

# The Lenoir Topic

VOL. VIII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1883.

NO. 22.

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For Scarlet and  
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ily was taken with  
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Fluid. The patient was  
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## 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 waltz, you waltz, and Blackstone and Black-  
stone!  
I wonder why waltzes won't stop after light.  
Ah, well, how we waltzed together,  
Adown and adown the bright dapples of the room;  
All under and under the wrappings of banners;  
And into pertumeland of bloom and of bloom.  
As one and as one — and one soul, the mad music —  
Her heart beating thus into mine, into mine;  
We waltzed away, waltzed away out of the fluid;  
After and after into — Both! it is mine,  
And here is my Blackstone awaiting my pleasure —  
Ah, well, I suppose it is time now for it;  
I forgot in the dance I was waltzing, and now I'll  
Forget the dance too. — "Lex scripta, the writ"  
— Seribon's Magazine.

## BYGONES AND NEWCOMERS.

Written for The Topic by a Caldwell Lady.

**WILL PARKINS** was a  
fine fellow, a great favor-  
ite 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 profes-  
sion, 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 be-  
tween; 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 har-  
ness room. Tall hollyhocks stood  
along the fence between the Lom-  
bardy 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 Grand-  
mother 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 sil-  
very 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 ac-  
knowledge that they often wished  
the tree were gone, as it was not or-  
namental 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 Eng-  
lish honeysuckle and the Greville or  
seven sisters rose — their finest clus-  
ters just out of reach. In one cor-  
ner 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 dif-  
ferent times during a century, and a  
large conch shell with "E. F. P.  
1795" cut in its rosy cheek surround-  
ed 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

honey. Some hundreds of yards  
back of the house and sheltering it  
from the northerly winds, a spur  
from a neighboring range of hills  
extending westward ended abruptly.  
There were clumps of cedars grow-  
ing upon its top and one old walnut  
tree; a few grey boulders jutted out,  
the stones once scattered over the  
hillside had been collected from time  
to time into a stone wall several feet  
high which partly surrounded a fam-  
ily grave yard on a little plateau at  
the top; a wooden paling completed  
the enclosure on the western side;  
there were no ornate monuments  
within the plot; a few of the graves  
had solid head and foot stones of  
white marble, the others were mark-  
ed by dull slate colored slabs. On  
them the dates of death never reach-  
ed the nineteenth century.

The old home was deserted save  
by the old people, one daughter,  
sweet Kate Parkins, for whom I had  
a tender place in my heart since our  
first meeting in Salem, and my friend  
Will who was a painstaking and a  
successful lawyer in the railroad  
town we had just left. The other  
Parkins boys, by close industry and  
application had educated themselves  
and Kate, and flown beyond the  
home nest, but Will spent the days  
at his office and his nights at the  
old house.

Mrs. Parkins, I found was a fair  
placid old lady with silvery hair  
smoothly tucked away under a snowy  
cap whose white ribbons were tied  
under her chin and through her  
spectacles looked dark earnest eyes  
strangely like Will's. I felt that I  
knew her at once, and said so.

Old Major Parkins was a notice-  
able man. He had married late in  
life and was much older than his  
wife; he had evidently been very  
tall, but years of toil had bowed his  
shoulders until they were considera-  
bly stooped; his keen blue eyes  
peered out from under the recesses  
formed by his heavy brows; his nose  
was Roman and his strongly marked  
face showed great refinement as  
well as force of character; his hands  
and feet were of unusual length.  
Although imperfectly educated in  
youth his keen observation and  
strong memory had enabled him to  
conform his language to the speech  
of the more cultivated persons with  
whom late in life he was in the habit  
of associating.

He greeted me warmly and after  
supper I cautiously led him to speak  
of his home and the length of time  
he had lived there; in an unlucky  
moment Will remarked that Harrison  
Jopling had opened a shooting gal-  
lery in the outskirts of town, the  
shots being twenty five cents a dozen  
rates, at bottles suspended on wires  
stretched from tree to tree across a  
hollow. This roused the old hunter  
who abhorred anything that savoured  
of waste of time or money.

"A shooting gallery humph!" said  
he. "It's a pity somebody could not  
devise a way of making work fash-  
ionable. This railroad has always  
seemed to me to be one of the mis-  
sionaries of the old boy. Wherever  
it goes they tell me mosquitoes al-  
ways follow, and I can tell you a  
sight more of pests have followed or  
come ahead of it, rather. There's  
the skating rink and the bicycle  
races and people sitting at home  
with their telephones going into the  
churches and "no more assembling  
of yourselves" together to worship,  
and then the soda fountain and the  
town hall with your operatic per-  
formances every week or two, and  
camp meetings left out in the cold  
because people daren't leave home,  
with so many tramps about. I'd  
give fifty dollars if things had stayed  
like they were when we used to go  
to Tucker's barn to a big muster on  
training day and a rousing dance at  
night. You don't remember that do  
you William?"

To which Will replied that as it  
was some years before his birth, he  
did not remember it distinctly.  
Here I interposed and begged the  
old gentleman to tell me about the  
old times and how they differed from  
the present.

"Well," said he, "when I was  
young, there were few stores and no  
telegraph, railroad or express offices  
to be filled by lads with young  
moustaches. In fact there was only  
about one razor to a family and boys  
were so modest in those days, we  
generally slipped the shaving tools  
of our daddies out into the back shed

and scraped off the buds of promise  
as fast as the aggravating things ap-  
peared. 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 rail-  
road 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, wed-  
dings 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 try-  
ing 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.  
Wang'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, think-  
ing 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 Moun-  
tain and Judson carried a musket.  
Judson was courting my sister Myra,  
and was the finest shot in the settle-  
ment 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 coon  
skin cap, with the creetur'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 frimming 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 pret-  
ty 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 might-  
ily 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 din-  
ner and to call the dogs with. Moth-  
er 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  
boskie. But as I was saying how the  
dogs yelped and crowded around us  
snuffing 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  
housesteals 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-  
brights 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 knit-  
ting wasn't good enough for you and  
a playing on a fiddle every night, look-  
ing 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 towa 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 Jud-  
son 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, mak-  
ing 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 medi-  
cines 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, "O! 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  
ladles 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 be-  
lieved 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 for-  
merly 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 alto-  
gether they made about as much in  
the year above household expenses as  
I can now make in one, by my pro-  
fession 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.

CALENDAR.

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

CALENDAR.

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 read-  
ing.

CALENDAR (resumed).

To change part of the line between  
Watanga and Caldwell counties. In-  
formally passed over.