

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOL. VIII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1883.

NO. 45

1883

1883.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

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

To the Trade:

We take pleasure in informing  
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**Spring AND Summer  
STOCK**

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Our stock this season is unusually  
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sary to the full and complete outfit  
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Extending to you a cordial invita-  
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your orders through our traveling  
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We are, very truly yours,  
**WALLACE BROS.**

P. S. All orders by mail will be fill-  
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**OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT.**

SAID THE DEVIL WHEN HE BUSTED OPEN

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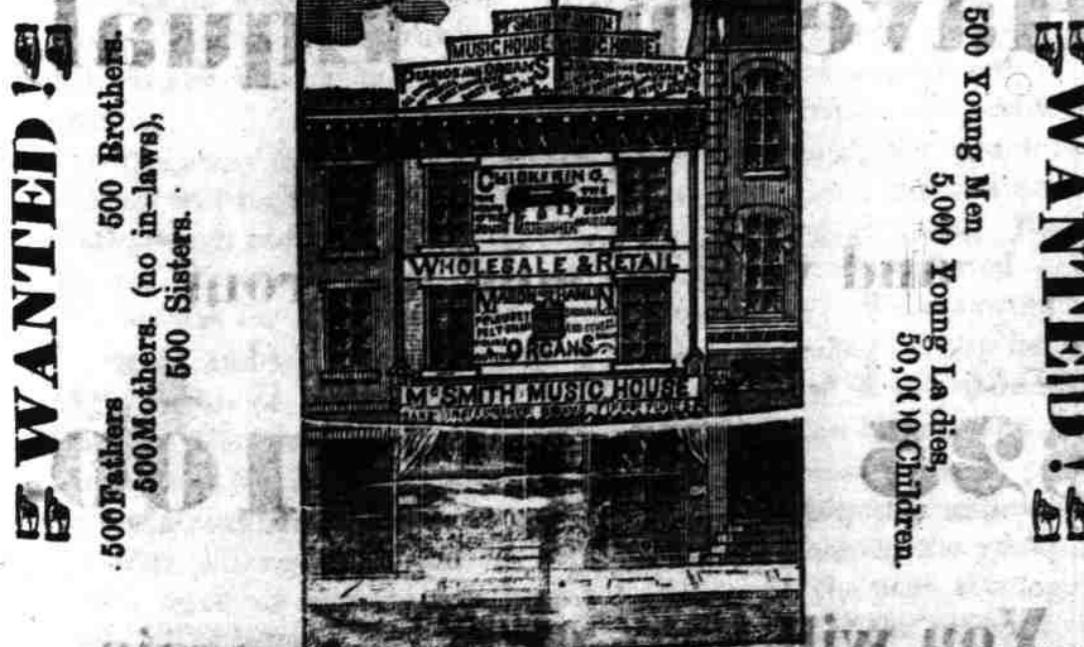


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1,000 Harmonicas.  
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A Household Article for Universal  
Family Use.  
For Scarlet and  
Typhoid Fevers,  
Diphtheria, Sall-  
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Sore Throat, Swine  
Pox, Measles, and  
all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on  
the Sick should use it freely. Scarlatina fever  
has never been known to spread where the fluid was  
used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after  
black vomit had taken place. The worst  
case of Diphtheria yielded to it.

Small-Pox  
Prevented.  
The fluid is used  
by bathing with  
Darby's Fluid.  
Impure Air made  
pure and purified.  
For Sore Throat, it is a  
sure cure.  
Contagion destroyed.  
For Frosted Feet,  
Chilblains, Fills,  
Chafings, etc.,  
Rheumatism cured.  
Soft White Comple-  
xion secured by its use.  
Ship Fever prevented.  
To purify the Air,  
Cleanse the Teeth.  
It can't be surpassed.  
Catarrh relieved and  
cured.  
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Barns relieved instantly.  
Scars prevented.  
Erysipelas cured.  
Wounds healed rapidly.  
Scoury cured.  
As a Rubefacient for Animal  
or Vegetable Poisons,  
Sings, etc.

Diphtheria  
Prevented.  
The physicians here  
use Darby's Fluid very  
successfully in the treat-  
ment of Diphtheria. A.  
S. T. LAWRENCE,  
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Scarlet Fever  
Cured.  
Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.  
I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof.  
Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and  
deodorant it is both theoretically and practically  
superior to any preparation with which I am ac-  
quainted.—N. L. LITTLE, Prof. Chemistry.

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Rev. CHAS. F. DREWS, D.D., Church of the  
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Rev. A. B. HAYES, Pa. Mercer University;  
Rev. Geo. F. PRENTISS, Bishop, N. C. Church.  
INDISPENSIBLE TO EVERY HOME.  
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or  
externally for Man or beast.  
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we  
have abundant evidence that it does everything  
here claimed. For fuller information get of your  
Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietor,  
J. H. ZELIM & CO.,  
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA

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600 pp. Clear type, finest binding and illustrations.)  
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Work no impure material for filling teeth.  
Use 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 commodious and comfortable. The fare can-  
not be surpassed in the State. Attentive and polite  
service always in attendance. Good stables and  
boilers. Give us a call when you are in Boone.  
Rates very moderate.

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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. Money received for  
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GENERAL MERCHANTS,  
NEW GOODS!  
FRESH BARGAINS!!!  
MODERATE PRICES!!!  
WE PAY THE  
HIGHEST PRICES  
FOR GOOD COUNTRY  
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Bryan's Hotel,  
BOONE, N. C.  
This hotel will accommodate the most respectable  
travelers. The proprietor most respectfully returns  
thanks to his friends and the public generally for  
past favors, and will assure them that he will con-  
tinue to merit their patronage by serving them the  
best and most economical food, and by affording  
them the most comfortable accommodations.  
W. L. BRYAN, Proprietor.

## ESMERALDA.

There are few more pathetic stories  
of the stage than this incident of  
the comedy of "Esmeralda." "Old  
Bald Mountain" is situated in a Wes-  
tern county of North Carolina, one  
of the poorest sections of that State.  
Mr. Eben P. Carroll was the owner  
of a rocky farm in that section some  
years ago and lived frugally with his  
quinty little girl of seventeen years,  
Emma, by name. Emma was in love  
with a neighboring blacksmith's son.  
Her father encouraged the lovers,  
and they were to have been married  
on the 17th of August, 1880. Andy  
McCallister, her lover, was an unpoth,  
handsome fellow of about thirty, with  
all the honesty and awkwardness of  
a backwoods North Carolinian  
training, while Emma was an artless,  
graceful little thing, who knew no  
life or romance without Andy.

Well, it will be remembered that  
on the 17th of August, 1880, there  
was a terrific earthquake in the vicin-  
ity of "Old Bald Mountain," which  
did much damage to that locality.  
The husbands of Andy and Emma  
were just being performed when the  
awful rambling of the earth aroused  
the villagers, there was a rocking for  
a moment of the little log cabin  
church, a shattering of the lamps,  
then a crash; then darkness and oas.  
The next morning the village  
looked sad indeed. Twenty people  
were found charred and crushed un-  
der the church. The young bride  
and groom were among the missing;  
but few bodies were recognizable, so  
thoroughly had the awful work been  
done. Old Eben Carroll was heart  
broken. His only child had been  
taken from him—"gone," as he said,  
"to join her mother, bless 'em both,  
an' I hope to meet 'em soon." He  
went about half crazed for weeks,  
finally sold the farm for a trifling  
sum, and determined to go east to  
his brother, who was a well-to-do  
store keeper in New York.

In the great city Eben was es-  
corted to the theatres nightly by  
Seth Carroll, who hoped that in the  
mimic theatrical world his brother  
would forget his own wretched life.  
So one night together they visited  
the Madison Square Theatre. It was  
during the run of "Esmeralda," and  
Eben had asked his brother to take  
him, as the Herald said it was a  
charming story of North Carolina.  
Dear old North Carolina, at once the  
scene of all his joys and sorrows.  
When the curtain ascended the big  
tears swelled in the old man's eyes at  
the sight of his own "Bald Moun-  
tain." He could hardly believe his  
eyes. There was the same spinning  
wheel, the old hickory bench, the  
same rag carpet, etc., that used to  
adorn his own little hut at home.

"Why, lookee thar, Seth," he whis-  
pered, "it's the gennywine thing,  
ain't it?" "Lor, don't I wish my little  
girl was here with us." His brother  
made no answer, not wishing to draw  
him out on an unpleasant subject,  
and the play proceeded.  
All went well until the one for  
"Esmeralda" was spoken, and An-  
nie Russell's head appeared at the  
door, backed by her lover's, Dave  
Hardy. Miss Russell was hardly  
in good view before an exclamation  
of pain issued from the auditorium,  
and the ushers silently and quickly  
led out a wrinkled, awkward, griz-  
zly faced old man.

It was Eben Carroll, and he was  
saying, "My poor little Emma, how  
did she get here, I wonder, and who  
brought her? Oh, brother, did you  
see her sweet face, as she stood in  
the door for a minute with a little  
yaller pail in her hand! Oh, oh!"  
"But, Eben, your mind must be  
wandering, that it is not your little  
dead girl, but Miss Annie Russell."  
Did you not read the programme?  
"Yes, I know you think she's dead,  
and so did I until tonight, when I  
saw her thar in front of my two eyes,  
right in the shadow of Old Bald  
Mountain. But, brother, thar's  
something wrong in this! This was  
not Miss Russell I seed in that  
atre, but my own little girl, my Em-  
ma! Don't hold me, please, but let  
me see the boss of this yar show, or  
I shall die! Quick! I tell you, I  
must know about my little girl!"

Argument would not avail, and a  
few moments later Mr. Daniel Froh-  
man, the theatre's manager, politely  
received the sobbing old man. His  
mission was explained, and Mr. Froh-  
man informed Eben that Miss Rus-  
sell had been known to him person-  
ally for years, and could not possibly  
be his daughter.

But the old man persisted in say-  
ing "It is my daughter or her sperrit,  
I tell you," until Mr. Frohman con-  
sented to take him behind the scenes  
during the entire act, and called out  
Annie Russell. She was just dress-  
ing for the ball room scene and an-  
swered from within, "in a minute,  
please." The sound of her voice,  
fairly crazed the old man, who now  
nearly fainted in anguish. "O, I tell  
you it's my own darter. I'd know  
her voice among a thousand! Do  
you bring her up a little, or I shall  
die a waiting!"

Five minutes later, "Esmeralda's"  
dressing room door opened, and An-  
nie Russell appeared in her Parisian  
ball room dress. She passed by  
Eben to shake hands with Mr. Froh-  
man, and he did not even recognize  
the girl who, attired in the home-  
span, back woods garb of a few mo-  
ments ago, had so brought by his  
lamentable by-gone misery.

"Miss Russell, allow me to present  
Mr. Carroll, who wishes to speak to  
you," said Mr. Frohman.  
"Happy to meet you, Mr. Carroll,"  
said "Esmeralda," extending her  
Bernhardt gloved hand to the old  
man. But he did not take it. He  
was confused and blushing, and mov-  
ed about awkwardly. At last he  
found speech to say, "Wal, it's lucky  
you changed that dress or you never  
would have played another act to-  
night, for I would a swore you was  
my own little girl who has been mis-  
sing from us nigh onto three years.  
You looked jest like her in that blue  
and white check frock, and your  
voice was sweet and soft jest like  
hers, and I was jest going to pick  
you up in my arms when I seed you  
and tote you off hum back to North  
Carolina with me. You'll excuse the  
mistake, Miss, won't you, please?"  
He could say no more, for his voice  
grew husky with emotion.

"Miss Russell!" yelled the callboy  
just then, and "Esmeralda" bounded  
away like a frightened fawn.  
"Well, now, that you're satisfied,"  
said Mr. Frohman, "let me see you  
back to your seat in the theatre,  
where I hope you'll enjoy the rest of  
the play."

"Is Miss Russell a comin' out agin  
in that blue and white check dress  
and yaller pail any more?"  
"No; no more during the rest of  
the play. She is supposed to be  
rich and in Paris now," replied Mr.  
Frohman.

"Wal, then, excuse me, please. I  
don't think I care to see any more.  
She looks too much like my lost  
little girl, and I couldn't bear to see  
my Emma in those Parysheen frills  
and gawgaws. Much obliged, Mr.  
Frohman, but I guess I'll go home.  
Excuse my foolishness, won't you?"  
And the poor old man from "Old  
Bald Mountain" went out wiping  
his eyes with his coat sleeves.

THE WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA  
RAILROAD.  
Tarboro Guide.

The association, as w as meet and  
proper, had spread on their minutes  
their high appreciation of the work  
done by the Richmond and Danville  
Railroad. Just here we must in-  
dulge some reflections.

This writer was the first editor  
who published and favorably com-  
mented on the afterward famous  
"mud cut" article, prepared by the  
able pen of his friend, Col. Walter  
Clark. That article showed that the  
State could never complete the Wes-  
tern railroad. As a result of the  
public approval of that article, the  
road was leased to W. J. Best. The  
syndicate represented by this gentle-  
man failing to complete the road, the  
Richmond & Danville R. R. took  
hold of the work. They were able  
and willing to complete it, and look  
at the glorious fruition of the hopes  
of our dead statesmen, Morehead,  
Swain and others. The Paint Rock  
branch has been long since finished  
to the Tennessee line, and through  
trains are daily running.

The Ducktown Branch, as it is  
originally known, has been completed  
to Pigeon River. The road bed is  
nearly ready for the iron to Char-  
leston in Swain county, 80 miles east  
of Asheville. The tunnel at Cowee is  
about completed. In a short pros-  
pective period the Tennessee River

will be touched on the Murphy ex-  
tension.  
It is safe and usual to "curse" rail-  
roads and syndicates. They don't  
generally curse back.

But let one of these blind adders  
reflect what a country would be  
without a railroad. Let him calcu-  
late how vastly property is enhanced  
by them. Let him ask himself, were  
it not for these combinations of  
wealth, how railroads could ever be  
built—since the people are too poor  
to build them.

We believe, today, had it not  
been for Col. A. B. Andrews, a North  
Carolinian, to the manor born, no  
syndicate on earth would have at-  
tempted the Murphy extension. It  
can never pay the builders unless  
they buy land, as other citizens, and  
get their profit out of their increased  
value. View the railroad bed. It is  
blasted through rock, tunneled,  
trestled, or built on high embank-  
ments. Calculate the cost of this.  
See where it extends, and say how  
the money is to be got back.

Millions of acres of the finest land  
in the world are opened up, and the  
people in the West, the land owners  
pay not a cent for the road, all other  
roads in North Carolina have had  
State aid.

They are not even taxed, as no  
State aid is asked. The people of  
Edgemore subscribed to building the  
Tarboro branch, the people of Hali-  
fax to build the Scotland Neck road  
the counties of Lenoir, Craven, and  
others, for the Atlantic, but these  
Western people pay not a cent for  
their road.

Of all the people on earth they  
ought to be the last to grumble.  
We glorify Col. Andrews for being  
instrumental in giving to that para-  
dise, Western North Carolina, an  
outlet—for opening up that blessed  
country to all of us.

AN ALLEGED ROMANCE IN REAL  
LIFE.  
A romance in real life has just  
come to life in Port Jervis, N. Y.,  
according to a dispatch to the Phila-  
delphia Press from that place, which  
says: A woman, apparently about  
43 years of age, shabbily dressed  
and feeble, has been on the streets  
for several days. She slept every  
night in the police station, where  
she gave the name of Elizabeth Ben-  
jamin, and said she was born in Staf-  
fordshire, England. Yesterday she  
disappeared. Inquiry develops the  
fact that she is on her way to New  
York, and that she has walked all the  
way from San Francisco. Mrs. Ben-  
jamin has had a most wonderful and  
romantic career. She was born near  
Methyr Tydvil, Wales, and was the  
daughter of Sir Edward Harcourt, at  
one time one of the most brilliant  
young English orators. Her mother  
was a variety actress, who lived in  
Wales to escape the persecutions of  
Sir Edward's family, who spoused  
his mesalliance. When the babe was  
born she was christened Pauline  
Elizabeth Harcourt. She was given  
all the advantages of a superior edu-  
cation.

When she was but seventeen years  
of age Miss Pauline met at Swansea,  
where she was visiting some young  
friends and writing poetry descrip-  
tive of the coast of Wales, Mr. Wal-  
ter P. Benjamin, a nephew of Judah  
P. Benjamin, at one time Treasurer  
of the Confederate States of Amer-  
ica. The young man who was a South  
Carolinian by birth, was handsome and  
clever, but, unfortunately, poor.  
Pauline felt that she loved him so  
deeply she could marry no one but  
him. Her mother was opposed to the  
match, but in 1860 the young  
people were secretly married.

When Lady Harcourt heard the  
news of her daughter's secret mar-  
riage, and learned that she had fled  
from the school at St. Andrew's, she  
was stricken with paralysis, and died  
shortly afterward. Young Benjamin  
came to the United States at once  
upon a hearing of the rebellion, and  
enlisted in the Confederate Navy,  
where he remained until the close of  
the war. He then speculated in cot-  
ton, made considerable money, and  
started by water for California, ac-  
companied by his wife, in 1870. They  
had one child, who died on the voy-  
age to the isthmus. They were de-  
layed in leaving Aspinwall, and  
Pauline and her husband were both  
stricken with a terrible fever, which  
resulted in the death of Mr. Ben-  
jamin and left Mrs. Benjamin very  
weak. Her reason was partly de-  
stroyed and she made her escape  
from San Francisco and began her  
wandering tramp across the continent.  
Walking, stealing rides in the cars,  
she made her way East. Her object  
was to get to New York, where she  
says her husband had put some  
money in a safe deposit vault.

JOHN RUSKIN ON COURTESY.  
In a miserable confusion of candle-  
light, moonlight, and limelight—and  
anything but daylight—in indecently  
attractive, and insanely expensive  
dresses, in snatched moments, in  
hidden corners, in accidental impulses  
and dismal ignorances, young people  
smirk and ogle, and whisper and  
whimper, and sneak and stare, and  
flutter and fumble, and blunder into  
what they call love; expect to get  
whatever they like the moment they  
fancy it, and are continually in dan-  
ger of losing all the honor of life for  
a folly, and all the joy of it by an  
accident.

How an Old Woman Disposed of a  
Tramp.  
Josquin Miller.

One less tramp makes the rounds  
of New England now than two years  
since. He was destroyed utterly  
from the face of the earth by an old  
woman. There was a double barreled  
shotgun in a back bedroom. But it  
was not loaded. The woman did not  
use this double barreled shotgun, as  
had been advised by some. This old  
woman's only son had taken the few  
dollars she had saved and ran away  
to sea. He was not really wicked,  
but was young and wanted to see the  
world, and as his mother would never  
consent to his going, this seemed his  
only means of escape. The sum taken  
was small, and really his own, in  
some sense, and as the old lady had a  
comfortable home there by the sea,  
she did not suffer at all. But she grew  
very tired as the years swept by, and  
waited in vain for her boy's return.  
One day a tramp came by, hungry,  
nearly naked. He had dropped out  
of the ranks of ambitious men and  
had become a camp follower in the  
warfare of life. But the lenely wom-  
an pitied him. Her son's clothes hung  
there, the prey of moths and mould.  
She gave the tramp his clothes. And  
when he was well-dressed and fed and  
made to feel at home, it seemed to  
her as if her own son had really re-  
turned. But the neighbors were hor-  
rified. "Wait, and see him run away."  
"As my own son did, perhaps," an-  
swered the old woman, quietly, and  
they were silenced. But the tramp  
did not run away. He kept on at  
work, and the widow's place has come  
to look as if there really was a man  
around. And so the world goes on.  
Not much in this little story after all,  
except the fact that news of her son's  
death at Vera Cruz has reached the  
old lady, and that he died there of  
yellow fever about the time the tramp  
came to her door; and that a stran-  
ger in a strange land, he was nursed  
and cared for and buried by an old  
Mexican woman who could not speak  
a word of his language, while all others  
fled the city. O, it is a good world  
after all, and I think the old Yankee  
woman has solved the tramp question  
clearly. Not shotguns and bulldogs;  
bread and kindness.

Before cutting a man's head off in  
China, the authorities considerably  
make him drunk. The beauty of this  
system is that a man can get intox-  
icated without having a head on him  
the next morning.

"Ella is better looking," remarked  
Mrs. Brown, with a smirk, "but Lney  
will get married first." "Yes," chimed  
in her husband, "gimme Lou-fer  
mathees every time."

A California man choked himself to  
death with a tape measure. The cor-  
oner's verdict was that he died by  
inches.

"Your sin will surely find you out,"  
said the good man to his wayward  
son. "Don't care, dad," replied the  
young reprobate, "so long as nobody  
finds out my sin."

A young lady being told at a recent  
fire to stand back or else the hose  
would be turned on her, replied:  
"Oh, I don't care; they are striped  
on both sides, any way."

The Detroit Free Press talks about  
"a hen which will loaf around on top  
of a nest full of eggs for the best part  
of a month." If the Free Press mas-  
thinks it's merely fun to sit on a  
dozen of eggs, let him try it once.