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LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1907.

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8-29-11

NO FIG IN A POME.

Couple Arrange Meeting By Correspondence and Prospective Bride Goes to Home of Prospective Groom to See If All is Well Before Final Arrangements—Col. McLean and Mr. McKenzie De Facto Groomsmen—Much People Go to Station to See Meeting—Marriage May Follow.

A well-known citizen of Britt's township, Robeson county, is Mr. Isaiah Wilcox, a stalwart six-footer and a widower, whose 55 years sit lightly upon him.

Now it came to pass that on Saturday Mr. Wilcox rose up early in the morning and arrayed himself as for a festival, and while it was yet early in the morning he and his daughter, Miss Dottie, hid themselves to this near-by town of Lumberton, here to await the arrival of Seaboard train No. 40, due at 11:35 a. m. Mr. Wilcox's dress and manner betrayed the importance of his mission here, his every action showed that expectation stood on tiptoe with him. Arrayed in a new gray suit, broad-brimmed black hat, patent-leather shoes, a blue tie and an umbrella—which umbrella, as the sequel will show, was to play a more important part, before the day was done, than the prosaic one of providing shelter—Mr. Wilcox was a marked man from moment he struck town, and every one who saw him knew that there must be a woman in the case.

And it was even so. Before he had been in town very long Mr. Wilcox confided to a friend the fact that he had been corresponding for some time with a lady, Mrs. Jennie Thorndyke by name, some time of the State of Michigan, but who has had her local habitation in Laurinburg in recent years. Mr. Wilcox had never seen Mrs. Thorndyke, and, by the same token, Mrs. Thorndyke had never seen Mr. Wilcox. Whether this correspondence was the result of an advertisement or of the kind offices of a mutual friend doesn't matter at all. The important thing was that Mr. Wilcox and Mrs. Thorndyke had been corresponding with matrimonial intent, and the hour of meeting was drawing nigh. Mrs. Thorndyke was to go to Mr. Wilcox's home with him and Miss Dottie, and after sojourning there a few days they would do whatever their hearts prompted them to do: maybe they would get married and maybe they wouldn't. Anyway, the meeting at the station was all arranged. Mr. Wilcox was to meet the train—and here's where the umbrella comes in; regardless of the weather, Mr. Wilcox must stand near the train with a raised umbrella over his head and he must work his arm up and down, just so, like a pump handle. By this sign should Mrs. Thorndyke know that he was it, and Mrs. Thorndyke was to approach with both hands extended, palms upward; and by this sign should Mr. Wilcox know that it was she.

Long before the hour for the train to arrive it was whispered around that a lady who had been an actress in a circus was coming in on No. 40, as per a special order placed by Mr. Wilcox, and that she and Mr. Wilcox would be married right away. Which was only partly true, you see, but if Mr. Wilcox was on tiptoe with expectation, so was the town, now, and just before the hour the train was due a multitude of people went to the station to see what they could see. You might

almost say that the town went to the station in a body, and you could say that Mr. Wilcox and the umbrella and Col. N. A. McLean and Mr. M. G. McKenzie went that way; for Col. McLean and Mr. McKenzie were de facto groomsmen, so to speak, or something—anyway, they went along with Mr. Wilcox and the umbrella, but instead of marching boldly down main street like who cares a— they slipped around a corner and went down a back street, and when the crowd at the station saw them they were tiptoeing along like they were walking on eggs. Anyway, everybody went to the station, and last of all the train came.

When the passengers began to get off the train it was a trying moment for Mr. Wilcox. He had to hoist his umbrella and work it up and down, you remember, because he didn't know the lady, and no more did she know him. So Mr. Wilcox stood and worked the umbrella up and down so he might be sure to get what was coming to him, and finally a lady approached with hands extended and Mr. Wilcox knew it was she and Mrs. Thorndyke knew he was it—they had the sign, you see—and from a hundred—several hundred—throats a rousing cheer went up. And this is mighty near all of this story.

There was something of a triumphal march from the station up Main street. Mr. Wilcox and Mrs. Thorndyke climbed into the buggy that was waiting for them, the crowd lined up on each side of the road, Mr. Wilcox said "giddyap" to the mule and everybody started. They hadn't gone far before the mule balked, and then the crowd cheered some more. The mule didn't balk long, though.

That's all. Everybody had a real nice time, and everybody hopes Mrs. Thorndyke will not go back to Laurinburg.

A Fight, an Arrest, an Attempted Arrest and Two Escapes.
Chief of Police F. J. Floyd was a busy man for a while Saturday afternoon. About 6:30 o'clock Tom Pate and Albert Kinlaw, both white, got into a difficulty at or near Mrs. Pate's boarding house. Kinlaw swore out a warrant which charged that Pate smote him with brass knuckles and other deadly weapons and threatened to kill him. Too much of the old familiar seemed to be the cause. Pate was landed in jail, but yesterday he escaped and departed these coasts. Some one must must have passed him a wrench, for he managed to take the hinges off the door of the cell.

Chief Floyd went to the station immediately after taking Pate to jail, arriving there just in time to see a negro jump from passenger train No. 89 and begin to run. Some one cried "Ketch 'im," and Mr. Floyd called on the negro to halt. This the negro showed no disposition to do, so Chief Floyd leveled on him and his gun snapped four several times. The fifth time the pistol fired, but the negro kept going—and may be going yet. Chief Floyd don't know what the negro had done or why he was so anxious to get away.

Mr. Andrew Ivey, of Raynham, spent Saturday here.

Young married people and old ones too,
That have no children to laugh and ooo,
Find their troubles will "little ones" be,
If they take Rocky Mountain Tea.

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FOR A NEW COUNTY.
When John Barleycorn was rampant in Lumberton They Minded not the 30 or 40 Miles, Leastways, Not the Return Journey, But "Times Ain't What They Uster Was"—The Journey too Tedious Without the Old Familiar Juice That Both Cheers and Inebriates—Signs of a Disruption, Sooner or Later—A Plea to the Lower end to Rise; to the Height of the Great Argument for Separation.

To our beloved brethren of Lumberton and the regions beyond, Greeting.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for our people to dissolve the territorial bonds which have connected them with another county, and to assume among the other counties of the State the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of Lumberton and the lower end of the county requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

For nearly a century and a quarter we have lived together in peace and amity. In former years sporadic attempts, for political purposes, were made to divide the county, but as the hearts of the people were not in it, and as Lumberton et al, opposed the movement, nothing ever came of it. In those days most of us loved to go to our county seat, just for recreation if for nothing else. 'Tis true we found the 30 or 40-mile trip rather long in going, but we minded not the return journey, for at that time John Barleycorn was rampant in Lumberton and

"W' tippenny, we feared na evil, W' usquebae, we'd face the devil."
"We thought na on the lang Scots miles, 'The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles That lay between us and our hame."

But since then times have changed, and if you will excuse us for being a little classic, "tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis," which being liberally interpreted means, "things ain't what they uster was." The futile effort of Raeford to cut Blue Springs out of the old county and join her to the illimitable sand hills of Cumberland county, the unrest apparent all along the eastern banks of Lumber river opposite Scotland county; the new men who have moved into upper Robeson within recent years, "whoknewnot Joseph," and who have no sentimental feeling about old Robeson; the great distance from Lumberton, and the great horror that most men feel when obliged to leave their families exposed to the uncertain conditions that now prevail throughout our Southland are sure signs of a disruption, sooner or later, of our present territory.

These are some of the reasons we present to your candid consideration in asking for your approval for a dissolution of our present relations. You gentlemen of the lower end can balk our efforts, if you see fit to oppose us, but it will be only a question of time when the parting of the ways will take place. On the other hand, if you can rise to the height of this great argument, and throw the weight of your influence on our side, it will be easy sailing for us, and we can come into port with flags flying and with a hurrah and a hurrow. With a new county up here, we will be friends and allies; if you object, we will probably be only remnants of a disjointed county. It is for you to say.

D. P. McEACHERN,
Red Springs, N. C., Sept. 19, '07.

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