

The Semi-Weekly ROBESONIAN

Is published Monday and Thursday of each week. It gives All the News it thinks its readers would be especially interested in and particularly the News of local nature.

It Has Correspondents All Over The County

And endeavors to keep its readers in touch with all the happenings of interest to them.

We should like to have a copy of the paper taken in every home in the county and by those who have moved away and still retain their interest in the county and its people. There are one-hundred and three issues a year, all

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Ends His Own Life.

John Frederick Dahmer, a young white man, slightly more than 20 years of age, killed himself late yesterday afternoon in the room over the O'Leary moving picture theater on Market street, death having been instantaneous from a bullet wound in the right temple. There were present in the room at the time the rascally deed was committed, Mr. J. H. Lillycrop, proprietor of the deceased, Mrs. Lillycrop, his mother, and Carl Smith, a white lad.

Dahmer got the pistol from a trunk in the room, and without any intimation that he was going to injure himself, he placed the pistol against his head and fired, the ball entering directly at the temple. He fell over on his back to the floor and the blood which spouted from the wound soon stood in dark splotches for several feet around the dead man, his head and shoulders lying in a pool of the crimson fluid.

The scene was indeed a pathetic one, when within a few moments after the suicide a newspaper reporter was shown into the death chamber. The sorely stricken mother had been thrown into hysterical state and other relatives stood mutely by, showing plainly the depth of their own sorrow.

A physician was summoned by attaches of the show immediately after the shooting, but death had been instant and there was no need for a doctor. Coroner Bell was notified of the occurrence and after viewing the body, deeming an inquest unnecessary he granted permission for its removal, and it was taken to Yopp's undertaking establishment on Princess street and prepared for burial.

It is not known what was the cause of Dahmer's taking his own life, though for several weeks he has been depressed and melancholy and has frequently said that "luck" was against him. It will be recalled that several weeks ago, during a time of temporary mental aberration, Dahmer disappeared from his place of business here and that he was gone for several days, fears being had by relatives that he had committed suicide. His mother, who at that time resided in Charlotte, got a note from her son that he intended to commit suicide by drowning himself in the river at the foot of Princess street. When he disappeared and no trace of him could be found, the river at Princess street dock was dragged for several days in an effort to recover the body. Shortly after he had been given up for lost, Dahmer suddenly appeared at his boarding house in this city and he was never able to state where he had been.

It is said that Dahmer yesterday afternoon became aggravated with one of the boys employed in the theater and discharged him. Later Mr. Lillycrop re-employed the boy. This led to an argument though neither party got mad over it. Both Dahmer and Mr. Lillycrop were in the room upstairs over the theater, and it was after the argument had ended and Mr. Lillycrop started down the stairs that the tragedy occurred.

At the instant when Dahmer put the pistol against his head and fired, it appears that though three persons were in the room, one of them were looking at him.

Here's Good Advice.

O. S. Woolver, one of the best known merchants of LeRaysville, N. C., says: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Pile Salve. It cured me of them good 20 years ago." Cures every sore, wound, burn or abrasion. At all drug stores.

Buying wedding presents, don't forget the headquarter. McLean-Kozier Co.

An Unwelcome Guest.

Rocett Irwin, an itinerant trader, on his way from Newark Ohio, to Bellefontaine, where he has a job, clambered aboard the Presidential train at Galion, Ohio, it developed today, and hobnobbed with President Roosevelt and Vice President Fairbanks. With them Irwin rode in state to this city, and lifted his hat condescendingly when as he descended from the private car. Magnet here, he was greeted with the cheers of 10,000 persons.

"I certainly had a 'souze' or I'd never have got next to that train," said Irwin, when questioned today. "I was standing at the Galion station looking out for a chance for a free ride when that train came in and slowed down. It didn't stop, so I took a sprint and swung aboard the platform of the last car. I was looking for the conductor when a tall man having on a big white vest came to the car door I just said 'Howdy.'"

"What are you doing here?" says he, kind of stern like.

"I'm looking for the conductor," I says.

"Come inside," says he.

"I'll do that same," I answers, and I make myself comfortable in a big leather chair.

"A man with eyeglasses and a warming smile comes up to me, kind of sniffs, and say: 'My man, do you always keep in this condition?'"

"Yes; got anything on you?" I says.

"He laughed and talked a minute, then went to the other end of the car.

"Pretty soon a man in a blue serge suit comes up to me and says, says he: 'Do you know who you were just talking to?'"

"I don't know, an', what's more, I don't care," I says, as cool as you please.

"Well," he responds, "that was the President of the United States, and the gent who let you into the car was Vice President Fairbanks."

"Then he tried to get my name and business, but I was wise and said 'nit.' I thought I'd talked enough, and got off at my station. Guess they slowed up for me a little.

"Nice private car, that Magnet. May buy it some day, or one like it. Anyway, I was treated like a gentleman by gentlemen—and what else can a man look for?"

Bricks Made of Flour.

Baltimore Sun.

In England much interest has been shown of late by the army and navy authorities in a new method of preserving flour by means of compression.

With hydraulic pressure apparatus the flour is squeezed into the form of bricks, and experiments are reported to have shown that the pressure destroys all forms of larva life thus preserving the flour from the ravages of insects, while it is equally secure from mold. 300 pounds of compressed flour occupy the same space as 100 pounds in the ordinary state.

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Looking Backward.

An old painter of Siena, standing for a long time in silent meditation before his canvas, with hands crossed meekly on his breast and head bent reverently low, turned away, saying: "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"

Many people, as they come to the close of their life, and look back at what they have done with their opportunities and privileges, and at what they are leaving as their finished work to be their memorial, can only pray with like sadness: "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"

If there were some art of getting the benefit of our own after-thoughts about life as we go along, perhaps most of us would live more wisely and more beautifully. It is of time said: "If I had my life to live over again, I would live it differently. I would avoid the mistakes which I now see I have made. I would not commit the follies and sins which have so marred my work. I would devote my life with earnestness and intensity to the achievement and attainment of the best things." No one can get his life back to live it a second time, but the young have it in their power to live so that they shall have no occasion to utter such an unavailing wish when they reach the end of their career.

Stole Cake Of Pink Soap.

New York World.

After spending 6 hours in prison, Poleski, 30 years old, a scubwoman, was released yesterday afternoon from the Tombs, where she had been sent by Magistrate Moss, charged by the Union Express Co. with having stolen a cake of pink soap, valued at 1 cent, from its 24-story building, on Rector street.

"I took the soap to wash my hands," was the somewhat remarkable excuse of the woman, caught pink-handed.

Realizing the enormity of her crime, she bowed her head sorrowfully. News of the sensational arrest reached Wall street just after the market opened and pink soap preferred took a sudden jump. Magistrate Moss, before whom Mrs. Poleski, was arraigned in the Centre-Street Court, was reluctant to send her to the Tombs.

"Don't you think that is a pretty small matter to make a criminal charge of?" he asked Supt. Chas. E. Jeffries.

"That may all be, Your Honor," replied the superintendent, "but we are desirous of making an example of her. There has been altogether too much pilfering in our building lately."

Magistrate Moss had no alternative but to have the woman locked up. Tearfully protesting that she did not intend to steal the soap, she was taken across the Bridge of Sighs. She remained there until Morris Engel of 9 Albany street generously gave \$300 bail for her.

Badly Mixed Up.

Abraham Brown, of Winterton, N. Y., had a very remarkable experience; he says: "Doctors got badly mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble; the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble; but none of them helped me; so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all the five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed to cure blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by all druggists, 50c.

Get a bottle of Alum and Iron Water, the finest spring tonic, free, at McLean-Kozier Co's.

That Was All.

Tenderfoot—I understand there was some difference between Cactus Cal and Alkali Ike.

Buck Haas—They're considerable difference. Cal's dead an' Ike's alive.

Tenderfoot—Yes, but what was the original difference between them that led up to the killing?

Buck Haas—Ike was quicker on the trigger, that's all.—Philadelphia Press.

He Did As He Was Bid.

Fair One—Really, I—I am extremely sorry, but I cannot say yes—at present.

Sutter—And yet I dared to hope you loved me.

Fair One—I do, Jack, I do; but yours makes the thirteenth offer I've had and you know how superstitious I am. You must ask me again after I've received another proposal.—Ally Sloper.

His Gentle Hint.

"How much of a salary do you get?" asked the inquisitive diner.

"Oh, I don't get any salary," replied the obsequious waiter. "The gentlemen that dine here are such perfect gentlemen that I don't need any regular salary or wages."

As the diner reached down into his pocket for a tip he was heard to mutter something about curiosity always being costly.—Chicago Post.

A Fine Arrangement.

First Nurse Girl—Seems to me y'r puttin' on a heap o' style drivin in the park with a moneygrammed kerriage, and coachman and footmen, too. Does y'r missus lend ye her private rig?"

Second Nurse Girl—She sends me to take her pet dog out fer an airin'.

"But where's the dog?"

"Under th' seat."—N. Y. Weekly.

Will Get His Deserts.

Naggus (literary editor, inspecting manuscript)—Your story is good enough so far as I have got, Borus, except that the hero is rather fine drawn. He's entirely too good for this world.

Borus (struggling author)—I know it, Naggus. I kill him off in the last chapter.—Chicago Tribune.

Subtlest Reason.

He—So Miss Willing has gone to Europe, has she? I thought she was going to marry young Smitherton.

She—She would have married him but for one thing.

He—And that was—?

She—He didn't ask her.—Chicago Daily News.

Feminine Suspicion.

"Miss Dimplemore says that you are very clever," said the young woman.

"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Cayenne, calmly. "Did she say it by way of insinuating that I am not good-looking or to suggest that I am unstable?"—Washington Star.

Why He Sailed.

Nervous Passenger—Why are you standing along at such a fearful rate through this fog?

Ocean Captain (reassuringly)—Fogs are very dangerous, madam, and I am always in a hurry to get out of them.—N. Y. Weekly.

Oddest Comparison.

Love is like an onion; we taste it with delight, and when it's gone we wonder what ever made us bite.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

What A Deadlock.

"When are you coming down?"

"Er—when are you goin' away?"—Chicago American.

The Fervent Fowl.

Mary had a little hen that caused her many a tear. It used to lay when eggs were cheap and quit when they were dear.

—Washington Star.

As Corrected.

Smith—I understand you told Brown that you thought I was a liar.

Jones—I never told him I thought you was a liar. I merely said I knew you were.—Chicago Daily News.

Not Impossible.

Bill—Do you think it impossible to keep a good man down?

Jill—No, not if he's dead.—Baltimore News.

His Long Smoke.

Benham—I'm going to smoke as long as I live.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Ladies' back combs, hat pins, beauty pins and shirt waist sets, at McLean-Kozier Co's.

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