

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOL. IX.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1883.

NO. 1.

## TO THE TRADE

Statesville, N. C., Sept. 1, 1883.  
Our Fall and WINTER STOCK is now in store, ready for inspection, and we again take pleasure in inviting the Merchants of Western North Carolina, and the Trade generally, to visit us.

Everything requisite to the full and complete outfit of the Retail Dealer may be had under our roof. A larger or more varied Stock of General Merchandise is not offered by any House in the South.

Our traveling salesmen will be on the road during the season, and we hope to receive your continued liberal orders through them.

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

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

We solicit your shipments of Dried Fruits, Blackberries and all kinds of country produce. Having the best facilities for conducting this branch of our business, we can assure you of highest market prices at all times.

## DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. W. Hamilton, Lenoir N. C.

In calling the attention of the public generally to my large stock of Drugs, &c., now on hand, would call special attention to many of those Patent Medicines so popular at this age, now in stock, consisting of Harter's Iron Tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Moller's Pure Cod Liver Oil, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, Parker's Ginger Tonic, Dr. C. C. Roc's Liver Rheumatic and Neuralgic Cure, Colden's Liebig's Ext. Beef, Hop Bitters, many others. Such others as are wanted not in my stock, I will buy for parties who desire.

A large and general variety of Drugs known to the Profession, Mrs. Mary Gilmer Grier's Real Hair Restor specialty either in quantity or by retail.

A considerable variety of Fluid Extracts on hand and others will be kept as the necessity requires.

Also now on hand a larger stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, &c., than I have ever kept before.

Groceries in assortment always on hand, of the best quality and bought at lowest prices, and will be sold as low as the lowest. Confectioneries in assortment, crackers and cheese, canned fruits, &c. Tobacco—both chewing and smoking, cigars, cigarettes, &c.

Boot and Shoe department is still kept open, both for new shoes or boots, and repairing of same. No other than good workmen employed, and work done in good style. Any kind of material worked that is desired.

The Drug business is a specialty, and although a large proportion of my stock is drugs, still I have on hand a general assortment of General Merchandise.

All kinds of country produce wanted—such as grain of all kinds, bacon, flour, meal, chickens, butter, eggs, &c., &c.

Pretty general assortment of roots and herbs taken.

A greater variety of goods than at any other house in town. Call and see for yourselves.

S. W. HAMILTON.

## CHOLERA!

Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid.

The most Powerful Antiseptic known. WILL PREVENT THE CHOLERA.

IT DESTROYS THE GERMS OF DISEASE. It is a fact established by science that many of the diseases are introduced by putrefaction which reproduces their and propagates the disease over widening circles. These diseases generate contagion and fill the air with death, such as THAT DEADLY TERROR, Asiatic Cholera, which is now devastating the East and advancing on our mission of death rapidly towards our shores. Other diseases of the same sort are DYPYRIA, TYPHOID FEVER, SCARLET FEVER, SMALL POX, YELLOW FEVER, ERYSIPILAS, etc. All these diseases originate from the same source—Fever and Ague, Malaria, Typhoid, etc. arise from contagion which comes from damp, unhealthy situations of uncleanliness. ALL THESE DISEASES CAN BE CURED ON- LY BY STOPPING THE PRODUCTION OF THE GERMS AND DESTROYING THEM BY READY PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DARBY'S PHROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

The most powerful Antiseptic agent which chemistry has produced. Its use either internally or comes in contact with the production of disease. germs ceases and the patient recovers. THESE DISEASES ON LIPS, SCALDS, BURNS, SCALDS, BURNS, IT STOPS THE PAIN, SWEETENS THE PARTS AND PROMOTES THE RAPID FORMATION OF HEALTHY FLESH.

IT PURIFIES THE ATMOSPHERE. ITS EXPOSURE IN A SICK-ROOM, CELLAR, ALCOVE OR STABLE, drives away the germs of disease and death. TAKEN INTERNALLY, STOMACH, giving it tone and strength, it purifies the blood, drives away the germs of disease and death. IT IS USED AS A LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC, giving it tone and strength, it purifies the blood, drives away the germs of disease and death. IT REMOVES ALL IT COMES IN CONTACT WITH TO PURE AND HEALTHY.

Spores does not permit us to name many of the uses to which the great germ-destroyer is applicable. Ask your druggist for printed matter descriptive of its uses, or of address.

J. H. ZELIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. 50 cents per Bottle. Pint Bottles, \$1.00.

DR. STRONG'S PILLS!  
THE OLD, WELL TRIED, WONDERFUL HEALTH REVENING REMEDY.

STRONG'S RANTINE PILLS for the liver. A speedy cure for Liver Complaint, Regulating the Bowels, Purifying the Blood, Cleansing from Malarial Taint. A perfect cure for Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia.

STRONG'S PECTORAL PILLS insure healthy appetite, good digestion, regularity of the bowels. A sure remedy for Colds and Rheumatism. A precious boon to delicate females, restoring to the nervous system, and giving vigor & health to every fiber of the body. Sold by druggists. For particulars, etc., address Dr. J. C. Strong, 107 Broadway, New York City.

NEW Practical Life. THE KEY TO FORTUNE. Clear type. Latest binding. Illustrated. AGENTS WANTED. \$75 to \$150 per Month. For terms address J. C. Strong, 107 Broadway, New York City.

NAVAL BATTLES. Agents Wanted for the sale of the book. The History of the Battle of the Sea. By J. C. Strong. Illustrated. \$1.00. For terms address J. C. Strong, 107 Broadway, New York City.

O. A. COLLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LENOIR, N. C.

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

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

COFFEY'S Hotel, MAIN STREET, LENOIR, N. C. T. J. COFFEY & BRO., Proprietors.

The Pioneer Library, LENOIR, N. C. A circulating library of standard miscellaneous books. High stock of useful knowledge and enterprising reading within the reach of all.

LENOR, N. C., July 23rd, 1883. My family used the first Domestic Sewing Machine brought to this country. For light running, good work and general satisfaction I don't think it has an equal. J. M. SPAINHOUR.

We are Company's Agents for the celebrated light running Domestic Sewing Machine, the only machine that has the under-brading attachment which is used in making of hand.

BECHERD BROTHERS, Bryan's Hotel, BOONE, N. C.

## THE DOMESTIC DEMON; OR, THAT GEM OF A JANE.

Yes, Edward was married. Leaning back in his chair, he slowly puffed the meditative weed, closed his eyes, and (excuse the paradoxical metaphor) looked the fact full in the face.

Bachelorhood for him was a leaf turned over, a finished chapter closed and clasped. Smoking concerts, billiard handicaps, "the chimes at midnight," these, and other incidents of single life, were but to him the recollections of an era past and gone. Romeo had settled down as a rate payer.

Regret it? Not Romeo—I mean Edwin. Looking back on the benighted, buttonless phase of existence miscalled single blessedness; its cheerlessness, its atmosphere of stale tobacco, its seedy, sorrowful morings, and its sore faced landladies, Edwin stretched out his feet in the slippers Angelina had warmed for him, and with a complacent yawn blessed his stars in general, and the aforesaid Angelina in particular.

Angelina was his wife—"Mrs. Edwin Honeydove, The Dovecot, Tooting, S. W.," to quote her card. "The dearest, coziest, prettiest little wife in the world," said Edwin; and I quite agree with him, as I do with all my married friends who say the same. They had been married now some months, and never a frown had cast its cloud or a tear drop its rain to mar the sunshine of their matrimonial bliss. Each was the object of the other's life; the truest happiness of each was to make the other happy.

Edwin's reverie was interrupted. A light step crossed the room behind him, a pair of soft white hands were clasped over his eyes, a low glad voice whispered, "Guess who it is?" Guess! as if any hands were like hers! as if Love needed eyes to tell! Why, Love is always blind!

But it suited that obstinate Edwin to guess that it was Titania, the Fairy Queen, the Venus de Medici, transformed like Galatea from stone, and a lot of other equally impossible persons; whereupon Angelina punished his perversity with a kiss (which made him more reverse than ever), and whispered again, "It's me!"

"Shade of Lindley Murray, you don't say so!" ejaculated Edwin. "And what may your serene highness require?" Her serene highness was by this time on her throne—Edwin's knee.

"I want to show you this treasure of a bonnet, Eddie dear!" said Mrs. Honeydove, producing for her lord and master's inspection an article which, in unappreciative masculine eyes, might have been anything—but a bonnet. "It's the very latest style. Jane helped me to make it up just like her own. She's so very clever—quite a genius!"

"I don't see that genius in the construction of her bonnets is an indispensable qualification for a maid of all work," replied Edwin.

"But Jane certainly is a smart girl. What nice dark brown hair she's got." Whereupon Mrs. Honeydove remarked that she didn't see that nice dark hair was an indispensable qualification in a maid of all-work, either—Mrs. Honeydove's hair was of rather a blonde shade.

"By the bye," said Edwin. "Jane didn't come home till twelve last night, dear. What was the reason?" "Oh, she quite explained it this morning. She went to see her great aunt, who was taken suddenly ill. She is the only great aunt the poor girl has got, and Jane is her only great niece."

When Edwin had departed for the city, little Mrs. Honeydove stood before a mirror, with a slight shade of disappointment on her pretty dimpled face. He used to admire my hair so much," she mused; "and when, soon after we were engaged, he begged a lock of it, he said there was none like it in the world. Perhaps, however, he would like it better if it were a shade darker." You see the Honeydoves had so small a share of the troubles and anxieties of this world, that Angelina was prepared to magnify this one desideratum which she fancied her husband's eyes had discovered in her.

She turned from the mirror, feeling a silly woman, with a disappointed shadow still in her eyes, and went into the cosy breakfast parlor to give some directions to Jane, the Gem of a domestic she had recently obtained.

As Mrs. Honeydove entered, she was surprised to behold Jane in the act of restoring a bottle to a small cabinet in which the Honeydoves kept their small stock of spirits.

"If you please mmm," explained Jane, "I was just takin' the liberty of usin' o' the least thimberful of rum for my 'air. It's such a capital thing for the 'ed mmm—make the 'air hever so much darker and shinier."

Here was a discovery! Angelina, so far from administering the expected lecture to Abigail, thanked her for her receipt with her sweetest smile, and her eyes soon regained their usual brightness.

"Well, I'm blessed!" soliloquized Jane when her mistress had gone up stairs to dress for shopping. "I never did know such a green 'un in all my born days; best if she don't swallow anything you tells her."

Jane had answered the Honeydoves' advertisement for a domestic some few weeks before the opening of this story. She had arrived with a remarkably favorable testimonial, which was not surprising, seeing that Jane had written it herself, though she had taken the liberty of appending some one else's name to it. After all what better authority could have been desired, assuming that the world in general follows the poet's dictum "Know thou thyself!"

It was, of course, only a coincidence that since Jane's arrival at the Dovecot provisions generally had gone up, while the glass and china of the establishment had literally gone down—the latter fact was, of course, due to the extraordinary development of destructive proclivities in the eat, an animal which, strangely enough, since Jane's arrival, had acquired a most ravenous appetite, as testified by the shoulders of mutton and other articles which were frequently purloined by (as Jane alleged) that criminal pussy.

Jane had only one great aunt, an invalid in a chronically critical condition; but to make up for this niggardness of Fate in one direction, she had a multiplicity of cousins of the masculine gender in the various public services.

A few evenings later Mr. Honeydove observed with surprise that the bottles in his chiffonier cupboard showed signs of visitation. Strange! for Jane was such a quiet, steady-looking girl, and wore a blue ribbon conspicuously on her breast, and had only a few nights ago applied for permission to attend a Band of Hope meeting. But, then, only Jane and Mrs. Honeydove, besides himself, had any means of access to the bottles; and as for Angelina tiptling—perish the thought! and the thought perished accordingly. But one evening, on arriving from the city, Edwin—in returning the kiss with which Angelina always greeted him—was astonished, nay, staggered, by a powerful odor of rum which decidedly proceeded from Angelina. Could it be possible! No! he would never harbor so horrible a suspicion; and rum, of all liquors in the world! No, he would not believe his darling Angelina could so far descend from her pinnacle of perfection, even on the evidence of his own eyes, and so far his nose was her only accuser.

"Eddie, dear," said Mrs. Honeydove one morning, while buttoning up her husband's overcoat preparatory to dispatching him to the city. "I shall go round to dear mamma's this morning, and if I am not at home by the time you return you may as well come round for me, I wish dear mamma lived nearer, don't you Eddie?" And Mr. Honeydove answered, "Quite so," adding sotto voce "nearer the North Pole," for like many other Benedicts, Edwin did not possess the Horatian regard for the mater pulchra, floris privatarum.

Mrs. Honeydove duly went to visit her mamma. Before doing so, however, she gave Jane permission to run round for a few hours to that great aunt, whose immediately present malady was, as Jane affirmed, an "ulster on her inside."

"Be sure and be back in time to get Mr. Honeydove's dinner ready." These were Angelina's final direct commands, and Jane promised implicit compliance with them.

Jane's regard for her great aunt was certainly extraordinary, inasmuch as she attired herself for the visit in the most suitable apparel she could select from her mistress' ward robe, and surveyed herself before the mirror on Angelina's dressing table

with considerable complacency. "How this sealskin do become my figure!" she remarked to herself, or rather her reflection. "No wonder Along takes me for a real lady!"

It was close upon six when Jane returned. Her master was almost due. Hastily lighting the kitchen fire, she proceeded up stairs to restore her borrowed plumes. Horror! there was her master's knock. Hastily throwing her mistress' jacket on a chair, she hurried down stairs and answered it.

Edwin didn't feel particularly good tempered that evening. In the first place he thought Angelina might content herself with less frequent visits to her mother; secondly, cold mutton on a cold night was not a feast calculated to make a man defy Fate to do the worst it might, and assure his gods he'd dined that night; and thirdly, on looking at the spirits he found that, like his own, they had fallen considerably. "I'll speak to her about it tonight," he determined. "It cannot be true; but—if it should, it is a curse best dealt with promptly."

He went upstairs. Surely something must be wrong with Angelina! Tidiness had hitherto been one of her leading characteristics, but tonight her little dressing room was all in disorder. Here was that beautiful sealskin jacket, his own Christmas present to her last Christmas, and which she had declared should only be worn on state occasions, lying in a muddled heap upon the floor. He took it up. What was that fluttering from the pocket to the ground? A note! He opened it. Ten thousand devils! He read:

"Beautiful madame—Love will be silent no longer. He will not be quiet. My heart I must relieve, or it will bust—go bang! Up till now you have only given me short interviews, very few. *Pent etre!* you are belong to another; but I do not care, you must be mine. Since the day I saw you in that happy omnibus I have loved you. Today I shall see you as usual at the end of the street. I shall give you this note before I leave you. I ask you to be mine. Fly with me. Accept the assurance of my affection, the most perfect."

"Alphonse!" Edwin could not believe his senses. What! Angelina false! He was losing his senses or else it was some horrible dream. That she, the light of his life, his hope, his joy, could have been holding clandestine assignations with an infernal foreigner, whom she met in an omnibus—oh! he must die, or smash something or somebody. Rattat! There was Angelina's knock. Jane had opened the door. Angelina was coming up stairs. She stood before him.

"Eddie, dear!" "Avaunt!" "Have what, dear?" "Madame, henceforth we are strangers! Go, traitress!—go to your omnibus—your interesting stranger."

"Mr. Honeydove," exclaimed the bewildered Angelina, are you mad, sir, or tipsy?" "Tipsy? No, not I! Sober, mad as a hatter! It is not I who empty the spirit bottles, who consume enough alcohol in a week to last a costomonger for a month. Away! And Edwin burst out of the room, leaving his wife in the preliminary center for hysteria. He rushed into the parlor. Jane was there, busily intent on admiring internal nourishment from the rum bottle. This caused Edwin to reflect a moment. Possibly it was not his wife who had paid such assiduous attention to the spirits. The detected Jane availed herself of her mistress' scream to beat a hasty retreat.

"Call me a cab, Jane, instantly!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeydove. "I'm g-g-going to m-m-mam-mamma's!" Jane put on her bonnet and sallied out to call a hansom. Edwin followed, endeavoring to intercept her. Who was that? a man dashed towards Jane from the darkness and seized her hand, and knelt at her feet.

"Who the deuce are you?" cried Edwin, collarling him and dragging him inside.

"I sare! *Je suis Monsieur Francis.* I am call Alphonse Destrier. I adore zie lady—I lof her! She call be mine—she have say she vill. Let go of my collar!"

"This lady?" said Edwin. "Do you mean Jane, our parlor maid?" and Jane interposed, "Which he do."

"Vat your maid of ze parlor?" No!

Mill de tonnerre! She have tell me she is grand lady. I have follow her here. I wait till she come out. You no tell me she is servant! Ven I meet her she have on ze skin of ze seal and ze glove of kid."

A light dawned upon Edwin. That gem of a Jane had been wearing his wife's jacket. The love letter was addressed to her.

"Monsieur," he said "the object of your affections is our domestic. She is yours; take her."

"No, I will not take her! She tell me von great big lie! I sell take my hook." And the enraged Alphonse suited the words to the action.

"Jane we shan't require your services any longer. You may take a month's wages instead of notice."

"Angelina, dearest forgive me," said Edwin, when he had told all to his wife. "I was distracted; I knew not what I was saying."

And Mr. and Mrs. Honeydove were clasped in each other's arms. Then Edwin became aware of that spirituous odor again. "Excuse me, Angelina," he stammered, "but—er—have you—or—been taking anything—to keep out the cold, you know?"

"I've been putting rum on my hair to make it dark. You admired Jane's which is a shade deeper than mine; she gave me the recipe."

"Dash Jane!" said Mr. Honeydove, only he used a stronger expression; and just then the young person in question entered to say good bye, with her boxes packed, and generally heavy marching order. That night the Demon Domestic, as Edwin called her, left The Dovecot, where happiness ever afterwards reigned supreme.

A Rare Aggregation of Anecdotal Talent.

Greenboro Patriot.

Four of the best story tellers in the State were in town yesterday. Gen. Leach was here and held forth in front of the Central. Col. Ike Young had been to the Buffalo L' this and was in good trim. Pat Winston rented the front of Porter's drug store, and Col. Frank Shober, looking for all the world like an Episcopal bishop, made up the quartette. Winston held his crowd well until the "grouping" of Leach, Shober and Young was discovered. Then followed a stampede for the corner of South Elm and West Market. Each yielded with the other in telling the best story. Leach would occasionally interject a side remark about the Bourbon tendencies of the Democratic party, and more than once said he would take the second place on the national ticket with "old man Tilden." As the crowd thinned and the story tellers began to drop out, Ike Young recalled a few political reminiscences. He told a good story about the brick house old Alfred Dockery built and how he made the brick "with these yaller hands," and how, many years afterwards, at the first Radical convention held in the State, the old man, when he saw the predominance of the colored brother in the convention, expressed himself as feeling very "squeamish" about the Republican party. With a twinkling in his fine gray eyes, the festive Isaac said there were others there who felt the same way. He quit off with a good one on District Attorney Royd, but it's repetition was enjoined. He says it is not in his heart to abuse Holden for his recent political somersault. "That he was the founder of both political parties, and in his old age he ought to be permitted to exercise his preference without question. He met Bill Smith at the Buffalo Springs and they "made up." Young run Joe Turner for Congress several years ago, and that made Smith mad with him. For he had not spoken to him for years, until a few weeks ago they met at the springs and "buried the hatchet." Col Young is the most companionable of men, barring his politics and rattlesnake breeches. He wears shaggy black eyebrows and a white imperial, which gives him the appearance of a martinet. He is the most successful of all the Republican politicians and one of the best poker players in the government service. He is popular with all factions, and his official head sets squarely on his shoulders.

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