

# The Lincoln County News.

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## HOT IN GEORGIA

**Lincoln County Boy Down in the Cracker State Finds It Rather Warm—Big Celebration of Odd Fellows.**

Rome, Ga., May 27, 1911.—My Dear Friends:—It has been so long since you have heard anything from me that I guess you think I am dead or something, that is if you ever take time to think about such a little thing as I am. No I am not dead but I am almost roasted, for it sure is hot here. Yesterday about one o'clock the thermometer registered 95 degrees in the shade and today it is 98 degrees at the same place, and that is what I call getting hot. I have wished a great number of times that I was back in North Carolina, where it does not get so hot.

Well I guess that you noticed at the beginning of this that I have changed my place of abode since you last heard from me. I left Columbus, Ga., the second of May and came back to Atlanta. We stayed there a little over a week and then I went to Athens and spent four days there and then came back to Atlanta again. I was sick four or five days so I had to stay there until I got better. I then came to Rome where I have been a little over nine weeks now. Athens is a pretty little town of about 15 or 20 thousand population. It is built on a hill overlooking the Oconee river. I made some good friends while I was there and I was loath to depart but my business called me elsewhere so I had to bid them adieu. We are called upon many times in life to bid farewell very near and dear friends that we would be glad if we could remain together always, but then we can't be together all the time down here on this old earth, but we can live in such a way that we can meet again in a better world than this and there we will not be separated any more. It is to that meeting that I look forward to with a great of pleasure for there I expect to meet friends and loved ones that I will never meet again on this earth, and if it was not for that meeting place (although I do not know where that place will be) there would not be anything in life to live for. Because if this life was all there was to it and if there was not going to be a hereafter, there would be nothing to cause men to do right and we would not have any law or order or in short we would not have anything except disorder and lawlessness of the rankest kind, and this world would not be a desirable place to live at all, while as it is we look forward to something better and it makes this world seem bright, just to prepare us for that better and brighter world.

But then I was about to forget what I started to tell you about. Arriving in Rome on Thursday evening about 5:30 I tramped around a couple of hours trying to find a boarding place but every one that I went to see were either full or all the room they had was engaged for the next week, on account of the State meeting of the Odd Fellows, of which I will tell you something in a few minutes. I finally succeeded in getting a place to stay overnight and on Friday morning I found a good place to board, with some good people who make everything seem as much like home to one as they possibly can, and you can bet that one is glad to find a place like that after being treated just any old way at the majority of the places that one stops when they are travelling. Those of you who have travelled any at all can understand the feeling that one experiences when they happen to run across a place like this. Rome is a town which has about 20 thousand inhabitants, and is situated in a hilly country among the foot hills of the Blue Ridge mountains, in and around the junction of the Etowah and Costannanda rivers where they run together and from Coosa river. I think they operate a steamboat line from here to Gadsden, Ala. Rome is engaged in manufacturing of several different kinds and in fact this is a hustling little town. It is a town that believes in education also, for it is well supplied with public schools and they have a college here and are building a new one which they hope to have ready for use next term. Rome is also the home of the Miss Mattie

Berry school for boys and girls of which you all have no doubt heard about.

Well now for a few words about the Odd Fellows Convention here the middle of this week. Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock the delegates and local Odd Fellows formed in line and marched up on one side of Broad street and then down on the other side. There were about 500 in the parade. At Sixth avenue they were met by the public school children about 150 strong. The children marched down Broad and back up the other side where they met the Odd Fellows again. Here the children formed two lines and the Odd Fellows marched through. Each child carried an Odd Fellow pennant and as the Odd Fellows marched between the children they were each presented with a pennant, and the children sang "Rah! rah! rah! Odd Fellows! Odd Fellows! welcome to Rome." I thought as I looked at the children that after awhile they will be the ones who will have to run this country of ours and I thought how important it was that they should take advantage of every opportunity they have to fit themselves to run everything as it ought to be run, for you all know as well I that on the future generations rests the destiny of this nation of ours. Then it is all the more important that they should be trained in the right way in order that they can do their work as well if not better than their forefathers.

I know you are all getting tired trying to read this muffed up letter so I will ring off for this time, hoping that you are all well and happy as a June bug in the shade, or as a dead pig in the sunshine either. I will tell you all something else later on, for I think I will see something else to tell you all about before long. So be good all of you until we meet again. I am,

Very truly your friend,  
TRAVELLER.

## LOWESVILLE ITEMS.

June 2.—Everybody was glad to see the rain yesterday evening. Crops are looking well notwithstanding the hot, dry weather—Mrs. H. M. Lowe was called to the bedside of her brother-in-law, Rev. T. T. Salyer at Norwood last week. She returned Monday and says there is very little hopes of his recovery. He has been confined to his bed since January with rheumatism but his condition was not thought serious until two weeks ago when other troubles set in. Brother Salyer has many friends in this community having served this charge as pastor for two years, going from here to Lincoln—Aunt Hettie Jackson once a slave of Stonewall Jackson died yesterday at the age of 105—Conner Pryor has bought a house and lot in Lowesville known as the Gilleland house and will move his family there in October—Aunt Lizzie Kincaid is visiting relatives in Gastonia—Dr. E. C. Taylor has returned from Charlotte where he has been taking a post graduate course for three weeks. Dr. Taylor's brothers-in-law, Dr. Gamble and Dr. Whitaker of Charlotte have been looking after the sick during Dr. Taylor's absence—Master David Lowe of Concord has been visiting relatives in our town for some time—Rev. B. F. Fincher and son, Joe, went to Charlotte last week where the latter will spend the summer.

## SMART ALECK.

LEFT LINCOLN COUNTY IN 1866.

Baird, Texas, May 28, 11.—S. E. Cornwell—Dear Sir:—I see your name in the official membership list of the Associated Bill Posters. I am also a member of the Texas Bill Posters Association. Was born myself in old Lincoln county in 1846 and moved from there in 1866. So you see I was an old Southern soldier. Fought in 42 battles. I write this letter to find out if the State of North Carolina has an old soldiers' home. I want to find some of my old kin folks so I can write to them. I hope to hear from you soon. Many thanks,

J. W. ROBINSON,  
Baird, Texas, Box 212.

Mr. George Rhyne, of Southside, spent Sunday here with friends.

## GIANT WATERMELONS

A Wake County Philanthropist Distributes Seed From Turkey.

Raleigh News & Observer.

Capt. N. W. West, of Raleigh, is a philanthropist, a public benefactor. He has found a good thing and he is going to pass it on. If he makes a success at it he will be crowned "The American Watermelon King."

Captain West is a reader and in his reading of foreign consular reports he often came across strange things. The latest is that he has learned of there being such things as great watermelons, which grow as large as full sized flour barrels. Captain West, in common with the rest of North Carolinians, likes watermelons, and when he heard of the flour barrel size in Asiatic Turkey, he got busy, sent for the seed and has distributed them among a number of farmers in Wake county.

The giant melons, both the water and the muskmel on grow in Diabeker, in Asiatic Turkey, and Captain West wants to have them grown in Wake county therefore he has taken steps to have a unique contest to draw attention to the watermelon just as soon as they are ready for the eating this season. In a public place in Raleigh he will put on exhibition one of the biggest of the flour barrel watermelons and at each end he will station a little negro. A prize of five dollars in gold will be the dazzling trophy for the little negro that eats the fastest and the most of the melon. Each end of the melon will be cut the little negroes will start in to eating. (The one who eats beyond the center of the melon first is to be the winner. He will therefore, get the most of the watermelon and the five dollars.)

This is no fairy story and no first of April prank affair. Captain West has a copy of the report of Consul William W. Masterson, of Harput, who in telling of these giant melons in Asiatic Turkey, says:

"Both the water and the muskmelon of Diabeker are the largest I have ever seen. Watermelons grow in Diabeker each as large as a flour barrel, and muskmelons but little smaller, only the muskmelon is rounder like a pumpkin. "These melons are raised in the bed of the Tigris, as after the spring rains are over and the snows have all melted from the mountains the river shrinks to comparative insignificance, and large tracts of the bottom lands are thus exposed. This land is plowed, and in each hill where the seeds are planted, a quantity of pigeon manure is mixed with the earth. There are people living in Diabeker breeding pigeons for no other purpose than to sell the manure to the melon growers."

As the melons are growing over the moist soil of what was a river for six months of the year, no irrigation is necessary, and though it seldom rains during the summer, the melon vines never dry up. With the prospect of such melons there is happiness ahead and warm weather has no terrors. The farmers to whom the seed has been distributed should give every attention to the crop, for not alone Wake county, but all North Carolina, all the South, all the country, will be impatient for the first picking.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeds pass him over this way that we may have one look at his mortal remains ere he vanishes away for surely this earth cannot be his abiding place. Now we do not infer that one should be going through this world trying to find beams to knock and thump his head against, disputing every man's opinion fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from his. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinions, so have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day, to match the color of theirs.

Miss Elva Templeton, of Cary, is spending a few weeks in the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Louise Lander.

## The Knight of the Silver Star

A Romance of Drussenland

By PERCY BRENNER

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### CHAPTER IX.

HAD I had the opportunity I would one night have cut the prisoners' bonds and let them go free, but this I could not do. They were guarded too carefully, and I knew well with what sinister intentions. I spoke about the prisoners to Wasen, and he did not sympathize with me at all. He was a good fellow, but, after all, a barbarian. Even in the palace there was high revel, much feasting and drinking, some not justly so. Still, these jests were not spoken in the hearing of the princess, nor did a knight unsteadily approach her. Doubtless she knew that such things happened, but she did not countenance them, although she could not altogether prevent them. She welcomed me as she welcomed others, although I was now a popular hero. Somewhat piqued, I determined that she should understand that I cared no more for her than for any other woman. A dozen lovers were ready to my hand, and for sport I chose one partly, partly for revenge. The Lady Aldrida did not beckon me now. Of my own accord I went to her, and she drew her gown aside that I might sit by her.

"You honor me, Sir Verrall."  
"Nay, mistress; it is ever the lady who honoreth the knight when she accepts his company."  
"And once you swore that you were rough of speech, not given to paying compliments."  
She cast down her eyes as she said it. She looked beautiful, and I was in the mood to like her beauty.  
"Said I so?" I asked, leaning toward her until the scent of her hair was in my nostrils.  
"Indeed you did."  
"You must have frowned then, sweet mistress, or I could not have been so ungallant. When you smile the very best churl could not help but say pretty things."  
"Once it was said that could you use your sword as you used your tongue you would be a great warrior. Now—"  
"And now?" I asked, touching the lace upon her sleeve in a sort of mute caress.  
"Ah, Sir Verrall, you have proved yourself with your sword, yet I doubt if it can work greater damage than your tongue."  
"Each to its business," I answered gayly—"the sword for the heart of a man, the tongue for the heart of a woman."  
"Any man or any woman?"  
"Nay, you wrong me; I vow it. The man must be a foe as surely as the woman one I love."  
"Had you said so when you paid no compliments I might have believed you," she whispered.  
And I whispered just as low:  
"Mistress, I will quarrel with you if you believe me not now."  
"Quarrel!" she said, with an anxious look, a little hand laid upon my arm.  
"Then believe."

A hundred had bowed before her, yet she stood heart whole. It was my own victory—success where others had failed.  
"And deeper yet I dived, blindfold, as it were."  
"Mistress, if you would, prove my faith."  
She looked up suddenly, interrupting me.  
"May I?"  
"How and when you will," I answered.  
"Not now," she laughed. "I have no quest to set you to, no enemy who has slandered me to point out."  
"Well for him," I boasted, "for I am dangerous when you smile upon me. Still, mistress, there is one question I would ask."  
"And I will answer it if I can."  
"Your other lovers, have you forgotten them?"  
"Sir Verrall!"  
"Pardon, mistress, but a lover is a jealous fellow. He must walk alone in his lady's garden or walk not there at all. And beauty cannot hide itself. I have seen many a gallant waiting for one smile from you. Therefore I ask the question."  
"My lovers they may be, but no heart chord of mine have they touched. Perchance I smiled, my lord. Would you always have me frowning?"

"Nay, mistress, but there are smiles which only I should have. I pray you smile not so upon them."  
"Not on one, my lord, I promise you."

"Not even on—" "On whom?" "On Count Vasca. He surely loves you, and he is a valiant knight."  
"Loves me! Perhaps once he did, but now it is the princess he would win a gracious word from. Valiant, you say, yet I know one more valiant than he. My heart leaped toward you as Count Vasca rolled to earth that day."  
"I have had greater affairs to settle than that, mistress," and, fool that I was, I almost blushed to think how far truth had retreated from me.  
"When I seek to prove you it shall be a hard task then," she whispered. And then she stood up suddenly. "There is music in the lower room. My feet long to dance, since my heart is light. Will you take me?"

I believe I would have married her there and then had she asked, so great a fool was I. The Lady Aldrida danced gracefully, and I do not think I disgraced her as a partner. I did my best to please, for I was glad to lead her through the dance.

The dance over, I pledged her in wine, sealing, as it were, the words I had spoken, and she blushed a sweet acceptance of my homage.

"Has never Vasca pledged you so?" I asked.  
"I hope not or yours would be a false pledge, seeing that he seeks my company no longer."

"Truly a fool to forsake such favors."  
"Yet he does so for the favors of a princess," she said in a low voice. "Tell me, not as you see with a lover's eyes, but critically—on your honor, critically—am I not as fair as she?"

"Nay, mistress, you judge yourself but harshly," I answered promptly. Perhaps for this reason I began to hear what others around us were talking of. Until now I had been deaf to all save Lady Aldrida.

"Tomorrow in the market place," were the first words I caught. They were uttered by a man seated a little space from us, spoken to his companion, a woman, and I could well guess of what he spoke.

"Tomorrow!" she said. "Is it not a cruel law?"  
"Cruel? Yes, but necessity is often cruel," her companion answered. "To let them go would be madness; to spare them would be to gather enemies within our walls. Speak no more of them. They are not worth the exercise of your sweet lips."

"Pardon me, Sir Knight," I said, turning to him. "Is it of the prisoners you speak?"  
"Yes, Sir Verrall. They die tomorrow."  
"Prisoners of war always die on the morrow," said Lady Aldrida. "What are they to us?"

"It is a barbarous custom—disgraceful to brave men."  
"Still it is the law."  
"Then there should be no such law." She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"What would you, Sir Verrall?" she asked, rising with some excitement. "I would do something for these same prisoners of ours."  
"Tonight?"  
"Surely, since they die tomorrow."

She looked straight into my eyes. What she saw there I do not know, but she put her hand in mine suddenly.  
"I will do what you will."  
"Then let us to the princess."  
"Blame me not if we fail," she said. "The princess does not overfavor me at present."

"I have an argument to make her attentive to a petition," I answered. "A dangerous one to use perchance, but this is no time to count the cost."  
Count Vasca was still with the princess, and Vasca stood close beside her chair. As we approached I saw that we had come at an inopportune time. Vasca's brow was clouded. That I did not fear. But the princess was evidently angered.

"You come too late to give us counsel, Sir Verrall," she said angrily. "Think you there is nothing besides feasting to be done?"  
"Your highness must pardon me, but I thought tonight was given to feasting. The noisy town bid me think so, and—"  
"Is it aught to me what the rabble of the town do?" she interrupted.

"And here were dancing and making merry. Your highness did not call me to counsel."  
"It seems, Sir Verrall, that you please yourself and come when I do not call."  
"To ask a favor, princess,"  
"Favors are easily asked," she returned in a tone that showed she was prepared to refuse me.

"It is a favor, yet not for myself."  
"For the Lady Aldrida, doubtless, since she comes with you. You chose a fitting knight to do your wishes, madame, yet not one who cannot be refused."  
She spoke in a sneering fashion, which made me lose some of the calmness I had intended using. The cloud on Vasca's brow lifted too. He was pleased that the princess received me so ungraciously.

"The favor is not for Lady Aldrida. She would doubtless have been received kindly had she brought any request of her own to you. Your highness knows that we have returned from victory."  
"I have given my thanks to all who helped to win it," she answered sharp-

ly. "Most graciously," I returned. "A victory brings suffering with it. I speak not of those who fall fighting, be they friends or foes, but of the prisoners we bring with us. Is it well that because they have been brave they should die like dogs in the market place?"

I saw that Vasca was looking at me fixedly. I saw a deeper cloud than ever settle over Vasca's face.

"This lady would plead with me for their pardon. Is it not right that women, with their gentler nature, should teach us men, brought up in ruder manners, something of their gentleness?"

"I do plead with Sir Verrall," said Lady Aldrida.

"This mood is a strange one to catch you in, my lady," said Vasca.

"That Lady Aldrida pleads has no weight with me," said the princess sternly. "Thank you, Sir Verrall, it



"LET HIM WHO QUESTIONS MY LOYALTY SPEAK."

was I who made the laws of Drussenland? Is my word to alter laws burned into the very hearts of the people because, forsooth, a knight makes a request?"

"Then, your highness, pardon me; to the princess I will not appeal, but to the woman."  
"As you have already appealed to Lady Aldrida I am not so easily urged."

Still Vasca looked fixedly at me, yet I could read no meaning in his eyes.  
"Would you starve those who fight for us to feed the traitors who fight against us?" asked Vasca, with a sneer, as he saw that the princess was unlikely to grant my request.

"I would prevent butchery in cold blood, count, though my own life should pay the forfeit."  
But my courage did not appeal to her highness.

"Your words savor somewhat of treachery, Sir Verrall," she said. "You are so gently inclined toward my enemies it is hard to believe that you can be equally gentle to my friends."

She could hardly have spoken words to sting me more. Many eyes were fixed upon me now, and I knew that I was likely to be disgraced. Her words made my blood tingle; Vasca's cold smile maddened me.

"My deeds have proved me," I answered haughtily. "If further proof is wanting let him who questions my loyalty speak."

I paused. There was no answer to my hot challenge.  
"Then only your highness doubts me."

"She rose hastily from her chair. "I have not called in question your deeds in the field, Sir Verrall. Let me not have to question your deeds in my presence. The law must take its course. I have no power to grant your request." And she turned to retire.

I was desperate. Her curt refusal was my disgrace. I saw it in the faces of those about me. I would not let her go thus. I told myself I was fighting for the prisoners, but I was fighting for myself too.

"One deed done in your presence has gone unrewarded, your highness," I said, taking a step toward her. She stopped and turned to me.

"The call to arms robbed me of the victor's crown. It is ever held that he who conquers in the lists should claim a favor of the lady whose token he wears."  
"The lady will no doubt grant it, unless your rashness has made her afraid," she said scornfully, looking at Lady Aldrida.

From my bosom I plucked the handkerchief the princess had given me and fell upon my knee.

"Then, gracious lady, I claim my favor, the lives of these prisoners of war."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)