

The Lenoir Topic.

VOL. VIII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1883.

NO. 44.

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 season-
able, 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,

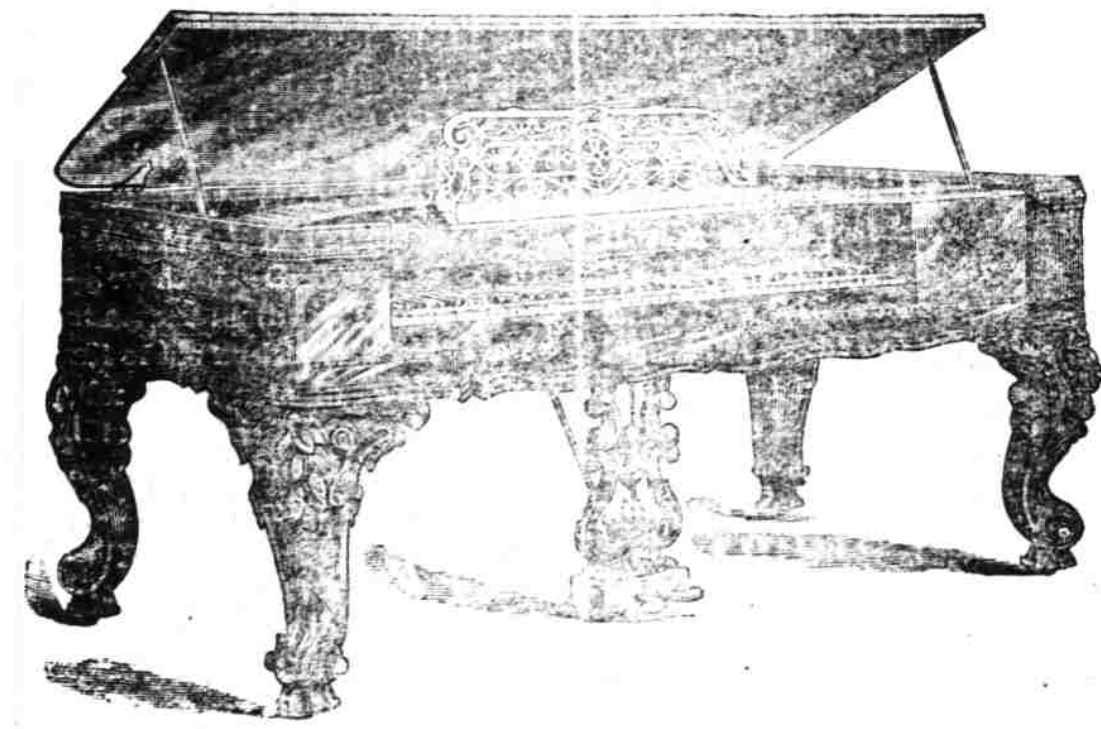
We are, very truly yours,
WALLACE BROS.

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.

WANTED!
500 Fathers,
500 Mothers, (no in-laws),
500 Sisters,
500 Young Men,
5,000 Young Ladies,
50,000 Children.

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.
A DYSPEPSIA, COLIC, SICK HEADACHE, CHRONIC DIARRHOEA, JAUNDICE, IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD, FEVER AND 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 constive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone 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 weariness 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, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

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

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by using a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating 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 relieved.

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

For whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be of more service than this harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and effect 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, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve,"—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons' Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial, as it seems the only thing that never fails to give relief.

F. M. Janssen, Minneapolis, Minn.

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

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW PRACTICAL LIFE. The Key to Fortune. 600 pp. Clear type, finest binding and illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. \$15.00 per Month. For terms address J. C. McCLURE & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVAL Agents and Modern BATTLES. The most interesting and valuable work of the world. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCLURE & Co., 529 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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WAKEFIELD & NEWLAND,
Attorneys at Law,
LENOIR, N. C.

JNO. T. PERKINS,
Attorney at Law,
MORGANTON, N. C.

J. M. Spainhour,
(GRADUATE BALTIMORE DENTAL COLLEGE.)
Dentist,
LENOIR, N. C.

Uses no impure 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, Boone, T. J. COFFEY & BRO., Proprietors.

This first-class house has recently been refurnished with new and elegant furniture, besides the rooms are all convenient and comfortable. The fare cannot be surmounted in the State, attention to the public is given always in attendance. Good tables and hostlers. Give us a call when you are in Boone. 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, \$2; six months, \$1. All money received for membership or from donations is applied to the purchase of new books.

G. W. F. HARRIS, Treasurer.
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RECHERD BROS.,
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
NEW GOODS!
FRESH BARGAINS!!
MODERATE PRICES!!!
WE PAY THE
HIGHEST PRICES
FOR GOOD COUNTRY
PRODUCE.

Bryan's Hotel,
BOONE, N. C.

This house still maintains its reputation as a first-class hotel. The proprietor most respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public generally for past favors, and will assure them that he will continue to merit their patronage by serving up the very best of the market affords.

W. L. BRYAN, Proprietor.

SILVER LAKE BOARDING HOUSE.

Written for The Topic

You wish to see a lively crowd?
Just come to Silver Lake,
And take a peep within the walls—
You'll find there's fun at stake.

Be still and listen, soon you'll hear
The jests begin to go,
Dick Mason's voice above the rest,
"Say, Tidball, don't be slow."

Then comes Mrs. Trumbull with a row,
And with a smile she cries,
"I've got a fiver to give away,"
And yet no one replies.

"O, no, I'm not in love at all!"
It's Mr. Fred who hears,
"Miss Ida knows I'm fond of her,"
"She's nothing more to fear."

Then come Miss Meares' persuasive tones,
So gentle and so kind,
Beseeching Tidball for a sketch—
"Your sketching's very fine."

She tries the road that leads to sports,
The road so often trod,
She wins few words as a reply,
Not even a gentle nod.

She gives not up, she perseveres,
At last he says "all right,"
Goes out to sketch the promised view,
Returns before 'tis night.

Mrs. Overman's gentle tones we hear,
So very sweet and low,
"Say, Charlie, how do you feel tonight?"
"I hope you're well, you know."

"O, yes, the annual game was fine;
I joined it with a will,
I feel quite well since that, my dear,
And hope to be so still."

"Say, close the door, too much draft!"
It's Mr. Meares who hears,
And he's the Dr. of our crowd—
His wife sits next him here.

Her life seems full of light and joy,
"You'll see it in her face;"
Just watch and see the smile go by,
As if they're in a chase.

The first of Paris game comes round,
And each one takes his place;
But not to keep it you must know—
Each one must change with grace.

They strive and strive to gain the best,
To wear the crown of fame,
Till Mr. Abernathy wins,
He's abatement of the game.

Ab, well, my friend, and did you hear
Mr. Anderson's words of woe?
"I hope you, Miss Annie, you're going to stay,
I'm sorry it must be so."

where flows the beautiful Alabama,
and the majestic Mississippi have
felt the breath of the new life that is
breathed over the land, and see
ahead of them a time of wealth and
plenty which will surpass even those
days of fabulous riches when the
deep black fields of cane-brake lands
yielded their white harvest year by
year.

I cannot say much about Mont-
gomery, the capital of Alabama,
because my stay there was very short,
and Montgomery, like many other
towns, makes the great mistake of
not having a handsome and comfort-
able hotel to afford the passing
stranger a pleasant resting place.

It is a source of wonder to all
travelers, Mr. Editor, that people
seem to be so little aware of the
importance to a town of having in it
a good hotel.

What can one think of a place
where one finds a total disregard of
one's comfort, and indifference to
one's well-being? A hotel where
you neither eat nor sleep in comfort,
even if the house itself does not
look the picture of coldness, is barren-
ness and desolation.

After experiencing the comforts
and discomforts of hotels in most of
the great cities of Europe, as well
as some in our own land, I can say
that one's welfare certainly does not
depend on magnificent furniture and
elegant table ware. I have eaten my
dinner, so to speak in various lan-
guages, and in many elaborate com-
binations of words and eatables, but
after all, the mystery of comfort
resolves itself into a few simple ele-
ments—good cooking and cleanliness
being chief among them. A dinner
of ten courses is not more enjoyable
to a hungry man than the delicious
piece of broiled beef steak which the
traveler may now find at "Henry's,"
on the Western N. C. Railroad. And
the clean, neat and handsome rooms
of the St. James hotel in Selma,
Alabama, and the "Hattie House" in
Knoxville, Tenn., are not less invit-
ing to the weary sojourner than the
luxurious apartments of the Brun-
wick in New York. Since these
things are so, Mr. Editor, why is it
that people are so slow to learn, and
that the helpless traveler is so often
condemned to live on fried ham at
sixteen cents a pound in a country
that ought to furnish beef steak at
eight cents.

Or how can the amiable and con-
scientious woman, who makes feed-
ing travelers a sort of life work,
reconcile her conscience to the enor-
my of setting the said traveler
down to sour bread and leaden
biscuit, when bread making is a
thing that can be learned by all?

But to return to Montgomery. I
spent my time there with a friendly
old gentleman from the Vaterland,
who kept an old fashioned hotel and
gave me a good breakfast, but I must
say that he shook his head in sad
reflection over the many short com-
ings of Montgomery.

"Ah," said he, "in der old country
dere one could live! Dere was some
amusement, some pleasure, but dese
people know not of pleasure! Dere
is here no music, no opera, no con-
cert, no nothing!"

"Mine daughter, she grow up, and
she never hear der fine music, she
know nothings!"

"And now," he added with great
feeling, "and now they come about
with this temperance business and
dot is what makes me wish I had
never seen Montgomery!"

That temperance business was a
mournful subject for the old man's
thoughts, but he roused himself to
bid me a kindly good-bye, and sent
me safely to the train which waited
for me by the banks of the Alabama.

From Montgomery to Selma you
pass through some typical Southern
country. The broad, rich level fields,
the short stretches of majestic forest
with the tropical-looking under
growth, and here and there the
groves which shelter the homes of
the planters. One of these residen-
ces was in full view of the road, and
was so handsome and costly as to
suggest the idea of some freak of a
railroad king, rather than the sober
dignity of the old time houses.

I reached Selma at midday, and
here a surprise awaited me, for
seeing the broad shady streets, and
the yards full of trees and shrubbery
I imagined I had reached one of
those Southern towns where the idea
of repose prevails over every thing
else. However, Selma proves to be

a growing business town, with its
manufactures of various kinds, its
large mercantile establishments, iron
works, enterprising citizens, and last,
but not least, its St. James hotel.

Whether the future prospects of
Selma are endangered by "dot tem-
perance business" I don't know, but
at present it has fine stores and fash-
ionable ladies, street cars and a daily
paper.

Selma also has one opera house,
and being on the route from the
North to New Orleans, is often fa-
vored with visits from the Star Sing-
ers and other interesting people who
amuse and instruct the nations of the
earth.

From Selma to Marion, a distance
of twenty eight miles, we travel
again through the beautiful rich
fields of cotton and corn, (the latter
crop being the richest I ever saw)
until within a few miles of Marion
where we find ourselves among pine
forests, and hills abundantly high to
be very home like and welcome.

Among and on these hills is the
quiet town of Marion, so high and
breezy that it seems to belong to
some other region.

It was in old times a favorite place
of residence for the planters who
cultivated the surrounding flat lands,
and in those days was noted for the
wealth, as well as the refinement of
its inhabitants. Its wealth is, of
course, no longer remarkable, but
the people are still educated and
refined, and have enough of this
world's goods to carry out the im-
pulses of that genial and cordial
hospitality which is still the inheri-
tance of the Southerner, no matter
how unkindly fate may have dealt
with him.

When I first saw Marion I said,
"This place is too quiet, these people
dream." The broad streets were
shaded by trees, and the residences
were almost embowered in beautiful
shrubbery. There were tall magno-
lia and evergreen water oaks, and
hedges of cape jessamine, and even
in winter there are japonica bushy
like trees, laden with a wealth of
flowers. There is, at Judge King's,
a Camellia Japonica which is eight
teen feet high—and about the middle
of February it was one of the most
beautiful things I ever saw—there
were hundreds of flowers on it at
one time.

The Judson too has a beautiful
lawn shaded by stately oaks, and
adorned with roses and oleanders
and other flowers so handsome that
I often longed to send them home to
friends who were looking then for
the earliest violets to appear. The
building which is solid and massive
has a front of two hundred and fifty
feet. The interior reminds one of
some comfortable family mansion
well kept and cared for. The house
is furnished throughout with solid
walnut furniture, the young ladies
all having pleasant bed rooms with
everything needful for comfort. The
bountiful table reminds one too of
old times, while the appearance and
manners of the President and his
charming wife are such as would do
honor to any mansion, no matter
how elegant.

There may be "repose" in Marion,
but there is no want of activity and
progress within the walls of the
Judson. The visitor who goes there
will find as much earnest and pro-
gressive work there as he could
desire, and will soon believe that
such work is just as possible under
the shadow of magnolias, as amid
the snows of a northern winter.

By the way, do not our girls go to
school in winter? Why then send
them to struggle with the rigors of
a northern climate when our southern
towns offer a mild and more uniform
temperature!

In consequence of the ignorance
of which I have already made con-
fession, I was surprised to find a
healthy place in South Alabama, but,
as a matter of fact, Marion is one of
the healthiest places I ever saw. It
is, as I said, a proof of the prosperi-
ty of the South to find a school like
the Judson offering the very best
advantages, and having a large and
increasing patronage. Our mountain
country, by the way, has a great
and growing reputation in the South
as a place where summer travelers
can find cool air and beautiful scen-
ery. I had many questions asked me
about Lenoir and Blowing Rock, as
well as about Asheville, and I am
convinced that if somebody will at-
tend to that little matter of attractive

hotels, we will have summer resorts
that will be excelled by none in pop-
ularity.

I found that many of the sur-
rounding country were descended from
North Carolinians, and expressed an
affectionate admiration for the old
State that was very gratifying.

Perhaps next summer I may bring
my "enquiring friends" in the South
to Lenoir on the Narrow Gauge.
Hurrah! The Old North State
forever!

I must not trespass longer on
your time, but I would like to say in
conclusion, Mr. Topic, that I still
belong to Lenoir, and while I am
only an artist painting among our
dear old mountains, you need not
call me such long names as "Art
Instructor of the Judson Insti-
tute." And so I remain faithfully
yours.
L. N.

THE WRONG MAN TAKEN IN.
A TENNESSEE PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE
WITH NEW YORK BUNCO SWINDLERS.
Norfolk Ledger.

James Ammons, an itinerant
preacher from the mountains of East
Tennessee, visited New York for the
first time last week. He was in the
clutches of the bunco steers, but
escaped without loss, as his story,
told to a reporter, will show. He
said: I called upon a friend at the
Metropolitan Hotel. At 10 o'clock
as I was about to go to my hotel I
stopped for a few moments in Broad
way watching the passers-by. A
well-dressed young man came up to
me and asked if I knew what time
some theatre would let out (I forget
the name of the theatre), I told him
no—that I was a stranger to New
York. He said that he was a stranger
also, and was stopping at the Metro-
politan; that his sister was with him
and had gone to the theatre with a
cousin. They were from New
Orleans. He asked my name, gave
me his, which he said was McEnery,
and insisted that I should come and
take breakfast with him next morn-
ing; that his sister would be delig-
ted to see a Southern gentleman, etc.
Just then another "nobby" looking
young man came up, to whom I was
introduced. He told McEnery that
he had splendid luck; that his ticket
had drawn a prize of \$500, and he
wished to get it cashed. I was invit-
ed to accompany the young men up
town a "little way," and did so on the
promise of a bottle of wine, etc. I
paid for a bottle myself before we
started—also for the cigars. We
went as far as Twenty ninth street,
when we all three went in a high-
stepped house where some baldheaded
person stood behind a desk counting
a large roll of bills. 'Ah,' he said,
'Mr. Jones, your ticket was a lucky
one. Here's your money.' He then
lauded the fellow a roll of bills which
he seemed to pocket. Jones went to
the middle of the room and pulling a
cloth off a table wanted to know of
McEnery if he'd play a little. They
played and tried to entice me to do
so. I declined. The ostensible
proprietor of the place played. My
new friends lost all. They appealed
to me to come to their relief. As I
never gambled I declined anew. I
started for the door, having smelled a
rat. The door was locked. I
demanded that they let me out. They
swore I should not leave the unless I
played a game or came to the relief
of my companions. I was a little
scared, but as I had been in the war
I did not betray it. I took a seven-
shooter out of my pocket and gave
warning that I was prepared to defend
myself and asked for the key. The
door was opened and I thanked God I was out
of that hole.

No woman really practices econo-
my unless she uses the Diamond Dyes.
Many dollars can be saved every
year. Ask the druggist.

THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN MELON.
A beautiful thing it was, and right
green was young Mr. Green who went
down to the cellar about midnight
and ate nearly half of it. The next
day young Mr. Green said he didn't
want any breakfast, and he thought
he would not go to the store. He
wished he hadn't seen that watermel-
on. By the prompt administration of
Perry Davis Pain Killer young Mr.
Green's internal economy was reduc-
ed to a state of peace and comfort.