

THE ROBESONIAN,
Published every Wednesday at Lumberton,
N. C., at \$2.00 a year and \$1.00 for six months.
It is read 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 pur-
veyor of local news.

THE ROBESONIAN

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Country, God and Truth.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 44.

LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 1449.

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.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

CREATES many a new business;
ENLARGES many an old business;
PRESERVES many a large business;
REVIVES many a dull business;
RESCUES many a lost business;
SAVES many a failing business;
SECURES success in any 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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	SPECIMEN COPIES FREE TO ADVERTISERS.	
	1 inch.	2 inch.
1 week	\$1.00	\$2.00
2 weeks	1.75	3.50
1 month	3.00	6.00
3 months	8.00	15.00
6 months	15.00	28.00
1 year	28.00	50.00

Transient advertisements to be published one month and under, must be paid for in advance. All advertising for a shorter time than three months is considered transient advertising. Accounts rendered quarterly for all advertisements published for a longer period of time. Local advertisements appearing among reading matter will be charged to cents per line for each insertion.

H. K. PROCTOR, JR., S. MCINTYRE,
PROCTOR & MCINTYRE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Lumberton, N. C.
Practice in all the courts of the State. Prompt and painstaking attention given to all legal business.

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

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 ROBESONIAN Building, LUMBERTON, N. C.
Dr. McGeechey will room in the office, where he can be found.

T. A. MCNEILL, A. W. MCLEAN,
MCNEILL & MCLEAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Offices in Shaw Building up stairs, North Corner,
LUMBERTON, N. C.
Practice in State and Federal Courts. Prompt attention given to all legal business.

G. W. MCQUEEN,
THE LUMBERTON BARBER.
When you wish an easy shave, As good as luck ever gave, Just call on me at my saloon, At morning, eve or noon; I cut and 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.

ALFRED ROWLAND, J. A. ROWLAND,
ROWLAND & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LUMBERTON, N. C.
Practice in State and Federal Courts. Prompt attention given to all legal business.

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

THE TOWN OF NOGOD.

My friends have you heard of the town of Nogod?
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitaville flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorther scents the air
And the Softays grow.
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Leterside;
Thatitfeeling is a native there,
It's the home of the reckless I don't care,
Where the Giveupts abide.
The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years;
It's wrapped in the fog of oldiers'dreams,
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes
And sprinkled with useless tears.
The Colledgefool and the Richman's heir
Are plentiful there no doubt;
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew,
With every class except one in view—
The Foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogod is all hedged about
By the Mountains of Despair;
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.
My friend, from the dead-alive town
Nogod
If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good and ill;
Take this for your motto, "I can I will,"
And live up to it each day.

LEFT BY WILL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The day had been wet. Toward night it cleared, and there was promise of a beautiful sunset.
"I am going for a long walk over the hills, Lucius," said Mrs. Conyers to a servant she met in the hall—an old family servant, who was at once the comfort and bane of her life. "I will have some tea when I get back."
Lucius was gracious enough to promise that she would, then he added,
"No news yet of the young gentleman, Miss Elsie?"
"No, Lucius; I thought he would have got here by this morning but I suppose I was mistaken about the day the steamer would arrive."
"Ah, I know dem steamers, con-sarn 'em!" returned Lucius, with a lofty air—for Lucius was a traveled man.
As she walked rapidly forward, Elsie was thinking of the "young gentleman," concerning whose non-arrival Lucius had spoken. He was her ward, though she had never yet seen him. Her ward—Elsie could not say the words without laughing; yet she sighed, and felt frightened, too, for she was barely twenty-one herself, though she had been a widow for a year; and to be left guardian to a growing boy, who must beat least fourteen, seemed at once ludicrous and terrifying.
This was the way it happened. When Elsie Barrington was eighteen, she married Edgar Conyers—a man old enough to have been her grandfather, and whom she had known and been petted by all her short life. Her mother made the match, of course. Elsie's father had died when the girl was fifteen—died insolvent.
The old gentleman adored his young bride, and Elsie, knowing no more about love than I know about Chinese, was acquiescent, and, indeed, quietly happy during her wedded life.
At the time of his marriage, Mr. Conyers had written to a friend of his, who lived in the South of Europe, that he was taking to himself a wife, the daughter of their former friend Barrington. Now Mr. Barrington had another daughter, Elsie's half-sister—a widow of near forty, residing in South America. Mr. Manning took it for granted that it was she whom Conyers had married, and wrote back his earnest congratulations. Only three months before his death there came another letter from Manning.
"My health is failing fast," he wrote, "I may go any day; the sooner the better. I will ask a last favor of you, Edgar. You will remember my writing to you, two years since, that my poor sister was dead, and had left me guardian to her boy. When I go, I want you to be his guardian. I have appointed you in my will. In case you should follow me, the guardianship will devolve upon your wife."
The two friends died about the same time. Almost the last words Conyers spoke were to confide his friend Manning's writing, just before his death, informed them that he had decided his boy was to travel for another year under the charge of a tutor, then go home.

Elsie wrote one letter to the orphan, kindly, gently telling him that when he returned to America, her house was to be his home, and promising to fulfill, as well as she could, the duties which had devolved upon her.
Soon after her husband's death she and her mother sailed for South America, to visit Mrs. Barrington's step-daughter; and I fear that, in spite of her wise resolutions, Elsie thought very little about her new charge. However, not long before the time where I begin my story, she received a letter from Lester Warner, her ward; a very short letter, beginning, "Dear Madam," and ending with a "Yours respectfully," in which he informed her that he was coming home.
Busy with her own affairs, Elsie simply wrote to the lawyers in New York, who had charge of the boy's future, that, after Master Lester Warner's arrival, she would go down to confer with them—and there the matter rested.
It was past eight o'clock when Mrs. Conyers reached the house. The May evening had been so sweet, she had been beguiled into wandering farther than she intended. When she entered the hall, Lucius met her with his usual grand bow, and the information: "If you please, madam, de trappers has arrove; de young gentleman, being non compos with sick headache, has retired, but de o'clock, I spose he's de tutor, waits in de library."
Elsie ran up stairs to get rid of her wraps and thick boots, and slip into another black dress.
"I dare say he is an old pup—tutors always are," she thought, as she took a glance at her pretty self in the mirror; "still one likes to be decent, even if one sits alone."
Down stairs she flew. She was a little, lithe thing, with great, soft blue eyes, and golden hair, looking more like seventeen than twenty-one; but in spite of her gentle manners and caressing ways, she was as decided a woman as one could find.
"Now for the old prose," she thought, as she opened the library-door. "It is a shame that mamma should be out tonight of all others! I hope the old thing won't talk either conchology or geology, at least."
She entered the room—a handsome, luxurious chamber, which was Elsie's favorite retreat. A fire was burning in the grate—Elsie liked a fire as long as she could make any pretence for having one. Her reading table was drawn up, as usual, in her pet corner, her pet arm-chair beside it, but, lo and behold, the stranger had established himself in that special nook. He was half lying back in the seat, so that she could only see the top of his head, and below, his legs stretched completely out upon the hearth.
"I know I shall hate him," she thought. "If he had the brains of an oyster, he would have known by instinct that he had taken my favorite place. Well! he must be dear into the bargain!"
She was half way across the room by this time, but the audacious tutor had not stirred. In passing a table her loose sleeve swept a book off, which fell to the floor; still he did not move.
"If I had a percussion-cap I'd crack it on the top of his old head!" thought Elsie.
On she floated to the hearth. As she reached it the gentleman rose with a start, but, instead of being elderly, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, looking about twenty-six, tall elegantly formed, with beautiful black eyes, and a heavy, curling, black mustache.
"I beg ten thousand pardons!" cried he, not a bit confused, though he looked a little bewildered by the golden-haired apparition which had so suddenly appeared before him. "I believe I was fast asleep."
Elsie felt somewhat flattered by the sight of such a Prince Charming in place of the elderly pup she had looked to see; but, of course, it was not in keeping with her dignity as mistress of the house to show it. She said gravely: "You are tired from your voyage, I presume."
"Not that; I never suffer on ship-board," he replied. "But we have had such a fatiguing day of it. When we changed at Poughkeepsie, I stupidly took the wrong train—we went careering up toward I don't know where; then

to believe you don't know who I am, any more than I—I knew who you were. Ha, ha, ha."
"I do not, sir?" she said, in a voice that shook with fear and anger.
"Oh, Lord! I think I shall die!" he shrieked. "You are Mrs. Conyers, and I am—Lester Warner!"
She sank back on her chair and stared at him.
"It is true," he said. "See, here are the letters, and all."
He pulled a packet from his coat, laid it on the table, tried to compose himself, but could only go into renewed peals of mirth.
"Who is the young gentleman up stairs?" she asked, still unbelieving.
"Little Thaddy Williamson. I telegraphed you from New York to know if I might bring him up for a few days, till his people could know we had arrived."
"I had no telegram," she said.
"Oh dear! such a bundle of blunders! I said, if not convenient, send me word. As I got no answer, I brought him. Oh, please laugh! I shall die if you don't. Mr. Montagu will be here tomorrow; he will tell you. Indeed, indeed, I am Lester Warner!"
She believed it at last. The ludicrous side suddenly struck her, too. She laughed until she was almost hysterical; and he laughed till he was forced to go and fling himself on a sofa, and hold his sides in sheer exhaustion.
It must have been a good half hour before they were sane enough to get at the facts in the case. He had supposed her a middle-aged lady; his uncle would have considered him a boy till he went on crutches. The explanations on either side were so often interrupted by bursts of laughter that they were a long time getting through them; by the time they ended, the pair felt as if they had known each other for years.
"I shall call you 'Guardy,' as the children do their guardians in novels!" cried he. "And you shall call me 'Ward'; nothing else, I insist on it."
Then they shrieked again.
The upshot of the matter was that ten o'clock came before they were aware. The carriage brought Mrs. Barrington back without their hearing it, and they were so earnest in conversation that the stately lady entered the room unperceived by either. She had heard from Lucius of the arrivals, jumped to the conclusion that this handsome young fellow was the tutor, and stood agliss at the sight of her daughter laughing and talking with her ward's instructor as freely and familiarly as if he had been an old friend.
"Oh, mamma, back at last!" cried Elsie, when they perceived her.
"Back at last?" returned the old lady, in an icy voice, and glaring at her offspring with anger and dismay.
"This is Lester Warner," said Elsie, trying hard to say the words composedly.
Now Mrs. Barrington was rather deaf, though she would have gone to the stake sooner than admit it. She did not catch the name, but disdained to ask. She wheeled slowly round and confronted the stranger, who had risen.
"I hope your young charge is quite well, sir," said she.
It was too much; neither of her listners could keep from laughing again like mad; and the old lady stood gazing from one to the other with a face of indignant horror and outraged pride, which ought to have turned the offenders to stone.
[Concluded next week.]

Prosperity of a Queer Kind.
Boston Herald.
At the meeting of the Home Market Club this evening, will Congressman Dingley, Mark Hanna or Senator Hoar answer the following questions? Will they answer them without fling or jest; without claiming that they are free trade arguments which they are not? Will they answer them as vital questions bearing upon the welfare of every man, woman and child of this country? Failing to answer them will they give a valid reason for not touching them?
If we are in the midst of prosperity why is it that the cost of living has been so greatly increased?
Why are all the prime necessities of life and the principal staples so much higher than a year ago?
Flour is fully 55 per cent higher than at the lowest point a year ago. Corn is 9 to 10 per cent higher. Molasses is over 17 per cent higher. Sugar is 7 per cent over 33 1-3 per cent higher.
Mutton is over 25 per cent higher.
Potatoes are over 100 per cent higher.
Apples are more than 100 per cent higher.
Butter is more than 15 per cent higher. Eggs are over 10 per cent higher.
Wool is from 80 to 100 per cent higher, and the trade in woolen goods is struggling to get the prices of woolen cloths up to par with wool, who is to pay for this increased cost of woolen cloths.
Hides are 40 per cent higher, and boot and shoe manufacturers are trying hard to get this increased cost out of boots and shoes. Is this of supreme benefit to the great majority?
If we are extremely prosperous and daily growing more so, how does it happen that printed cloths involving one of our greatest manufacturing industries, have just reached the lowest price ever recorded, viz., 2 5-16 cents?
How does it happen that the cotton market has continued to sag if a home market only is desirable? And how does it happen that the cotton people are setting up the argument that the low price of cotton is largely due to the fact that Europe has not been buying freely?
If a home market is the key note to prosperity, how does it happen that all the good that has come to the farmers of the West from higher wheat is due to the tremendous export trade of the past four or five months?
How much have wages been increased?
The Loyal Devotion of Two Lovers.
Salsbury Sun.
Miss Minnie Stirewalt, daughter of Rufus Stirewalt, of near Ebenezer, this county, was quite recently taken to the State Hospital at Morganton. For a long time she had been afflicted and some time since her mind became affected and it was thought best to have her taken to the Hospital where she could be properly attended.
Rev. G. H. Cox relates to us a pathetic incident, or series of incidents, in connection with Miss Stirewalt's affliction. She was engaged to a young man some years ago and they would have married but for the affliction which came upon her. Four years ago this young man who was working in Concord, became very ill. He was taken with fever which it was thought would prove fatal. But he was brought back to health. The physician attending stated that the presence of the young lady and her attentions is what saved the young man's life.
And when the lady became afflicted and lost her mind the young man became, if possible, more loyal in his devotion than ever. He was with her often and paid every attention possible.
Last week he accompanied her to Morganton and saw that she would be properly cared for in the State Hospital.

Common Crime of Murder.
Philadelphia Times.
There is not a single State or Territory in the Union in which there is not a trial for murder pending. In the State of Kentucky there are forty seven cases concerning ninety-one prisoners for murder awaiting trial. In Virginia there are at least twenty-three charges of murder. In the first State only seven of the men in jail to be tried for the capital offence of murder are negroes, in Virginia there are eight. North Carolina has twenty cases or more, Georgia twenty-seven, Louisiana a score, Texas thirty-two or thirty-three, Missouri twenty-four Illinois sixteen, Indiana seven, Ohio eight, Michigan three, Pennsylvania twenty-six, New York forty-two, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Vermont one, New Hampshire has just settled one of her three by a sentence of thirty years imposed upon a crazed assassin, California has twenty seven cases on her docket, and altogether with a dozen more or less there are 280 charges of murder on the criminal dockets of the various States and Territories.
Some of these have only passed as yet from the hands of the coroner or committing magistrates, others are on trial, some are on appeal, and a few have gone through all the judicial procedure and the convicted men are only awaiting the executive action of the law to complete their record.
In the Sunday Times of yesterday there was published a dozen or so of the most striking cases. They were selected from the broad field, and it was intended to show the generality and variety of the crimes. For that purpose the exchanges that come into this office for a week, about 250 each day—were used as the sources of information, and from them the figures given above were also taken. It can be readily understood that there may be a cause of murder in a city, say like St. Paul, where a man fully committed for and awaiting the action of the grand jury may not be mentioned for several weeks. There is one case in this city and the man charged with the crime is in Moyamensing, of which no mention has been made in the local press for at least ten days. The figures given above are, therefore, utterly inadequate—the more so as they do not embrace any crime in which some one is not charged with, the offense and is at least under arrest for it.
What an awful showing this is, however! It becomes the more significant as it is observed that there is no dominating cause of the crimes unless it be that in the large cities they are more frequently connected with robbery. Love, revenge, madness, pure thirst of shedding blood, gain, jealousy, political wrangles, family feuds and drunk-brawls are a few of the sources from which these homicidal acts have origin. Some seem not to have even the plea of madness, to which so many of the causeless crimes are referred.
It is a mooted point whether legal punishment has any deterrent effect upon crime, but no one can read even the brief record in yesterday's Times or note the terrible suggestive figures given above without an earnest wish that punishment have a real test.

Morbid Sensitiveness.
Baltimore Sun.
Some people render themselves unhappy unnecessarily by morbid sensitiveness. They seem to be on the alert at all times to detect slights or insults and resent many injuries that, even when real, have been inflicted upon them unwittingly. Super-sensitive people are generally very timid and usually have a very good opinion of themselves. If they were not timid they would by self assertion dispel all doubt as to the attitude of other people toward them; if they were not inordinately conceited they would not imagine that everything said or done related to themselves. This super-sensitive disposition does not serve any useful purpose and only makes their victim unhappy, and, as it is a cultivated disposition, one may guard against its development. Nearly all people talk and act with no ulterior purpose, and, this being the case, it is foolish to find mysterious meanings in what they say or do. One man is busy with his own projects; he passes his super-sensitive friend with a bare acknowledgment of the latter's presence, not because he has any ill feeling but because the victim of a sensitive disposition immediately sets his fancy to work inventing explanations of this behavior, all of them wide of the mark and all having some personal bearing. Another friend comes along who is in a particularly good humor and is effusive simply because he wants to talk to somebody. Fancy again runs riot in trying to explain this out of natural conduct, and again the sensitive man is wide afield, because he always sets himself up as the central figure in the action of his fellow men. Innocent remarks are twisted by him from their natural and obvious meaning, such as Benedict found signs of love in Beatrice's remark, "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner," the only difference being that the morbid sensitive man always gets a derogatory meaning out of the mystic created by his imagination; the foundation of all this misapprehension and unhappiness is an egotism that dares not assert itself. Only weak people suffer from it—those who hold very good opinions of themselves, but are afraid to assert themselves. If they have a grievance, real or imaginary, they do not go with it to the man responsible therefor, but content themselves with complaining to friends, who can do nothing for them. And thus the grievance remains to rankle them, which a bolder person would have swept away by an explanation. Such super-sensitiveness should be avoided not merely because it is a source of unhappiness to one's self, but because it is unjust to others. The egotism upon which it is founded is of a petty character—secret, not self-assertive. In itself, it is a vice to be corrected. Then the habit of brooding over injuries, real or supposed, is a bad one. Frankness would sweep away imaginary grievances and would not aggravate real ones. If one thinks he has been injured by another in speech or action, the frank thing to do is to go to him and ask an explanation. If the explanation means what, as will be the case nine times out of ten, the imaginary grievance disappears at once; if the grievance is real the fact is established beyond any doubt, and that is better than to have it a matter of uncertainty. The frank man is never in danger of becoming super-sensitive; it is therefore well to cultivate an open disposition, and, as a rule, take ordinary meanings out of what people say, not to seek for mysteries in their remarks.
It often happens that the doctor is out of town when most needed. The two year old daughter of J. Y. Schrock of Caddo, Ind. Ter., was threatened with croup. He writes: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor at once, but she was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved the child immediately." A bottle of that 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 cent bottles for sale by Dr. J. D. McMillan.

McKinley announces himself satisfied with the result of the recent elections. The question now arises: What would it have taken to disappoint him?—Exchange.
Fuming and fretting in and around a store, finding fault with clerks and employes, denotes a lack of order and business tact, and exposes the merchant to ridicule and unpleasant comments from those from whom he should have respect and confidence.

Cramps, Colic, Colds, Croup, Coughs, Tooth-ache, etc.

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS. A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

Pain Killer

(Small Tablets)

Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 25c and 50c bottles.