

Published every Wednesday at Lumberton, N. C. at \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for six months. It is sent 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 Hertford, in North Carolina. The paper is published in its twenty-eighth year and is as popular as ever. 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.

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LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1438.

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**  
GREATLY multiplies a new business;  
ENLARGES many an old business;  
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RESCUES many a lost business;  
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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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1st	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$3.00	\$6.00	\$4.00	\$8.00	\$5.00	\$10.00
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3rd	.50	1.00	1.00	2.00	1.50	3.00	2.00	4.00	2.50	5.00
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7th	.08	.16	.16	.32	.12	.24	.16	.32	.20	.40
8th	.06	.12	.12	.24	.09	.18	.12	.24	.15	.30
9th	.04	.08	.08	.16	.06	.12	.08	.16	.10	.20
10th	.03	.06	.06	.12	.04	.08	.06	.12	.08	.16

### HOW TO DO IT.

In plodding along if the horns in your track  
Seem sharp, don't you ever say die;  
Don't fall by the way with your heart in your neck,  
And say it is no use to try.  
Thought oft by misfortune your head may be bowed,  
Don't look upon life as a sham,  
But jack up your nerve and keep up with the crowd—  
Toot your horn if you don't sell a clam!  
A man who will sit in the game with the dums,  
And show a big shortage of sand,  
Will find his sorrow that none of the trumps  
Will ever fall into his hand.  
Though losses may come keep a grip on your pluck,  
Don't bleat like a motherless lamb,  
Make a noise in the world if you never have luck—  
Toot your horn if you don't sell a clam!  
The man who will weaken and throw up his hands  
When the clouds gather over his head,  
Is just like the poor coward who well understands  
What it is to go hungry to bed.  
Present a bold front to your menacing foes,  
In the heat of the battle be calm,  
And never say die till you turn up your toes—  
Toot your horn if you don't sell a clam!  
—Denver Post.

### JO.

BY MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

[Continued from last week.]

### CHAPTER II.

"Well, Jo, wouldn't you like to go to school with Nelly and Polly?" said Mrs. Flint next morning, as she was tying on the children's bonnets.

"Not I," exclaimed Jo; "I've had enough of them Board-schools in London; I ain't never going again."

"Our school isn't a board school," said Nelly, indignantly; "it's made of brick!"

"There, run along, children!" said Mrs. Flint, anxious to avoid further discussion. "You'll be late, if you don't make haste."

Jo contented himself with a defiant whistle as they went out, and as the shrill sounds echoed through her head, Mrs. Flint resolved to go and arrange the matter without delay.

She spared her journey, however, by seeing Mr. Lewis coming down the road, and running down to her cottage gate she stopped him and told him her difficulty.

"Oh! but he must go to school," said the Vicar; "it will be much better for him to have something to do; I will speak to him if he is indoors."

Mr. Lewis was a kind-hearted man, but he had a grave and dignified way of speaking that made some people feel a little in awe of him; none of his parishioners would ever have thought of taking any liberty with him, and his word had such weight among them, that Mrs. Flint felt that all her troubles would be at an end if he once told Jo what he was to do.

"Well, my little man," he said kindly, as he looked down from the height of his six feet at the quaint figure of the child.

"I ain't yourn, and I ain't a little man," replied Jo, as he returned the look with unabashed coolness.

"Oh, Jo! how dare you speak like that!" cried Mrs. Flint, agitated. "You must please excuse him, sir; he hasn't had no one to bring him up."

The Vicar did not look as angry as she expected, however; he smiled gravely, and took no notice of the remark. "We think you had better go to school while you are here," he said, "so I am going to speak to the master about you to-day—I hope you will be a good boy, and give him no trouble."

"No, I won't give 'im no trouble," said Jo.

"That's right," ejaculated Mrs. Flint, much relieved; "I knew you'd be a good boy."

"I shan't give 'im no trouble because I'm not going near 'im," went on Jo, as though he had not been interrupted.

"But you must go," insisted the Vicar rather taken aback; "I am not going to discuss it with you, but I shall tell the master to expect you to-morrow morning."

"All right," said Jo; "he can expect me as long as he likes. I'm come down 'ere for a 'oliday, and I ain't goin' to school—not for nobody!" And so saying, Jo walked back to the cottage whistling as he went.

"I am afraid that you will have a hard task, Mrs. Flint," said the Vicar, shaking his head; he knew that Jo had got the better of him, and if he had not been a man of great self-control, he would have shown how ruffled he left.

"I'm sure I humbly hope you'll excuse him, sir," said Mrs. Flint; "I'd have boxed his ears, but he's that saucy I daren't do it somehow."

"No, no, I don't want you to punish him," said the Vicar; "we must remember the kind of home he has had. I daresay Mr. Barlow will soon bring him into shape. I will speak to him as I go home, and you must send the boy down to-morrow morning."

Mr. Lewis's advice was good, but he did not suggest any means by which it could be carried out, and Mrs. Flint felt very hopeless when the next morning came; and school-time drew on; she had taken care to say nothing more to Jo for fear of increasing his spirit of opposition, and she was doubtful how to begin the subject now.

She was spared the trouble, however, by an unexpected remark on Jo's part.

"I'm going to walk as far as the school with the children," he said.

"That's a good boy," said Mrs. Flint; "make haste and get your cap; they're just ready to start."

It never entered her head that he meant to stay outside, and she watched them with the greatest relief as they went down the road, Jo holding Polly's hand with ostentatious protection.

"So you've sent the little torment off to school, have you?" said a well-known voice behind her as she went to the well to draw the water.

"I don't see that you have any call to say he's a torment, Mrs. Benson," she said rather sharply; "I'm sure the boys've been no trouble to you since he came, and he's gone off with the children like a lamb this morning."

"There is things that begin like lambs as ends like something else," said Mrs. Benson, with a toss of her head.

Mrs. Flint said no more, but her faith in Jo's good behavior might have been shaken if her eyes could have penetrated the distance that separated her from the school-house; for having reached the door, Jo sat himself down on a stone outside, and refused to come any further.

"Where's the boy you were to bring?" asked the master, when he saw the little girls enter the school alone.

"Please, sir, he won't come in," said Nelly.

"Oh, that's nonsense!" said Mr. Barlow; "go and fetch him, George."

The Monitor obeyed, and going out of the school, he found Jo with his head upon his hand, gazing at the fields in front of him with perfect contentment. "You are to come along into school," he said abruptly.

Jo raised his head and looked at him, but made no other reply.

"Get up, when you're spoken to!" said George, with a frown. He was a big, lumbering boy, a plodder at his lessons, but with about as much knowledge of human nature as a hippopotamus.

A contemptuous expression came into Jo's eyes. "Leave me alone," he said, "I'm busy."

"Oh! you little story-teller!" exclaimed George in a fury, and making a step forward, he seized the boy by the collar and dragged him from his seat.

He little knew with whom he had to deal. Jo had slipped out of the powerful grasp of a policeman before now! He gave himself a shake and a twist, and in the twinkling of an eye George was lying full length upon the ground, while Jo stood at a little distance convulsed with laughter from head to foot.

If the whole school had been there to witness his fall, George's fury could hardly have been greater than it was; but it was useless to try and catch the boy—he would only have suffered another defeat; he contented himself, therefore, with a vow of vengeance, and went back to tell the master what had happened.

Mr. Barlow uttered an impatient groan; he had given a very reluctant consent to the Vicar's request that he would admit the boy; he expected that it would upset the whole school, and this beginning went far to justify his fears. However, there was nothing to be done at present—Jo had

disappeared, and he was not certain going to volunteer to chase him, so he went on with the morning's work as though nothing had happened.

Jo meanwhile, having watched his enemy back into school, sauntered on until he reached the church. It was a warm morning, without a breath of wind stirring, and the insects were buzzing drowsily in the sunshine. The door of the little church stood open, and the sound of music stole out into the quiet churchyard.

Jo drew near to listen, and before long he had slipped softly inside.

Kate Hilton, the organist, was practicing; she had plenty of spare time, and many hours of it were spent at the organ. She had been playing a long time this morning, and the blower was beginning to tick longingly for his dinner; he sighed heavily once or twice, but as Kate took no notice of the demonstration, he summoned up courage at last to let out the wind.

The sudden pause roused her from her abstraction, and she looked at her watch. "You can go now, Fleming," she said; "I did not know it was so late."

The man went off without waiting, while Kate put her books together and locked up the organ. She stopped a moment as she was leaving the church, and looked back before closing the door; the sunlight was falling through the stained glass windows, throwing purple and crimson patterns upon the walls and floor. It was all so still and silent that a sudden rustling made her start as though a pistol-shot had been fired close to her ear.

"Is anyone there?" she said. The noise ceased as she spoke, and, thinking that it was only fancy, she turned to go, and laid her hand on the latch, when without further warning, a small figure darted towards her from the shelter of one of the pews.

Kate Hilton was frightened for a moment, but quickly recovering her presence of mind, she closed the door, and stood with her back against it. She guessed that this was the little Londoner, of whom she had already heard something.

"What were you doing here?" she asked.

Jo said nothing; and as she put out her hand to touch him, he shrank away and hid his face.

"Don't be afraid," she said; "I will not hurt you." Her words roused Jo's hasty little spirit.

"Afraid!" he said, turning round upon her. "Who'd be afraid of a gal like you!"

The words sounded rude, and Kate felt rather at a loss what to say.

"Were you listening to the music?" she asked.

Instantly Jo's face changed; and coming close in front of her, he said earnestly—

"I heard it outside, and I thought as it was angels. Some folks told me angels lived in churches; and when I got in I saw you makin' it out of a box, like the grinders does, only there was another feller turnin' the 'andle."

Kate smiled.

"Will you come again another day?" she said.

"May I?" said Jo; "Mrs. Flint said she wouldn't bring me when she come on Sunday. She said they didn't 'ave bad boys in church; but I'll come now, see if I don't."

"Do you like music?" she asked, hoping that she had found the soft spot in the boy's nature.

"Don't I just?" cried Jo. "I used to go to the Mission 'All on Sundays, and they learnt us lots of songs and things."

"The boys sing here in church," said Kate. "Will you promise to be very good if Mrs. Flint brings you on Sunday to hear them?"

"No, I won't," said Jo; "but I'll tell you what—I'll be as good as anythink if you will let me come, and sit up in that box with you."

Kate was rather alarmed at this unexpected proposition, but she did not like to refuse. It might destroy the slight hold that she seemed to have gained.

"Very well," she said, "that is a bargain then; but if I keep my part of it, you must keep yours."

"Shake 'ands," replied Jo.

Kate took the outstretched hand willingly.

"Don't forget," she said; and the bright glance of Jo's eyes satisfied her entirely.

Nelly and Polly Flint set out upon their homeward way when school was done, expecting a reprimand for having let Joe run away; but just as they reached the cottage, they heard a quick foot-step behind them, and he caught them up, breathless with running.

"Well, Jo, were you a good boy?" asked Mrs. Flint as she opened the door for them.

"Pretty fair," said Jo. Polly and Nelly looked at each other, but had not courage to speak; and their mother told them to come to dinner, without waiting for any more remarks.

Jo had much difficulty in sitting still at the table during meals. The least thing excited him, and he would get up and rush to the door or window before Mrs. Flint had time to stop him. They had hardly begun dinner before he clattered down from his chair.

"Who's that?" he asked, running to the window as he spoke.

"That's George Benson," said Nelly. "He lives next door."

Rev. J. D. Moore filled his regular appointment here Sunday morning and night.

Ed. Welch left Saturday for Trinity College. This is his third year at that institution.

G. T. Derby, of Norfolk, has accepted a position with W. J. Council and has charge of the clothing department.

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The new building at the Seminary is nearly completed and presents a pretty view. The painting of the old building adds greatly to its looks. The next session begins September 15th.

Miss Annie Petty, librarian at the State Normal and Industrial College, at Greensboro, is visiting Mrs. W. F. Williams. Miss Petty made many friends while teaching here, all of whom were glad to see her.

Rev. Mr. Kesler, who was pastor of the Baptist church here two years ago, and who has been serving the people of High Point since that time, has recently accepted a call to the First Baptist church of Rocky Mount.

The post office matter is settled and a Populist got the pie. We hope that Mr. Brown will make us as good a postmaster as Frank Currie. If so we will try and put up with him for the next four years. Mr. Brown will take charge of the post office the first of October.

In the absence of A. A. F. Seawell, Esq., of Jonesboro, who was to lecture before the Lyceum Monday night, Rev. J. D. Moore filled his place and talked for forty minutes on "The First Law of Nature."

Mr. Moore is a forcible speaker and his lecture was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it.

Livermore & McKinnon are putting up a telephone line from here to Pates, a distance of ten miles. A line will also be run from Buie to Pates to connect with the Red Springs line. We would like to hear that one is being put up from Maxton to Lumberton, via Pates, as that is the most direct route between those two places. Then we would have the connection that we have needed a long time.

Mrs. D. P. McEachern, who attended the ladies Missionary Convention at Ashpole Church week before last, reports a pleasant and profitable meeting. There are sixty-four societies in the Union. Thirty-two of these reported over \$1,100 contributed during the past year. The other thirty-two failed to report, but it is hardly safe to assume that there is another \$1,100 unreported. Several interesting papers were read, also letters from missionaries in the fields.

Miss Gunn, a missionary from Mexico, made a most interesting talk on the country. Her people and their customs. She attracted everybody by her bright, cheerful, hospitable manner and address. The hospitality of the Ashpole people was princely. Mr. Vardell addressed a large crowd at night. Those on the programme from this place were Mrs. D. P. McEachern and Mrs. T. W. Costen.

The relatives of Joseph Sullivan, who died in Oakland, Cal., recently, and was seven feet eight inches in height, have put a guard over his grave, fearing that a showman will steal his body.

### RED SPRINGS DEPARTMENT.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST HAPPENING IN AND AROUND THE COMMUNITY.

T. W. COSTEN, JR., MANAGER.

The farmers are bringing in cotton every day.

Mrs. T. W. Costen returned from Jonesboro last Saturday.

Mrs. Addie Freeze, of Mooresville, is visiting at Mr. Atwell's.

A. B. Croom, of Maxton, is clerking for Livermore & McKinnon.

Miss Lizzie Moody, of Fayetteville, visited Mrs. J. B. Buie last week.

J. C. Stewart, town marshal, spent a part of last week in Jonesboro.

Miss Anna Belle DeVane left last Wednesday for Oxford Female Seminary.

Mrs. Vardell has returned after a three months visit to James Island, S. C.

A social was given one night last week at the residence of Mr. McCallum's.

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### War Widows.

The Post recently printed some highly interesting remarks of Pension Commissioner Evans on the subject of war widows. Referring to the fact that, although the Declaration of Independence is 121 years old, the government is still paying pensions to widows of men who fought for it, the Commissioner expressed his belief that in 1987 the government will be paying similar pensions for the civil war of 1861-1865. He said he had no doubt that, for years to come girl babies would be born to the destiny of becoming the pensioned widows of the veterans of 1865. Of the 988,628 names now on the rolls, no less than 228,522 are those of widows, and the proportion is steadily increasing. There are seven survivors of the war of 1812 on the rolls, while pensions are paid to 2810 widows of that war, and the Commissioner thinks that the time will come when the widows of our great war will exceed the soldiers in about the same numerical relation. Since the publication of the comments, whose chief points we have cited, the commissioner is reported to have declared himself in favor of reducing, by act of Congress the future output of war widows. Here is the deliverance with which he is credited.

"I think Congress should take prompt action in preventing a multiplication of pensions through the marriage of old soldiers. A good many people think that the prospective pension as a widow of a soldier is enough to cause many young girls to marry old men for whom they care nothing except to have a pension for the balance of their lives. It seems to me that the practice is a bad one, and I hope Congress will take this matter in hand and pass legislation to prevent a pension being given widows of soldiers of the last war who marry the soldiers in the future. Instances have been reported to the Bureau of Pensions which show that women have married pensioners on their deathbeds in order that a widow's pension might be secured."

It is possible that Congress may give this proposition a hospitable reception and favorable consideration; but, if so, it will be something like a new departure in pension legislation, as well as in the general policy of nations on the subject of marriage. So far as we are advised, no similar suggestion has ever been brought to the notice of Congress. Widows of all our wars have been as freely admitted to the pension rolls as the men who fought in those wars. Whether the fact that there were more soldiers and will, therefore, be more widows of the last than in all our preceding wars will induce congress to reverse its policy remains to be seen.

It has been the almost uniform policy of governments to encourage marriage on moral, sociological and economic grounds. But our government, in its pension laws, has put a premium on the continuance of widowhood by providing that a widow's pension shall lapse if she re-marries on the matrimonial sea. This may have been necessary, but its moral influence has been and will continue to be bad. It is a strong temptation to commit perjury or to adopt an immoral course of life, for a pension of \$12 a month is a fortune to a very poor person. The legislation suggested by Commissioner Evans would not be promotive of vice or crime, but we are by no means sure that it will commend itself to Congressional approval.

A woman's character is likened unto a postage stamp, says an exchange. One black mark ruins it. Man's like a treasury note; no matter how many stains it has it will pass at par. When a woman falls from grace her character is generally ruined forever. On the other hand a man may straighten up and be received into the best society again. All of which is too true—but being true does not make it right by a great deal.

Mr. James E. Ferrell, of Burnt House, W. Va., has discarded all other diarrhoea medicines and now handles only Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He has used it in his family, and sold it to his customers for years, and has no hesitation in saying that it is the best remedy for cholera and diarrhoea he has ever known. It not only gives relief, but effects a permanent cure. It is also pleasant and safe to take making it an ideal remedy for bowel complaints. For sale by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

It will be a long time before another crop of cotton or corn can be made. The goods, such as clothing, shoes, sugar, and most all manufactured articles that farmers have to buy, are advancing in price. Flour is advancing while cotton, the money crop of the South, is declining. A serious condition confronts us.

In our present condition it seems to us that the wisest thing for our farmers to do is to sow clover and small grain, which will mature early next spring and somewhat relieve the strain. The world's supply of wheat is reported to be short and there is little prospect for flour to decline in price. Our lands are suitable for such crops, and as we have often said, they mature in time for other crops on the same land.

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