

Published every Wednesday at Lumberton, N. C., at \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for six months.

THE ROBESONIAN

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Country, God and Truth.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 33.

LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1438.

IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH Fast Presses and Excellent Machinery.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING CREATES many a new business; ENLARGES many an old 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.

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G. W. McQUEEN, THE LUMBERTON BARBER.

When you wash an easy shave, As good as barber ever gave, Just call on me at my salon.

My room is neat and towels clean, Scissors sharp and razors keen, And everything I do you'll find.

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HIS OLD SWEETHEART.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone, And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,

When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream, In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray,

and worrit us all into our graves.

Having reached this climax, Mrs. Benson stopped to take breath, and cast a triumphant glance at her neighbor.

"There's something in what you say," she remarked with a doubtful air; "but it does seem hard, as the Vicar says, that the poor little fellows should never get a sight of the country."

"I've no belief in such interference," said Mrs. Benson decisively. "Why should they have been born in London if they hadn't been meant to be there?"

Mrs. Flint made up her mind at last that she would not say any more about it for the present, and having filled her basket and taken down the line, she prepared to go back into the house.

"Come in, Polly," cried Mrs. Flint; and bearing her mother's voice, the child summoned up courage and ran past the stranger hiding her face in a fresh access of shyness as soon as she got inside.

Jo watched her with interest as she followed her mother's steps wherever she went, but he did not address any further remarks to her, seeming to look upon her as too small for sensible conversation.

"What does she do that for?" he asked, when they were seated round the tea-table, and he saw Polly's fat hand still jealously clinging to her mother's gown.

"Because she loves me," said Mrs. Flint fondly; "don't you Polly?" Polly nodded solemnly, but made no other reply.

"Don't you love your mother?" asked Mrs. Flint. "I don't love a mother!" said Jo.

wouldn't waste our time growing pertaters, when we can get 'em quite as well in a shop."

Mrs. Flint did not feel equal to arguing the question, she was only conscious that her head felt "all in a middle like;" and having put the basket in the house, she went off gladly to draw some water from the well at the back.

"Come along, little gal!" said Jo patronisingly; "you needn't be afraid—I shan't hurt you."

The children looked at him in open-eyed surprise; readiness of speech has been considered a divine faculty from the time of the ancients downwards, but perhaps village children look upon it with more wonder than any other race of beings.

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"Don't you love your mother?" asked Mrs. Flint. "I don't love a mother!" said Jo.

"Who do you live with then?" "Well, I live with myself mostly."

Mrs. Flint did not speak, but there was a sad expression on her face that made the boy uncomfortable, even though he did not understand it.

"What's this for?" he asked, suddenly taking hold of his plate. "I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Flint; "don't you have plates at home?"

THE LATE W. W. McDIARMID.

At the meeting of the North Carolina Press Association in June the bright young editor of the Biblical Recorder, Mr. J. W. Bailey, who was the historian of the meeting, paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. W. W. McDiarmid, late editor of the ROBESONIAN.

As soon as we saw the press dispatches announcing the address we wrote to Mr. Bailey requesting that a copy be sent us for publication. He replied that he was unable to do so as the only copy of his address had been left with the secretary of the Association to be printed in the minutes.

A copy of the minutes was received from Secretary Sherill last week and the tribute is given below, together with the resolutions by the Association. Mr. Bailey said:

We look about us and miss a form for which we long; we listen in vain for the sound of a voice that is still. That kindly presence is gone forever from us; that jovial eye no more shall sparkle here; that ringing laughter, which made our meetings musical and drove a thousand cares away, shall be heard no more among men forever; the noble, lovely spirit of McDiarmid is departed hence.

It seemed to me when I heard he was dead that there was but one heart among his brethren of the press, and oh, it wasso sore. When I heard of the noble manner of his departure I was glad that I am a North Carolina editor. His office destroyed by fire; not a vestige, neither type, nor name, nor record left; he set his heroic spirit upon rising gloriously from the ashes, worked day and night, and exposed himself unto death in the winter's cold and, counting his life as naught if only he could do his duty.

For twenty years he had been editor of the ROBESONIAN. For as many had he attended our meetings. None have been so faithful as a member of the North Carolina Press Association, none so well loved; none more sadly missed.

As an editor he was in every respect successful. Under him the ROBESONIAN attained a popularity and a degree of confidence and a business standing that few country papers have attained. It represented at all times his benignant spirit, his sanguine optimism. Honest by nature he was true to his people. Manly; he was fearless in the discharge of his duty. In him the demagog had no hope; in him the spirit of discontent had no accomplice, in him Truth had an apostle, Right a defender, Justice a servant, Honor a knight; in him Patriotism had a burning and a shining light, Religion, Morality and Philanthropy a valiant exponent; in him Education had a tireless advocate; in him the people had a friend.

Only the gentle bard of his own native Scotland is worthy to sing of him. "He's gone he's gone! he's frae us torn, The ae best fellow ere was born! Tice, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn By wood and wild, Where haply, Pity strays forlorn, Frae man exil'd."

Remarks were made on the death of Bro. W. W. McDiarmid by Mr. H. A. London, who offered the following resolution: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst since the last meeting of this Association, our beloved brother, William Wallace McDiarmid, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed members of this Association, be it Resolved, Ist, That it is with the deepest regret we have heard of the untimely death of our beloved brother, and as a slight token of our high appreciation of him we pay this tribute to his memory.

The Croatians Greatly Excited.

About three miles from Pembroke, in Robeson county, lives Belle Oxendine with her husband, Wiley. Until quite recently, Belle has been in no wise noted, except for a deeply pious and religious nature. Since Sunday night, the 15th inst., though, her deeds, her sayings and the mysterious power, with which she seems to be invested, have created the wildest kind of excitement among the Croatians natives of the community in which she lives.

For some time she has been deeply grieved on account of her husband's indifference to religious matters and his perverseness was a subject of greatest concern to her. About a week previous to the 15th it was noticed that she was, in some manner, strangely affected, but not until Sunday night did she give signs of the strange and supernatural power that had come upon her.

She told her husband and family that she had just visited both hell and heaven, in spirit, and that God had bid her do some strange things to prove the truth of what she said. To show her power, she clenched her fists and the strongest men were unable to open them, nor could they bend her arms.

After this she became unusually quiet until Wednesday evening, when she told her husband that God had commanded her to prove that fire could not burn her. Building a light wood fire she stood over it, with both bare feet in the blaze, the flames going all over and around her without even scorching her clothes or doing her the least harm. Then she pulled a stick of burning wood from the fire and lay down, placing her head in the flames and, greatly to the amazement of all around, her head was not even singed. Afterwards, she sat on the fire with the same remarkable result.

The woman's strange actions, her talk about the mysterious world and the mysterious power she possesses, is a subject of the greatest wonder and there is no end to the consternation with which each person, who hears the strange story is filled. Several credible witnesses vouch for the truth of this statement and the Exchange reporter has it from the lips of a perfectly reliable white man, who has seen this woman of such strange and mysterious power.

Certainly, if there had been any doubt of Henry of Navarre being forgotten it would be dissipated by the fact that on the head of almost everything feminine there waves, this autumn, his historic white plume. It stands up as bravely as possible. In addition, feathers of shades obtain, although they have not driven either flowers, ribbons, velvet or spangles out of the field.

The shape preferred is the one most becoming to the individual. Furs, especially sable and chinchilla, are fashionable garnitures, and rich velvets and silks are draped over soft frames, producing wonderfully effective results. Purple is still holding the imperial sway it has for three years, although a wonderful deep red is a close rival to it, while royal blue, silver-gray, black and white, white and black, all black and all white obtain. Brilliant buckles and pins are used to fasten flowers and plumes to position. Indeed, wherever an effective bit of color or brightness can be artistically arranged, there it is in evidence.—Isabel A. Malloy in September Ladies' Home Journal.

At many points in Kansas farmers are reported unable to ship wheat, owing to the scarcity of cars. Republicans have cast 5,700 ballots for Senatorial candidates without a single change from the first, at Winfield, Iowa.

Bishop John P. Newman stated in a recent speech that the annual liquor bill of this country amount \$1,000,000,000. This, he claims, is equal to the cost of 20 leading necessities of life.

Gaffs on Prisoners.

A new torture—for every serious indignity is a torture—has been invented by the Russell city administration of Wilmington. The public know that the Russell wing of the Republican party captured the city government in the last city election, against the better element of the Republicans and the Democrats. The gang has procured a lot of iron or spurs to put on the city prisoners, and on Friday last the new scheme was put into effect. The negroes of course remonstrated seriously, but it was ordered by "the powers" to be done, and it was done.

Said one of the prisoners: "If we were thieves or criminals, it would be right, but we are only in here for being drunk or disorderly."

Capt. Bryant told them it was none of his doings, as he was acting on orders. "I was opposed to using these spurs," said he, "and I came very nearly being discharged on account of it."

One of the prisoners, with a voice trembling with emotion, said: "And this is what we get for voting the Republican ticket. I'm a fool if ever I do it again."

Rice Clerk and Treasurer F. B. Ritty, who was looking on, replied: "It is not the Republican party that is putting these gaffs on you, but the Russell gang. If I were you fellows I would refuse to work with those things on."

The prisoners buckled the gaffs on, and with an injured air obediently got into the carts and went out to work on the streets, says the Messenger.

The colored people are highly indignant over the action of the city authorities, and it does look a little hard that gaffs should be put on prisoners guilty of a misdemeanor only, unless they have shown a disposition to escape, or make themselves otherwise troublesome.

We clip the following from a gold contemporary: "The American silver dollar today is worth, in exchange, nearly two and a half Mexican dollars, and yet the Mexican dollar contains more pure silver than the American dollar. In Mexico the coinage of silver is unlimited; in the United States it is limited, and there you have the explanation of the phenomenon."

This is an explanation that doesn't explain. Mexico is a silver-using country, and our silver passes current there at its face value, simply because the Mexican who takes it can buy goods or pay debts with it on this side of the line, and therefore it is as good to him as gold; but when the American deals with gold countries then his silver simply goes at its bullion value, and therefore the American does not offer to pay with silver coin. In gold countries the stamp it bears isn't recognized at all, and it is dumped in simply as so much bullion. For this reason Americans who go abroad on pleasure or business take letters of credit in gold and spend and pay gold, not silver. In Mexico the silver dollar of that country is worth its face value and will buy as much as it ever would. It is only when it crosses the border and comes in contact with the gold standard that its value falls and it takes rank as bullion. Unlimited coinage has nothing to do with the case in that country, nor limited coinage in this.

The Newfangled Journal says that arrangements will be made by which trains will run through from Wilmington to Norfolk via Newbern, over the Atlantic Coast Line.

Southern Illinois farmers are reported to be refusing good prices for their big crops of apples.

Pain-Killer. (GERRY DAVIS') A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint. It is a simple, safe and quick cure for Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Neuralgia, Diarrhoea, Croup, Toothache. TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.