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THE LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

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TWICE A WEEK

How to the Line. Let the Chips Fall as they May.

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IN SEARCH OF ELDORADO.

Two Lincoln County Boys, Bill Blunt and Jim Swinks, Leave Home and Cross the Mountains To Seek Their Fortunes.—A True Story.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CHAPTER IV.

After we had gone to bed every night, now and then Jim would say "Give me some more of the county-sheet Stranger, I am cold." After a while the Stranger started to turn over and the slats began to fall out on the floor. This piled us all in a heap right down on the floor inside the bed railing. Here we lay right still in order to keep warm.

Soon Jim was asleep and began to talk in his sleep. He would curse the fare and then he would mutter things we could not understand. Then the Stranger said to me: "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows but, consider my liver, this is the strangest one I've struck." We worried along till morning and got up with the headache. After crawling out over the bed rail Jim looked down on the old mattress where we had suffered and said: "That was low-down sleeping, wasn't it Bill?"

But we were not the only ones that had a bad fare. One man told us that his bed was actually so hard that he had to get up and rest several times during the night.

Then the three fellows that were in the other bed, in our room, got up and we all talked till breakfast. Jim asked one of the fellows what kind of a breakfast we would get, "O fairly good on an average," drawled the man, "Coffee is weak but they make it up on the butter," he added, with a twinkle of the eye. Two or three suppressed a smile, one scratched his hairy jaw, another yawned and Jim gave a low whistle. I knew the crowd was getting ready to tell some good ones. The big fat man that slept with us started it off by saying, "Boys the worst mess I ever got into was out in Virginia. I stopped at a little nasty looking boarding house one night and they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow. Of course I had night mares. Next morning when the landlord came in to wake me up he said, 'How are you feeling this morning? Old hoss, hey?' I told him I was feeling my oats." Then the man with long whiskers cleared his throat and said: "Fellers, talk about getting in a mess, if you want to get your heel in it bad just go to Webster, bed bugs, there's no end to 'um. They not only look at the register to see what room you are in but they sit up and wait for you to come in—one night I went in late and found them all on the head board singing, 'Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight.' They are so bad they actually kidnapped a child here awhile back."

Then Jim "broke in" and told that old story, I thought everybody had heard, about the Irishmen that put out the light to keep the bugs from finding them but didn't know what to do when a lightning bug came in because they thought it was one coming with a lantern. But somehow this made a laugh, which caused Jim to feel as popular as a rattlesnake in a prohibition town.

After a few seconds of silence the conversation changed and they began to talk about curious freaks of nature. The fat man told about an experimental company out in Missouri that had crossed a chicken with a guinea and raised a talking parrot. When he was telling it I looked over at Jim and saw him take another chew of tobacco. I knew he was oiling up the driving wheel of his intellect. As soon as the fat man got through Jim says "O that's nothing, I know a man down in Lincoln county that

crossed a club over his mule and raised the top off his barn."

Just then the breakfast bell rang and each one hurried out to breakfast as if he didn't want to be one that would have to wait.

After breakfast we got our valises and began to get ready to leave. When we went to settle our bill the clerk said \$2.00. Then you ought to have seen Jim's eyes. "Now you know we haint eat \$2.00 wuth," said Jim.

I saw that we were going to get into trouble so I paid the man and tried to get him off as soon as possible, but it was a job—Jim let his temper get away with him and reared like a wild man. "I say \$2.00, and three in a bed." And after I got Jim outside he pulled off his coat and hit the door with his fist, "just let him come! Just let him come out! I'll do him one, I'll knock the socks off him before you can say Jack Robinson." I told him the police was coming just to scare him, he picked up his coat and we started on. After we had gone a few steps he said, "Where's the Police?" I told him that would be all right just to come on with me but he wanted to go back. "When King David lay dying he called his son Solomon to his side and said 'My son, be strong and show thyself a man,' and I'm goin' to do it," said Jim, as he started back. But I got him stopped and we went on without any more rumpus.

Now we had decided to go to Bryson City. The man that slept with us had told us about some work out there and since business in Asheville seemed as slick as a rope with nothing tied to the other end, we made up our minds to start for Bryson City on the next train. We found on going to the depot, that it would be ten o'clock before the train left for Bryson City. Now we had about 3 hours to spend in Asheville yet, so we decided that we would make another canvass of the city in search of a job.

We again started up street and once again the street car came singing by but stopped a little way from us. This time I said to Jim, "Let's take a ride on that thing," Jim agreed and we were just about ready to get on when Jim took me by the arm and pulled me away saying, "Bill just look at them niggers on that thing. I'd never ride beside a nigger. Why! we are Lincoln county boys, you reckon we would be little ourselves to ride with niggers?" continued Jim.

I told Jim we could get in the back seat and ride just once and not get close to the niggers, and then our home folks would not find it out anyway. But Jim would not agree. He said he would rather walk like a white man than ride like a nigger anyhow, so we walked on up street.

We had not gone far when we heard the sheriff calling Court, and Jim says "What's that! somebody calling hogs!" I told him it must be at the court house as there surely were no hogs in Asheville. We soon found that I was right and as a great crowd was going in we decided we would go into the Court House too.

Everything was quiet. We took a seat near the door and listened. A nigger was on trial for riding a horse to death. Another nigger was on the stand as a witness. The lawyer had just asked the witness how the defendant rode a horse. "Wi he rides astraddle Boss!" said the nigger. Everybody laughed but the lawyer. He turned red in the face and stormed

out "Now nigger, answer my question. How does that man ride a horse (pointing to the defendant) I say how does he ride in a crowd?" "Wi he keeps up if he can, if he can't he stays behind!" said the witness. This enraged the lawyer so much that he fairly roared: "You impotent black nigger, you tell me how this man rides or I'll have the sheriff to take charge of you. I say, how does he ride! How does he ride when alone?" "Wi boss I dont know how he rides when alone I ain't nebbber been wid him den," said the nigger.

The house fairly roared, Jim whispered to me and said "Bill, lets be going, just look at the niggers around here. You could not throw a stick at a yaller dog without hittin' one."

We got out as quickly as possible where we could get a full breath again. Then I said to Jim "You see what we would have been into if we had had that nigger arrested yesterday." We thought it was now about train time so we started for the depot. After speaking to two or three dry goods signs we heard a train; now talk about running, you might have seen people wauble along but if you never saw Jim you don't know anything about it. When he reached up and pulled his old hat, one leg could not keep out of the way of the other.

He soon left me out of sight. But when I got to the depot he was sitting out on a big piece of tiling as red as a fox and as hot as a ginger mill. He had just begun to get his breath right when I came up and asked him if we were left.

"No it was an old freight train, I just got here in time to see it off!" said Jim.

I asked Jim if he meant to leave me if it had been our train.

"No," said Jim "I wasn't goin' to leave you but I'd told him you's a comin and had him to wait."

I asked a man how long it would be till the train went to Bryson City. He told us that it was about an hour yet so there we had to wait.

Then I looked around to see what Jim was doing. He was examining that tiling, and directly he said to me "Bill haint this a whoppin stove pipe?"

I told him I didn't think it was a stove pipe but I could not make him believe it. He said it could not be anything else because it just looked like a stove pipe.

(Continued next Tuesday.)

To Entertain Bryan.

Charlotte is making elaborate preparations to entertain Mr. W. J. Bryan, who is to be one of the leading attractions at the Fall Festival. A reception worthy of the name and the guests will be tendered the former candidate for President and the Governor of North Carolina at the Selwyn on the afternoon of Monday October 14th, which will be known as "Bryan Day." Mr. Bryan will be met at the station by a delegation of citizens and a salute of 27 guns will be fired from one of Battery "A's" guns. With mounted artillerymen on either side, followed by the local military and a band, the guests of honor will be driven up Trade street to the square, thence to Fifth street, thence to the Selwyn. Large crowds are expected from other towns to hear the well-known Nebraskan speak.

Death of Mr. Goodman.

Mr. John Goodman died at his home, near Ridge Academy, last Sunday and was buried at Trinity church Monday. He was in his 85th year and leaves five children.

Notes From Reepsville.

The farmers in our community are very busy these days picking cotton and getting their ground in fix for the wheat crop.

The people are having trouble in getting guano. I was told today that there was not a single sack of guano in Lincolnton. This is very aggravating to some of us, as it is now out sowing time. But it is like one of our neighbors said last week: "That Lincolnton was the poorest excuse for a town he knew of. Lincolnton slept one hundred years, but today there is hardly a hill but what there is a new house on it, or either some one planning to build. We are all proud of the way she is advancing, and if the progress is kept up, we can expect great things in a few more years."

Mr. Pink Reep moved into Mr. A. P. Willis' house last week. Mr. Willis moved to Lincolnton some time ago and is with the Lincolnton Livery Company.

Messrs. Seronce & Hauss have put in a two-stand gin in the Kiser building and Mr. George Gilbert is ginning in the old building vacated by the former.

The cotton crop is very good, but is about two weeks later than usual.

One of Mr. Tom Bridges' children got a pea in its ear over a week ago, but it was removed yesterday by Dr. Wright, of Lincolnton.

Messrs. E. H. Harn and Tom are now in Lincolnton painting, they are assisted by Mr. Lum Leonard.

Messrs. Calvin and Farel Warlick, of Catawba College, spent Sunday at home.

There was communion service at Daniels Reformed church Sunday.

The communion services will be held at the Lutheran church the 4th Sunday of this month, by Rev. Luther Lehr, of Virginia.

One of our young sports must believe in plenty of good exercise, as it has been six o'clock the last two Mondays when he got in. We understand he has four miles to walk, which accounts for his lateness.

The Baptists of this place have lately added a new tower and bell to the church.

Our school house has had an addition built to it, and now wears a new coat of paint, which adds much to its appearance.

We hope to see all the correspondents take on new life and write a letter each week from their community.

With the exception of colds, our whole neighborhood is blessed with good health at present.

WILD BILL.

Honesty.

A little boy, becoming provoked by his nurse, called her a devil and spat in her face. His mother rebuked him and told him he must apologize to nurse and tell her that he was sorry and that Satan had put it into his head to call her the bad name. He went to his nurse and said:

"Nursie, I am sorry I called you that bad name. Satan put it into my head. But the spittin' part was my own idea."

Hagaman Cotton.

Mr. John A. Shuford was in town Saturday showing samples of a new cotton he has been experimenting with this Fall, the Hagaman cotton, the seeds of which he got from the Agricultural Department in Washington. Mr. Shuford has about 3-4 of an acre in this cotton and has already gathered 400 lbs of cotton and seed, with a good deal still in the boll. He thinks the staple finer than that of the ordinary cotton, it picks easier, and stands the weather better.

South Fork Institute Notes.

School started here just one month ago and everything is moving on nicely. There are now nearly one hundred students, including day students, and more coming in later. The boys have re-organized their Literary Society which meets every Friday night. The girls, besides organizing their Literary Society, have also organized an athletic club class which meets every evening after school hours.

A prayer service is held every Sunday evening by the students. Great care is taken here to give the students moral training—it being recognized as the most important part of an education. The chief aim of all schools and of every one who seeks an education is, or should be, to make the country better—to help others—and if one neglects the development of moral character, they leave out the most essential thing. So many students go through school and come out with well developed minds and prepared, as they think, for a useful life but, alas, lacking in moral character.

Rev. Mr. Wilkins, of Columbia, S. C., closed a very successful series of meetings at the Baptist church last week. Twenty-two were added to the church.

The Union Cotton Mill, of this place, will soon be run by electricity from the Southern Power Company's plant near Rock Hill, S. C. The posts for the wire have been erected and the machinery has arrived.

The S. F. I. baseball team has an engagement with the Newton team for next Saturday. We hope to see a nice game.

Two Kinds of Girls.

"There are two kinds of girls in the world," says somebody, "the girl who works and the girl who gads. Commend us to the former. Work leads dignity to a pretty girl—is an added charm to her. The girl who works—God bless her—combines the useful and the ornamental. She might gad about or roll on sofas, but she prefers to be some account in th world and goes out stenographer, teacher, saleslady, etc., and bravely makes her own way. Such are the salt of the earth and of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Union Republican.

Which Would You Rather Be?

If an editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If an editor makes one there is a law suit, swearing and the smell of sulphur, but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and the smell of varnish.

A doctor can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means, if an editor uses it he has to spell it. Any old college man can make a doctor. You can't make an editor; he has to be born. —Ladies Home Journal.

Nothing But Hair.

The Murphy branch of the Southern Railway is noted for its curves and grades and is considered one of the most dangerous pieces of railroad east of the Rockies. The following conversation was held a short while ago between two engineers at Almond, a meeting point between two enormous grades, Balsam and Red Marble, these grades approximating 300 feet to the mile. John Clark said to Bud Poindexter, "Why do you always come here late? A freight man was on your run last trip and came here three minutes ahead of time," to which Bud replied, "John, that man didn't have a damn thing above his eyes but hair."

Cathey-Bartlett

The following account, taken from the Charlotte Observer, of the marriage of Miss Georgie Bartlett will be of interest to her many friends and admirers here.

Rutherfordton, Oct. 4.—A beautiful marriage was that at St. Francis' Episcopal church yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock in which Rev. Samuel L. Cathey and Miss Georgie C. Bartlett plighted their troth and were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Long before the appointed hour the people began gathering—and the beautiful little rock church was filled to overflowing—to witness this interesting event. Promptly at 4:30 the bridal party arrived, just as the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March filled the air and breathed into it a spirit of sweet solemnity and beauty befitting the seriousness of the occasion. The contracting parties marched down the aisle to the altar in the following order: Rev. Mr. Cathey with his brother, Mr. L. A. Cathey, who was best man; Miss Bartlett on the arm of her father, Mr. George L. Bartlett, who gave her away. The ideal ceremony which bound the lives of this popular young couple was impressively performed by the rector, Rev. J. C. Seigle, assisted by Rev. E. N. Joyner, of Tryon. There were no decorations or attendants. The bride was beautifully attired in a brown broadcloth suit with hat and gloves to match, while the groom wore the regulation conventional black.

Rev. Mr. Cathey is a native of Mecklenburg, but has resided in this county for the past nine years. During the first two years he was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Forest City, after which he was called to Rutherfordton, and has served the church here the remainder of the time with ability and distinction. He is a son of Mrs. Nancy H. Cathey, of Mecklenburg, and a brother of Messrs. N. A. L. A. and J. A. Cathey, of Mecklenburg. Mrs. Cathey is a native of this county, but resided in Lincolnton until three years ago, when she returned to Rutherfordton and has since made her home here. She is young woman of many charming traits of character and is loved and admired by all who know her.

Many valuable presents were given them as evidence of the esteem in which the popular couple is held by their many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cathey left over the Southern this afternoon for the former's home in Mecklenburg county, after which they will go to Washington, Richmond and the Jamestown Exposition. They will be away about four weeks.

A LOST CHORD.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered listly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Mr. R. F. Harrill, of Charlotte, spent Sunday and Monday here with relatives.