

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOL. VIII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1883.

NO. 41.

1883. 1883.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

Office of Wallace Bros.,  
Statesville, N. C., March 1, 1883.

To the Trade:  
We take pleasure in informing  
you that our  
**Spring and Summer  
STOCK**

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Our stock this season is unusually  
attractive and complete in all depart-  
ments; well assorted new and seas-  
onable, embracing everything neces-  
sary to the full and complete outfit  
of the retailer.

Extending to you a cordial invita-  
tion to visit us, and hoping to secure  
your orders through our traveling  
salesmen,

We are, very truly yours,  
**WALLACE BROS.**

P. S. All orders by mail will be filled  
upon the same terms and receive  
the same attention as buyers in  
person.

**OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT,**  
SAID THE DEVIL WHEN HE BUSTED OPEN  
A KEG OF PRINTER'S INK!

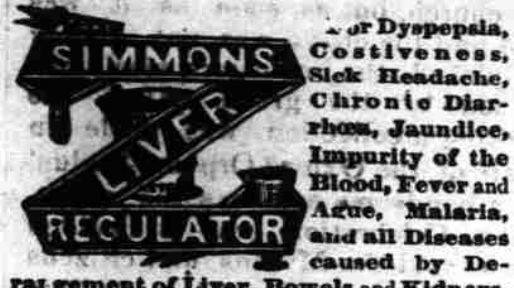


25 Pianos. 75 Organs.  
1,000 Harmonicas.  
500 Accordeons

\$2,000 WORTH OF SHEET MUSIC.  
\$10,000 WORTH OF MUSICAL VARIETIES.  
**McSMITH MUSIC HOUSE.**



ALL AT THE McSMITH MUSIC HOUSE.  
If You Can't Come, Send Me Your Photograph. But  
Don't Forget Your Pocketbook.  
**H. McSMITH,**  
Charlotte, N. C.



**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.**  
OF DYSPEPSIA, Costiveness, Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

**SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.**  
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is clouded with pain, is dull and heavy; with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undergone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and dependent; and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, dreads every remedy. Several of these symptoms attend the disease, and have occurred when but few of them existed, yet remission after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

Should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsical, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will purify the blood, and give a tonic and refreshing beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be benefited.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House.

For whatever ailment may be a thoroughly safe, purgative, aperient, and cathartic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.  
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.  
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been enabled to satisfy to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red R Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZELLEN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Practical Life. The Key to Fortune.

NAVAL BATTLES.

G. A. OULLEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LENOIR, N. C.

W. L. WAKEFIELD, WILL G. NEWLAND,

WAKEFIELD & NEWLAND,

Attorneys at Law,

LENOIR, N. C.

JNO. T. PERKINS,

Attorney at Law,

MORGANTON, N. C.

W. M. Spainhour,

Dentist.

LENOIR, N. C.

Use no inferior material for filling teeth. Work as low as good work can be done. Patients from a distance may avoid delay by informing him at what time they propose coming.

Coffey's Hotel,

Main Street, Lenoir, N. C.

This spacious house has recently been refurnished with new and elegant furniture, and the rooms are all convenient and comfortable. The fare cannot be surpassed in the State. Attentive and polite servants always in attendance. Good tables and hostlers. Give us a call when you are in town. Rates very moderate.

The Pioneer Library,

LENOIR, N. C.

A circulating library of standard miscellaneous books. Rich stores of useful knowledge and enter- taining reading within the reach of all.

Terms of Membership: Life members, \$25; for one year, \$5; six months, \$3.

All money received for membership or from donations is applied to the purchase of new books.

G. W. F. HARRIS, Treasurer.

J. M. SPAINHOUR, Secretary.

RECHERD BROS.,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

NEW GOODS!

FRESH BARGAINS!!!

MODERATE PRICES!!!

WE PAY THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR GOOD COUNTRY PRODUCE.

## THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS.

Morganton Mountaineer.

Our ancient ancestors were nomads, and, once in awhile, this old nomadic spirit overcomes us, and then, if we can, we wander until we are tired of wandering and we are glad to settle down again to the treadmill labor of the farm, the counting room, or the office.

Among those recently afflicted with this wandering mania were three young Morganton merchants, whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall designate Messrs. Gould, Vanderbilt and Gebhardt, and the editor of *The Mountaineer*. Our proposed line of travel being off the railroad lines, we chose a light two horse wagon with spring seats and canvass cover as the best vehicle that could be obtained to withstand the jolts of the rough mountain roads and to afford shelter from the sun and rain. Thus mounted and with a good supply of provisions from Hildebrand's, our party left Morganton on a morning near the close of May, bound first for the trout streams of Watauga and thence wheresoever our fancy might lead.

Getting a late start the course mapped out for the first day lay northwest across the rolling hills of Burke and Caldwell to the famed valley of the Yadkin, passing through Lenoir, the county seat of the latter county and one of the prettiest towns of North Carolina, renowned for the intelligence of its society, its good schools, and the high moral tone which it has ever maintained. Many private dwellings are very pretty and the solid blocks of three story brick stores and hotels on the "square" give the place a city like appearance, which is not dispelled when, upon entering the stores, the shelves are seen to be loaded down with choice stocks of merchandise, which the enterprising merchants are selling in large quantities because they keep abreast of the times and advertise in their local paper which their liberal support has enabled to grow into a journal second to none in the west in influence and circulation, and which is now printed upon R. Hoe & Company cylinder press with a capacity of 1000 copies per hour.

Lenoir is the prospective terminus of the Chester and Lenoir Railroad, one of the best narrow gauge lines in the South, which has been sold to the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company on condition that they complete it to Lenoir by March 1, 1884, and there is no doubt that it will be completed at or before that date. As the grading is all done and nothing remains for the purchasers to do but build the trestles and lay the track, which work they are now pushing forward with vigor. Its completion will make Lenoir the natural center of trade for a number of rich counties and will inaugurate an era of prosperity in that quarter which will be felt both by town and country.

That night we rested at the hospitable farm house of Mr. Farthing on the Yadkin Valley six miles from Lenoir. Encircled by beautiful wooded mountains and threaded by a river as clear as any stream in the State, it has been called the "Happy Valley" from its resemblance to the beautiful vale described by Johnson in his *Rasselas*. In ante bellum days it was renowned far and wide as the home of wealth, refinement and boundless hospitality. The war played and havoc with the gallant sons of the Valley, but those who survived have not forgotten how to be hospitable, and some of them have regained the wealth of which they were stripped by the war.

We had a beautiful view of the valley that bright June morning. The broad, fertile bottoms were waving with grain or checked off for corn, which was just making its appearance. The fields were alive with workmen, the birds were warbling in trees along the river bank, and the mountains cast long, cool shadows across the valley. It was one of those views that we never forget and can never describe.

At the head of the valley where the Yadkin debouches from its wild mountain confines, is the pretty manufacturing town of Patterson, the seat of the cotton and woolen mills of Gwyn, Harper & Co., who manufacture a fine grade of thread sheeting and woolen goods. These factories afford a practical demonstration of the fact that manufacturing pays at the South and pays handsomely.

The cotton factory has recently been doubled in size, new and improved looms and spindles have been purchased, and yet the proprietors can hardly supply the demands for their goods. We were shown through by Mr. Alred, the foreman, who is a fine machinist, and one who keeps fully abreast of the times.

From Patterson our route lay up a branch of the Yadkin, to the foot of the Blue Ridge, and across the ridge on the finest mountain turnpike in the State. The grade is excellent and the scenery superb. The road winds for eighty miles along the foothills of the Blue Ridge, until it crosses the summit at Blowing Rock and then stretches away across the high plateau of Watauga, the birthplace of rivers and the rendezvous of clouds.

Blowing Rock, proper, is a beetling cliff on the southern face of the Blue Ridge, at that point 4,400 feet high, overlooking the upper valley of John's River, and across which a steady breeze sweeps from the wild glens below and wafts back any light article that may be thrown over the verge of the precipice. Blowing Rock, as known to the summer tourists, is a cluster of boarding houses, about two miles from this cliff, where hundreds of visitors flock every year drawn thither by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the purity of the atmosphere, and the fine trout fishing in the streams, and especially in "Silver Lake," a beautiful little sheet of crystal water, on the banks of which our party spent the second night of our pilgrimage at the pretty and popular boarding house of Mr. L. W. Estes. In our next issue we will tell our readers of our adventures on the Watauga river and on Grandfather Mountain.

## SIGHTS AND SCENES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Taylorville (Tenn.) Reporter.

On Friday, the 18th of May, I left my home near Taylorville and turned my face toward N. C., to visit my friends and relatives who live in Western N. C. To make such a trip alone was a considerable task for a boy of only fourteen summers. After leaving the head of the Roane Creek valley, I pressed toward the Stone Mountain, near the top of which I found a place called Trade. This is a beautiful location with considerable improvements in the way of dwellings, church and storehouses. Thence I passed down Cove Creek, a very fertile valley with many marks of improvement, both in building and farming. Late in the evening I passed Boone, the county seat of Watauga county. This little town is situated high up among the mountains of North Carolina, and is said to be the highest town east of the Rocky Mountains. Passing on, I found myself at the residence of Mr. Joshua Winkler, who lives on the New river. Here I found a home for the night. Early next morning I mounted my horse (whom I call George) and made my way towards the top of the Blue Ridge. This is a beautiful place. Mr. Estes has a beautiful house high up on the mountain; also Mr. Morris, who lives on the divide between Watauga and Caldwell counties, is well situated in what we may call the "Cloud Land." Five miles farther, I came in full view of the valley of John's River. I cannot describe the beautiful scenery of this place, one must see before he can have much idea of the grand scenery that presents itself to view.

Passing on down the mountain a distance of twelve miles, I found myself at Patterson. Here the hum of the spindles and clatter of the shuttles are singing the song of prosperity at the head of the Yadkin valley. Leaving here my heart throbbled quick and fast as I neared the town of Lenoir, where I expected to find the friends and relatives whom I desired so much to see. Entering the beautiful town I looked to the right and left, thinking I might see some one whom I knew. Opposite my uncle M. V. Moore's business house, I recognized my aged grandfather. Alighting from my horse I approached him and gave him my hand. Here, I also met my two uncles, M. V. and P. G. Moore; also my cousins, George and Dick, and soon thereafter had the pleasure of meeting many other of my kindred. In this beautiful town I spent Sunday and attended church. Here, by the gentle touch of some fair hand, the organ sent forth its melody and the songs of praise went up from the waiting congregation who had met to worship on that beautiful hill. After services, I was invited to take dinner with my cousin J. F. Widdy, where I had the pleasure of meeting his little family, and enjoying their company for a short time.

Monday morning, in company with my grandfather and cousin Dick Moore, I started again. After a few hours' travel we arrived at Granite, twelve miles distant from Lenoir. This is a nice place, situated on what is called Gun Powder. Here, I met my dear old grandmother, one who is dear to me from the fact that she resembles the one so much that has cared for me during my short life. Also at this place I met my uncle Nathan and aunt Mary, their children and the little daughters of uncle P. G. Moore, who welcomed me to their pleasant home. After spending two days at the place, I bade farewell to my friends, and in company with my cousin Dick, started again for Lenoir, where I spent Wednesday and Thursday looking about the town and meeting the boys on the play ground where we had many games of "town ball." I found these young fellows to be clever and agreeable companions for whom I have the highest regard for the many kindnesses shown me during my stay.

Friday morning, my time being up, I bade adieu to my friends, and mounting George, turned my face towards the mountains, in the direction of home, passing the same mountain scenery through which I had passed a few days before, reflecting on my pleasant visit, hoping that if anything had appeared wrong in me that my friends would throw the mantle of charity over the same. Traveling two days, I arrived at home where I received a warm reception which convinced me that I had not been forgotten during my visit, and also feeling "Though ever so humble there's no place like home."

Richard E. Donnelly.

## A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Nearly two Hundred School Children Killed—A Scene of Agony.

LONDON, June 16.—A terrible calamity, involving the death of 178 children, occurred in the town of Sunderland, in the county of Durham, this evening. From the details thus far received it appears that an entertainment had been given in Victoria Hall by a conjuror, which was attended almost altogether by children, several thousand in attendance. The accident, which was so direful in its effects, occurred at the close of the performance.

The body of the hall had been entirely cleared of its occupants, when some twelve hundred of the little ones came rushing down stairs from the gallery. At the top of the first flight of stairs there was a door which opened only twenty inches, and thus but one child was permitted to pass through at a time.

At this point, while the mass of children were pushing forward, some of them fell and were unable to rise, owing to the others crowding on. The result was that a great number were pushed down, trampled on and suffocated. The scene was terrible, and no effort could stop the mad rush of the affrighted children.

They came on pell mell, though strangely without much shouting, and soon 178 of them were knocked down and suffocated to death by others trampling upon them. The greater number of the bodies, which were badly mangled from the trampling, lay seven or eight deep. Many of the victims, and others who were not killed, had their clothing torn from their bodies, and this, together with the bleeding bodies of the unfortunate, show the terrible nature of the struggle. The ages of the 178 children known to have been killed ranged from four to fourteen years.

mitted for the purpose of identifying the bodies of their children. Most heartrending scenes transpired while the work of identification was in progress. The mothers of the dead children constantly uttered piercing shrieks and many of them fainted on discovering the bodies of their little ones.

## A CYCLOPS DESTRUCTIVE POINT.

St. Louis Republican.

The pendulum stem, or small end of the funnel, is always the center of the track and the force of the storm. Where it swept along the ground near Hillsboro, Ill., can easily be seen. The track of the stem proper is not more than four or five feet wide. There is nothing more certain than that there is absolutely no safety for anything in the track of the stem. It will take the water out of wells, and in many places, actually dig trenches in the solid earth. There is no safety in cellars or caves in its immediate track, but a cellar or cave would be a safe place if only ten or fifteen feet on either side of the stem.

## Why He Married the Bachelor.

Chicago Clerk.

A postman left two letters at the residence of a Chicago minister, both of which contained an application for his services to perform the marriage ceremony at the same time.

"I hardly know what to do," he remarked to his wife. "I can't accommodate them both. Let me see—Mr. A. has been married before, has he not?"

"Oh yes," replied his wife, "he lost his wife six months ago."

"And Mr. B. is a bachelor?"

"Yes."

"That settles it, then. I shall marry Mr. B. When a man marries the second time he never pays the minister any more than the law allows, but the young bachelors are sometimes very foolish, and the good man rubbed his hands mildly."

## Mr. Tilden's Little Trick.

Chicago Herald.

When you catch your Uncle Sammy Tilden asleep you will rise at an early hour. About six months ago he hired a broad shouldered, smooth faced man, about forty five years old, to work in the grounds at Grand-cerney Park. In a few weeks the newspapers began discussing Samuel as a presidential candidate, and his extreme age was brought forward as an objection. Then reporters were sent out to discover his real physical condition. When they arrived at the house they were received by Sammy's private secretary, who always begged them to come again, as Mr. Tilden was taking his daily physical exercise. He would then lead the reporter to a window of the rear library and point out the hired man, saying, "There is Mr. Tilden now. See for yourself if he is a decrepit man." The hired man would then occasionally roll back his shirt sleeves and show his biceps, which would excite the envy of a professional athlete. He would then lift a hundred pound weight and throw it over a five-barred fence, and turn a few back-hand springs. Taking an axe, he would chop down a tree or two and split them up. A servant would bring him a hearty meal of corned beef and cabbage, and, after eating it the hired man would pick up a hoe and go hoeing a potato patch. The reporter, filled with admiration, always went back and wrote up a glowing account of Mr. Tilden's splendid physical condition, which the private secretary never failed to read to what seemed a huge bundle of bones, clothes and bandages, which sat up in bed and emitted a laugh to which the filing of a saw was heavenly melody.

The "Living Skeleton."—The man who was known as the "Living Skeleton," died and was embalmed, after having been exhibited at cheap museums. He is said to have weighed 46 pounds when he died, having been reduced to this dreadful state of emaciation by long continued dyspepsia. In his case dyspepsia meant money in his pocket, for it kept him thin. People who want to keep themselves so thin by dyspepsia as to exhibit for "Living Skeletons," ought not to take Perry Davis's Pain Killer, for it drives dyspepsia out.