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THE ROBESONIAN

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LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1433.

IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH

Fast Presses and Excellent Machinery.

Everything is new and up to date, having just been received from the factories and foundries.

A large stock of all kinds of paper just received. Your patronage is solicited.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

CREATES many a new business; ENLARGES many an old business; PRESERVES many a large business;

To advertise judiciously, use the columns of THE ROBESONIAN. It is published in one of the live and growing towns of North Carolina and circulates extensively among an intelligent and prosperous people, whose trade is well worth seeking and having.

Table with 4 columns: TIME, 1 WEEK, 1 MONTH, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS. Rows include rates for various ad types like 'Transient advertisements', 'Legal advertisements', etc.

Transient advertisements to be published one month in advance, must be paid for in advance. All advertising for a shorter time than three months is considered transient advertising.

PROCTOR & MCINTYRE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lumberton, N. C.

MCNEILL & MCLEAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Shaw Building up stairs, North Corner.

N. A. MCLEAN, Attorney at Law, Lumberton, N. C.

ROWLAND & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lumberton, N. C.

T. W. COSTEN, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, RED SPRINGS, N. C.

DR. EUGENE HOLCOMBE, Dentist, Up stairs in New Shaw Building, Lumberton, N. C.

Did You Know that there was a difference in QUININE? Well, there is, and we sell only the very best at the same price others charge for the inferior article. J. A. NORMENT, JR. & CO.

THE BOY AND THE APPLES

A little boy sat on a fence and gazed overhead at a drooping limb, And a yearning deep and intense came by And took possession of him.

His little red features were covered with dirt, And his little brown legs were scratched; There were awful rents in his little gray shirt, And his little blue pants were patched.

From one little toe the nail had been torn, And one little heel was sore; A child apparently more forlorn; He had never beheld before.

A length he stood on the topmost rail And reached for that drooping limb, And catching a slender branch, he pulled It slowly down to him.

He pulled it hand over hand, until He could reach the verdant fruit; I shuddered to think of the fate in store For that innocent little cot.

He sat on the rail and he ate and ate; The apples were small and green; A clearer case of defying Fate No mortal has ever seen!

I sighed for him and almost wept When I thought of the grief in store For his tired mother at home, alas! He pulled off a couple more!

Then he slowly slid from the fence and left. I said to myself—"Good-bye! Three days from now, my little man, In the graveyard you must lie.

"Out there on the hill, where the gleaming stones In many a slanting row Remind us that we've got to pay One debt that all men owe!

"Good-bye," I sighed again; "I've learned One lesson good and true; Don't be a pig because you think Nobody is watching you."

He was gone. I slowly turned away, With a heavy heart and sad; And I dropped a silent tear that day For that fated little lad.

A week fled, and again I chanced To pass by that fated tree; And when at that drooping branch I glanced A thrill passed over me.

For there on the fence that urchin sat, As he'd sat on that former day, Putting green apples into his hat, To be secretly carried away! —Adeleide (Australia) Observer.

Punda-Tsang was an inn-keeper. He was sole proprietor of the Ballawar-Dak, which is a very big name for a very small native hotel about sixty miles north of Penang, and on the high road to the hunting steppes of the Bakit, or hill country.

bungalow after tiffin, smoking cheroots, while I listened to their exploits with interest. Suddenly four native Malays approached wheeling a live tiger in a clumsy wooden cage, and halted before the Dak.

The coolies were flying hither and thither, making the air ring with their loud wails. Such agitation on the part of these vagabonds roused me to a realization of the child's danger.

Punda knew well enough that the instant a tiger smells blood he will drop flat, and even if the feast is a mile away will begin a slow, creeping journey toward it, wasting hours, perhaps.

As little Iali was the inn-keeper's constant solace and companion, she went with him to pit digging, her father explaining to her the manner of capturing the four footed jungle god, which facts, instead of frightening the child, only helped to increase the stock of her play gods and demons.

In moments like these one's reasoning powers become superhuman. I saw that in all probability either Iali or I was to be sacrificed, which one depended merely upon the caprice of the wild beast.

Suddenly I saw the little figure waver on the dead branches over the mouth of the pit, and then, with the weak little cry poor Iali had lost her foothold and slipped slowly through the yielding boughs into the cave beneath.

Advancing to the very edge of the pit, the huge ape slipped, but he recovered. He saw that the branches were only a blind. Then he walked around the edge of the trap and knelt down like a human being, slowly, deliberately reaching out his long, hairy arm till his giant hand clutched that bullock bone.

suddenly, his flat face as pallid as a demon's, ferocious, but with the ferocity of nameless fear. "Iali!" he cried hoarsely. "Have you seen Iali?"

I dropped over the ledge, soon reaching the pathway by a short route. As I penetrated the jungle now suffused with mist in the ruby glow of the expiring day, I realized with what risk to myself I was entering this dangerous spot all unarmmed.

The crackling of the leaves and twigs on the moss beneath my feet added to my trepidation. Almost before I realized it I had reached the big trap, and then halted short thrilled by the sound of something human.

It was the tiger. In moments like these one's reasoning powers become superhuman. I saw that in all probability either Iali or I was to be sacrificed, which one depended merely upon the caprice of the wild beast.

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According to the Washington Post doesn't claim to be the inventor of the recipe but suggests that a very good way to put a stop to lynchings in the South would be to shut down on the particular crime that invites them.

RED SPRINGS DEPARTMENT. ITEMS OF INTEREST HAPPENING IN AND AROUND THE COMMUNITY.

William McKay, Esq., who has been practicing law at Cleburne, Texas, for several years, visited his old home last week.

Editor Whichard, of the ROBESONIAN, was here one day during the Institute, and we are glad to learn, through the columns of his paper, that he was favorably impressed with our town and people.

Every one is looking forward with pleasure to the Sunday school Chautauqua, which convenes here on August 10th. The programme gotten out by the committee is very attractive and will prove to be interesting.

The following bit of information concerning our postal expenditures is taken from the New York Commercial Advertiser:

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Miss Maggie Black, of Shelby, visited at Jno. McI. Brown's last week.

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around the street corners and condemn this thing, like I have heard some of our citizens do. That is cowardly. Come out openly and condemn it. If you do this you will see a change.

A Prominent Minister Dead. Rev. W. S. Black, D. D., presiding elder of the Warrenton district, died suddenly at Littleton last Wednesday morning.

When he was transferred from the South Carolina conference to this State, he was presiding elder of the Wilmington district for four years, and afterwards pastor of the Edenton Street Methodist Episcopal church of this city for three years.

Dr. Black was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mary Fleming. She was a lovely woman, the daughter of a Methodist minister in the South Carolina conference.

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