

THE ROBESONIAN

Advertising Rates
On Application.

One Dollar and
Fifty cents the Year.

Established 1870.

Country, God and Truth.

Single Copies Five Cents.

VOL XL NO. 1.

LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1909.

WHEEL NO. 2436

Watches And Chains!



The Largest Stock in the County. If interested see us Before Buying.

Boylin's Jewelry Store

The K. P. Guano Distributor.



Scatters the Guano and Covers it. No waste around stumps and ends. No cogs and chains to clog and break. Nothing about it to break or get out of fix. Large hopper, balanced load, light running. Sows any quantity. Simple, strong, durable. Awarded diplomas by North and South Carolina Fairs 1904. Unquestionably the only Entirely Satisfactory Distributor before the people. All Distributors furnished with Galvanized Iron Wind Shields to prevent guano from blowing away in windy weather.

For Sale by Leading Dealers in Robeson and Adjoining Counties.

N. JACOBI HARDWARE COMPANY,
Wilmington, N. C.

J. H. ANDERSON,
Fayetteville, N. C.

Complete Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes and Ready-to-Wear Garments.

As Soon as the Spring Styles are Ready, we will have a Full Line of MILLINERY and the BEST MILLINER who has ever been IN THIS SECTION OF THE STATE.

J. H. ANDERSON,
Fayetteville, N. C.

PROSPEROUS TIMES

Are fast Returning and All Business Should now Begin to Expand. To Meet These Conditions we are Taking Care of the Demands of our Present Customers and we Are Ready to Supply our New Customers with Funds in Amounts Limited only by the Business they will give us in Return for these Accommodations. IF YOU NEED MONEY CALL ON US for Particulars as to our Methods.

The Bank of Lumberton,
LUMBERTON, N. C.

A. W. McLEAN, President.
R. D. CALDWELL, V-President.
C. H. MORROW, Cashier.

C. B. TOWNSEND, Active Vice-President.
A. E. WHITE, V-President.

THE GREAT CLEARANCE SALE
IS NOW ON

And will Continue throughout January. REMEMBER, all Winter Goods ARE GOING AT 45 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

The Chance of your life to get Winter Clothes Below Cost. Come Quick Before the Stock is Picked Over.

Yours for More Business.

A. WEINSTEIN, THE KING CLOTHIER
LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

W. J. Reaves Machine Co.,
Wilmington, N. C.

General Machine Shops and Foundries

You can get your work done promptly and at reasonable prices if you send to us.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Read Robesonian Business Builders

WITH AUNT BECKY.

The Beauties of Nature—An Experience on a Florida Lake—The Passing of Southern Manners and Costumes.

It is warm today, and I am sitting enjoying the breeze and the landscape, which, though for the most part brown, is relieved by the dark rich green of the stately pines, whose plumed crests wave in solemn grandeur near the back doors of our dwelling. I am a great lover of trees, and have always interposed to save them from the woodman's axe, even when it seemed that one might be spared. During a sojourn of 40 years they have grown from saplings into large and beautiful trees, and though speaking not with the tongues of men, yet they have in a sense become as a part of my family, and in them I am daily reminded of the handiwork of God and the sublime works of nature—

Rach little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made its glowing color,
He made its tiny wing!"

and no works of art, however perfect, can in any wise compare with the beauties so lavishly spread abroad upon this great world which He has created.

These balmy days put us in the notion of gardening, but little has been done in that line except to put out cabbage and onion sets. I am anxious for spring-time to arrive so that I can "go fishing" again, though my "partner" will be in school for some time to come, and I can't venture to go alone. I never could induce the "Squire to accompany me; it seems that after hunting for "big game" during the 60's he has a contempt for anything so trivial, but he has no objection to eating his share of the finny tribe when they are caught. I never backed out from fishing but once in my life, and that was down in Florida some years ago, when I was on a visit to my two sisters. They lived in the beautiful little town of Melrose, which was bounded by lakes on the east and west, one of which, Lake Santa Fe, was 8 miles long and four wide, with a depth ranging from 20 to 60 feet. One day my brother-in-law, who was intensely fond of fishing, persuaded me out in a little fishing smack, "upon the bosom of the deep." With some misgivings I finally assented (I had twice in my life narrowly escaped drowning) and we started forth armed with a supply of tackle, and squirming worms. Passing through a magnificent orange grove laden with the golden fruit, for it was in November, we came to a little cove, where his little boat was moored, and soon we were out "at sea"—for so it seemed to me. The waters of the lake were clear as crystal, and looking down I was horrified at the limitless depth, and feeling rather nervous, but ashamed of appearing cowardly, I was trying to conceal my terror, until presently we ran into a vast bed of the largest "bonnets" I ever saw. "Now," said my companion, "this is the home of the alligators, but I don't see any around today." Well, that was one straw too many and I began pleading to be put on shore. After using ever persuasion and argument possible in a vain attempt to reassure me, my brother turned the prow of his boat to land, and with a great gasp of relief and gratitude I bade farewell to the Florida lake and bounded in safety to "terra firma", while he resumed his sport and returned some hours later with a fine string of fish.

The weather and the water down there never got too cold to interfere with this sport, and the lakes were literally alive with fish, and alligators too. About that time Northern tourists were going wild over jewelry made from the teeth of the "gator" and paying fancy prices for articles of this kind, so that hunting for and killing them in order to extract the molars was profitable business. One night a young man who was boarding at my sister's went out on the lake, taking a bundle of tarry splinters by which to shine their eyes and his gun, and when he came in about 10 o'clock was jubilant over his success, having killed 5

BACK SWAMP ITEMS.

A Runaway Marriage—Mr. McKoy Ivey's Death—The Closing of Public School—Honor Roll.

Rev. Mr. Bridgers filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday. His sermons were pointed, earnest and instructive, and of much delight and profit to the people. Among those who attended the service Sunday were: Messrs. W. P. and Abner Barker and Raymond Thompson, of Lumberton; Misses Lois Thompson and Lula Townsend, of McDonald.

Mr. Ernest Barker, of Rowland, visited our community Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Evander Kinlaw and Miss Zula Prevatt ran away from Sunday school Sunday morning and quickly drove over to South Carolina, where they were made one. We often wonder how it is, that "Love always finds a way."

On last Wednesday night Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Thompson gave a most delightful party, which was greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

Mr. McKoy Ivey was found dead in bed last Saturday night. It is supposed that he died Friday night. The cause of his death is unknown.

Messrs. Jim Andrews, Frank Cashwell, P. R. Floyd and Arthur Fisher, of Fairmont, visited this section recently.

Mr. Earle Thompson, of Lumberton, spent Sunday afternoon with his parents.

We are glad to report that Miss Emma Prevatt and Mr. Neill Lewis, who have been on the sick list for some time, are better.

The public school at Back Swamp Academy will close on the night of March second with a concert. "The Old Maids Club" will be given and also several other interesting pieces. The public is most cordially invited.

The honor roll for the month ending February twelfth is as follows: Gladys Barnes, Eunice Britt, Katharine Kinlaw; Eva, Addie, Craton and Furman Prevatt; Sallie, Nannie and Marie Thompson; Nellie, Ada, Nina and Ben Pittman; Nannie and Fodie Townsend; Vivian Smith.

Back Swamp, N. C., Feb. 17, 1909.

"gators," which he carried to shore and left until morning, when he could better see how to perform his dental operations. But alas! when he returned for that purpose, "the early bird had caught the worm;" some energetic miscreant had stolen all his teeth.

President-elect Taft must have been "Dee-lighted" with his "possum banquet and the grand ball in Atlanta, where he is said to have kept his train waiting until 2 o'clock Sunday morning to finish his waltz with the wife of the mayor. I am not so much surprised at Judge Taft as I am at his partner, who, if she be a Southern woman, has certainly marred the standard of our womanhood, and I am ashamed of her. How strange it seems that she could have been carried away by the pomp and vanity of title as to forget her identity, and environments, even to the breaking of the Sabbath day, in the giddy whirl of the waltz. Is this a fine example from our incoming President?

I have a great misgiving that in the course of time Southern manners, habits and traditions will have passed away, overwhelmed in the vortex of a new era created by association and imitation; and the purity and nobility which made Southern womanhood a model for the world may become endangered.

"Aunt Becky,"
Old Fork, N. C., Feb. 16, '09.

A notable naval demonstration will be held at Old Point Comfort, Va., today when the battleship fleet which started on its journey around the world 14 months ago will be welcomed home.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. P. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolongs life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. It's a godsend to weak, sick and debilitated people. "Kidney trouble had blighted my life for months," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., "but Electric Bitters cured me entirely." Only 50c at all drug stores.

COL. McLEAN FILES PROTEST.

Disputes and Refutes Charges Made Against His Compatriots.

(From Charlotte Observer. To the Editor of The Observer:

"There was a hearing of the other afternoon before the joint legislative committee on counties, cities and towns, and on the bill to create the County of Hoke out of Cumberland and Robeson, and the hall of the House was 'packed and jammed' with parties interested on one side or the other. Editor-Representative Julian, of The Salisbury Evening Post, writes his paper of the meeting that 'three personal encounters, sixty-two inkstands overturned and one female spectator overcame by the oppressive atmosphere is the sum of the results to this time.'

"When the canny Scots bear themselves thus unseemly, what can be expected of the Dutch, the Scotch-Irish and the other lesser breeds without the law?"—Observer, February 14th.

It is my purpose, Mr. Editor, to take up, seriatim, these charges against my compatriots, which, in all conscience, were bad enough when only inferentially made by my good friend Julian, but which became intolerable when you gave them positiveness of statement.

I was there, Mr. Editor, I cannot say magna pars fui, for this was a contest between and among my own people, and I take up the claymore only against the Saxon—but I was there, and am prepared to dispute and refute your charges.

First. There were three personal altercations. Clearly these were among the near-Dutch, the Scotch-Irish. The Scotch do not have personal altercations—they fight. And who, once a row was started, ever heard of only three fights where there were five hundred Scotchmen divided into three hostile camps, for there was also a proposition to form the new County of North Robeson?

Second. Nine hats missing. Whose hats? If they were Saxon hats, I have only to say served 'em right. The brave Highland laddies, coming down from the fastnesses of Rockfish, in Cumberland, and Raft Swamp, in Robeson, marched across the border, and marching back again, carried these trophies of war, wrung from the unworthy Saxon.

But if nine Scotch hats were missing, I wish at once to know who stole 'em, and I call upon the grand marshal of Raleigh, otherwise known as the chief of police, to raise hue and cry among the Southrons till the headgear of my fellow citizens and clansmen be found.

Third. Sixty-two inkstands overturned. The near-Dutch again. The Scots would have flung all the inkstands in sight, one hundred and twenty, more or less, at each other.

The last and altogether most serious charge is that "one" female spectator was overcome by oppressive atmosphere." This may be considered from two points of view: First, that the inhalations and exhalations of the "atmosphere" by the large crowd present vitiated it; or, second, that the chief disputants exhausted the "atmosphere," created a vacuum, so to speak, and hence the swooning of the lady. We must suppose that the latter is the charge intended to be made. Small atmospheric density, we learn, is to be found forty-five miles above the earth, and only disappears at a distance of about eighty miles, and the bare insinuation that those bonneted Highlanders, Stephen McIntyre and Wilton McLean and those others, near-Scotch, Charlie Webb and George Hall, consumed so much "atmosphere," with consequential distress of a "female spectator," is not to be borne without protest, which I herewith file.

N. A. McLean.

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BETHESDA NEWS BATCH.

A Good Concert A Notable Day for Bethesda Concert at Barnesville Personal Mention.

Correspondence of The Robesonian.

The concert which was given here Thursday night by the school was quite a success. Many pronounce it to be the best of its kind, and not surpassed by any of its neighboring schools this season.

Friday was also a notable day for old Bethesda. The Junior Order of Fairmont, about fifty strong, presented themselves about ten o'clock and owing to their kindness and business-like manner, Old Glory is floating to the breeze, whilst the Book of Books, the Bible, occupies a desirable place in the school house. Mr. F. W. Walters, a member of the order, also a patron of the school, presented the flag and Bible to the school in a most pleasant manner. The flag was hoisted by Miss Mollie Floyd, a student of the school, amid the cheers of her companions, while the Juniors impressively sang "Columbia." This being over, the lunch baskets were opened and all enjoyed a dinner which was given by the patrons of the school. Another feature of the day was an address given by Prof. Poole, of Lumberton, which took place in the forenoon. He was quite happy in his remarks and the crowd enjoyed having him immensely. We hope he will make us another visit some future day.

Messrs. Van Lewis, A. H. Sellers and W. S. Floyd returned from Lumberton, where they had been serving as jurors, Wednesday. Mrs. W. B. Flowers, accompanied by her friend Mrs. H. Baines, of Proctorville, spent Sunday at the home of her father-in-law, Mr. R. R. Flowers. Mrs. Andrew Edmund, of Chadbourne, is spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walters.

Several in this section attended the concert at Barnesville Friday. They report as does a certain diviner who, through his kindness, accommodated a few lively heads to the comforts of his wagon, whose destination proved none other than to the concert above mentioned. The occupants were Messrs. Fletcher Walters, Oscar Floyd and Miss Minta Floyd, of this section; Mr. Robert Edmund and sister, Miss Fanny, of Chadbourne; Mr. Cleveland Johnson and Misses Smith and Pearl Floyd, of Fairmont, R. F. D. No. 2. Quite a collection and a big time was evident.

Mr. Joseph Walters celebrated his 69th birthday Sunday. He was greeted by his many friends, children and grand-children, and we all wish him pleasant memories of the day, also that he may be happy in his passing days.

Well, some of the boys say that Phil's an odd and strange character, but if they doubt Phil, they're doubting Thomases, for Phil's in the race right and if you get there before he does, tell them he's a-coming too.

Mr. Oscar Floyd and Misses Minta Floyd and Dorcas Williams spent Sunday evening with their cousin, Miss Ola Johnson.

Phil the Fiddler,
Barnesville, N. C., Feb. 15, '09.

BETHESDA NEWS BATCH.

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Correspondence of The Robesonian.

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