

# MILITARY OF THE NORTH

## The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

By RANDALL PARRISH  
Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON  
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### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. In the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and his lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mass of attacks Wayne and his lady. The scene is a party of horsemen approaching. Wayne is taken for a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, an Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Edith Brennan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Sgt. Craig, who starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise negotiates to be imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being captured. Edith Brennan recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing a party through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bidding Edith adieu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Sgt. Craig, who leads him to the camp and is sent with reinforcements to join Edith in the battle of Shenandoah. The regiment is overwhelmed, and Wayne, while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan. Wayne and Sgt. Craig are sent on a scouting detail, and arriving at the Minor place, Wayne meets Miss Minor and Mrs. Brennan, and later Edith appears. Wayne's detachment is besieged by guerrillas. Brennan and his men arrive and aid in repelling the invaders.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"A mere waste of powder, I fear," was my reply, given thoughtlessly. "When the rush finally comes we are likely to be without sufficient ammunition to repel it. I hardly expect those fellows out there will ever leave without a determined effort to carry the house by storm. I have no doubt they are simply drawing all this fire in the hope that our ammunition will thus be uselessly expended. It is an old army trick, and one I am surprised to see so experienced an officer as Major Brennan yield to. In my judgment they will make an effort to rush us as soon as there is sufficient light."

"But why not warn him?"  
"Major Brennan would scarcely welcome any interference on my part."  
"But surely, as a soldier, he must value the advice of another soldier?"  
"Possibly you forget," I explained, striving to speak as lightly of it as might be, "that there is a lack of friendship between Major Brennan and myself."

"Still," she asked, "truly I thought they might all be over. Even if it survived until now, this noble act of yours in coming to our defense should have earned you his gratitude. He has never once mentioned your name to me since that night."

"Not even when I came here with my troop, I believe?"  
"No; yet I did not connect that fact with the other. I supposed it a mere oversight, or that he believed the mention of your name would not greatly interest me. Surely, Captain Wayne, you are not keeping open this unhappy wound?"

"On my word, no; but I regret to confess it is very far from being closed."  
"He—Major Brennan does not know, then, that you are here now with me?" She evidently hesitated to ask this question.

"Certainly not," in surprise at her apparent innocence. "You cannot have supposed I had been sent here by him to talk with you?"  
"I did not know. I do not think I realized," she stammered, vainly seeking for words with which to make clear her bewilderment. "I imagined you might have come as my suggestion to see that we were amply protected. This is all so very strange. He does not even know you are here with us?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I have no excuse even for being here at all. My duty as a soldier is certainly elsewhere, but I could not rest content until I knew you were in a position of safety. Believe me, Mrs. Brennan, I have intended no indiscretion, but I was informed by a soldier that you were being held here under fire."

Her hand touched mine impulsively, and it was warm and throbbing.  
"I can merely thank you with all my heart, Captain Wayne, and assure you I both understand and appreciate your purpose. But truly I do not wish any trouble to occur again—you will go back to your post, will you not? You can serve me best in that way, and retain the gratitude and admiration I have ever felt for you."

"At once, Mrs. Brennan," I returned earnestly. "I realize I have done wrong in ever coming here as I have. It is my first act of disobedience to orders in all my military life. But tell me first that I have forfeited neither your confidence nor your friendship?"

She paused a moment, then added quickly, as though in sudden rush of feeling: "No friend stands higher in my esteem than you—now please go, Captain Wayne."

As I crept back through the darkness, passing beneath the piano into the front room, which was filled with the choking fumes of powder, my mind was a chaos of emotions impossible to analyze. The very depth of love which drew me to her operated now in restraint. God alone knows the struggle in the darkness as I continued to move slowly away from her and toward the door. So deep was my agitation, so intense my thought, that I scarcely realized I was creeping along beneath the dead line of those bullets which constantly swept the walls. Their crashing into the wall was yet burning as we came out, but flickered wildly as if in a strong draught of air, and I noticed that the constant rain of bullets during the

night had badly splintered an upper panel of the door. Halfway down the broad hallway, and partially obscured by the turn of the stairs, a door stood slightly ajar upon the right hand. Conjecturing this might be where the defenders of the eastern exposure were lying, I peered within. The blinds were tightly drawn and I was able to perceive little of its interior, excepting that the walls were lined with books.

"Ebers," I called, thinking he must be there, "are you in charge here?"  
"I vos, captain," came the instant reply, and he at once emerged from the darkness.  
"Have the enemy kept you busy?"  
"Der vos some shooting, und Hadley he got hurt bad, but der fellers is all gone."

"Bring your men fit for duty out here in the hall, and have them join my party. How many have you?"  
"Der is four, captain."  
He drew back, and as he disappeared some one came hastily toward us along the hallway from the rear.

"What is it, Caton?" I asked anxiously, as I recognized him.  
"They are forming to rush me, but I think," he answered, "I need a few more men if I can get them."  
"They are preparing to assault front and rear at the same time," I answered. "They are massing now, and in my judgment Brennan will have to face the brunt of it. The front of this house is greatly exposed, and will prove extremely difficult to defend if

"Very well, sir"—and his tone was rough and overbearing—"then kindly recall your soldierly instincts to another little matter. I chance to command here by authority of rank, and hold myself responsible for the proper defense of this portion of the house. I believe you have already been assigned your duties; if you will attend to them I shall be greatly obliged, and whenever I may desire your valuable advice I shall take pleasure in sending for you."

I turned away in silence and strode back to my post, white with anger. The dining-room remained as I had left it, and when I lay down in my old position and peered out through the broken blind I could mark no change in the appearance of our besiegers.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### Hand to Hand.

The faint gray light of early dawn rested upon the outside world, and through the fleeting shadows of the mist I was able to distinguish much which before had been shrouded by the black curtain. In front of the window where I rested, the grass-covered lawn sloped gradually downward until it terminated at a low picket fence, thickly covered with vines. A great variety of shrubs, which during the night had doubtless afforded shelter for sharpshooters, dotted this grass plot, while beyond the fence boundary stood a double row of large trees. To the far left of our position the burnt stable yet smoldered dully, occasionally sending up a shower of sparks as a draught of air fanned the embers, but there were few signs of life visible. For the moment I even hoped our enemies might have grown discouraged and withdrawn.

"What has become of the guerrillas?" I asked in wonderment, turning as I spoke to face the Federal corporal who lay on the other side of me. "Is it possible they have given up?"  
"I think not, captain," he replied respectfully, saluting as he would one of his own officers. "They were there just before the light came, and I saw a dozen or more stealing along behind the fence not five minutes ago. See, there is a squad of them now huddled together back of where the stable stood."

"Screw your eye close to the corner of the pane," I ordered hurriedly, "and see what you make out toward the front of the house."  
"There's men out there sure, plenty of 'em," he reported slowly. "It looks to me mighty like the end of a line of battle, right there by that big magnolia tree. Anyhow, there must be all of twenty fellows lying close together between there and where the corner of the house shuts off my view. I don't see none this side anywhere, unless it's a shooter or two hiding along the fence where the vines are thick."

"That's it, my lad," I exclaimed, heartily, getting upon my feet as I spoke. "We can stand up now, there's no danger here, but there will be music for all of us presently. Those fellows are getting ready to charge us front and rear."  
There were five in the room. I could see them only indistinctly, as the morning light was not yet sufficiently strong to penetrate clearly to where we were, but I was able to note those present—the corporal and his wounded companion, with Hollis and Call of my troop.

"Let the wounded man remain and guard those windows," I commanded. "He would prove of small value in a hand-to-hand struggle, but can probably do some shooting. The rest come with me."

I led them forth into the wide hallway, which extended the full length of the house, with a broad flight of stairs just forward of the center, gradually curving and leading to the second story. The suspended light was yet burning as we came out, but flickered wildly as if in a strong draught of air, and I noticed that the constant rain of bullets during the

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inspired by lust, yet guided by rude discipline.  
I knew little of detail; faces were blurred, unrecognizable; all I seemed to note clearly was that solid, brutal, heartless, blasphemous line of desperate men sweeping toward us with a relentless fury our puny bullets could not check. Reckless ferocity was in that mad rush; they pressed on more like demons than human beings. I saw men fall; I saw the living stumble over the dead. I heard cries of agony, shouts, curses, but there was no pause. I could mark their faces now, cruel, angry, revengeful; the hands that grasped the veranda railings; the leaping bodies; the rifle butts uplifted to batter down our frail defenses.

As trapped tigers we fought, hurling them back from the windows, slashing, clubbing, striking with fist and steel. Two lay dead across the sill before me, cloyed to the very chin, but their bleeding bodies were hurled remorselessly aside, while others clambered forward, mad from lust of blood, crazed with liquor. With clubbed guns we cleared it again and again, battering mercilessly at every head that fronted us. Then a great giant of a fellow—dead or alive, I know not—was hurled head-long through the opening, an inert, limp weight, that bore the two soldiers beside me to the floor beneath his body. With wide sweep of my gun I struck him, shattering the stock into fragments, and swung back to meet the others, the hot barrel falling to right and left like a hail. They were through and on me! Wild as any sea-rover of the north I fought, crazed with blood, unconscious of injury, animated solely by desire to strike and slay! Back I had to go; back—I trod on a dead body, on wounded shrieking in pain, yet no man who came within sweep of that iron bar lived. I loved to hear the thud of it, and I fronted those glaring eyes, my blood afe, my arms like steel. Through the red mist I felt Caton for an instant as twenty brutal hands uplifted, and then hurled him into the rack beneath their feet. Whether I fought alone I know not, cared not. Then some one pressed

dodge under into the next room."  
I never waited to ascertain if he heard me. With one fierce spring I struck their stunned line, and my iron bar swept a clear space as it crashed remorselessly into them. The next instant Lowrie and I were seemingly alone and fronting each other. A wild cat enraged by pain looks as he did when he leaped to meet me. Hate, deadly, relentless, glared in his eyes, and with a yell of exultation he swung up his long rifle and struck savagely at my head with the stock. I caught it partially on my barrel, breaking its full force, and even as it descended upon my shoulder, jabbed the muzzle hard into his leering face. With a snarl of pain he dropped his gun and grappled with me, but as his fingers closed about my throat, something swirled down through the maze, and the maddened brute staggered back, his arms uplifted, his red beard cloven in twain.

"Now for it, Wayne!" shouted Brennan. "Back with you!"  
With a dive I went under the piano. I heard the sliding doors shut behind us, and almost with the sound was again upon my feet.  
"To the stairs!" I panted. "Brennan, take the women to the stairs; those fellows are not in the hallway yet, and we can hold them there a while."

In our terrible need for haste, and amid the thick, swirling smoke filling that inner room almost to suffocation, I grasped the woman chancing to be nearest me, without knowing at that moment who she was. Already the rifle-butts were splintering the light wood behind us into staves, and I hastily dragged my dazed companion forward. The others were in advance, and we groped our way like blind persons out into the hall. By that time the last on earth, and we took the few hurried steps toward the foot of the stairs I found my arm was encircling Celia Minor. The depth of despair within her dark eyes and the speechless anguish of her white face, swept for an instant the fierce rage of battle from my brain.

At that moment the mob, discovering our direction of escape, jammed both doorways and surged forth howling into the hall.  
"Up!" I cried, forcing her forward. "Up with you; quick!"  
I paused a scant second to pluck a saber from beside a dead soldier on the floor, and then with a spring up the intervening steps, faced about at Brennan's side on the first landing.

"We ought to leave our mark on those incarnate devils here," he said grimly, wiping his red blade on the carpet.  
"Unless they reach the second story from without, and take us in the rear," I answered, "we ought to hold back the whole cowardly crew, so long as they refuse to fire."

It was a scene to abide long with a man—a horrible nightmare, never to be forgotten. Above us, protected somewhat by the abrupt curve of the wide staircase, crouched the women. Two were sobbing, their heads buried in their hands, but Maria and Mrs. Brennan sat white of face and dry-eyed. I caught one quick glance at the fair face I loved—my sweet lady of the North—thinking, indeed, it might prove the last on earth, and knew her eyes were upon me. Then, stronger of heart than ever for the coming struggle, I fronted that scene below.

Through the rising haze of smoke I looked down into angry faces, unkept beards, and brandished weapons. The baffled rascals poured out upon us from both doors, crowding into the narrow space, cursing, threatening, threatening for revenge. Yet they were seemingly leaderless, and the boldest among them paused at the foot of the stairs. They had already felt our arms, had tested our steel, and knew well that grim death awaited their advance.

But they could not pause there long—the ever increasing rush of those behind pressed the earlier arrivals steadily forward. Grim necessity furnished a courage naturally lacking, and suddenly, giving vent to a fierce shout, they were hurled upward, seeking to crush us at whatever sacrifice, by sheer force of numbers. We met them with the point, in the good old Roman way, thrusting home remorselessly, fighting with silent contempt for them which must have been baffling. I even heard Brennan laugh, as he pierced and hurled him backward; but at that moment I saw Craig knock aside a leveled gun and press his way to the front of the seething mass to assume combat. His face was inflamed, his eyes bloodshot; drink had changed him into a very demon.

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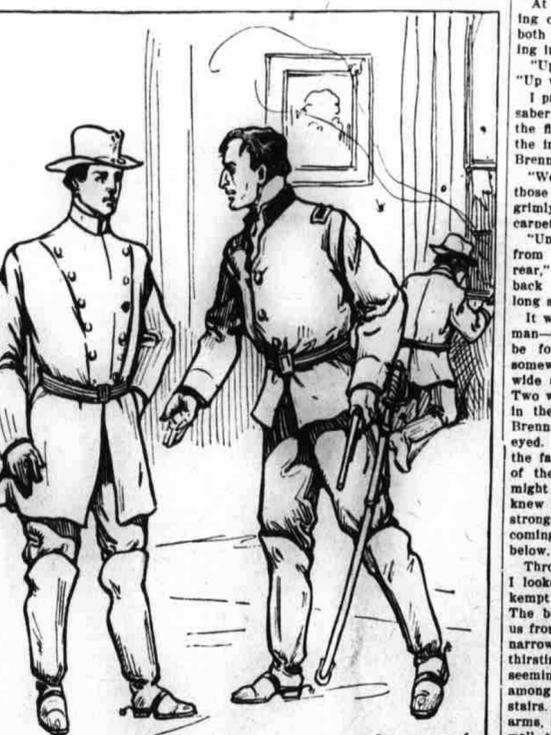
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"I Believe You Have Already Been Assigned Your Duties."

## It Was "Delightful Poison"

Pretty Legend of the Origin of Wine in Persia. Where It First Was Made.

The making of wine is said to have originated with the Persians, who discovered the process quite by accident. One of their earliest kings, Jemshedd, who, it is said, was only five or six generations from Noah, was the discoverer, or rather a woman of his household was.

"He was immoderately fond of grapes," says the narrative, which is found in Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia," "and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented and their juice in this state was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous."

"He had some vessels filled with it and 'Poison' written upon each. These were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite ladies was affected with nervous headache; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a vessel with 'Poison' written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep and awoke much refreshed."

"Delighted with this remedy, she repeated the dose so often that the sovereign's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this and forced the

lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made and Jemshedd and all his court drank of the new beverage, which from the circumstance that led to its discovery is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zehar-koosh, or 'the delightful poison.'"

Color in Precious Stones.  
The color of gem stones, although of greatest importance commercially, is of little or no value in determining their particular identity. Certain stones show their characteristic shades of color; it is true, but it is only after various tests have been applied that color can be considered at all as evidence of value. All minerals in their pure state are pure white, and the color shown is due to mineral pigment in many cases.

May Be Overdone.  
Bishop Willard F. Mallieu, at a dinner, defended the laws against Sunday breaking, indecent literature, etc. "But these laws," objected a sociologist, "undermine our freedom." "Freedom," said Bishop Mallieu, "is a good thing, but let us not make too much of it. In Pennsylvania, for instance, a man is free to marry his mother-in-law, but no man ever does."

The average married man has about as much to do in managing his home as a mouse has with managing the family cat.

## ROBERT L. TAYLOR HAS PASSED AWAY

THE END CAME TO THE TENNESSEE SENATOR JUST AFTER AN OPERATION.

AN ADVOCATE OF GOOD ROADS  
Known As "Fiddling Bob" Taylor—He Was a National Character—Twice Governor of His State—Was in the House For Six Years.

Washington.—Robert Love Taylor, senior United States Senator from Tennessee—"Fiddling Bob" to all the South, died here, unable to withstand the shock of an operation for gallstones.

The Senator began to fail to respond to stimulants Mrs. Taylor, worn out by a day and night vigil, had gone to her apartments. The Senator began to sink so rapidly that she was sent for. She was at his side when the end came.

"Fiddling Bob" Taylor, so known because he played his way into the hearts of his audiences, carrying his violin wherever he campaigned, was 61 years old. He was born at Happy Valley, in eastern Tennessee, but spent most of his life at Nashville, practicing law. He belonged to an office-holding family. His father was a Representative in Congress and Commissioner of Indian Affairs and an uncle was in the Confederate Senate.

Once pension agent at Knoxville, thrice Governor of Tennessee from 1887 to 1891 and 1897 to 1899, Senator Taylor forged his way to the national House of Representatives from the same congressional district that had previously sent his father to Congress and later his brother, Alfred A. Taylor, whom he subsequently defeated for Governor.

Senator Taylor was a Cleveland Democrat. He had served in the Senate since January, 1907, his principal activity being in behalf of a comprehensive system of good roads and the lakes-to-the-gulf deep waterway project. His last speech in the Senate was made last July in advocacy of a Confederate monument bill. His last appearance in the Senate chamber was a fortnight ago.

Message From Captain Scott.  
Wellington, New Zealand.—Capt. Robert F. Scott's vessel Terra Nova, which carried the British expedition to the Antarctic has arrived at Akaroa, a harbor in Banks Peninsula, New Zealand, but has not brought back Captain Scott or the members of his expedition. The commander of the Terra Nova brought instead the following brief message from Scott: "I am remaining in the Antarctic for another winter in order to continue and complete my work."

Some Changes in the Senate.  
Washington.—Four Senators from the two new states of Arizona and New Mexico will enlarge the membership of the upper branch of Congress to 96. The new men are lawyers, are Marcus Aurelius Smith of Prescott, Ariz., Democrats, who will be sworn in at the bar of the Senate and Thomas Benton Catron of Santa Fe and Albert Bacon Fall of Three Rivers, N. M., Republicans.

Safe Blowers Are at Work.  
Chattanooga, Tenn.—The safe in the postoffice at St. Elmo, a suburb at the foot of Lookout mountain, was blown with nitroglycerine. The thieves escaped with over \$1,000, mostly in stamps. Dogs were taken to the scene but failed to take up the trail. There is no clue to the identity of the safe blowers. This is the second suburban postoffice robbed within twenty-four hours, probably by the same gang.

Ohio River Very High at Cairo, Ill.  
Washington.—The Ohio river at Cairo, Ill., is reported higher than it has been since the big flood of February 27, 1883. It stands at 52.5 feet and 53.5 is predicted during the near future.

Grace Will Be Operated On.  
Atlanta, Ga.—Eugene H. Grace probably will be operated on for the removal of the bullet which has severed his spinal cord and now lies embedded in the spinal column. This decision was reached by Grace's physicians, Doctors Turner and Bailey of Newnan, Ga. Grace, has not fully decided whether he will undergo the operation. Several days ago he insisted on such a proceeding, but his improved condition changed his opinion and he now is considering taking a chance on getting well without it.

Two Bandits Still at Large.  
Hillsville, Va.—The coroner of the law is tightening about the two court house assassins who remain at large. Empty-handed but close on the trail, the posse returned to town for a short time and then went off in the mountains again, confident that with every hour when Sidsa Allen and Wesley Edwards will be taken. Of the eight outlaws who shot up Carroll court house and murdered five people, they are the only ones not now in jail awaiting trial.

Another Battle Expected Soon.  
Laredo, Tex.—A battle between the rebels and the Federals will be fought at Torrion in the near future. This is the information conveyed in a dispatch from Monterey. According to a further report from the same source the rebels in the vicinity of Torrion number 7,000 men, while the Federals number 3,500. General Heurtaut commanding 2,000 soldiers and General Aubert 1,500. The Federal force in the Torrion district are said to be well supplied with arms, ammunition and artillery.

## FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

Latest General News That Has Been Collected From Many Towns and Counties of the State.

Kinston.—County Superintendent of Education Kinsey reports increased interest in the boys' corn clubs in this county, although the number of contestants is not so large at this time as he had hoped.

Wadesboro.—Mr. J. J. Little, one of the best known residents of this city died after an illness of several months, without having been told of the catastrophe which deprived him of two grown daughters when the Parsons' drug store collapsed here.

Greenville.—Fire completely destroyed the large store and stock of C. T. Munford and did considerable damage to adjacent buildings, causing an aggregate loss of about \$75,000. The amount of insurance has not yet been learned, but it is probably two-thirds of the loss.

Fayetteville.—Nathan Ray, a negro, was struck and killed by a north-bound train on the Raleigh, Charlotte and Southern railroad, while asleep on the track. Ray had been at work all the night before on some railroad wreckage and waiting for a friend to go home with him, sat down on the track and fell asleep.

Raleigh.—At Warrenton Paul Burton, a popular young man of the town and member of a prominent family was instantly killed by electricity. He was on a telephone pole at the time his body came in contact with a live wire and when the body fell a considerable distance, life was extinct. Death was purely accidental.

China Grove.—A serious accident occurred at Sardis when Jay Hostian while trying to get on the engine of train No. 61, a local freight, fell under the wheels and had both of his feet cut off. His head was severely bruised and his condition is most serious. He was rushed to the Salisbury Sanatorium in an automobile.

Elkin.—Between twenty and thirty young men have gone from this section to the West within the past month and there are several more making arrangements to go this spring. It is a great pity that so many of our young men are leaving the Old North State. There is no better place or people in the world than here.

New Bern.—Charlie Cook, Leo Cogdell and Richard Fulcher, charged with burglary, and Frank Bryant, Gus Holly and Matthew Williams, government prisoners (all negroes), who were confined in Craven county jail, picked the lock of their cell door with a fork, crawled through a hole in the ceiling, opened a trap door opening on the roof of the jail, and with the aid of a rope made from blankets, descended to the ground.

Winston-Salem.—Sheriff Flynt brought here Solomon Perry of Kernersville and lodged him in the county jail, charged with shooting Carl Lamar, also of Kernersville, in the left arm. Perry, who was employed as a special officer to keep order about the Southern railway station, imbibed some whiskey and ran amuck on the streets of Kernersville flourishing a pistol and making threats about shooting up the town.

Greensboro.—A summons in a civil action which promises to rival the recent trip-hammer case has just been served against the Southern Railway the complaint of the action which is instituted by E. L. Haley, alleging that because of exposure while working for the Southern he contracted a bad cold, which went into rheumatism. Haley asks for \$3,000 damages.

Winston-Salem.—Twenty million pounds of leaf tobacco will be the figures for sales in Winston warehouses this season according to present indications, for already nearly 19,000,000 pounds have been sold. This is considered excellent in view of the fact that the crop was considerably shorter in the piedmont section on account of the drought last year, and predictions at that time were that the Winston market would not be able to sell more than 16,000,000 pounds.

Kinston.—The cornerstone of the State School for the Feeble-Minded work on three buildings of which is being rushed, will be laid on a date in April, not yet determined. It is expected that the institution will be ready to receive inmates by the first of November.

Durham.—The hearing in the first of a number of cases against the city of Durham was begun in court. These cases are by people who live where the sewerage from the city enters into Ellerbee creek. They ask for damages ranging in amounts from a few hundred to several thousand dollars.

Charlotte.—We are going to build the Gastonia-Ashville electric railroad from the Falls House to Battery Park," said R. B. Habbington, one of the members of the board of directors of the company, of Gastonia, who is in the city conferring with associates.

Concord.—The board of county commissioners held a special meeting for the purpose of making plans for repairing the damage to the county roads and bridges by the recent rains. The board spent a busy session going over the various reports of the damage reported from every section of the county.

Pittsboro.—The Perry & Johnson roller mill at Silkhope, 5 miles north of Siler City, was destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at \$8,000, with \$4,700 insurance. Origin of the fire is yet unknown. This was one of Chatham's most prosperous mills and belonged to Mr. George Perry and belonged to Register of Deeds John W. Johnson of Pittsboro.