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WHOLE NO. 2041

THE LUMBER BRIDGE NEWS.

LUMBER BRIDGE, N. C.

REV. P. R. LAW, EDITOR.

We are homeward bound and are nearing home. We are in North Carolina. At no time since we left have we felt better. The heavy and thick weather of Texas did not suit us. It made us sick. Many others were afflicted as we were. One morning we began a tramp of seven squares to the church and the sun was shining beautifully. A lovely day was anticipated. Ere we reached the church the sky was overcast with lowering clouds. In a few minutes the wind blew furiously and the rain fell in torrents. With greatly reduced temperature the sun resumed its shining in an hour. There is no foretelling what Texas has in store in the matter of weather. We crawled into our berth at Fort Worth at 10 p. m. Friday night and in less than an hour the lightning began to flash, the thunder roar, the wind to blow and rain pour. And we bowed along over northern Texas and Indian Territory to South McAlester at 5 a. m. in a whole night of wrestling with a storm on the windward side of the coach.

In the west one naturally concludes that it is the people who have little of this world's goods and know less how to select, make and do such things as they wear that do nearly all of the traveling. The well to do as it is written and the better educated stay at home. Our sympathies are evoked at the sight of such ignorance and poverty as crowd the trains. Education is in demand. A great field for philanthropy spreads out before the eye. How great the benefaction, should several of our many multi-millionaires combine and with munificent gift provide for their educational advancement. The lessons of economy which lie at the base of making provision for self-comfort have not been learned. A more wasteful generation is rarely seen. The forelookings that prompt economy in the present are absent. Life is more like that of the hog that waits in idleness till the acorn falls.

The name of Ex-Governor Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, appears in the papers often as a lecturer. He is in the field much of the time. It is a paying business for him no doubt. Newspaper articles praise him highly. Good crowds greet him. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to hear him in Danville, Arkansas, last week. It was a disappointment. Perhaps we expected too much. But there was really almost nothing in his lecture that was above the commonplace. His statements of propositions were loose. Much of what he said was not true to life and much was strained to fit in consistently with the scope of his address. His word painting on which he evidently relies no little is overdone. It no doubt phases certain classes. The more ignorant and the sophomoric enjoy it and speak well of it. The best parts of the lecture were the stanzas he sang here and there. He is beyond doubt a musical spirit and has a voice of pleasing qualities. In neither the management of his voice nor in his acting was there any quality one might not expect to hear from hundreds. And in it all there was no moral uplift whatever.

Much of the interest in the preparations for the Home Coming of Robesonians at Red Springs, August 21-23, is involved in railway rates. Here is the latest delivered from the railways we have seen. "One first-class fare, plus 25 cents for the round trip, with a minimum rate of fifty cents from all points in Alabama, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina and Virginia. Tickets sold August 18th, 19th and 20th, for trains scheduled to reach Red Springs before noon August 21st. Final limit parties must reach starting point by September 1st. We do not make this statement authoritatively. Reason of the privilege accorded us of making the transcript for in-

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Rocks Fell on House.

The following story appears in the Democrat-News of Frederickton, Md., under date of February 24:

In the state of North Carolina, in the county of Iredell, about four miles southwest of the county site, there lived a man in the year 1842, by the name of Louis Day; what happened at his house I will relate as I remember it. Some rocks fell about his house, and he called the negro girl in the kitchen and wanted to know what she was throwing rocks for; she declared her innocence. Pretty soon more rocks fell and he went out and fired his gun, thinking some one was teasing him. He was soon convinced that there was something mysterious about it. The rocks did not seem to fall very hard, but no one ever saw them until they struck the ground of house, which many of them did. They would fall in the house and roll down the stair steps. He had six windows in his house and when the rocks quit falling there was but one whole pane of glass in the windows. While the family were sitting around the fire a rock broke the front glass of his clock and fell down on the floor. The neighbors gathered there to see these strange doings, among them my father and a man by the name of Jake Parker. They went down to where Day killed hogs, as most of the rocks seemed to come from there. Parker picked up a rock and marked it with a piece of chalk, and said: "I would like to see that rock fall." They went back to the house and were standing in the yard talking, when the rock he had marked fell close to his feet. Day's wife went into the kitchen to get dinner. She put her meal in the tray and turned around to get something and when she turned back there was a big handful of soot in the tray.

Day's daughter, Linda, washed and ironed her mother's cap and sat down to fix the cap. When she looked for her thread she had none; she went to the dresser to get thread; when she returned the cap could not be found. There was no one in the room but herself. After awhile she found the cap on the chair, where she had laid it, all wet and rolled up as if handled with dirty hands.

I have passed the house many times and have seen the broken glass in the windows. I was well acquainted with the family; the daughter was our near neighbor. I have seen Mr. Day at our house lots of times. This was the talk of the county for a long time. What power was at work the undersigned saith not.

J. R. TURNER.

Mr. Turner, the writer of the above, is presumably an Iredell man or descended from Iredell folks. Mr. William Walker tells The Landmark that he recalls the incident of the rocks falling at his house. He never saw them fall, but the mystery, which was never explained, so far as he knows, was common talk at the time. The Jake Parker mentioned is well remembered by older citizens. We have no information of the exact location of the house, or whether it is still standing.—Statesville Landmark.

Fire at Hamlet.

Mr. A. A. S. J. Parham lost his boarding house Saturday morning at 8:30 o'clock by fire. The fire originated in the kitchen and the cause is known. Mr. Parham lost most of his furniture, which was insured. The building, a two-story structure, was owned by Mr. F. A. Lackey and was completely consumed by flames. It was also insured.

Hybrid Cotton.

We have recently seen reports of two new varieties of cotton that have been evolved through hybridization by Dr. Tomatis, Ph. D., an Italian residing near Cairns, Queensland, which promises to revolutionize the growing of this useful plant. To these varieties Dr. Tomatis has given the names Caravonica I and Caravonica II. Consul Goding, of New South Wales, furnishes us some additional information which will interest farmers and mill men. He says that Caravonica I is a cross between a long-stapled cotton of the Sea Island variety, grown in Mexico, and the Sea Island of Peru, resulting in a perennial tree cotton, which attains a height varying from 10 to 14 feet. It is planted 7 by 7 feet apart, about 900 trees per acre. A tree six months old will attain a height of seven feet and will bear a small crop the first season. A single tree is said to yield from 800 to 500 bolls in a season, these bolls being so large that 70 will weigh one pound, thus producing 1,200 pounds of clean ginned cotton per acre. An offer has been made in England to take all the cotton produced at 20 cents per pound on account of its superior qualities. Experts have pronounced it the best cotton yet grown, classing it as wool cotton. Caravonica II is a silk cotton and is of even greater value, 24 cents per pound having been offered, but the yield is not given.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Laurinburg.

Exchange.

A number of bales of cotton were burned at Laurel Hill depot on Tuesday. We hear that they were ignited by a stroke of lightning.

Mr. R. Peele, of the Old Hundred neighborhood, paid us a call one day last week and brought us a freak in the shape of a hen egg. It is about a cross between a meerschampipe and a crooked-neck squash.

On last Tuesday lightning struck a tenant house on Mr. A. P. Fletcher's farm, near Gibson, knocked down the chimney and so wrecked the house that the family occupying it were compelled to move out.

On Sunday night the midnight through freight sustained a slight wreck at the Scotland mill siding. The tender of the locomotive in some way jumped the track. The wreckage was not cleared until midnight Monday, and the morning passenger trains were slightly delayed.

Both McCell and Maxton are to be congratulated on their excellent graded school system, and to Professors Thurston and Avert, educators of exceptional executive ability, the greater credit is due. Of course they had the "backing" of their respective communities else they would not have spelled "Success" so soon, but without their progressiveness and aggressiveness, too, for much has to be combatted in the educational "newgrounds" so much would not have been accomplished in so little a time. "Honor to whom honor is due," saith a curious, old-time book.

On last Saturday Mr. Walter Jackson, son of Mr. Sam Jackson, sustained a peculiar and severe accident. He was in the act of fastening the line snap on the bit of a mule, when the animal reared back and the metal snap ripped his hand open. It required twenty stitches to sew the wound.

Mr. T. S. Grayard and family spent Sunday with friends at McDonalds.

Swept by Wind and Hail.

Mount Olive, N. N., June 1.—A terrific rain, wind and hail storm passed over this section last night about 10 o'clock, causing crop and property losses of many thousand dollars. Following so closely upon the heavy losses on the strawberry crop, the farmers are very much discouraged. In the path of the storm, crops are completely ruined, the land presenting the appearance of a barren plain. In many places there is absolutely no trace of the fine crops that the sun went down upon the afternoon before. Many houses, barns and outbuildings were badly damaged, but so far there has been no report of personal injury.

The worst effect of the storm is seen between Dobberville and Mount Olive. The damage around Dobberville was especially heavy. Corn was being laid by and cotton had been chopped out to a good stand. Now there is nothing left and it is, perhaps, too late to replant for anything like a full crop.

In the southern part of Mount Olive, around the residence of Mr. C. B. Elmore, English sparrows roosting in the elm trees around the house, were picked up by the peck after the storm, having been killed by the hail stones.

The electric power house in the town was unroofed and the high smoke stack from the boiler was blown down, causing considerable damage to the property.

Mr. F. J. Lambert's fine, oak park, near his residence, was completely laid in, not a single tree being left standing.

A. A. Smith, a progressive and respectable colored citizen, had two tenant houses destroyed, just outside the corporate limits.

Mr. J. O. Highsmith's house was blown down and will be almost a total loss. It was a new house and had not been completed.

Mr. Jim Sasser's outhouses were moved from the blocks and his crop was completely destroyed. Messrs. C. B. Elmore, A. Sasser, W. J. Flowers, J. R. Gidding and others were heavy losers in growing crops.

North Carolina Crops.

Raleigh, N. C., June 3.—The State Department of Agriculture issues the crop report, showing the State of the average prospect for crops to be as follows: Tobacco, 95 6-85; peanuts, 112 8-10; wheat, 97 1-2; apples, 77 1-2; peaches, 84 1-2. Representative peanut growing counties show a marked increase; for instance, Bertie, 115; Edgecombe, 120; Nash, 127; Northampton, 118; Pitt, 112 per cent as compared with last year. Onslow shows 100.

The State Board of Agriculture, as trustees of the A. & M. College, completed its work to-day appointing \$50,000 for next year, and has elected Prof. D. H. Hill, son of General Hill, of the Confederate army, vice-president, to assist President Winston in his duties. An additional instructorship has been added in horticulture, agriculture, botany and agricultural engineering. The trustees declined to raise the price of board from \$20 to \$30.

President Winston is directed to secure a successor to Captain Phelan as commandant, preferably a young North Carolina in the active army service.

Raleigh Lodge of Masons, No. 500, tonight elected Governor B. Glenn to his first Masonic office, that of Junior Warden. Governor Glenn was made a Master Mason just a few days before he was inaugurated governor. He has since advanced and he is to be initiated in a few days into the Commandery.—Special to Star.

Maxton.

Chief.

Miss Jessie Belle McCallum is visiting her grand-father, Mr. J. R. McKimmon, of Rowland.

A heavy hail storm passed over this section east of town, last night, doing considerable damage to crops.

Mrs. William Walker died at her home, four miles south of Maxton, Tuesday morning, after a prolonged sickness from dropsy of the chest.

Mrs. Maud Glass Floyd, of Ashpole, spent Thursday in Maxton, the guest of her brother. She was en route to Randolph county, to visit relatives.

Mrs. Harriet Watson, of Tatum, S. C., passed through Maxton Saturday on her way to Lumberton to visit her daughter.

The crop prospect in this section has improved some from last week, but many of the fields are still in a desperate condition, and some will be given up to the grass.

Deputy Sheriff T. L. Smith went Wednesday evening to arrest John F. McKay, a negro boy of the Turn Out section, who is accused of several depredations. The negro resisted arrest, and opened fire with a pistol upon the officer and posse. The officers returned the fire, wounding the negro in several places, but he is said not to be fatally shot. One of the Sheriff's posse was slightly wounded.

John Blue, president, and his son, C. N. Blue, superintendent of the Aberdeen & Rockfish Railroad, were in town a short while Saturday. They informed us that soon a schedule would be in effect on their road by which passengers from this point could reach Jackson Springs the same day. Under the present S. A. L. schedule it takes parties from this point one night and day, and a hotel bill to reach Jackson Springs, a distance of 50 miles. If the S. A. L. will give us a schedule reaching Hamlet, from Wilmington, not later than 7:30 we can make the trip in two hours.

Red Springs.

Citizen.

The members of the Episcopal Church in this place will be glad to learn that the Eastern Diocese, now being held in Wilmington has directed the Building Committee to donate \$100 towards the building of a church in Red Springs.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. Mary Jane McPhaul, near Antioch Church, who died last Saturday aged seventy-two years, and was buried at Antioch the following Sunday. She was a daughter of the late Daniel McPhaul, of McPhaul's Mills, one of the old historic landmarks of the upper end.

We have seen and heard of grass in the cotton all of our lives, but not until the other day did we see grass growing on cotton bales. Any one going to the freight depot will find three bales of cotton that have been cut by grass. It will afford fine grazing facilities for any hungry beast. Such a scene is calculated to make the overseer pause, and for a short time to forget the exceeding grassy ground on his own farm.

We regret to learn that a little son of Rev. J. N. and Mrs. Cole is quite sick.—Rockingham Headline.

The Board of County Commissioners met in regular session yesterday morning. A report of the proceedings will appear in Friday's issue.

ROWLAND DEPARTMENT,

ROWLAND, N. C.

GEO. K. McNEILL,

NRILL SMITH,

Editors.

JUNE.

June—and the voice of a mocking bird
Comes from a near-by tree.
—A breath of morn in the leaves had stirred
A latent ecstasy—
The songster sings in an airy tongue,
He heard when Time and the world were young.
The echoes back from the glens were flung,
And they answer always, "June!"
The sun moves on in a cloudless blue,
And beams his brightest smile,
I gaze from a peak on a boundless view
That knows no fettering mile
But the happy vales and the sun-kissed hills,
The babbling brooks and wayward rills
Are a wee, small part of the joy that fills
My soul at the whisper, "June!"
And the bird knows not, as he warbles a tune
Of a month divinely fair,
That he sings to me of a dearer June,
With diamonds in her hair.
This minstrel, crowned with the ages' wreath,
Sings in a clear, unfaltering breath,
Of a month and a Love that know no death,
When his discourse tells of "June."
C. D. S.

We read an entertaining eulogy today of a graphic description of Togo's victory, sent in by one of the representatives of the Associated Press. There is nothing wonderful in that. One witnessing the fight and not being inspired to put forth his best efforts in telling it would not be a worthy ferret of that great news-getting organization. It really was the chance of a lifetime for a reporter, disastrous as it proved to the Russian navy and the hopes of the government at home. And it relieved the anxiety of a part of the world, at least. Yet it can but enlist our sympathies for the Little Father and his great trouble.

Two voices speak to us now. One is the voice of ease, calling us to the cool shade and summer dreams. It is very soft and alluring. The other is the voice of duty, calling to us from the fields, where grass is king and the sunshine pitiless. And it is thundering and insistent. Verily, Tantalus, in all his suffering, knew not such harrowing torture. For this June!

The truest "friend in need" we have met is the oldtime hothead. His name is goose.

The wedding-bells of May must have been "ringing wet."

Dillon, S. C.

Herald.

A cloud burst in Darlington county Saturday afternoon destroyed a number of bridges and did considerable damage to crops.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wiggins are off with the excursionists to Charleston, but will take the steamer for Jacksonville and continue their trip to the Gulf of Mexico visiting their brother Gordon Wiggins.

The boys and girls of Marion county will have an opportunity to complete for scholarships in the College of Charleston and Winthrop College at the examinations to be held on July 7th.

James Cole, a young farmer near Florence, shot and killed Alonzo Murphy, colored, Sunday night. Murphy had been beating his wife and when Mr. Cole remonstrated with him he fired at Mr. Cole with a shotgun. Mr. Cole then pulled his pistol and shot the negro twice, killing him instantly. Mr. Cole is a brother of Captain Bill Cole who is well-known here.

Mrs. S. M. Cole and daughter, Miss Anna M. Cole, and a visit to their old home at McDonalds Sunday.