern gorgeousness, is extremely interesting. Its great tourist hotels, the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar are among the finest in the south. The architecture is of Spanish type and practically indestructible. Among the noted relics are the old gate way, the slave market, Fort Marion, built in 1756, and the oldest Catholic Cathedral in America. Much credit is done to Mr. H. M. Flagler for these wonderful improvements. You will note all his houses are painted yellow, even to the train of cars on the track.

Daytona, Ormond, and many lovely winter resorts are passed before reaching our destination. Fort Pierce is famous for its pineapple growth. Bob thinks he has a joke on me here; as he was looking out one side, exclaimed that he saw thousands of acres. I, thinking he meant plants, said that did not compare to the opposite side where I saw millions growing. All along we saw orange trees full of golden fruit and the ground partially covered, as you see apples in our country orchards in summer. Upon inquiry we were told that they were injured by a freeze they had in December and were totally unfit for use. I fear the day of the lucious Florida orange is doomed, frosts are more frequent of late years.

Palm Beach is in plain view. The Breakers and Royal Poinciana—both grand hotels with hundreds of rooms—are filled to overflowing with guests from the bleak winds of the north and west. And how thankful we are that there is a milder climate found in this beautiful south land of ours where they can escape the chilling blasts of winter.

Miami, situated on Biscayne bay, is only ten years old but contains 10,000 inhabitants—everything so

new and clean, the soil so white and sea so blue, you feel at once that it is good to be here. We had quarters engaged at the Royal Palm, but more than four hundred tourists arrived there several hours ahead of us and filled every available space in all its five hundred rooms. We found refuge at Haleyon Hall, a grand new hotel where the gentle breeze from the bay soon lulled us into glorious sleep.

A carriage drive of about ten miles takes you to the cocoanut groves—you see the green fruit near the top of the stately palms. Also fine oranges and lucious grape fruit simply bending the branches to the ground. We cut a quantity with stems and leaves from the trees and expressed them home to the children—Daisy, Lena, Victor and Steve.

Monday morning, the 25th, we sailed away on the Shinnecock, a beautiful white boat. The day was glorious, the bay smooth so we were able to partake of both lunch and dinner in the evening. Key West is our first stop, it is dirty and everywhere smells of tobacco smoke, so many cigars manufactured here. We hear the Spanish language spoken for the first time. Cubans are visible everywhere. We buy post cards and mail to friends behind, now we transfer to the Halifax, an ocean going steamer bound for Havana. The motion of the ship becomes more perceptible, the waves roll a little higher, you sometimes clutch the side of your berth; you want to hold some one's hand; perhaps you ate too much supper, and are quite sure you will not care for breakfast at all. I wonder if this is seasickness?—and it was.

MRS. R. S. RERINHADT.
Havana, Cuba, March 7, 1907.

Turkey Foot Truths.

Mrs. Joseph Armstrong was very sick last week but is improving.

Miss Lillian Hicks, of Cleveland county, is visiting relatives in this section, this week.

Wheat is growing fast in this neighborhood. Plowing and hauling fertilizer is the order of the day.

Mr. John Hoyle has wired in a meadow for cow pasture. He also has erected pailings around his house.

Mr. Lee Lingafelt was caused much trouble last Saturday night at Mr. M. L. Heaven's by his mule breaking loose. The mule ran home. There was no damage done.

Rev. Mr. Clegg filled his regular appointment last Sunday at Pleasant Grove. He also announced that they will organize a Sunday school the fifth Sunday at 10 o'clock, A. M. and preaching service at 11 o'clock A. M.

Hurrah! For the Sly Coon Society. He must be on a whiz. He is a hard runner—a hard speller I should say. I believe he is an ancient Philologist. He must take a course of Philology, Orthography, Philosophy and Stenography before he gets too sly or he will never be captured.

The school exhibition closed last Saturday with great pleasure at Pleasant Hill (or Frazier.) The people were entertained by the Reepsville cornet Band, which was followed by dialogues and recitations of latest and best characters. The audience was addressed by Prof. G. T. Heafner, of Crouse, on the subject of education in its broadest sense.

As long as Wall street panic can be kept confined to Wall street there is no reason to get scared.

HOODOO MYSTERY SOLVED.

New Hampshire Has Witch Doctors Also—Golden Tresses Hidden In Tree.

Portsmouth, N. H., March 16, 1907.—A strange find was made in the base of an old tree on the Bates farm on South road.

"The tree was struck by lightning last summer, and today when Mr. Bates was cutting it down he found a wooden plug almost in the centre of the trunk. In the plug was a scrap of old-time Boston paper, in which was wrapped a tress of golden hair and a half dozen finger nail clippings, all well preserved.

"The tree had grown over 18 inches outside the plug, and experts figure it must have been nearly 100 years since the strange find had been placed in the tree."—Boston Herald.

Mr. Clarence Coon discovered, last week, another cob-hoodoo in the now famous old chestnut tree which stood on the Loretz line, and was written up by The News some time back.

Mr. Coon helped to fell this tree and after reading in The News about the corn cob hoodoo he made an inspection of the trunk and found another cob in an augur hole in the heart of the tree, near the ground. The stroke of an axe had barely grazed the end of the cob, which Mr. Coon extracted.

The mystery of the hoodoo is thus explained by the Foreman of The News, Mr. L. B. Thompson.

The writer was raised in Pennsylvania, and while not of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, having too much Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, is well acquainted with many of the peculiar signs and beliefs of that sturdy people who have done so much to make the old Keystone State what it is today, and what they and their descendants have done for the Old North State.

As, is well known to every student of history, these people migrated southward and were the pioneer settlers of all this Piedmont or eastern foot-hill section of Virginia and North Carolina, and with them they brought their peculiar superstitions and beliefs, many of which we have run across in our wanderings during the last few years. One that we now recall is that the fire on the hearth must never go out and a young couple marrying shall carry fire from the old fireplace in order to insure long life and prosperity. One such we know of is still preserved in Catawba county, having been originally brought from Pennsylvania 134 years ago, and if there is anything in it this family have surely reaped it, as they have all lived to a ripe old age and enjoyed a fair share of the good things of this earth.

As to the explanation of the corn cob with human hair in, being found in the tree, probably the easiest way to explain that is to tell of a case we knew of when we were quite a lad. When quite young we had the misfortune to lose our mother and there being several small children to attend to, our father provided us with a step-mother of German descent, and among the acquisitions we got with her, was a step-uncle, by the name of Knickerbocker, who believed in the signs of the moon, howling of cattle, cacklings of the chickens, hooting of owls, barking of dogs, and in fact, the whole catagory from A to izzard, and if one-tenth of his prophecies had been fulfilled this planet would have been a quarter of a century ago as barren as the moon.

One evening the family were a little surprised, just after supper, to see this uncle come in and take a chair, as it was a dark night and the roads were very muddy, and he lived a mile and a half from our house. But after inquiring after their health and being assured that they were "tolerable," conversation lagged for some time until all at once he asked father for the loan of his inch and a quarter auger, and we children were dispatched to find the tool. We found everything but that particular size, but none would do and we were again set to hunting; this time with better luck, but lo and behold, when found, some of us kids had been boring it on nails and it was no good without sharpening. Father tried to get him to take some other size, but he shook his head, and father sent one of us for a file and while he put the auger in shape, plied uncle with questions till finally he said he wanted to cure his family of ague, and on being pressed, said:

"If a person has the fever and ague, you must pare just a little piece out of the nail of each big toe and take the shears and clip a lock of hair from their head and wrap the clipping from the nails in this hair, then either bore out a corn cob and put it in, or else wrap it in corn shucks, wrapping to the left, as the sun moves, this must be done after dark, that is after the sun goes down, then next morning you must get up early (so as to have the work all accomplished before the sun gets a chance shine on you) and go to the east till you come to a live tree and bore a hole with an inch and a quarter auger, deep enough to hold your cob or shucks so that none will stick out or be exposed. Then the party must turn right around and go straight home, never looking back, until he has crossed his own threshold. In fact, it is incumbent upon the person doing this that they should never look backwards from the time they start till they have reentered the door, and if these directions were fully carried out, that the fever would leave his family and go across the line to the other family. He was very explicit about looking back and being entirely alone, and assured us that it was a sure cure, but told of one of his old neighbors back at Linesville, who was doing the thing, and after ordering his dog, who insisted on accompanying him, to go back several times, turned around and kicked the dog, and the sick members of the family got worse and some of them died.

CHARLOTTE MAN ABSCONDS.
Sunday School Superintendent Steals \$68,000.
Mr. Frank H. Jones assistant Cashier of the Charlotte Notional Bank, left for parts unknown last Saturday night, taking \$68,000 of the Bank's fund with him. He was traced to Monroe, where the earth seems to have swallowed him.

The trouble seems to have been brought on by speculations, the same old story; highly honored citizen, Sunday School Superintendent, everybody shocked, wife and children in tears, bank directors go down in their jeans and make up shortage.

Of course, the young man will be caught and brought back. The Bank sustains a heavy blow, but will continue to do business at the same old stand.

Miss Anthony Weds Mr. Cansler.

Miss Mattie Anthony of the Grace neighborhood, and Mr. George Cansler of Gaston county, were married at Grace church Sunday, Rev. S. W. Beck performed the ceremony.—Catawba County News.

MR. SIDNEY EDDLEMAN DEAD.

End Came at Home in Lucia Yesterday—Brother of Dr. H. M. Eddleman and Mr. W. P. Eddleman—Funeral and Burial To-day.

Mr. Sidney Eddleman died yesterday morning at 11 o'clock at his home in Lucia, this county, from typhoid fever. He had been ill for the past three months and, while his death was not unexpected, it nevertheless brought a shock to family and friends. A wife and four children survive. Mr. Eddleman was 35 years of age. Deceased is also survived by two brothers, Dr. H. M. Eddleman, of Gastonia, county superintendent of roads, and one sister, Mrs. Laura Beatty, of Lucia, who is herself seriously ill at this writing.

Dr. Eddleman went to Lucia yesterday morning in response to a message saying that his brother could not live. He remained for the funeral and burial which took place to-day at Lucia. Mr. Eddleman was well known in the section of the county in which he lived and had many friends, all of whom sorrow on account of his death.—Gastonia Gazette.

Machpelah News.

Mr. J. H. Ballard is now building a beautiful house in Lincoln-ton.

Mr. John Cashion, of Lincoln-ton, was in this section on business Friday.

Rev. W. M. Boring filled his regular appointment at New Hope Sunday at 3 p. m.

Mr. J. W. Ballard, of Maiden, was visiting relatives in this section Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Whitesides, of Maiden, spent Saturday night and Sunday with relatives.

Miss Minnie Sigmon, who has been visiting in Catawba county, is at home now. She reports having a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ballard, of Derr, spent Saturday night and Sunday with their parents; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ballard.

Miss Mammie Sigmon, of Iredell county, who has spent the winter with her uncle, Mr. Luther Sigmon, and going to school, returned home Sunday.

The Lowesville baseball boys came up to play the Machpelah school boys last Saturday afternoon. The game stopped at the eighth inning, 7 to 3 in favor of the Machpelah team.

Knowing brother Alpha as we do, we are sorry that he was not presented with a derby in his youth. He might have filled the President's chair or have received the title of D. D., before this time.

On account of the rainy, bad night several weeks ago, the Machpelah Literary Society gave another open session March 8th. Although it was cloudy and rainy, the school house was as full as could be comfortably seated. Splendid order, and the discussion was lively. Everybody enjoyed the occasion. The Query was: Resolved that we should prohibit immigrants. The decision of the judges was two in favor of the affirmative.

The entertainment that was given by the Machpelah school Saturday night was a decided success. The entertainment began strictly at 7 p. m. Prayer by Rev. Little. Next was an address, by Prof. G. T. Heafner, of Crouse. Several dialogues, speeches and panoramas, colored dialogues and negro sermon. They were all good. The teachers, Mr. Nixon and Miss Finger, should receive much praise for the energy they set forth, and for the skill displayed in getting up such an excellent entertainment.