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THE ROBESONIAN

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Table with columns: TIME, 1 WEEK, 2 WEEKS, 3 WEEKS, 4 WEEKS, 1 MONTH, 2 MONTHS, 3 MONTHS, 4 MONTHS, 5 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 7 MONTHS, 8 MONTHS, 9 MONTHS, 10 MONTHS, 1 YEAR. Rows: 1000, 500, 250, 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, 2, 1.

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WHEN DE RICKUS COMES TO TOWN.

Dar ain't no day lack show day, when de circus comes to town, Wit all its spotted horses, its varmint an' its clowns;

Hit's long ways 'head of Christmas an' 'ere de whole year round, I'd be a happy nigger while de circus was in town.

Hit jes' puts a kind of feelin' all in a feller's bones Dat makes him feel lak spendin' jes' ev'ry cent he owns

To get inside dat circus—an' it's inside I'll be bound, You'll alius fin' dis pussion when de circus is in town.

How well it's rickolectin'—long sens niggers wuz sot free, Old Master comes aroun' one day an' say—say he to me:

"I want you all to promise that de factory shan't shet down, But you'll all keep on a-workin' when de circus comes to town."

An' he loved pore bucks an' niggers wuz all de sort wuz went; An' spent their time an' money inside a circus tent;

An' he loved ev'rybody wuz lak him de circus groun' Would look lonesome as er graveyard when de circus come to town.

Well, mos' de niggers promist dat dey shold woutin' go; An' fool away der money a messin, wit dat show;

and furnished; and Miss Wynn had just made her final visit of inspection. At the great Page mansion, in the next county, the clan had already begun to assemble; tremendous preparations were going on, in the kitchens of a dozen country-seats, which the wedding-party would visit, on their triumphal progress, a fortnight hence; far-off kinsmen were on their way, in lumbering family-coaches, and outsiders from Kentucky and Carolina; the last stitch had been taken in the bride's trousseau, the very veil was in its box, pinned to the orange blossoms; and yet Doctor Wynn's blue eyes wandered unceasingly, and he bit his thin lip, as if his good fortune was a mere vision, fading in thin air.

"What is the matter with you, Stephen?" said Nelly, sharply. "You look like tragedy itself."

"It may be my jealous fancy, Nell, but, hesitating, "there is something troubles me."

"Tell me all about it," with a decisive nod. "It's not about Lee, is it? You have your weaknesses, Stephen, but you're not jealous. It can't be a jealous fancy. Lee is nervous, romantic, but—"

"No, I never had any cause for jealousy," interrupted the doctor. "And I've known Lee since we were children. But there is a coldness, a reserve in Lee's letters, lately, which I cannot understand. There was another matter," he hesitated. "Nell, I shall not go into detail. But I there has been several unaccountable circumstances, which make me uneasy, and uncertain; even though," he added, smiling uncomfortably, "my wedding-day comes next week."

Miss Wynn waited a moment, in hopes that he would be more candid. But he seated her on her horse, and mounted his own in silence. "What can you do for me, Nell?" he said, as they entered down the hill together.

"I will go on to Colonel Page's tomorrow," said Nell, promptly as usual, "instead of waiting to go with you, next week. If anything is wrong, trust me to find it out, and set it right."

"I know you would suggest something, Ellen. But if anything is wrong with Lee, I must set it right myself. Nobody must come between us—not even you."

"I will go to Colonel Page's tomorrow," said Nell, promptly as usual, "instead of waiting to go with you, next week. If anything is wrong, trust me to find it out, and set it right."

pay to a woman, whose shrewd sense and keenness scared and awed them. "It is very kind in you to come so soon, Ellen. Lee is out in the park, somewhere," he said, hurriedly. "She is not as well as we should like to see her—too pale and haggard. But that's natural, I suppose. We have a few friends with us, already, the Cedar-Lodge Marshalls, and the Volneys, and all of cousin Betty's folks, and the Professor. Pyrus, where is Miss Lee? Oh, I forgot. See is walking with Professor Sartth. She's not as strong, Ellen, as I should wish. She feels the need of her mother now, as never before, I think."

All this was poured forth, eagerly and incoherently, as the old gentleman marched up the long hall, with Ellen, pulling his long, white whiskers.

Ellen Wynn knew, as plainly as if he had put it into words, that there was something to conceal, something which he did not himself understand. "Poor old cousin in Rupert," she thought, with an amused smile. "I must find it out."

"I will change my dress, and find Lee," she said, aloud, however. "Do not send for her. I know my room. Maumeo Sue will take me to it."

Half-a-dozen servants escorted her to her chamber. "Miss Nelly," with her hearty good humor, and sharp authority, was dearest to them than their own gentle, irresolute mistress.

Mrs. Betty Page, from Kentucky, hurried to welcome Ellen, as soon as she heard of her arrival, and to pour out the news. "Go on with your hair, my dear, and I'll sit here, by the window," she said. "You've soon cousin Rupert? He is in his element. You know he always did rejoice in a turmoil, and a house full of bustling. So fond as he is of Stephen, too. The dear old man would be perfectly happy, I think, if only he could know that Fred was alive."

"He has not heard of Fred, for a year," said Ellen, sharply. "Not since he started to India. Why does he choose this special time to worry about him? I should waste very little anxiety on such a feather-headed fellow, at any season. I am sure."

"You never were a father, my dear. An only son, too. And Fred never had any fault, except a drop of vagabond blood. It's quite natural, that his father should wish for him, at this crisis in the family affairs."

"I suppose so. But Fred always seemed such a cipher to me, that I cannot understand anybody wasting affection, or emotion, on him. The Cedar-Lodge people are here?"

ceptive of the mesmeric influence. He puts her to sleep, at will; wakens her; summons, or sends her from him at will. He has had one or two exhibitions of his power, in the drawing-room. But I have heard it hinted, that his power over Lee is much greater than we are allowed to see; that he can command her, when absent, as if he were present; bring her to him, by a few passes of his hand."

"That is absurd!" said Ellen, hotly. "I have heard of his mesmerism. It is all a fraud, an ungodly fraud! Do you mean to say, that Lee lends herself to such trickery?" Or that cousin Rupert allows her to do it?"

"Her father was much opposed to it. But Lee insisted on the experiments. She has shown, gentle as she is, that she has a will of her own. I did wonder," said the matron, with a sudden access of frankness, "what Stephen Wynn would say to all. And I am glad, on this very account, Ellen, to see you here today."

"I am glad that I came," said Ellen, calmly, for she had regained her control. "But the master is not as serious as you think, I hope, cousin Betty."

The following letter, issued by C. H. McBane, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, is printed at the request of W. R. Sartth, supervisor of public schools of Robeson county:

I hope you have the census of your respective townships, and that you have assigned the children to their respective schools. If you have not the census you must take it accurately and have the report in the hands of your county supervisor not later than the first Monday in December.

Where it is necessary to continue a school near a township line the committees which control the territory from which the children will come to compose such school or schools, should get together and decide how many, and who, shall attend or be assigned to such schools. Make these reports plain, so that the county board of education may easily understand.

The law does not require that each school shall have sixty-five children assigned to it, no more and no less, for, on account of geographical reasons, in certain localities, impassable streams and creeks and sparsely settled areas, it will not be practicable to have as many as sixty-five children for each school, and for these reasons one school may have fewer than thirty children, but others may give as many as seventy-five or one hundred, but the average in the whole township should not be less than sixty-five.

If possible, I would much prefer to have an average of seventy-five or eighty. This would be much better, as the greater the average the fewer the schools, and consequently the longer the school term.

I would remind you that a good, live, energetic teacher is cheaper at \$5 or \$10 per month than a teacher who knows nothing of what progress and real teaching is, even at \$15 per month. Pay your teachers more and demand more of them—then you will move forward.

Do not, I beg you, waste the school fund for school supplies. It is amazing to see how many thousands of dollars of our public school money has been spent for supplies, and yet where are the equipped public school houses?

"Home life cements the love of husband and wife. Other modes of living often loosen the tie," writes Edward W. Bok in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "Nor does the question of expense excuse the not having of one's own home. A home is not, of necessity, a palace. The humblest cottage is a million times better than the most luxurious hotel ever planned by the hands of man. In the one happiness is probable; in the other it is just possible. We can talk all we choose about married happiness; that it, after all, rests solely between two people, and that it makes no difference where they live. That is very good as a theory. But thousands of instances prove the contrary: that the theory will not work out in practice. Happiness depends upon the growth of the people who are parts of it. People who stop and stagnate are never happy. True happiness thrives on what it feeds upon. Let stagnation enter into two lives, and happiness becomes stagnant and unhealthy. But let our lives be filled with contentment, and domestic pleasure, with that germ of evolution which springs from the hearthstone, and the happiness which springs from these elements is purer, sweeter and more satisfying to our natures, our minds and our souls. A man and wife were made to abide together in inseparable lives, and as new elements come into that union to sweeten and hallow it, the abiding place should be some little place, some corner in this big world which they can call their own, their very own, where everything around them speaks of the husband's energy and the wife's achievement. That is home."

It often happens that the doctor is out of town when most needed. The two-year-old daughter of J. Y. Schenk, of Caddo, Ind. Ter., was threatened with croup. Her mother wrote: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor at once, but as he was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved the child immediately." A bottle of this remedy in the house will often save the expense of a doctor's bill, besides the anxiety always occasioned by serious sickness. When it is given as soon as the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. Thousands of mothers always keep it in their homes. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

It is an easy enough matter for a woman to have a straight, flat back if only she will take a little necessary trouble. Without a pretty back—which means a pretty carriage—all the Paris gowns in the world will never give a woman an air of distinction and grace. To attain this special beauty a woman must make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.

Roll the shoulders backward and downward. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day. Stand erect at short intervals during the day with head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back.

Walk or stand with hands clasped behind the head, elbows out. Walk or even run upstairs with feet ten to forty pounds on the head.

Try to look at the top of your high-cut vest or necktie. Practice the arm movements of broad stroke swimming while standing or walking.

Hold the arms behind the back. Carry a cane or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck. Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward. When walking swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward. Stand now and then during the day against a wall, with your feet, shoulders and head touching it.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache. J. D. McMillan.

All His Wheels in Motion. Charlotte Observer. The following open letter is sent to the editor of the Observer, by Hon. Charles H. Martin:

Dear Sir: In a recent issue of your paper I find the following editorial: "The rumor comes from Washington that Hon. Chas. Henry Martin, the noble Congressman from this district, has been sick there since Congress adjourned, but that he has recovered and is writing a book; furthermore, that, after the expiration of his congressional term, he will devote his life to literary labor. The story is incomplete, however, in that it does not state how many thousands of revolutions to the minute Rev. Chas. Henry's wheels are now making."

How such statements could have gotten into circulation I am unable to conceive except that their author drew upon his fancy for his facts. I have not been sick in Washington nor under medical treatment for my eyes. However, from incessant reading and the use of glasses, not adapted to my sight, my eyes became somewhat inflamed, but are now about well. Neither am I engaged in writing a book, nor have I, at anytime, made known, nor do I cherish an intention, after the expiration of my congressional term, to devote my life to literary labor. These are statements out of the whole cloth and exist only in imagination for they have no foundation in fact.

Important business involving large sums has been entrusted to me and the time within which it can be transacted, according to law, will expire, by limitation before Congress meets. My personal presence is absolutely necessary to push this business to a final conclusion. Under these circumstances for me to leave Washington, with the business unfinished, would betray the confidence which has been reposed in me. I thank you, sir, and the Democratic editors of my district for the tender solicitude which you have manifested for my return to my native State, but if you would not waste your breath, go speak to the winds, the cyclone, and the storm. I tell you plainly, but honestly, when you counsel me, either directly or indirectly, to betray a trust, the winds will regard you, the storm heed you, and the cyclone obey your voice more than I. Unless I can leave Washington without betraying the obligations of an important and sacred trust, here will I remain until Congress re-assembles and, if need be, till Gabriel's trumpet sounds.

Here, long delighted will I stay, And pass the spring and fall away. I should be duller even than you give me credit for being if I did not perceive that, in the phrase, "Noble Congressman," you speak figuratively, saying one thing and meaning the opposite. As you have introduced this style, I will take it up, and write in the same ironical manner. Is not sauce for the goose sauce for the gander? Is not that which is fair and right for the goose also fair and right for the gander? Has the goose all the rights and all the privileges and the poor old gander none? May he not lift up his voice and be heard, in the same style in which the goose was pleased to speak? You will perceive, at a glance, noble sir, that, in this metaphor, I am the gander and you are the goose. This, of course, makes you a—shall I say it? A—a—female. The other part of your glowing editorial requires, it seems to me, a more extended answer. Time and time again, you have referred to my wheels, in

terms of the "most elegant dietetic and greatest courtesy," and this time, as if to eclipse all former elegance and courtesy, you add the poetic and fanciful statement "wheels making thousands of revolutions to the minute." This, I know, sir, is a polite and polished way you have of calling me a fool and publishing it broadcast to the world. For three long years I have submitted, with patience, to your high-toned and complimentary allusions, and without once opening my lips; but now the time has come when even a fool should speak. In view of this, and the more significant fact that were I the vilest cur in all the land, with none of the refined feelings of a gentleman, I would still be entitled to justice, I respectfully ask the use of your columns to make a few simple observations. Your stock and trade argument, in its ultimate analysis, means, in plain unvarnished English, simply this: The Rev. Charles Henry (as you courteously call me) is a crank and a fool, with wheels in his head, and a very big fool, because his wheels make thousands of revolutions to the minute. I ask you fair and candid mind if this is not the essence of your arguments, when boiled down and reduced to its primal elements. You speak of my writing a book. You have called me a fool, sir, and would you have a fool to write books? This is something new under the sun. If I should write a book, who would read it? Would it not be cast, as common rubbish, upon the dunghill? But if you will hear me, I will answer the question, Who should be an author? Answer—A wise man and not a fool. As you are the wise man and I am the fool, the writing of books is a work for which you are better qualified and a task for which you possess native and superior gifts. If I should become an author, nobody would read my works. But if you should write a book, men and maidens and old ladies would hang delighted on your words, saying "Great is Caldwell, of the Observer, the gifted author of world-wide renown. Joo! Joo! forever and ever! Hurrah! Hurrah for Joo!" You see, sir, the effect of your book will be electrical, and the most intense and wildest enthusiasm will prevail among the people. Young men will throw up their hats, fair maidens toss up their silk bonnets, and old women fling up their night caps, shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah for Joo! Joo! forever!" These old ladies, mind you, also throng up their Sunday bonnets in the day time, when the fair young maidens tossed up their Sunday hats, but your book was so thrilling and so wrought up the old women that after going to bed at night, having nothing else to do, they throw, they snatch off their night caps, and fling them in the air, still crying, "Hurrah for Joo! Hurrah! hurrah!" As we hear the shouting of the multitude and see the old women in bed throwing up their night caps and shouting "Hurrah for Joo!" we cannot but exclaim, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful! Joo! Joo! Joo!" You will be a literary reputation, sir, of which the most gifted author may well be proud. Your books will not be cast, as mine would be, upon the dunghill to lie there and rot, but would be found adorning the shelves of all the libraries of the land. Your qualifications, as an author, gathered from an analysis of your late poetic and blooming editorial, are so manifestly that of a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot fail to discover your superior and magnificent endowment. In my next communication I will set forth, in detail, the specific attainments and qualities of your mind, which will make you shine, like a star, in the literary firmament and secure for you an enviable and deathless immortality.

Your humble servant, CHAS. H. MARTIN.

A little child of J. R. Hays, living near Colquitt, Ga., overtook a pet of his mother, scalding itself so severely that the skin came off its breast and limbs. The distressed parents sent to Mr. DeWitt, merchant of Colquitt, for a remedy, which he promptly forwarded Chamberlain's Pain-Killer. The child was suffering intensely but was relieved by a single application of the pain-killer. Another application or two made it sound and well. For sale by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Pain-Killer, listing ailments such as Cramps, Colic, Croup, Coughs, Tooth-ache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, and Bowel Complaints. Includes a testimonial from a child and a warning to beware of imitations.