

# THE LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

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 FRIDAY.)  
CHAPTER XI.

As we had no fire arms and it was growing dark we decided to fill our pockets with rocks.

It was beginning to get cloudy; mountains stood out around us like the backs of frightened cats and cast their ebon shades of blackest midnight in our path; low browed rocks hung over the track and darkness began to spread his jealous wings everywhere; grizzly deep silence reigned around us and we began to feel as lonesome as a ham sandwich in Jerusalem. I knew there were bears in this country.

So I said: "Jim what if we should see a bear in these mountains?"

"O I'd put the fixins on him, I would frost him with one of these Lord's biscuits, I've got in my pocket," said Jim rattling his rocks together in his pocket.

"All right now if we do run up on any danger let's be brave, let's stand by each other and give it the best we've got in the shop?" I said.

We got along all right till about ten o'clock when we came to a tunnel we feared to go through on account of the trains, so we had to go over the mountain. But talk about a mess, saw briars and thorns, bushes that you see around Lincoln, is not a circumstance to what we got into. Bamboo briars wound around rocks, doubled and twisted among ivy bushes doesn't begin to describe this thicket that we scrambled through trying to get over Bald mountain, when it was as dark as a stack of black cats.

Directly we heard something moving in front of us.

The sweat popped out all over me; my hat began to rise on my head, but summoning all my courage I determined to stand firm. "It's a bear," said I "now stand your ground Jim! and let's do him one." While standing in breathless suspense trying to see where to aim, we again heard the wild animal moving, a few steps in front of us. This time I said, "Jim! stand back let me try a rock on him." "For God's sake! don't miss him," said Jim. I swung my sinewy arm and with the dexterity of a base ball pitcher, I hurled the deadly missile with such precision that I gave the miserable brute a center blow that sent it squealing down the mountain. This frightened Jim more than ever.

"For Heaven's sake let me try him a blow," he stammered as he hurled a large rock after it with the force of a cannon ball. "O, it is only a hog," I laughed. "Let's kill the darn varment anyhow for scaring us so" said Jim.

This success in overcoming every obstacle aroused Jim's courage to such a pitch, that like the warhorse of the scriptures who panteth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, he was ready for anything in the woods. He gave a sharp yell and said "Look out littleuns, dad is coming home drunk. Woop, get out of the way, we eat um alive, bite their heads off, not afraid of anything that wears hair!"

But now we began to see another danger before us; what if we were lost and could not find the way out of this place.

It was dark, O my! So dark you could almost slice it. You could feel it. Did you ever find a hen's nest under the old barn and try to reach the eggs when they were so far away that you couldn't reach them or touch anything, and

at the same time you were expecting a Copperhead to grab your finger every minute? Well that is just how this darkness felt as we walked, stumbled, fell and crawled over that mountain that the all-wise builder of this world gave the Rattle snakes for an inheritance. We rambled and scrambled on; but it seemed as if we did not ramble anywhere. Then it began to rain. Everything was as black as the ebon shades of outer darkness. We knew not which way to turn. We were lost indeed. Jim said "everything was against us, and that even the weather was not accommodating. If I ever get home I'll never leave again as long as I live" he declared with a whimpering voice.

This was enough to make us pause, ponder and reflect. We had walked until we were out of breath. I was holding to a bush for support while Jim got toehold at the side of a big rock and leaned up against the hill to rest, every now and then yawning like a dying fish. I couldn't think what to do; I felt like my name ought to be Lord Scatterbrain. Tears broke out in Jim's eyes, but after he had sniffled a little he began to jest. "Seems like there's no way out of this without going to another world," he laughed, not knowing how near he was bordering on the truth, not knowing that he was mocking at real danger and that one awkward move might fulfill prophecy. But just then a sound fell on my ear. It sounded as eloquent as a rattlesnakes tail and more welcome than a schoolboy's letter from home.

It was the rumble of that great iron monster that has converted the whole world into one neighborhood, a locomotive. It was coming up behind us and we could not see it. But O, how welcome that sound! It would soon show us the way. We could follow the bright light to the railroad and then we would be all safe. But to our amazement in a few seconds we saw a bright place just below us. What could it mean? A few seconds convinced us. It was really so. That was the mouth of the tunnel. There we were hanging over that precipice. One step further and we would have fallen into the hungry arms of death on the railroad track, in the mouth of the tunnel. O horror of horrors! had we been that near the bony skeleton of the grim monster death? My head swam, my knees trembled as I thought of our peril; but we were not slow in taking advantage of the opportunity to get out of this place. By the aid of the great head light of the locomotive we were soon down the side of the hill and nearly at the track till the train passed.

This did not bring forth any joke from Jim. I think it was getting most too serious.

We got along very well for awhile except now and then one of us would fall over something and add another bruise to our skins. But after awhile we came to another tunnel. Then Jim gave vent to his feelings. "Now we've played the dickens trying to travel at night. I would not have tore my Sunday coat this way for all the mountain land this side of Hepso-dam. O! we're in the middle of a dickens of a bad fix. Just listen at that rain, whew! I don't feel like going any further, them gum biles on my heel feel like they are getting bigger every minute."

This was Jim's way of expressing himself, one short jerky sentence right after another. But I knew the best way to keep Jim in

heart was to get him tickled, so I said, "Yes, you are right Jim, about the only thing left us to do now is to tie a sewing thread around our necks and hang ourselves up on a ragweed and commit sideways."

And this did not fail. Jim brightened up at once and said, "Bill, I've got it now, just thought of a plan I know how we can succeed." "How?" I eagerly asked. "Why get a seed and suck it he answered" laughing. And to get even with him I had to remind him of that mountain man that told him how to make a nickel slick.

But just then a freight train came up, and very fortunately for us we thought then, it switched at the tunnel to let another train pass. Jim and I decided to bumm. We climbed on (Jim in front of me) directly the conductor came around and persuaded Jim to get off. When I heard the conductor's No. 10 shoe coming in contact with the bosom of Jim's pants I took a notion I would get off too.

Now this was rough treatment, with the bark on it, and we felt like growling about, but you know "conscience makes cowards of us all," so we didn't try to scarp with the conductor. But the train soon pulled off and left us standing there in the cold rain. We watched the light of the train go out of sight in the tunnel and through I think, but I didn't know then, and a man that has just been chased by a rattle snake will run from a lizzard anyhow. So we decided that we would go through but what could we do. We couldn't even see each other; we had to get down and feel of the R. R. to find out if we were on it. But the rain got harder and everything was so wet we can't have time to sit down and rest. Just then we heard a sound that struck terror to our hearts again. It was something walking and breaking bushes on the side of the hill near us—I felt Jim take hold of my coat. I whispered "Another bear Jim." "Let me try my rock on him," whispered Jim, "I'll pluck him to sleep like David did Goliath." Jim got out his rocks, the animal came on; I waited in breathless suspense to hear the blow fall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Can "Tote Our Own Row."

Congressman Burleson of Texas, on the 25th called on the acting Secretary of the United States Treasury at Washington with the request that \$10,000,000 be distributed among the southern banks. He was informed however, Mr. Burleson says, that since the New York banks required so much money to bridge over the late flurry there was barely enough money in the treasury to conduct the daily business of the government. It seems to The Cotton Journal that the greatest money crop produced on the Western Hemisphere should be protected, when protection is needed, by the paternal government, provided of course, it is possible for the government to do so. However, the high rolling financiers of Gotham must be protected at all hazards—even though cotton be depressed and the solid wealth of the nation be measurably affected. The South can, if it will, "tote its own row" therefore Uncle Sam has our permission to plug the bung hole with greenbacks and keep back the flood of water represented in the stocks going to waste because the light has been turned on to the transactions of gamblers, promoters, speculators and dealers in blue sky.—Cotton Journal, October 31st.

Mr. Jake Ford, of Charlotte, came up Saturday to spend Sunday with his family.

## Phi Phi Deltas Entertain.

"Battle Hill" the hospitable suburban home of Mr. R. M. Roseman was the scene of much merriment last Thursday night, the occasion being a Halloween party given by the Phi Phi Delta Club. Invitations had been issued as follows:

### HALLOWE'EN.

Come to "Battle Hill" at the hour of eight. And let the witches tell your fate. The Phi Phi Delta Club.

The supernatural guests began to arrive at 8 o'clock, each clad in ghostly white. Two guards of this mystic order kept watch at the gate so that no impostor might enter the realms of the Order. At the door the ghosts were met with a most cordial welcome of silence and ushered into the ante-chamber, where walked ceaselessly the mysterious spirits of numerous spooks. After many cold and hungry looks, the high Mogul of the Order gave the signal to repair to the festive haunt of the clan, the procession being led by the Chief Ghost, the others falling in line, holding to a clanking chain. The pathway led by devious ways through a dark forest to a haunted house which was supposed to be the abode of the spirits. Here was heard the mournful songing of the wind in the pines, which, mingled with the wiert notes of a screech owl and the cawtawling of unhappy tomcats, added to the greswomness of the scene. As the Palace of the Ghosts was approached fiery deaths-heads, made of pumpkins, threw a lurid glamour over house and wood. Inside a roaring fire of crackling logs warmed the chilled Ghosts and gave a cheery welcome. The rooms were decorated for the occasion with gorgeous autumn leaves. In one room a Gipsy ghost presided at a booth where the fortunes of the departed were told. In another apartment were bowls of water in which apples floated, the guests having to dive for them. Peanuts were given to those spirits who composed rhymes for them.

After considerable merriment with the apples and the booth, the spirits unmasked and a gigantic gypsy pot, suspended from a tripod, was opened up and proved to be full of blithe and jovial squibs on those present. Mr. Frontis Anthony was made toastmaster for this occasion and read as follows:

Nora doesn't powder, and she can't endure (Miss) a Crowder,—she doesn't love a jade but she's fond of Owen Cade.

None of the Lincoln girls want to be left on the shelf and they won't if they can get Gus Self.

Jim says it makes him homesick to hear a "guinea."

Neal says, of all the boys that come from afar Loy is the Lochinoar.

Mr. Adair is small, but he "Peggs" his own way.

Lola thinks on Halloween night its nice to be spooney. It's all because of Dave Mauney.

Guinea says her name is Jimmie, take all you gimmie, and she means "Ernest" too.

Margaretta teaches art but she's fond of "Rhyne."

Wheres Reese? gone to the Hospital to see his "Finger."

The wind may blow, and the wind may howl. Susie don't care if she can only see Elliott McDowell.

Neals sits by the fire, looks at the cat, and thinks of a mouse, the door opens and she sees (Dois) A. Houser.

Ask Guy what day? Its always "Munday."

Hugh goes to the Rink and Sh(r)ums all the girl.

Mont's favorite flower is the Marchiel Neil Rose(man.)

Karl is never satisfied. He is

always saying, Moore.

Jim is fond of books but he don't like a Page.

Reese is so wise that some think he needs a Turner.

Sadie never takes A-dair.

Paul always thinks of the Price before he buys.

This time next year Wallace will still be trying to Guy people.

Loy won't have a "Rose" without a "man."

Neal is always singing "O do you know the druggist man."

Some think Victor wants a Lott.

As next year is Leap year Ida May thinks she will be Victorious.

Reese is always looking at his little Finger.

Wonder if Mont is still burning fence rails.

During the festivities of the evening lively music was supplied by a graphophone, and dainty refreshments were served by the Phi Phi Deltas, all of whom acted as waitresses. The menu consisted of Chicken Salad, Butter Thins, Pickles and Olives.

Those present were: Misses Mary Miller, Newton; Margretta Yoder, Georgia Rhodes, Ida May Munday, Sadie Lander, Nora Lander, Lee Motz, Maude Mullen, Lola Pressly, Neal Roseman, Forney Roseman, Wallace Anthony, Alda Costner, Mary Hoover, Susie Childs, Kate Burgin, and Messrs. Karl Lawing, Mont Ramsaur, Mike Quicquel, Aubrey Quicquel, Owen Cade, Mason Pressly, Moorman Roseman, Hugh Cline, Frontis Anthony, Elliot McDowell, Gus Self, and Dave Mauney, Cherryville; Ernest Page, and Eric Hoover, Gastonia; Loy Bolick, Conover; Hunter Manney, Rosse, Hottelion, Cline, Cline, Kemp Nixon, Victor Motz, Jim Shuford, Paul Rhyne, L. H. Adair, Vaughn Padgett and Calvin Phillips.

## Does It Rain Frogs?

Positive evidence is wanting on this all important subject. The controversy waxes warm. Where are the nature fakers, that they do not arise to explain? If left to the farmers, 99 per cent will answer "Yes." Most naturalists say "No." Without drawing too fine a distinction, by "frogs" is meant "toads." I have seen the ground perfectly dry for weeks, with not a toad in sight. Suddenly comes a shower, almost out of a clear sky, all over in ten minutes, leaving millions of little toads hopping around, some so small that four could sit on a copper cent without overcrowding. It is asserted that these toads are buried in the ground in dry weather, and at the first warm rain come forth. Let us have some proof. If it "rains pitchforks with saw log handles" and "blows great guns," why can't it rain toads?—New York Press.

## Cleveland Clippings.

Chief H. W. Jetton is being congratulated upon the stork's visit to his home last Sunday the result of which was the presentation to the proud and happy father of a sturdy little future Chief of Police.

Miss Margaret Tiddy, one of the accomplished teachers in the Lincoln County Graded School spent Sunday here with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. J. F. Tiddy.

Miss Lala Munday, an attractive young resident of Denver, is visiting relatives and friends in the city.

Mr. Clarence Stamey, one of the valued members of the progressive firm of Stamey Bros., Fallston, was in the city on business Wednesday.—Cleveland Star, Nov. 1st.

## A Letter From San Francisco.

San Francisco, Cal.  
Oct. 22nd 1907.

Editor Lincoln County News.

As you have requested a letter from me I will write a short one. Frisco is booming now, she has built a number of sky-scrappers since the fire. There are 40,000 mechanics working here now and in less than five years we will have an ideal city again.

The street car strike is not settled here yet, it has been on for five months. There are a lot of people killed and crippled every day in the riots which occur between the Union and the Non-union men. It looks as if the Non-union men will win in the strike.

The big Atlantic fleet which has been ordered here to the Pacific coast has attracted a great deal of attention, especially among the Japs.

A New York firm has started to put up a Coney Island for Frisco at Half Moon bay, where there is a beach which affords the finest surf-bathing on this coast.

The rat industry here now is very popular among the small boys, The health board pays ten cents apiece for them, delivered at their office. It is thought the rats spread disease.

There was a slight earthquake here yesterday, but no damage was done.

The grape crop in California this season was the largest in years, but much loss was caused by the scarcity of cars in which to ship the crop.

Frisco has the finest climate in the world. It is warm here all the year round; but we have colder nights here in the summer than in the winter. It never rains except in the winter. California is a golden State in every respect.

B. E. CARPENTER.

## The Tendency of The Times.

James M. Mode, a free lance in politics and a rough mountaineer with much native wisdom, asked this editor on the streets of Rutherfordton Monday noon.

"Don't you think there is too much war or antagonism against Capital? Why, into my mountain section, a rich man, J. Middleby, came with his big saw mills and spent his money freely. Our people hauled stocks to the mills and now they have nice homes, a vast improvement on their old homes. He helped us to better things.

The South & Western Railway is spending thousands of dollars here adding wealth to our country. Let us have more railroads here instead of fighting railroads and capital."

The editor told him his head was level, that saw mills are great civilizers, and that Capital that brings more cotton mills and more railroads was worth a thousand demagogues hungry for office. Capital is as essential as Labor and both should be friends, helping each other.—Rutherfordton Sun.

## Called to Alexis.

Rev. J. A. Hoyle, pastor of the Loray Baptist church, has received a call to the pastorate of the Alexis Baptist church to succeed Rev. W. B. McLure, resigned. Mr. Hoyle has not yet decided whether he will accept the call, but will give his answer in a week or ten days. Should he accept, the new work would not interfere with his work as pastor here, as he would preach at Alexis only once or twice a month.—Gastonia Gazette.

Mr. Baylus Cade, Jr., has moved his habitat to Lenoir, where he will keep books for Mr. H. T. Newland.