

Published every Wednesday at Lumberton, N. C., at \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for six months. It is sold every week by a large number of the most intelligent people of Robeson county and has a general circulation in all the surrounding counties, including Florence, Marion, Marlboro and Burlington, in South Carolina. The Robesonian is now in its twenty-eighth year and is no longer an experiment. It never missed an issue until the death of its late owner and hopes to make as good a future record. Particular attention will be given to keeping up the high standard of excellence it has attained as a purveyor of local news.

THE ROBESONIAN

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Country, God and Truth.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 31.

LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1435.

THE ROBESONIAN JOB OFFICE

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.

WHY SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS. CREATES MANY A NEW BUSINESS; PRESERVES MANY A OLD BUSINESS; REVIVES MANY A DULL BUSINESS; BRINGS MANY A LOST BUSINESS; SAVES MANY A FAILING BUSINESS; BRINGS SUCCESS IN ANY BUSINESS.

To "advertise judiciously," use the columns of THE ROBESONIAN. It is published in one of the five 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 columns: RATES OF ADVERTISING. 1 INCH, 2 INCH, 3 INCH, 4 INCH, 5 INCH, 6 INCH, 7 INCH, 8 INCH, 9 INCH, 10 INCH, 11 INCH, 12 INCH. Includes sub-table for SPECIMEN COPIES FREE TO ADVERTISERS.

Transient advertisements to be published one month and under, must be paid for in advance. All advertising local advertisements appearing among reading matter will be charged to cents per line for each insertion.

E. K. PROCTOR, JR. S. MCINTYRE. PROCTOR & MCINTYRE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lumberton, N. C.

T. A. MCNEILL. A. W. MCLEAN. MCNEILL & MCLEAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Offices in Shaw Building up stairs, North Corner, Lumberton, N. C.

N. A. MCLEAN, Attorney at Law, Lumberton, N. C. All kinds of legal business attended to anywhere.

ALFRED ROWLAND. J. A. ROWLAND. ROWLAND & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lumberton, N. C.

T. W. COSTEN, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, RED SPRINGS, N. C. Practice in State and Federal Courts.

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

R. F. LEWIS, M. D. J. S. MCGEECHY, M. D. Drs. LEWIS & MCGEECHY, Physicians & Surgeons, Office in McLeod Building, up stairs, Lumberton, N. C.

G. W. McQUEEN, THE LUMBERTON BARBER.

When you wish an easy shave, as good as barber ever gave, just call on me at my saloon, at morning, eve or noon; I will dress the hair with grace, to suit the contour of the face.

My room is neat and towels clean, scissors sharp and razors keen. And everything I think you'll find, to suit the face and please the mind, and all my art and skill can do, if you just call I'll do for you.

THE OLD-TIME SUGAR MELON.

They're farin, now by science—ain't like it used to be; The cotton's growin' 'differ, an' the corn's ahead o' me; An' the melons ain't as juicy in the country round about. For they've raised 'em an' they've raised 'em till they've raised the sweetest one out!

FOUND IN THE DARK.

BY SARAH PITT.

"Wake up, Dicky, quick; I've got something to show you." Dicky slightly moved his head from the window ledge at the sound of Min's eager voice, but he did not take the trouble to open his eyes until she had shaken and propped him upright.

She trudged away with her basket tonight with a blithe heart; that scrap of blue paper colored the whole horizon. Sunday had always been a bit different from the rest of the week, but Sunday with a good breakfast for them both was something of which she had little personal experience hitherto.

It was one thing to make up her own mind that she would look out elsewhere—quite another to know that she would be obliged to do it. "I heard of a place out Main street," she added, after a rapid consideration of the case; "would you speak a word for me if they wanted a character?"

It was his usual response, but Min could always translate it to mean exactly what was necessary. "Of course you were; well, Dicky, I'm going to look out for this Good Shepherd and get Him to make my will. I shall take you to Him as soon as ever I can find out where He is. You're not very ill, but it would be more cheery if you could talk to other people a bit when I wasn't here, wouldn't it?"

"But you needn't go and tell anybody what we're going to do; they might laugh at us, and it's our business, not theirs." There was not the slightest fear of Dicky even remembering anything to tell, but Min resolutely disclaimed to him as a rational and exceedingly sensible person; and after all, it is not so much what a person has, but what he thinks he has, that makes up the sum total.

It was one thing to make up her own mind that she would look out elsewhere—quite another to know that she would be obliged to do it. "I heard of a place out Main street," she added, after a rapid consideration of the case; "would you speak a word for me if they wanted a character?"

"What is it? What are they all doing?" "What is it? Why, a church, of course, and they're getting it ready for Christmas." "I never saw it before." "Well, you might have done; it's been here long enough—the Church of the Good Shepherd."

It was one thing to make up her own mind that she would look out elsewhere—quite another to know that she would be obliged to do it. "I heard of a place out Main street," she added, after a rapid consideration of the case; "would you speak a word for me if they wanted a character?"

"What is it? What are they all doing?" "What is it? Why, a church, of course, and they're getting it ready for Christmas." "I never saw it before." "Well, you might have done; it's been here long enough—the Church of the Good Shepherd."

It was one thing to make up her own mind that she would look out elsewhere—quite another to know that she would be obliged to do it. "I heard of a place out Main street," she added, after a rapid consideration of the case; "would you speak a word for me if they wanted a character?"

"What is it? What are they all doing?" "What is it? Why, a church, of course, and they're getting it ready for Christmas." "I never saw it before." "Well, you might have done; it's been here long enough—the Church of the Good Shepherd."

It was one thing to make up her own mind that she would look out elsewhere—quite another to know that she would be obliged to do it. "I heard of a place out Main street," she added, after a rapid consideration of the case; "would you speak a word for me if they wanted a character?"

"What is it? What are they all doing?" "What is it? Why, a church, of course, and they're getting it ready for Christmas." "I never saw it before." "Well, you might have done; it's been here long enough—the Church of the Good Shepherd."

Advertisement for Pain-Killer. Includes text: Cramps, Coughs, Colds, Tooth-ache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Bowel Complaints. A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is Pain-Killer. It is the trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes. Used Internally or Externally. Beware of imitations. Take note but the genuine 'PAIN-KILLER' Sold everywhere. 25c. and 50c. bottles.