

LOCAL ITEMS AND SOCIAL NEWS

It must be noted that the Community Sing will take place on Sunday week, not to-morrow, and further notice will be given before that date.

Dr. E. G. Hornbeck, the osteopathic physician, was here yesterday and will be in his Tarboro office again Monday afternoon.

Miss Katharine Lancaster of Wilson is visiting friends and relatives for ten days.

Miss Maggie May Robbins, of Rocky Mount returned to her home this afternoon after a few days visit to Mrs. Hugh Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Holloway of Petersburg are visiting her mother, Mrs. Hugh Cobb.

J. Rosenbaum and Miss Annie Hyman returned from New York and Baltimore after buying fall stocks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. S. Cherry and children of Mount Olive are visiting Mrs. Cherry's sister, Mrs. James W. Therrall.

Mayor Hardison, appreciating the necessity of lower St. James street being completed with top dressing before the tobacco market opens on September 2, assures The Southerner that he has given instructions to the engineers that St. James street is the first to be given the top coat. Three cars of small stone for this dressing are already here, so we may reasonably expect that this work will be proceeded with next week.

Mrs. Harry Hyde Palmer left for Warsaw in answer to a call that her father, Mr. L. Middleton, was quite ill. It is not known when Mrs. Palmer may return.

Mrs. W. J. Thigpen and daughter, Miss Annie Snow, returned from Richmond last night.

Mr. E. Frank Andrews will spend the week-end with his parents in the suburbs.

Mrs. M. G. Mann is home from the hospital, but is not doing as well as her friends would like. There is nothing organic the trouble, only that she does not pick up strength and cannot eat.

Mr. Joe Pennington leaves today for Cleveland, Ohio, to attend the Grand American Handicap.

What is the matter with the road force that the road from Tarboro to Shiloh should be left in the desperate condition it is now in? What can be expected from that section when the time to haul tobacco comes? It's a

matter of pocket-money that now speaks to the people, for we shall certainly lose heavily unless something is done, and done quickly.

Mr. B. I. Allsbrook, who has been for some time in the Tarboro hospital, has been removed to his son's home, and though cheerful, is suffering considerably.

A contract was let yesterday for an addition to the Juvenile school, near Rocky Mount. Hitherto this school has had only two teachers, but the coming session three teachers will serve there. This is a needed improvement and shows that Professor Sentelle is alive to the necessities of the schools under his charge.

Work will be resumed on the Pite-top and Battleboro school buildings as soon as the sand and gravel can be received. The delay has been caused by the difficulty in getting cars through with this material, but now there is promise of speedy service.

School Committeeman O. W. Owens, of Otters Creek, was in town in consultation with Professor Sentelle today.

Some men directly interested in the local tobacco market are inquiring why the three warehouses are not advertising in The Southerner, as the time for the opening of the market is so close. We were unable to satisfy this inquiry except to state that this market had been advertising in the Scotland Neck paper, which, maybe, the warehousemen think a better medium. We, however, differ, and we are in position to know.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Allsbrook motored to Scotland Neck yesterday to attend to business of his father, Mr. B. I. Allsbrook, who is lying very ill here.

CALVARY CHURCH.

Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. Sunday school at 9.45 a.m. Men's Bible Class at 10 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11. Sermon morning, "The Heart of Jesus."

Evening prayer and sermon by the Rev. S. W. Hale, 8.15. Evening prayer and sermon by the rector at St. Mary's church, Speed, at 3.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday school at 9.45 a.m. Preaching service at 11 a.m. Bro. S. N. Lamb will preach at the morning service. Preaching at 8 p.m. by the pastor, "Indispensables of Christianity." A cordial welcome awaits you at each of these services.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday school at 9.45 a.m. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Christmas Endeavor at 7.15 p.m. In the absence of the pastor, Rev.

A. J. Crane will preach at both morning and evening services. Every one cordially invited.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday school at 9.45 a.m.; W. O. Howard, superintendent. Preaching and song service at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. Morning subject: "Job's Excuse for Living." Evening subject: "Who Are You Doing, and What Are You Doing?" Sermons by the pastor. Come early and get a good seat.

ONCE UPON a time a great CALAMITY HUNG over the WORLD WHICH includes TARBORO AND when the DANGER WAS there everybody WORKED TOGETHER and pulled TOGETHER and stuck together AND THE danger was overcome. THAT shows that our PEOPLE CAN come together IF THEY WILL. We were LIVING UPON a very high PLANE AT that time and THE PERSONAL contact with THINGS AND affairs did us ALL GOOD. But—when the DANGER BECAME a thing OF THE PAST we dropped back TO EARTH and immediately FORGOT WHICH in a COMMUNITY WHICH is struggling FOR GROWTH and prosperity THE PEOPLE must continue TO STAND TOGETHER. BUT WHY SHOULD this be? IN UNION THERE is strength AND THIS applies to peace AS WELL as war. The CITIZENS OF Tarboro need TO GET back to that plane ON WHICH they lived a few SHORT YEARS ago. Should IT REQUIRE a calamity TO BRING ABOUT a spirit OF UNITED CITIZENSHIP? THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE is THE MEDIUM THRU which you can MAKE KNOWN your stand as A CITIZEN. Join it, BOOST IT, SUPPORT it. There are UNTOLD POSSIBILITIES IN THIS GREAT community. DO YOUR bit toward HELPING THEM to be made REALITIES. JOIN now! —I THANK you.

CROWN PRINCE CAROL IS DUE HERE SUNDAY

New York, Aug. 21.—Carol, Crown Prince of Rumania, who is to pass through New York on his way home from the Far East, is expected to arrive here tomorrow, it was said by Tilston Wells, Rumanian consul. His suite, numbering about twelve persons, will include the Rumanian minister to Athens, M. Filodor, and the chief of the Prince's military establishment, General Constantine Gavavescu. Prince Carol will sail for Europe on August 28.

ROOSEVELT DEAD AT KNICKERBOCKER CLUB

New York, Aug. 21.—Samuel M. Roosevelt, artist and painter and a cousin of the late Theodore Roosevelt, dropped dead while walking down a staircase in the Knickerbocker Club. A number of club members saw Mr. Roosevelt reel and fall and ran to pick him up. He was carried a sofa and a hurry call sent for physicians. Dr. Louis P. Sannan, the first physician to respond, said Mr. Roosevelt had died instantly from a hemorrhage of the brain. Mr. Roosevelt was sixty-four years old, and was born in this city. He is survived by a widow, who was in the Roosevelt country home at Skaneateles, N. Y. The Roosevelt had no children.

Notice.

George R. Brunson vs. Irene Brunson. In the Superior Court.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Edgecombe County to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear before the clerk of the Superior Court for the County of Edgecombe, at his office in Tarboro, N. C., on the 20th day of September, 1902, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. A. T. WALSTON, Clerk of the Superior Court. This 21st day of August, 1902. aug21-1tw-4wks

THE GREAT SHADOW By A. CONAN DOYLE Author of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes Copyright by A. Conan Doyle.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scottish farmer, tells how, in his childhood, the first invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys.

CHAPTER II.—When Jack is eighteen his father's brother dies and his daughter, Edie, seven years old, comes to live with her uncle. Attractive, intensely romantic, and seemingly feeling little sorrow for her father's death, she is something of a puzzle to the simple folk of the Calder home.

CHAPTER III.—Edie makes a play-thing of Jack's affections, and though always somewhat in awe of her, feeling of deep love for his cousin develops in the boy's heart. Edie reproaches him for staying at home in idleness while his country is at war. Stung by her words, he declares his intention of joining the army at once, but she persuades him to stay. He tells her he loves her and she apparently returns his affection.

CHAPTER IV.—Jim Horscroft returns from Edinburgh, where he is studying medicine. Jack tells him of his engagement to Edie, believing the girl is sincere. Some days later he witnesses an unmistakable display of affection between Edie and Jim, and reproaches his friend. Jim tells him Edie has promised to marry him, she is in the idea of her engagement to Jack. The two seek the girl and she declares only fondness for Jack but love for Jim.

CHAPTER V.—Jack, though deeply hurt, accepts the situation. News of the downfall of Napoleon and the end of the war reach the country. Walking along the coast, Jim and Calder witness the landing of a stranger from a small boat. He gives his name as Lorenz de Lapp and is evidently a man of distinction.

CHAPTER VI.—De Lapp's fine manners and stories of adventure greatly attract Mrs. Calder and Edie and he is "at home" at once, causing vague disquietude to Jack and open disgust to Lorenz. He sends a letter addressed to the king of Sweden, and Jack naturally wonders what manner of man he has introduced to his home.

CHAPTER VII.—Major Elliott, neighbor and close friend of the Calders and Jim Horscroft, receives De Lapp as a French officer he has met in Spain, and the two seem to reach some sort of understanding. Lorenz goes back to Edinburgh to resume his studies. He is to marry Edie as soon as he has his diploma.

CHAPTER XI.

The Gathering of the Nations.

And now I come to a bit of my story that clean makes me wish that I had never taken the job of telling it in hand. But you can find the cause and reason of everything in the books about history, and so I shall just leave that alone and talk about what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. The regiment to which our friend had been appointed was the Seventy-first Highland Light Infantry, which wore the red coat and the trews, and had its depot in Glasgow town. There we went, all three, by coach, the major in great spirits and full of stories about the Duke and the Peninsula, while Jim sat in the corner, with his lips set and his arms folded, and I knew that he killed De Lissac three times an hour in his heart. I could tell by the sudden glint of his eyes and grip of his hand. We were in Glasgow next day, and the major took us down to the depot, where a soldier with three stripes on his arm and a fistful of ribbons from his cap showed every tooth he had in his head at the sight of Jim, and walked three times round him, to have the view of him as if he had been Carlisle castle. Then he came over to me and felt my muscle, and was well pleased as pleased as with Jim. "These are the sort, major; these are the sort," he kept saying. "With a thousand of these we could stand up to Boney's best."

"How do they run?" asked the major. "A poor show," said he, "but they may lick into shape. The best of us have been drafted to America, and we are full of milliamen and recruits." "Tut, tut!" said the major. "We'll have old soldiers and good ones against us. Come to me if you need any help, you two." And so, with a nod, he left us, and we began to understand that a major who is your officer is a very different person from a major who happens to be your neighbor in the country. Soon came the news that the fall at Vienna, who had been cutting me Europe as if it had been a jagged of nuttin, had flown back, each to his own country, and that every man and horse in their armies had their faces toward France. We heard of great reviews and mus-

terings in Paris too, and then that Wellington and the Dender behind us forever. There was good need for haste, for the Prussians had sent no news to Wellington of what was doing, and though he had rushed from Brussels at the first whisper of it, like a good old mastiff from its kennel, it was hard to see how he could come up in time to help the Prussians. It was a bright, warm morning, and as the brigade tramped down the broad Belgian road the dust rolled up from it like the smoke of a battery. I tell you that we blessed the man that planted the poplars along the sides, for their shadow was better than drink to us. Over across the fields, both to the right and the left, were other brigades, one quite close and the other again or more from us. A column of infantry was marching down the near one, and it was a fair race between us, for we were each waiting for all we were worth. There was such a wreath of dust round them that we could only see the gun barrels and the brassknives breaking out here and there, with the head and shoulders of a mounted officer coming out above the cloud, and the flutter of the colors. It was a brigade of the Guards, but we could not tell which, for we had two of them with us in the campaign. On the far road there was also dust and a spare but through it there flashed every now and then a long twinkling brightness, like a hundred silver beads threaded in a line, and the breeze brought down such a snarling, clanging, clashing kind of music as I had never listened to. If I had been left to myself I would have been long before I knew what it was, but our corporals and sergeants were all old soldiers, and I had one trudging along with his hand on my elbow, who was full of precept and advice. "That's heavy horse," said he, "you see that double twinkle. That means they have helmet as well as cuirass. It's the Royals or the Emuskillens or the Household. You can hear their cymbals and kettles. The French leaves are too good for us. They have ten to our one, and good men, too. You've got to shoot at their faces, or else at their horses. Mind you that when you see them coming, or else you'll find a four-foot sword stuck through your liver to teach you better. Hark! hark! hark! there's the old music again!"

And as he spoke there came the low grumbling of a cannonade away somewhere to the east of us, deep and hoarse, like a roar of some blood-drenched beast that thrives on the lives of men. At the same instant there was shouting of "Heil! heil! heil!" from behind, and somebody roared, "Let the guns get through!" Looking back, I saw the rear companies split suddenly in two and hurl themselves down on either side into the ditch, while six cream-colored horses, galloping two and two, with their bellies to the ground, came thundering through the gap with a fine twelve-pound gun whirling and creaking behind them. Following were another and another, four-and-twenty in all, flying past us with such a din and clatter, the blue-coated men clinging on to the guns and the tumbrils, the drivers cursing and cracking their whips, the muzzles flying, the mops and buckets clanking, and the whole air filled with the heavy rumble and the jingling of chains. There was a roar from the ditches and a shout from the gunners, and we saw a score of bushes breaking through the shadow. Then we closed up again, while the growling ahead of us grew louder and deeper than ever. "There's three batteries there," said the sergeant. "There's Bull's and Webber Smith's, but the other is new. There's some more on ahead of us for here's the track of a nine-pounder, and the others were all twelvees. Choose a twelve if you want to get hit, for a nine mashes you up, but a twelve snaps you like a carrot"—and he went on to tell about the wonderful wounds that he had seen until my blood ran like lead water in my veins, and you might have rubbed all our faces in pibchey and he should have been no whiter. "Aye, you'll look sicker yet when you get a half of grape into your tripe," said he; and then, as I saw some of the old soldiers laughing, I began to understand that this man was trying to frighten us, so I began to laugh also, and the others as well but it was not a very hearty laugh either. The sun was almost above us when we stopped at a little place called Hal, where there is an old pump from which I draw and drink a shake full of water—and never did a mug of Scotch ale taste as sweet. More guns passed us here, and Vivian's Hussars, three regiments of them, smart men with honny brown horses, a treat to the eye. The noise of the cannons was louder than ever now, and it thumped through my nerves just as it had done years before when, with Edie by my side, I had seen the merchant ship fight with the privateers. It was so loud now that it seemed to me that the battle must be going on just beyond the nearest wood, but my friend the sergeant knew better. "It's twelve to fifteen miles off," said he, "you may be sure that the general knows that we are not wanted, or we should not be resting here at Hal."

What he said proved to be true, for a minute later down came the colonel with orders that we should stack arms and bivouac where we were, and there we stayed all day, while horse and foot and guns, English, Dutch and Hanoverians, were streaming through. The devil's music went on till evening, sometimes rising into a roar, sometimes sinking into a grumble, until about eight o'clock in the evening it stopped altogether. We were sitting our hearts out, as you may think, to

know what it all meant, but we knew that what the Duke did would be the best, so we just waited in patience. Next day the brigade remained at Hal in the morning, but about midday came an order from the Duke, and we pushed on once more until we came to a village called Braine something, and there we stopped, and time, too, for a sudden thunderstorm came on and a plump of rain that turned all the roads and the fields into bog and mire. We got into the barns at this village for shelter, and there we found two stragglers, one from a killed regiment and the other a man of the German legion, who had a tale to tell that was as dreary as the weather.

Money had thrashed the Prussians the day before, and our fellows had been sore put to it to hold their own against Ney, but he had beaten him off at last. It seems an odd, stale story to you now, but you cannot think how we scrambled around those two men in the barn, and pushed and fought just to catch a word of what they said, and how those who had heard were in turn mobbed by those who had not. We laughed and cheered and ground all in turn, as we were told how the Forty-fourth had received cavalry in line, how the Dutch-Belgians had fled, and how the Black Watch had taken the lancers into their square, and then had killed them at their leisure. But the lancers had had the laugh on their side when they crumpled up the Sixty-fifth and carried off one of the colors. To wind it all up, the Duke was in retreat, in order to keep in touch with the Prussians, and it was rumored that he would take up his ground and fight a big battle just at the very place where we had been halted.

And soon we saw that this rumor was true, for the weather cleared toward evening, and we were all out on the ridge to see what we could see. It was such a lonesome stretch of corn and grazing land, with the crops just half green and half yellow, and fine eye as high as a man's shoulder. A scene more full of peace you could not think of, and look where you would over the low, curving, corn-covered hills, you could see the little village steeples peeping up their spires among the poplars. But slashed right across this pretty picture was a long trail of marching men, some red, some green, some blue, some black, zig-zagging over the plain and choking the roads, one end so close that we could shout to them as they stacked their muskets on the ridge at our left, and the other end lost among the woods as far as we could see. And then on other roads we saw the teams of horses toiling and the dull gleam of the guns, and the men straining and swaying as they helped to turn the spokes in the deep, deep mud. As we stood there, regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade took position on the ridge, and ere the sun had set we lay in a line of over sixty thousand men, blocking Napoleon's way to Brussels. But the rain had come swishing down again, and we of the Seventy-first rushed off to our barn once more, where we had better quarters than the greater part of our comrades, who lay stretched in the mud, with the storm beating upon them, until the first peep of day.

CHAPTER XII.

The Shadow on the Lawn.

It was still drizzling in the morning, with brown, drifting clouds and a damp, chilly wind. It was a queer thing for me as I opened my eyes to think that I should be in a battle that day, though none of us ever thought it would be such a one as it proved to be. We were up and ready, however, with the first light, and as we threw open the doors of our barn we heard the most lovely music that I ever listened to playing somewhere in the distance. We all stood in clusters harkening to it. It was so sweet and innocent and sad-like. But our sergeant laughed when he saw how it had pleased us all. "There are the French bands," said he, "and if you come out here you'll see what some of you may not live to see again."

"We went—the beautiful music still sounding in our ears, and stood in a rise just outside the barn. Down below, at the bottom of the slope about half a musket shot from us, was a snug little farm with a hedge and a bit of an apple orchard. All round it a line of men in red coats and high fur hats were working like bees, knocking holes in the wall and barring up the doors. "There's the light companies of the Champs," said the sergeant. "They'll hold that farm while one of them can wag a finger. But look over yonder and you'll see the campfires of the French."

We looked across the valley at the low ridge upon the farther side, and saw a thousand little yellow points of flame, with the dark smoke wreathing up slowly in the heavy air. There was another farmhouse on the farther side of the valley, and as we watched we suddenly saw a little group of horsemen appear on a knoll beside it and look across at us. There were a dozen men behind, and in front five men, three with helmets, one with a long, straight, red feather in his hat, and the last with a low cap. (Continued next Saturday.)

Dublin, Aug. 21.—Seventeen Irish burger soldiers two of whom were accessories from lack of food and the others so weak they could not walk, have been removed from the Cork Jail and started for England. They were carried from the jail on stretchers.

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