

Union Meeting.

The Union Meeting of the Pee Dee Association will meet with the Rockingham Baptist Church August the 28th, 29th and 30th. The following is the program:

FRIDAY MORNING.

10 a. m. Prayer and praise service.
10:30 a. m. Organization and reports from the churches.

11:30 a. m. "Should our Churches maintain within themselves an Organized Ladies' Missionary Work?"—Rev. A. B. Caudle and F. E. Thomas.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

2:30 p. m. Prayer and praise service.
2:45 p. m. "The advantages of preaching the doctrine of baptism as held by the Baptist Church."—Rev. D. C. Britt, T. L. Caudle.

3:30 p. m. The advantages of preaching the doctrine of the Lord's Supper as held by the Baptist Church.—Rev. C. D. Graves, and H. H. McLendon.

SATURDAY MORNING.

10:00 a. m. Prayer and praise service.
10:15 a. m. Why is not every member of a Baptist Church a working force for that church?—T. S. Wright.

11:00 a. m. "The Pee Dee Institute—whose school is it, and what is it for?"—Prof. W. J. Ferrell and A. S. Dockery.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

2:30 p. m. Prayer and praise service.
3:00 p. m. "Is the fact that a Baptist Church member drinks at a bar or votes for the sale of intoxicating liquors in barrooms a sufficient ground for discipline?"—J. M. Flake and Dr. E. A. Covington.

SUNDAY MORNING.

10:00 a. m. Sunday School mass meeting.
11:00 a. m. Sermon.

On each evening, at 8 o'clock, there will be either a sermon or an address.

Cemetery Association.

The second meeting of the Women's Cemetery Association was held in the Graded School Building Monday, August 10. Arrangements were made for the commencement of the work. Another meeting will be held in September—date given later. Every woman in the town and surrounding country, who feels an interest in this work is urged to attend and have her name enrolled.

Letter to Richmond County Drug Company, Rockingham, N. C.
Dear Sir: Messrs Leachman & Edelin, Grafton, W. Va., had been selling a paint, which they thought well of; and this had occurred.

They had sold a customer 18 gallons of it to paint his house. A few years later, they sold the same man Devoe lead-and-sinc the same number of gallons to paint the same house. He had 7 gallons left. The point of the tale is: 11 gallons Devoe paints an 18-gallon house.

Do you want to sell it?
Of course that isn't all.

Why does 11 gallons Devoe go as far as 18 gallons of other paint? Because it is all paint, all true, no sham, and full measure.

Do you want to sell it?
But that isn't all. Devoe lasts longer. No, no; you haven't got to wait ten years to find that out. Ten thousand people know it. We've got their names. Our agents know them, they think a heap of Devoe. There's no difficulty in showing your townspeople what to expect of Devoe. \$10 will paint a \$15 house; and the paint'll last twice as long.

Do you want to sell it?
Yours truly
F. W. Devoe & Co.
New York

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS.
Merchants who deal in fireworks are hereby notified that the town commissioners are contemplating the passage of an ordinance forbidding the sale of fire-crackers of three inches or over in length. This 19th day of August, 1903.
W. N. Everett, Mayor.

For Rent.
Two houses and lots on Randolph St. For information see Z. Z. Hadley, Aug 18th—'03.

ELIZABETH TURNBOW—We want the heirs of Elizabeth Turnbow, a widow who came to Texas from North Carolina in 1834 or 1835. Address J. W. Lawrence & Son, land agents, Austin, Texas.

FOR SALE.
A good farm on Mountain Creek in Upper Richmond. Also two tracts of uncleared land. Will rent for next year if not sold. Apply to
A. C. COVINGTON,
Roberdel, N. C.

L. D. McPHAIL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Farmers Bank.
Messages can be left at Hunter Bros' Drug Store.
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

Items of Interest Gathered and Grouped For The Anglo-Saxon Readers.

Mr. T. M. Roe, of Hamlet, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. A. K. Atkinson, of Hamlet, was in town Wednesday.

Representative Chas. T. Luther, of Troy, is quite sick.

A party of hunters from Gastonia are hunting at Ellerbe.

Miss Minnie Stansill is visiting Miss Nell Nelson at Halifax.

Miss Augusta McRae, of Raeford, is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. E. A. Hendley has gone on the road representing a Richmond house.

Mr. Frank Campbell, of Aberdeen, spent last Sunday with relatives in town.

Messrs. L. S. Covington and S. S. Steele spent Sunday at Jackson Springs.

The pastor, Rev. P. R. Law, will preach at the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

Mrs. W. F. Bristow and children, of Dillon, S. C., are visiting Mrs. E. D. Whitlock.

Misses Nora and Margaret Thompson, of Baltimore, are visiting Miss Mary Ledbetter.

Messrs. H. S. Ledbetter and W. N. Everett and son spent Sunday at Wrightsville Beach.

Dr. N. C. Hunter and Messrs. John Ingle and B. F. Palmer have returned from Blowing Rock.

Miss Hannah Cole leaves Monday for Greensboro where she will visit Miss Lizzie Leigh Dick.

Mr. J. W. LeGrand and T. I. Rogers, one of Bennettville's leading lawyers, have formed a partnership.

Rev. J. W. Leak has returned from Harnett county where he conducted successful meetings at Godwin and Buie's Creek.

Messrs. W. C. Leak, M. D. Williams, J. L. Everett, J. C. Dockery, Mrs. Jennie Pegues and others from this section have bought residence lots at Jackson Springs.

Messrs. J. C. Davis, S. T. Cooper, J. G. Terry, P. W. West, T. B. Hunter and B. F. Palmer went deer hunting on Drowning Creek Saturday.

From Troy Facts and Figures: "Singing Billie Gibson" is teaching a class in vocal music at Marcus. He has a good class and they are making nice progress.

Starling McDonald was up before Justice J. W. Butler at Hoffman Monday for assaulting C. W. Hyams. He was bound over to Superior Court and placed under a peace bond.

Dr. J. T. Hiatt was in town Thursday.

Miss Susie McDonald has returned to Troy.

Mrs. J. D. Shaw and Miss Shaw are at Blowing Rock.

Messrs. Jesse, James and Wilson Page were in town Tuesday.

Rev. D. C. Britt and family have returned to Rockingham.

Maj. C. H. Smith (Bill Arp) is lying at death's door at his home in Contersville, Ga.

Misses Mary McRae and Rachel Covington are visiting Miss Galiger, at Rocky Mount.

Issac Hooper, colored, was run over by an engine and killed at hamlet Wednesday morning. Hooper was drunk and lying on the track.

The meeting conducted by Rev. H. W. Hawkins, which continued several weeks, is closed. We learn the meeting was quite successful.

Messrs. Robert Steele, George Shannonhouse and Charles Dockery left Tuesday evening for Bell Buckle, Tenn., where they will attend school.

Rev. J. H. Hall and Rev. W. R. Coppedge will exchange pulpits next Sunday. Mr. Hall will preach at Jackson Springs and Mr. Coppedge in Rockingham.

Superior Court Monday the 7th of September. Come around during Court Week and pay your subscription. If you are not a subscriber get on our books quick.

Rev. N. H. D. Wilson and wife spent several days with relatives in town this week and left this morning for Chapel Hill. Mr. Wilson has almost entirely recovered from a severe attack of fever.

Rev. Phillips Verner preached two very interesting sermons at the Methodist church last Sunday. His lecture Monday evening at the Presbyterian church was very much enjoyed.

J. P. Curran was indicted before Justice Long Saturday for opening the store of Patrick and Company and stealing some \$40.00 in bills. After hearing the evidence the case was dismissed and the costs were paid by the prosecution.

Col. O. H. Dockery who, with his family, is spending the summer at Jackson Springs stepped off a high porch last week and suffered several severe bruises. He was confined to his room for several days but is now able to be out again.

Prof. Fayssoux, the boy hypnotist, gave four exhibitions of Mind Reading and hypnotism in our town this week. Every and each performance was first class and he must certainly have fulfilled the statement on his three-sheets of "Better than Lee, Better than Boon, Better than Hart." his last performance will be given in the court house to-night (Saturday) and will be worth seeing.

There was a drum corps organized in Rockingham last Wednesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: J. L. Everett and T. I. Lucas 1st and 2nd drum majors. H. L. Guthrie, manager. T. L. Covington, Sec. and Treas. Dr. Warburton, instructor. The next meeting will be held next Wednesday.

Luckien's Arnica Salve.
Has world-wide fame for marvellous cures. It surpasses any other salve lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Itch, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; infallible for Piles. (Care guaranteed Only 25c at All Druggists.)

Notice.
Owing to the delay in returning our rollers from Atlanta we leave out a great part of the stuff intended for publication in this issue. Next week we hope things will come around all right. Correspondents will kindly get their communications in by Tuesday.

Negro Highwayman.
Joe Alston, a negro of bad repute, is indicted for highway robbery alleged to have been committed in the town of Hamlet.

Lit Gillespie was the victim. He was peaceably going to church Sunday night when suddenly set upon by Alston who held him up at the point of a pistol, made him deliver over \$1.00, his only change, and a pocket knife. Alston, not content with his slight raise, compelled Gillespie to take off his coat and surrender that also. It is said Alston also made an effort to "hold up" Will Flowers but Flowers escaped.

When arrested by Policeman Moore, Alston made a desperate effort to get away and it took two shots of the officers pistol to stop him.

Negro Burglar.
Haywood Smith, colored, broke into the store of W. R. Land and Company Wednesday night and stole several watches and other articles. He came to Rockingham bright and early Thursday and made an effort to sell the watches. Policeman R. H. Moore, of Hamlet, was in town and on the lookout. Seeing him come out of the store of J. B. Caudle Company, Mr. Moore started for him. The negro ran, but soon turned and snapped his pistol at the officer, who threw his pistol and fired at the escaping negro. The negro was caught by Mr. Raiford Terry.

Good Music.
The Roberdel W. O. W. Band, composed of mighty fine gentlemen and splendid musicians, came to town Tuesday afternoon and treated us to some good music. We are always glad to see you. Come to town often.

THE CLOSING SCENE

By HOWARD FIELDING

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I DO not know how much testimony would be required to authenticate such a story as this. Indeed I doubt whether any finite number of mere human witnesses could ever make me believe it. Half a dozen of the most credible people whom I know are agreed as to the facts, and I myself was present when the affair came to its close, yet I cannot make up my mind in regard to it.

The incidents as they are alleged to have taken place are exceedingly simple. Stanley Winthrop was a man who had been much given to athletic sports in his early life. When he was in college and I was a little, snub nosed, freckled schoolboy I used to look up to him and envy his fame. He was the son of the richest man in our town.

Shortly after the close of his college life Winthrop inherited nearly all his father's property. He traveled for a few years and then settled down to a quiet and monotonous life in our town, which was nothing in the winter and not very much in the summer, to be frank about it.

When he was nearly forty years old he married a girl who had been born and bred in the town and was content to live there all her days with her husband. By that time I had sought wider fields, and my knowledge of Winthrop was derived from home letters and from brief renewals of acquaintance in summer vacations.

Mrs. Winthrop lived about two years in a placid state of beatitude, as I am informed, and then she died of pneumonia.

Some one wrote to me that Winthrop was taking his bereavement very hard; that his condition gave alarm to his sister and other near relatives who lived with him in the big house in Maynard, which is the name of our town. He seemed to show no power of recovery, so interest whatever in life. It was necessary, indeed, to take some pains with him in order that he might not neglect the proper nourishment of his body, for such an engine as that requires fuel.

Some weeks after receiving this account I received a letter from my mother. I will quote a few lines of it here:

"Stanley Winthrop does not improve in health, but he has made up his mind to travel for a few months, and they hope that that will benefit him. There is a strange story about this intention of his, and I am going to tell it to you, although you are such a skeptic that you will think it mere nonsense. I had it from his sister, and it has impressed me very strongly.

"It seems that Stanley has slept very little and that that has been the chief cause of his worrying about him. Last Tuesday morning when he came down to breakfast Marion, Winthrop's sister, remarked that he looked remarkably well. He told her that he had received the letter containing this suggestion Stanley Winthrop had set out upon his travels.

He was absent about eighteen months, returning in late June; when the pretty town is at its best. I was informed that he had aged very much and that his wanderings had done him no good.

It had been my intention to spend that summer in Maynard, and I was glad to know that Winthrop was to be there, for I had come to like him exceedingly during my brief sight of him after his affliction. I arrived in Maynard on the 1st day of July, and in the afternoon I called on Winthrop. It was a very hot day, and he was in his room, which, because of its location, is exceptionally cool in summer. The window seat had been extended and cushioned since the date of my last view of the apartment, and it made a sort of couch, very comfortable and inviting. When Winthrop arose and came forward to greet me I perceived that he was quite feeble. It seemed impossible that a man whose figure still declared the great strength which he had once possessed should walk with the slow caution of an invalid while yet free of any grave disease. However, one may almost call grief a disease if one looks only at the symptoms, and certainly the continuous brooding upon an irremediable loss may be a matter for the anxious consideration of a doctor.

I lied cheerfully to Winthrop, saying that he was looking very well.

"You're mighty comfortable here," I added. "They've changed the room all about since I had the pleasure of seeing it last. That's a great nook you have there by the window."

Standing by my side, he surveyed it with a smile.

"Curious idea," he said, waving his hand toward the farther end of the window seat, where something like the rolling arm of an old fashioned mahogany sofa had been placed to support the cushions. "Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Never," I replied.

"Marion did all this while I was away," said he. "I think she believed that this room had exercised a bad influence upon me. I had left it just as it used to be when you understand."

"It's much more cheerful now," I hastened to say. "Marion is a great sister. You ought to be very good to her."

"I am going to be so good to her," he replied. "that I shall never tell her what she has done. I shall offer my thanks to her in secret, but I am going to tell you because you're a notorious skeptic and, furthermore, because you are a man who may be trusted to keep his own counsel. This thing may interest you."

and I think you know that I shall not be sorry to see it.

"These are Marion's words, her best recollection of him, as nearly as I can set them down. Marion was much affected. When he told her later in the day that he had made up his mind to travel she did not wish him to go, although she had previously urged that course upon him very strongly. She knows well enough that he is going in search of the room which he saw in his dream.

"The circumstances are known to the family, but little is said about it because Stanley naturally did not wish it to be publicly known that he attached any importance to a mere dream. So I would not speak of it if I were you, but I wish you would write me what you think about the matter."

I wrote to my mother very mildly that I did not see how any opinion could be expressed in this case during the life of Mr. Winthrop. It was important, in my way of thinking, that he should write down an accurate description of the room, and he might seal this document in an envelope to be opened after his death, in case he felt unwilling to discuss the matter openly at present. Before my mother

request I broke the seal and took from the envelope a sheet of paper upon which was a rude diagram with some lines of description. Beyond a doubt the furnishings and what may be called the "arrangement" of that room were set down upon that paper.

"You did not recognize it as your own?" I asked. "That seems strange."

"Ah! So you know all about my dream?" said he. "It may indeed seem strange that I did not know this place, yet I did not. To be sure, the outlines are regular; there was really nothing except the furniture by which I might be recognized. It has been repapered, the rugs and the hangings are different."

"I should have thought that the view from the windows"—I began. "But perhaps you did not look out."

"There is one of the peculiar facts about this dream," said he. "There was no view from the windows; it was night. The room seemed to be dark, and yet I perceived all that was in it and had an impression of the things just as if I had seen them."

"His manner far more than his words produced upon me an effect of awe—absurd, of course, for what is death or the view of death to shake a man's heart?"

"I don't understand why you should conceal this from your sister," said I. "Your revelation was dumb as to time. That you expect to die in your own chamber some day cannot alarm your friends. How can they hope for anything better?"

This is surely the rational view, and it was extraordinary that it had not sprung up before Winthrop's mind immediately. It had not, and in response to my suggestion he said repeatedly: "It will alarm her. She thought that she herself planned these changes will torture her mind."

"You are mistaken," I insisted. "If you do not tell her you can never go from home without raising in her mind the fear that you have gone straight to that closing scene of your life which has been so strangely revealed to you."

The upshot of it was that he was overpersuaded and agreed to take Marion into his confidence, the more especially because he had been confronted by the necessity of leaving home for a few days upon a matter of business. The result of this disclosure, however, was precisely what Winthrop had foreseen. It was to Marion as if she had built a gallows for her brother upon which he must die the sooner because of the work of her hands.

She concealed this feeling from Stanley, but to me she was explicit. It was at this time that she and I began to realize the nature of the tie that was binding us more closely to each other. We had misnamed it friendship for more than a year.

This monstrous notion, that the room and her own affectionate efforts to make it more comfortable for her brother had somehow accelerated the approach of his doom, would not leave her mind. Her brother dwelt in the apartment with a certain placid impatience, but Marion viewed his continued use of it with an ever present terror which seemed to me utterly unreasonable.

The situation was the worse because no one dared try to mend it. To persuade Stanley to give up the room forever or to consent to a change of its furnishings was the same as asking him to set a date for his own exit from the world, since he believed that he was to die in that scene as it then stood. Absurd as this belief must seem to a normal mind, it had surely taken possession of the brother and sister, and the effect was disastrous upon each, though in a different way. To Stanley it meant an increasing conviction of his thought upon a morbid theme, to Marion a constant, torturing apprehension, a dread of night and morning.

It steadily became necessary to take decisive action. I took advice of Stanley's physician, a man more intolerant of all morbid and mystic nonsense than any one else whom I ever knew, and I consulted certain members of the Winthrop household. The result was a determination to overthrow this superstition by direct proof of its falsity. It seemed likely that in this attempt I might lose Stanley's friendship, but I had reached a pitch of desperation where I was willing to risk anything, and, moreover, the doctor, who was a bluff old fellow, agreed to assume all responsibility and to make all the arrangements.

One evening at the Winthrop's dinner hour Dr. Evans and I gained access to Stanley's room from the veranda. We were accompanied by some of the servants, and we had the means of effecting a very considerable change in the appearance of that apartment.

It was an evening prematurely dark. The western sky almost to the zenith was dead black, so that the earth seemed to be rolling into the mouth of a pit. I was the first to enter the room, and I gazed my way at once to a table upon which I knew that there was a lamp. A match crackled under my fingers and went out. I was finding another when I heard a low, hoarse cry. Immediately there was a noise at the door. Some one outside turned the knob and then knocked with a hurried and unsteady hand.

"Stanley," called Marion from without. "Stanley, unlock the door!"

I ran to let her in, but a hand in the darkness clutched my shoulder, and the doctor's voice whispered: "It is I locked. I have my foot against it. She must let me in."

"Why not?" I demanded.

He put his lips close to my ear.

"Because her brother is dead here on this couch by the window."

That is the whole story as I know it. Stanley had died of heart failure. He lay there upon the cushions, with his right hand across his breast and a little picture of his wife clasped tightly in the stiffened fingers.



"SHE MUST NOT COME IN."



"CURIOUS IDEA," HE SAID, WAVING HIS HAND.