

The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME X.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1885.

NUMBER 39.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

A New Costume—A Big Theft—How to Keep Cool—N. C. pluck in New York—Southern Editors in Town—Politics and Business—Generosity in low life—M. C. Resorters.

NEW YORK, June 8.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

The proper way to dress in New York now is to put on the very thickest gear that the law and good custom will allow, then put on a winter overcoat and sail out. Half the day is likely to be cold enough to make the overcoat a necessity, and the other half is sure to be as hot as August. In this way you can vary your dress every hour to suit the climate. It changes 25 degrees every few hours. Perhaps the best way to account for it is to remember that John Kelly and Tammany Hall are no longer the greatest powers in American politics. Since the old boss has become feeble the weather has forgotten how to behave itself. These are wonderful changes that these new days bring.

But it was hot enough yesterday—the first torrid Sunday of the season—for thousands and thousands and thousands of people of all classes to seek coolness out of town. In summer the big preachers all take a vacation and go away to Europe or to some cool retreat; the churches are practically closed; and the people use the day as a general excursion-day and holiday. The preachers are making much complaint about the general disrespect paid the Sabbath, but nobody pays any attention to them, and everybody goes wherever there is promise of finding the coolest place.

A BIG THEFT.

The event of last week was the running away of the cashier of the Bank of the Manhattan Company with \$160,000. The bank presidents confess that they know of absolutely no way to prevent a teller from stealing if he has a mind to. He is supposed to be in Canada, but of this there is no definite information. It is a little strange and greatly to be regretted that the treaty between the United States and Canada does not permit the capture and return of a thief. A man can steal a million dollars here, go over to Canada and live like a prince in open daylight, and nobody can lay hands on him. It is only a few hours ride from here to Canada, and escape is comparatively easy. This tempts men to such crimes here.

Murder is not confined to the Southern States by any means, much as has been said about the crimes that are committed there. On Sunday in broad daylight in a thickly settled street in New York, a party of drunken sailors teased and chased three Chinamen for the fun of the thing, knocking their caps over their eyes and pulling their pig-tails. When the little Chinese tried to get out of their reach by running away, one of the men drew a pistol and shot at them. He killed two Chinamen and wounded the third one. He was captured, however, and stands an excellent good chance of being hanged.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

The summer theatres are now getting their apparatus in good order to keep audiences cool. They have a great space filled with ice, and right over the ice the air is fanned into the theatre. It is like an October day. The theatre that first introduced this capital plan of keeping cool made a big success. People went there many a hot day and night quite as much to enjoy that delightful atmosphere as to see the play. The plan has even been talked about for some of the fashionable churches. Most of the fashionable churches, however, are cool enough in another sense. They never get unduly warmed up, and "sheol" and "hades" are as near as they get to the old-fashioned idea of the warm region to come.

N. C. PLUCK IN NEW YORK.

A good old-fashioned North Carolina pluck crops out wherever the tar-heel wanders. There was an evidence of it given here the other day. Mr. Tolar, originally of Cumberland county, is a well known dealer here in naval stores. A little controversy arose the other day about a matter of trade when a rather pompous gentleman made some remarks that Mr. Tolar did not quite appreciate. It took two stout friends of the parties to prevent the raised fist and rumpled pluck of Mr. Tolar from making a visible difference in the other gentleman's appearance. When it was all over, somebody remarked, "It won't do to fool with these North Carolina fellows too far."

SOUTHERN EDITORS IN TOWN.

A number of the most prominent Southern editors, of Georgia, and Col. Jones, of Charlotte, were here yesterday to perfect arrangements for a better telegraphic service to their newspapers. They were received with every attention by the newspaper fraternity here and interviewed about the Southern political situation. They expressed the most cheerful condition of opinion and outlook for the future.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

Hale, until the other day Governor of New Hampshire, was supposed to be worth several millions of dollars. He was well known here as a speculator, and he used every influence he could command to make a grand financial success of his plans. But on the day his term of office as Governor expired a number of seizures were made on his property, his financial bubble burst and a dozen men and firms who had trusted him found out that his acquaintance had proved a very costly luxury. Up to March 4, big speculators had had a big career in politics, but it seems now to be the poor man's and the honest man's time to conduct the government.

GENEROSITY IN LOW LIFE.

A little newsboy named Jim (nobody knew the rest of his name, if he had any other name) died in New York the other day, and the other little rag muffs held meetings at which they expressed in the most eloquent way the regard they had for him. He was a manly little fellow, and they had appreciated his manly qualities. One of them sold a silver watch and gave the money to buy Jim a coffin. They all contributed their pennies and gave him both a decent and an imposing burial. There were many incidents that showed the regard of the little waifs for Jim's good qualities. He had been a sort of hero among them.

The most of these little newsboys are entirely alone in the world—little waifs who have no idea when and where they were born and have no homes. They get together a few cents and every day they buy a handful of papers. They are required to pay cost for them, and they make on an average a half a cent on every paper they sell. Many of them live on 10 or 15 cents a day, and are as independent as Jay Gould himself.

The strangest company of little waifs in New York are the little Italian boys who throng Washington Square, and will black your shoes for 3 cents. Some of them cannot speak English, but they will dog you if you are not shined to perfection by an incessant repetition of "only tree cent, Meester, tree cent."

N. C. RESORTERS.

You can hear very frequent inquiries made here about the summer resorts in North Carolina, the fame of which has gradually spread until the State now fairly has a place among the great summer resorts of the continent. There seems to be no reason why this popularity should not continue indefinitely until North Carolina hotels become one of the very foremost industries in the State.

THE NORTH CAROLINA CHAUTAQUA.

The great educational gathering is growing daily in popularity with our progressive North Carolina teachers, and the membership is increasing rapidly. The organization now numbers nearly five hundred members and each one is taking an active interest in the work. The delightful meeting a Black Mountain will attract to the lovely mountain country and invigorating mountain climate a most congenial and sympathetic company of co-laborers in this important department of State interests. The instructors engaged are unusually able and eminent, and the talent is so varied that every branch of school-room work will be considered and discussed, tending to the greatest improvement of the profession. No live teacher can afford to let the Chautauqua be left out of the summer's work and preparation for greater usefulness and success. The regular work of the Chautauqua begins on the 17th of June, though the tickets will be on sale June 9th, to enable those who wish to go before the large crowd to spend a few days in resting and special sight-seeing. Prof. George Little begins work on the 9th; Col. Travers W. Parker and Mrs. Parker on the 21st; Prof. S. G. Boyd on the 24th; Dr. Van Dael on the 17th; Miss Florence Slater on the 17th. Excursions will be made to the summit of Mt. Mitchell and Bald Mountain about twice a week, and visits will be made often to Asheville, Warm Springs, Round Knob, Haywood, White Sulphur Springs and Balsam Mountains. The place where the Chautauqua will be held has the reputation of being, in several respects, the most delightful place in the mountains. Black Mountain station is free from all dust and damp, having a perfectly dry atmosphere which is so beneficial to health. The nice new hotel, about a hundred yards from the depot, stands proudly on an elevation which is 2,500 feet above sea level. It commands a most magnificent view from the observatory of the entire surrounding country, which view never fails to make the beholder appreciate the beauties of the mountain-country.

Charles M. Corpening was the only North Carolina graduate at the naval academy this week. He has been ordered to sea duty.

Our chief wants in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.

THE MASONIC PASSWORD.

Curiosity and timidity are two important traits in the character of Ralph Sloogey. The former quality some years ago made him desirous of learning the secret of the Masonic Fraternity; but as he had heard that hot gridirons and pugacious goats with sharp horns are made use of during the ceremony of initiation, Ralph's timidity warned him that, as he was not copper-bottomed, he should first strive to ascertain, if possible, whether buck-goats and red-hot spears and gridirons formed indispensable adjuncts to the mysterious ordeal of Masonry. To satisfy himself on this point, he endeavored to "pump" an intimate personal friend, Jacob Slection, whom he knew to be a Mason.

"Now, Jacob," said he, during a conversation on the mysterious subject, "I would like to become a member of the fraternity, but before doing so, I think you ought to tell me something about them. Do they really brand you with a hot gridiron? and if so, on what part of the body?"

Like all Masons, when such questions are asked, Jacob would smile, and say, "After you shall have taken the three first degrees, you'll know all about it. I can't answer your interrogations."

For a long time Ralph tried to worm out something concerning the fraternity, but in vain. On every possible opportunity he would renew the attempt, until, at last, Jacob became offended at Ralph's persistency, and determined to punish him.

Early one morning as Ralph and Jacob were hurrying down Grand street to their respective places of business, the former renewed his inquiries.

"I'd give fifty dollars if I knew the signs and password. If you tell me about the password and grip, I'll promise never to ask you another question in regard to the secrets of Masonry. Come, now, Jacob—you've known me since I was a boy, and you ought to be aware that if I am a little curious I never blab. Will you tell me? Surely you don't doubt your old school fellow? Out with the password, and I promise you that I'll be as mum as a mouse."

Were it for the sake of old friendship, Jacob would have long before put an end to such impertinent queries; but having failed to do so the inquisitive Ralph imagined that he would at last be successful in "pumping" his Masonic friend.

When Ralph had completed his last sentence, which was spoken in a loud tone, Jacob turned his head, thinking that the words might have been overheard by a gentleman who happened to be walking behind them.

This gentleman proved to be Mr. Hinslow, who a few weeks before had been dismissed from his position as keeper of the city hospital, charged with stealing spoons. Although personally unacquainted with Mr. Hinslow, Jacob knew him by sight; he had been pointed out to him by a member of the Common Council, of which body Jacob was at that time a member.

The charges against Mr. Hinslow had not yet been proved, but a committee of the Common Council was to inquire into the case at an early day, and Jacob had been appointed a member of that committee.

The last question propounded by Ralph angered Jacob, and as he turned, his eyes beheld the man who had stolen the spoons, an idea immediately entered his mind. He conceived an admirable plan for punishing Ralph, and resolved immediately to put it into execution.

"If I tell you the password," said Jacob, purposely slackening his pace to allow Hinslow to pass before them, "if I tell you the Masonic password, you promise never to divulge it—not even to a brother?"

"Never!" exclaimed Ralph, exultingly, believing that at last his curiosity was to be satisfied.

"Upon my soul, you swear it?" responded Ralph, as he put his hand to his face, scratching his nose to hide a smile.

By this time Mr. Hinslow had passed on before them, leaving Ralph and Jacob about two yards behind.

"You'll never utter it in the hearing of man, woman, or beast?" asked Jacob.

"I promise you most solemnly," said Ralph.

"I think that I can trust you. Well, Ralph, I am about to make known to you one of the great secrets of Masonry. When you wish to form the acquaintance of a Mason, all you have to do is to whisper in his ear the mysterious password. And that password is—Spoons!"

On the public street, and a Mason should hear you, he would immediately rush to your assistance, thinking that you needed it."

Ralph did not believe him, and to show that he could not be so easily gulled, he roared out at the top of his voice—

"Spoons! Spoons! Spoons!"

Ere the second syllable had passed his mouth, Mr. Hinslow turned round and faced Ralph.

"You said 'spoons' did you. Take that and that!" As he spoke, he struck Ralph between the eyes, and then under the ear, the second blow lifting the inquisitive man off his feet, so that he staggered and fell to the pavement, completely stunned.

"I'll give you spoons!" roared the excited Hinslow, as he advanced and repeatedly kicked the prostrate man.

As Ralph made no effort to rise, the enraged Hinslow soon tired of kicking him, and slowly passed on, occasionally looking behind to see if Ralph was following to obtain satisfaction.

Ralph did not require satisfaction, thinking he might get too much of it—so he prudently postponed returning consciousness until his enemy had disappeared.

As he rose to his feet he said to Jacob, in a subdued tone, "why did that man strike me so?"

"Because you uttered the Masonic password, but could not respond to the countersign. He is a Mason, and, as he is solemnly bound to do, immediately answered the password by making the countersign with his hand. You were unable to answer his countersign, and for that reason he knew you to be a clandestine Mason—a man who had learned the secrets in an improper way. Therefore, it was his duty to chastise you. Your life may yet be forfeited for that indiscretion."

"My life? By the great Jehovah, I thought you were only humbugging me when you told me that 'spoons' was the password."

"Sh-h-h-h! Beware!" said Jacob, putting his hand on Ralph's shoulder, and saying, "Masons are ubiquitous, and you might lose your life. As it is you are in danger; for all the lodges in the city will be immediately convened to adopt measures that may discover who has betrayed them. My life, as well as yours, is in jeopardy. Promise me that you will never again utter the password."

"And so spoons is the password?" Ralph was at last convinced that his old friend had been telling the truth. "Well, may I be broiled on a Masonic gridiron, and turned over with a red-hot trowel, if ever I halloo spoons again!"

Ralph has most religiously kept his word. Should he need a spoon while at table he now asks his wife for a "sugar-shovel," fearing that if he mentioned the proper name of the required article, some pugacious member of the mystic brotherhood might respond to the Masonic password.

A THEORY SUGGESTED.

Baltimore American.

The verdict of the jury in the Cluverius case was reached speedily. After considering together for but forty minutes they found him guilty of murder in the first degree. The testimony for the defence was chiefly to prove the previous good character of the accused, and denials that he wore a mustache—which went to the question of identification—and denial that the watch key found on the reservoir was his. Giving to these contradictions their full value, they failed to answer the strong points of the case made by the prosecution.

The theory of suicide was untenable, because Lillian Madison could not have climbed the fence at the reservoir. Her canvas sack was thrown into the river a half mile from the reservoir. If she had gone to the river to throw in her baggage, would she have walked back and climbed the fence to drown herself in the reservoir? Would she have uttered the scream that one of the witnesses heard? No. She did not kill herself. She was killed by somebody—either Cluverius or somebody else.

It seems to be proven beyond reasonable doubt that Cluverius had held relations with the unfortunate girl which placed her in a helpless condition. She was on the eve of becoming a mother, yet had been able to conceal this fact up to the time of her visit to Richmond. That she and Cluverius met in Richmond by appointment is proven by many circumstances. The torn note alone is evidence enough. What was the purpose of this meeting in Richmond? To provide the girl a secret place where she could pass a few weeks in retirement and seclusion. The letters written to account for her absence by a pretended engagement at Old Point prove this. The humble dwellings of the Belle Isle iron workers offered a promising place, and thither they went together on the morning of the fatal night. They were seen by many. If murder had been in the heart of Cluverius at that time, he would not have been seen in public with her. He would have decoyed her out at night on one of the high bridges over the rushing river, and there hurled her from the height to her death—and

this would, perhaps, have looked like suicide. But the visit to Belle Isle was a failure. The girl was not satisfied. They visited another place with similar results. Then the girl thought that she would go and throw herself on the mercy of her friends, the Dunstons, and entreat them to conceal her shame. They were seen to go out late in the evening, enter a street car and go to Reservoir street, on which the Dunstons lived. In the morning she was found drowned in the reservoir, and her red shawl was found hanging over the Dunstons' gate. What do these facts point to? They indicate that a scene occurred at the gate. The poor girl, when she arrived there, felt her heart fail her. She could not enter and tell the story of her ruin. She turned upon her companion and reproached him keenly. She implored him to marry her and save her from disgrace. During her excitement she threw her shawl over the gate. Her gloves were cast aside. Her agitation was intense. Her voice rose. Her lover, fearing that she would arouse the house, drew her away. They forgot the shawl. They walked together up the lonely road, and the man who was engaged to be married to another woman realized that he had an injured, desperate, unmanageable woman on his hands. It was then that the thought of killing her entered his mind. They walked on together. She had ceased to reproach him, and was now tearfully entreating him. She would follow him wherever he asked. They reached the end of the road. A dim light showed the gap in the fence. This promised concealment. They entered, and were alone in the lot. But the high, level bank showed Cluverius that it was a reservoir whose deep waters would offer a better concealment. She ascended the bank with difficulty, for the hill was steep. There he paused irresolute for a moment. He dreaded to strike the blow. Their conversation was renewed. Other plans were proposed to her, but she saw safety only in one, and that was for him to marry her. He took her fiercely by the arm. She uttered a piercing scream that was heard two hundred yards away. Then he struck her, and in her delicate condition she fell like one who is shot. Full of horror and fear, he caught her up, lifted her to the height of the fence and let her fall on the slope of the bank. She rolled down, not quite dead, and clutched her hands full of the slime of the bottom.

Then all was silent. Cluverius was alive on the bank. There was the canvas bag, which had been brought out in expectation of her staying at the Dunstons. He picked it up, hastened to the river and threw it in. It was found several miles down the stream. Then he returned to his hotel, and left for home by the post midnight train.

Perhaps it happened in this way.

Death to Insects.

Asheville Citizen.

We gave a trial yesterday to the Persian, Dalmatian, or Insect powder. It is an invaluable yellow dust, made from the pulverized flowers of the *pyrethrum roseatum*, a plant largely cultivated on the eastern coast of the Adriatic. It is death to flies and fleas and almost every other insect. It is death to the Colorado beetle, as we proved. But from the lightness of the powder, it is somewhat difficult to apply it, the faintest breeze wafting it away. Indoors, it is best applied by means of the same kind of syringe that is used with the inhalator. For flies, close the doors of rooms, and jet out a few puffs of the dust. In a short time the present brood will all tumble to the ground. Other insects can be reached directly with the same appliance. Death to insects, it is perfectly innocuous to human beings, safe and perfectly cleanly.

The Frauds who Prey on Invalids.

Invalids, especially men, are cautioned against writing or communicating in any way with the parties whose names and addresses are given below, as we know them to be absolute frauds. Some of them have spent terms in jail for feecing the ignorant, and only one of the entire list is sailing under his own name. Their ways are so wily and their tongues so oily, that if you enter their net, if only with a postal card, you are sure of getting caught. Let them severally alone:

Rev. Jos. T. Inman, Station D., N. Y. City. The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Dr. J. D. Judge & Co., 79 Beach street, Boston, Mass. Dr. Rice, 37 Court Place, Louisville, Ky. Dr. Wagner, 338 Larimer street, Denver, Col. Dr. Whittier, 617 Charles street, St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Clarke, 186 Clark street, Chicago, Ill. New England Medical Institute, Boston, Mass. Peabody Medical Institute, Boston, Mass. J. H. Reeves, 43 Chatham street, New York City. Civala Remedial Agency, Fulton street, N. Y. City. Dr. Lucas, 132 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Bate, 25 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. Marston Remedy Co., 44 W. 14th street, N. Y. City. Magnet Appliance Co., 218 State st., Chicago, Ill. Dr. Raymond, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fall Superior Courts.

1885.		
8TH DIST.—JUDGE MONTGOMERY.		
Iredell	2 weeks	July 10
Iredell	2 "	Nov. 9
Rowan	2 "	Aug. 24
Rowan	2 "	Nov. 23
Davidson	2 "	Sept. 7
Davidson	1 week	Dec. 7
Randolph	2 weeks	Sept. 21
Montgomery	2 "	Oct. 5
Stanley	2 "	Oct. 19
Cabarrus	1 week	Nov. 9
9TH DIST.—JUDGE GRAVES.		
Rockingham	2 weeks	July 27
Rockingham	1 week	Nov. 9
Forsyth	2 weeks	Oct. 26
Yadkin	2 "	Sept. 28
Wilkes	2 "	Sept. 14
Alleghany	1 week	Sept. 7
Davie	2 weeks	Oct. 12
Stokes	2 "	Aug. 10
Stokes	1 week	Nov. 16
Surry	2 weeks	Aug. 24
Surry	1 week	Nov. 23
10TH DIST.—JUDGE AVERY.		
Henderson	3 weeks	July 20
Burke	2 "	Aug. 10
Caldwell	1 week	Sept. 7
Ashe	1 "	Aug. 24
Watauga	1 "	Aug. 31
Mitchell	2 weeks	Sept. 14
Yancey	2 "	Sept. 28
McDowell	2 "	Oct. 12
11TH DIST.—JUDGE SHIPP.		
Union	2 weeks	Sept. 21
Mecklenburg	3 "	Aug. 31
Gaston	2 "	Oct. 12
Lincoln	1 week	Oct. 5
Cleveland	2 weeks	Aug. 10
Cleveland	1 week	Oct. 26
Rutherford	3 weeks	Nov. 2
Polk	1 week	Nov. 16
Catawba	1 "	Aug. 3
Alexander	1 "	July 27

Sugar Grove Letter.

SUGAR GROVE, June 8.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

Up here in our land of the clouds, the windows of the heavens were recently opened and the winds came and the rain descended in floods for ten or fifteen days; so much so that planting and hoeing of corn was very much retarded. June, so far, has been fair and warm and you bet farmers made good use of their time, and hoed corn while the sun shined. Owing to the failure of the wheat and rye crop, our people have set extra large crops of corn, buckwheat, Irish potatoes &c.

I believe it is for our good that such things as failures of crops &c., do happen. It teaches us this important lesson, that of ourselves we are nothing, and what dependent creatures we are; while at the time, it sharpens our energies, increases our industry, which manifests the old adage, "fortune helps those who try to help themselves." Corn is looking well and growing fast and has as good if not the best stand I ever have seen.

The financial pressure still weighs heavy and drags slowly, while our county is crowded with a surplus of live stock, for which there is but little demand. This condition of things has demanded this fact, that we must keep less and better stock and raise more grass. Our soil, climate, and production are so generous and productive, our water power so abundant, our hard and soft wood so plentiful, our cold and sparkling springs so numerous, and the surface indications of various and valuable ores and minerals so common, that it certainly does open up a vast field for many and profitable industries which are only now in their infancy or do not exist at all.

I will suggest that a canning factory for fruits, berries &c., could be made a paying and profitable industry. Our cold springs with a full back ground of luxuriant grass are great facilities, and offer flattering inducements to dairy men while sheep farms for wool raising would be a paying industry. Also, tobacco can be made to pay well, as demonstrated by actual experiment, and be culture as far as tested pays a handsome dividend. Even poultry raising has become quite a business. Mrs. Jeremiah Glenn has over 100 young chickens and Mrs. Melissa Herman has 150 young and old chickens and about 30 hens have produced 90 dozen eggs since last fall.

A gentleman from Johnston City, Tennessee, came up to Watauga in March and bought seven 2-horse wagon loads of chickens for which he paid from 16 1/2 to 20 cents per head.

Western Carolina is slowly but surely coming to the front, and her rich and abundant resources are attracting public notice, and have and will still induce enterprising men to invest their money in various enterprises; for instance the Blowing Rock and Roan Mountain hotels. The extension of our Western R. R., the completion of the C. & L. R. R., the building of the Cranberry R. R., and the successful working of one of the richest and finest grades of iron ore in the world, from a mountain of inexhaustible iron deposits—such are some of the great internal improvements of this age in our beloved Western Carolina, and why may we not, at the rate of compound interest, reasonably hope that the next decade will develop ten fold, yes, 50 or even 100 fold improvement, for which let us wait and trust.

Wallace

Bros.,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

Wholesale Dealers

—IN—

General Merchandise.

—to—

Largest Warehouse

and best facilities for handling

Dried Fruit, Berries, etc., in

the State.

RESPECTFULLY

Wallace

Bros.

August 27th, 1884.

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 as what time they propose coming.

F. LEE CLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HICKORY, N. C.

EDMUND JONES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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CLINTON A. CILLEY,
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