

The Lenoir Topic

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They have just moved into their
NEW AND HANDSOME BRICK BUILDING
Recently erected by them. They keep a large and complete stock of
PURE AND FRESH DRUGS, CHEMICALS, TOILET ARTICLES,
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Always on hand. They try to never be out of anything in their line.
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AT COST! AT COST!
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WITH a view to forming a copartnership in his mercantile business and laying in a full new stock of goods for the Spring and Summer trade, has decided to offer for
THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS,
His entire stock of NEW GOODS at greatly reduced prices, in fact many goods will be sold at
ACTUAL COST!
Come one come all and secure BARGAINS for Cash or Barter at highest Market Prices. LENOIR, N. C., Jan. 20, '83
All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once.
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PROPHYLACTIC
FLUID.
A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Radicates
MALARIA.
For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Scurvy, Cholera, Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been so spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

SMALL-POX
FITTING OF Small POX PREVENTED
A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid, and was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it. — J. W. PARKER, Greensboro, Ala.

Diphtheria
Prevented.
The physician here used Darby's Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. S. STOLLENBERG, Greensboro, Ala.

Scorlet Fever
Cured.
Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. It is the most excellent quality of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted. — N. T. LAYTON, Prof. Chemistry.

Darby's Fluid is recommended by
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Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

IN THE MORNING.
"Lex Scripta, the written, the written, the statute; Non scripta, non scripta, the unwritten law. Include and include and, not only the customs Of certain and certain and certain — O pearls!"

Here now I am reading this chapter of Blackstone To the time, to the time of the waltzes last night; You Yeller, You Yeller, and Blackstone and Blackstone! I wonder why waltzes won't stop after light.

BYGONES AND NEWCOMERS.
Written for The Topic by a Caldwell Lady.

WILL PARKINS was a fine fellow, a great favorite with the young ladies and ought not so long to have remained a bachelor, but as he laughingly observed, he was born on the twenty ninth of February and his birthdays came so seldom, he felt too young to marry. He had been my chum at Bingham's School and we afterward obtained license to practice law at the same term of the Supreme Court.

Being on a business trip to Black's, where he was practicing his profession, he invited me to go home with him to spend the night; as we walked from the office he told me he was anxious for me to meet his parents, and hoped something would occur to draw out one of his father's stories of his youth, as the old man had been a great hunter in his time, and now his mind dwelt mostly on the past.

The homestead was three quarters of a mile from the village. An old fashioned house with a wide spread roof covering a storey and a half, and sloping down over a shed in front, which embraced a tiny bed room at each end, with a piazza between; two stone chimneys seemed to fasten the house to the soil. The old house had a motherly look and made one think of a hen hovering over a brood. The yard was roomy and pleasantly shaded, one huge hollow mishapen sycamore grew near the gate, which Will said, was sometimes used as a saddle and harness room. Tall hollyhocks stood along the fence between the Lombardy poplars; in one corner of the yard was a great snow ball bush with a scarlet woodbine running over it, boxwoods neatly clipped, edged the borders and one or two unpurged had grown to elephantine size; these had been planted by Grandmother Parkins as had also the snow balls, lilacs, peonies and the honey locust tree, that was now scraggy, and half dead, obstructing a really fine picturesque view of the little valley below the house with its silver ribbon like creek winding down, glinting here and there in the sun light. Yet the old tree still remained because Grandmother had planted it. All the unselfishness and reverence had not died out of the family though the Parkines were obliged to acknowledge that they often wished the tree was gone, as it was not ornamental and the thorns and fallen leaves were troublesome. There were old fashioned roses; Lord McCartney's, the sweet pale cabbage roses with their stunted bushes and rather sticky stems, and a clear white one with bluish green leaves, that must have been the ancient rose of York; in the narrow borders at each end of the piazza step nodded deep peonies, and over the shed room windows, rioted the delicious English honeysuckle and the Greville or seven sisters rose—their finest clusters just out of reach. In one corner of the piazza hung a string of red and yellow peppers from last year's garden, and near the door a bunch of fine wheatheads with evenly out stalks. On a little shelf, where the water bucket used to stand, was a fine collection of relics of the mound builders or Indians which had been ploughed up at different times during a century, and a large conch shell with "E. F. P. 1795" cut in its rosy cheek surrounding the whole. There was a drowsy hum in the air which could be traced to the bogwains, mere sections, sawn from hollow logs and boarded over at the top, with holes bored from side to side through which ran sticks crossed in the centre to support the

and scraped off the buds of promise as fast as the aggravating things appeared. We would have thought a young chap with a full moustache without a beard was crazy, and no decent person would go with him. As there was no chance for us then to handle yardsticks or listen to a telegraph machine click or be a railroad juggernaut we had to go to the corn fields and wood pile to work and thought ourselves well paid in the fall by getting a full suit of jeans clothes woven by our sisters and made up at home—plenty of woolen socks knit in the chimney corner and a pair of shoes that had been made on the back porch. We were not without pleasures. We were often invited to choppings in the neighborhood, house raisings, corn shuckings, log rollings, weddings and infairs—dear old word that last, the word and the custom, both dead they tell me now. Folks get married in the morning and have a breakfast and go off on the Narrow Gauge and take their suppers in Danville or Columbia.

"But the fun that I loved the best, was going driving in winter. I don't mean that we went to a livery stable and hired a horse and buggy and drove the horse nearly to death trying to please the preacher's daughter or a parlor boarder at the Institute who forgets all about us as soon as she leaves here. I mean we took a pack of hounds and our guns and hunted deer. That was what I call driving, and no dollar and a half to pay for it either."

"Tell us about one of those hunts, Major," said I.

"Well," replied he, "we usually killed as many as ten or a dozen deer in a season and sold the skins at Col. Waugh's store in Wilkesboro, taking our pay in powder and lead and sometimes a yard or two of white cotton cloth to make bosoms and collars for our Sunday shirts. Ah! those Sunday shirts—many a time have I gone to my sister's side and watched the stitches she was putting in the box plait of the bosom. I honestly believe if a young man had appeared in our neighborhood with a glazed paper collar on or a sham bosom in front of his shirt he would have had as many people after him as the clown at the show. — But I must tell you about the big hunt—I can't help getting riled today, thinking of the good old days when we were so simple in our tastes and when the fellow who could split the most rails in a day or cut the widest swathe or had the most skins outside the smoke house to dry and could raise the tune at meeting was the hero of the settlement and could generally take his choice of the girls in our part of the county. I notice now the young gentleman who hires the horse and buggy and takes the girls to ride often and wears the shortest coat and parts his hair in the middle and plasters it down where people used to show their foreheads is the one who takes the cake as you call it."

"Well, I can't make the country over and so I'll go back to my story, about the time brother Levi, Judson Alloway and I went hunting in the upper dark hollow, west of Ripshin and that was the time we named the mountain. We had a pack of nine dogs, two rifles that had been used at King's Mountain and Judson carried a musket. Judson was courting my sister Myra, and was the finest shot in the settlement and always looked so comely in his blue hunting shirt belted in at the waist and a strip of otter fur on the edge of the skirt and his conical cap, with the creaster's tail hanging down at the back of his head. Now that was a garb fit for a hunter to wear and if anything makes me mad, it is to see girls who pretend they can't bear to cut a chicken's head off, wearing dead birds on their hats and trimming up their dresses and cloaks with fur from game somebody else did kill—hats—well there is no use talking about the girls' hats. I wish they could see what my sister wore on Sundays, when the weather was pretty and the wind was still. It lasted her nine or ten years and was called a calash; it was made of pale blue silk on a ratan frame; the front of it was as large around as a parasol and the brim could be pushed back against the crown; it looked mighty like the top of one of those bug-

gies you fellows pay seventy five dollars for and smash all to pieces going to Watanga and Linville Falls.

"Dear, dear, I must go on with my story. We started as I said, and how those hounds yelped when Levi put the hunting horn to his mouth! I remember what steer the horn came off of. He was one of a yoke father drove from old Culpepper, Virginia, that had been given him by mother's father when he and mother moved. The steer's name was Logan. We kept him for the sake of old times, long after he would have made good beef, but one summer when he was turned out into the range he mired down in a swampy place and the catambants tore him so he was dead when we found him. We kept one of his horns to blow up the hands to dinner and to call the dogs with. Mother used to say old Logan was a calf when father first began to ride home with her from quiltings in Virginia, and that she never blew that horn without thinking of the old place and seeing, away behind the years, the green pastures where old Loge had frisked when he was only a bossie. But as I was saying how the dogs yelped and crowded around us sniffing the air and showing all over that they knew what was up, and were full of having a grand old time in the woods. I remember one bound in particular, his name was old Troop; he was a powerful good dog, but he had been given to us when he was a pup by a man named Zach Troop, the meanest man in the county and so sly he never could be caught in any of his misdeeds. My father used to say it would do no good to catch him, as his neck was too short to tie a rope around and they would have to drive a staple in the top of his head to hang him by. Well, well, he got his "come uppance" at last. He was a tory and had done a great many things that people had not forgotten, though years had passed by, and at last he was in the woods one day and shot a buck, but he only stunned it; so when old Zach rushed up to cut its throat, the deer sprang and pinned him to the ground with his horns and stamped him until he died. The wild things in the woods had about ruined his likeness to himself when he was discovered by the wheeling of a lot of buzzards. But old Troop, the dog, was as good a dog as ever bayed. How many nights I have jumped out of a warm bed and followed the sweet music of his voice to the ridge around here to find a coon or a wild cat tree. I would not give a copper cent for twenty five of the painters and setters you young folks have got lying around the fire; they take up the whole hearth rug and fill it full of fleas; if they are in, they want to get out, and if they are out, they want to come in, and I notice it's generally your mother or your sister who gets up to wait on them, and all they are fit for is to trollop over wheat fields after partridges and to find may be one duck in a season. Did you say hounds ate up all the eggs. No, they didn't. Chickens, in my day, roosted in trees and laid their eggs in the barn loft or in the loom house in a barrel, and they were good old fashioned hens, too, that didn't have cholera like your Plymouth Rock and Sea-bright and Brahmas do, now, that you raise from eggs brought here by express at a dollar a dozen.

"You say you wish I would go on with the story. Well I'm not a going to do it. I've come to a pretty pass when a child of my raising sets up to inform me that I had better talk about something I'm familiar with. I'm inclined to think that if I had been more familiar with you, when you were a boy you would not be so pert with your tongue, sitting up here with store clothes on and bought socks, as if your mother's wearing and knitting wasn't good enough for you and a playing on a flute every night, looking like a calf tied with a rope, when you ought to be making shuck collars for the plough gears as I did when I was your age, and hiring, horses and buggies to take them to your girls to ride and having your likeness taken with two or three other fellows with your hats on and cigars stuck in your mouths."

"No, sir. You don't get any story out of me. I did intend to tell you how we started a deer that morning and followed him clear to the mouth of Elk and got fresh dogs and finally, as Judson Alloway fired at him—

was a buck with horns on his head as big as a brush heap—the gun burst and a piece of the barrel struck Judson near the temple and he fell down dead. We carried him to his father's house with our rifles laid crossways on poles, and sister Myra, poor girl, went once to his grave and after that she went out no more, but seemed to pine away still and patient like, making no moan and never shedding a tear where we could see it, and there was no doctor nearer than Asheville and, though mother made all sorts of teas and bitters and we tried to cheer her up, she never seemed to take medicine as if she expected to get better but just to please mother, and at the last when we thought she was past talking, she opened her eyes and looking upwards smiled as she did in the old times, and said, "Oh Judson, I dreamed you were dead!" and then we saw she had met him.

"But I am getting old and tedious, and will not try to tell the story until I meet with some body's children who have been raised as I was, to have manners enough not to interrupt their elders. It strikes me if some people would spend more of their evenings carving kitchen spoons and butter ladies out of laurel wood, as we did for Mother, they would not waste so much time or money putting running gear on their feet at the skating rink." Here the old gentleman gathered his loose coat about him and left the room.

I asked Will if his father really believed the times had degenerated as much as his very denunciatory language seemed to indicate. After a puff or two, he answered "No, I do not believe he does. He often speaks of the wonderful contrivances we have for saving time and labor, of the perfection printing and electrotyping of the telegraph and other modern improvements, but the truth is, my sister Kate is carrying on with the Station agent in town, who was formerly a clerk in Hollister's store and all the things he has given me tonight were directed at her young man of whom he is not very fond, to say the least. Father is getting old and chooses to remember only the pleasant things of his youth; but if you could see the scars on his feet and shins that were made when part of this land was cleared, and the logs for the old meeting house yonder were cut on top of the ridge, rolled to the creek and floated down, you would not think the days had been altogether halcyon. He had a terrible hard life and altogether they made about as much in the year above household expenses as I can now make in one, by my profession which, you know, is the more profitable from the fact that until recently the greater part of the people made their own deeds, wrote or had a neighbor write their own wills and went to the nearest schoolmaster or old magistrate for their legal advice. That chimney corner law business has bred many a case for the courts." So we lit fresh cigars and going to the piazza sat there until the moon rose high in the sky.

THE LEGISLATURE.
TWENTY-SECOND DAY.
SENATE.
The Senate was called to order at 10 o'clock. President Robinson in the chair.

BILLS, ETC.
Mr. Lovell sent in a communication from John B. Hand on education.

CALENDAR.
Mr. Dortch, bill for a graded school in Goldsboro, passed its readings.

An act for the relief of disabled Confederate Soldiers. (Gives \$3 a month to Confederate soldiers who lost one leg, one eye, one arm.) was taken up on motion of Mr. Tuon.

In view of an amendment which the committee had recommended should be made the bill was referred to a committee.

HOUSE.—The House met at 10 o'clock. Speaker Rose in the chair.

To amend section 369 of the code of civil procedure.

Mr. McLoud moved to amend by inserting the word "shall" instead of "may." Carried. The bill then passed its third reading.

To amend the time to redeem land sold for taxes. Passed its third reading.

CALENDAR (resumed).
To change part of the line between Watanga and Caldwell counties. Informally passed over.