Tennit' Tunic. TIME

VOLUME XI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1885.

NUMBER 2.

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August 27th, 1884.

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TAKE NO OTHER.

ON A. CILLEY, ney-At-Law oir, M.O. in All The Courts.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MARY LOU GLASS.

BY KITER BOWER.

Degrest, sweetest friend, thou hast left us and gove, From this world of suffe-ing, sin and sorrow, Our souls to Heaven, thy home, seem nearer draw. Since one whom on earth we loved so much is there.

We know Thou does't all things well else we would wonder why,

One so young, so levely, bright and fa'r, Was called upon thus early to lie down and die, When skies we e bright, birds singing, and all Natore seemed glad.

Perhaps the Master, taking His morning walk through the flowers,

Saw this one jurt blooming and thought He would fake a www.y

Before the heat of the day, the sto in, and the Had robbed it of any of its fragrance and delicate

beauty. For on earth, no matter how fond y or tenderly cher'sped.

The beautifut flower would at last have been faded; But where it now blooms no flower has ever per shed For things in that clime never less beautifully grow.

Ah! I know how sad and lonely the old home most To those loved ones wno never again on earth w'l

The sweet voice, clasp the dear hand, or catch the bright gleam. From eyes in whose depths shone purity and love

How the heart of that mother, as she saw them lay her dear child away, Under the sod where so many bright hopes have been laid.

Must have ached with that pain it somet nes seems nothing will ever allay, And that makes us-O! Father, forg've us-wish we cov'd die.

Tis then that the her'er, who loves us, comes with His balm And soon our suffering grows less, then we fall asleep.

Aud when we awake, there has come over resuch a great, beautiful calm, So sweet that it makes us almo t forget the old

Come and heal all thy loved ones who "or thee now Help each one to look upwards and sweetly and trost ug y say :

Thy will, O! Father, not mine, be cone. My chain of friendsh p, that ne'er a circle large did

Is broken now, and I have no words to tell how I miss the Fot; For thou was't a friend same in the sto.m-

But though parted here Mary Lou, I expect to meet Where, amid the great white-robed and shining

Alas! how many are not -as in the calm.

we'll meet with many loved ones to para pever mor But go hand in hand through al! eternity.

INTERESTING CALIFORNIA LETTER.

The Galifornia State Fair and other Matters---Mostly "Other Matters."

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 16. To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic: There is nothing l.ke a State Fair for exhibiting the rea! genius and industry of a people. It brings out,

in marked lines, the individuality

and characteristics of a common-

wealth. You see the people and their development there. This development does not consist simply in their show of pigs and pumpkins and poultry—of crazy quilts and cows and cabbage, and all the rest of the catalogue of "exhibits"; but you see the real people there—the people in Sunday garb, with their "best foot foremost"—their highest achievement in every department of life, in art, in science, in civilization, and in custom, character and capacity. The best that the land affords may be reasonably expected always at a State Fair. We do not send our swamps, our barrens, and our sterile deserts for the outside world to come in and look at and be tempted to make themselves and their capital one of us. No. We send our gardens, our orchards, our richest fields, our choicest dairies. our fatted calves, our favorite steeds and the best mechanisms that are typical of our art industries. And we always send these along with representative men and women. We don't keep all our solid and brilliant men, and pretty, captivating women at home, and let the hard-favored and the blunt, unwise folks speak for us at our State Fairs. No. A State Fair-let me repeat-always represents what is really intended to be the very best that State can produce-whether of art or naturebut especially the products of its

I have been led into this train of thought by a contemplation of the California State Fair as contrasted table, especially if there is a crowd. with the great North Carolina Exposition of 1884, which I attended for a week, and of which I wrote some account published in THE Topic, as your readers may remember.—Happily for me, my official work on this coast has thrown me at the capital city of California, Sacramento, during the continuance of the State Fair. I have been in and out of the city for the whole period of the Fair, and the nature of my duties has been such as to enable me | cuts, cleans and sacks the grain all to see much of it, and to study it at one operation. There are various well and thoroughly, in the interlude in duty. I am told there is but them has a steam engine mounted on one thing lacking to make it the very grandest occasion of the kind ever known on the Pacific coast.—I I know your readers will smile when

them into the gentle toils of the police, and every mother's son was fearful he was among "the spotted." Hence this absence.

By the way, we people in the east have no idea of the amount of gambling going on on the Pacific coast. The seed of this great curse was sown in the old days of the "Argonauts," and it has taken such firm and deep root that the tree sheds a bitter and blighting shadow all over this fair land. I am told, in all seriousness, and with the emphasis of evidence, that one third of 'he men California are gamblers! From what I have seen at the various fairs I have seen since out here, I sincerely believe it. There are, notwithstanding all the precautions taken against them, over two thousand bunco men in the city.

I send your Dr. J. M. S. a bundle of local papers which contain several articles in regard to this gambling question, and the effect it is having on the Fair. Notwithstanding all the alertness and vigilance of official authority there are in the city several thousand of the "shuffle" and 'bunco" men and women, and dens of iniquity are easily found by the knowing ones .- I saw at the Fair in Nevada City in one night more gambling and more devices to entice and fleece victims than in all my life before. There were many ingenious and captivating tricks of which I had not even ever heard or read; and some of them seemed so simple and easy to win on, that I am sure if I had been a betting man, I should have put my finger into it, and got burned ! The most demoralizing, vet tolerated, species of betting is at the Fair grounds-on the racing. This is a big thing here. - Early in the week the editor of the most famous paper of this coast had taken me to his stables, and showed me the finest horse on exhibition-Antevolo, who comes of a race of famous fast horses. When this horse was brought on the track, I was ready to bet my opinion that he would win the race .- I had no money, however, to back that opinion. I did not have even the inclination to back it in that way, and hence did not go into the "pool." Had I done so, however, I could have won, for, as you see by the papers sent, this borse beat the field, and made the f stest time ever made by a fouryear old. He was driven in the race

by his owner, Col. Simpson, the gentleman referred to. Referring to the paper sent you, you find a fine likeness of the President of the California State Fair Col. J. D. Carr, who comes of good Carolina stock-Methodist and Democratic both-hence you know he and I soon became well acquainted. He is a relation of the distinguished Jule Carr, of Durham, whose inclinations are identical. This picture of Col. Carr your friends will recognize as a fine likeness also of our late beloved and honored citizen. Brown Farthing, in his younger days, and whose death I sincerely deplore, for he and I had been warm and true friends for more than 30 years—a longer time than I had known or been known by any other citizen of Caldwell county. One of your best men has fallen. We might say, that he died at his post-for I believe he was stricken with his fatal illness while attending that church, of which he was so zealous and so useful a member. THE Topic's announcement of his death woke in my heart both sorrow and tears on account of his long friendship and devotion to me and those

dear to me besides. But I commenced to tell you something about the California State Fair. - California is here in all her glory—the gamblers alone excepted. Everything that is typical of the State is here-from her millionaires down to the plainest country farmer and his wife and babies. I have seen the true people of this State-have seen them, as I said, "with their Sunday clothes on," and I have studied their manners and costumes as they appear at the hotels, on the streets, and in the public pavilions. Thousands have come and gone from the hotel in which I have had rooms for two weeks, and I have therefore had unusual opportunity to study these people, and especially, at meal time—for if there is a bit of hog or dog in man or woman, it is pretty apt to show itself at a dinner

What I have been most interested in here is in the exhibits of horses and cattle, and the fruits and vegetables of this State, though I have seen everything.—The machinery is about like that which you see every where else, except in one respect. California exhibits two things I have never seen in the east. One is the "Wheat Harvester" referred to in my first letter. This machine them has a steam engine mounted on wheels. The whole thing is drawn along only by the horses—twelve in number—while the steam power does the work of harvesting, the horses

gal enactments to bring sundry of | to work it; the driver and one man to work the lever regulating the height of the cut, and one or two to attend to the sacks.

I give you some statistics furnished me by the principal manufacturer of these machines-Mr. Shippeethe manufacturing prince of Stockton-this is by the way, the great manufacturing centre of California. As I have heretofore written, every locality here has its specialty, and Stockton makes nearly all the machinery of the State, especially its agricultural implements. Of this. also more in future.

One of the test Shippee Harvesters has this season harvested-that is, cut, cleaned and bagged, ready for milling, all at one operation, twenty three thousand bushels of wheat. It was 42 days at the work, using only 4 men and 18 horsespaying for extra labor \$286-making the cost of the harvesting only one and one-fourth cent per bushel. The old prices here are six cents for

threshing alone. These harvesting machines are made so that each foot of the cutting knife or lever requires one horse -that is to say, a 12 foot cutter requires 12 horses to pull it. The largest size made this year was a 26 foot cutter, requiring 26 horses to pull it. This wide cutter is used only in the light wheat; for wheat that will yield 40 bushels per acre. cannot be worked well with a cutter longer than 16 feet. This is the average make. The 26 foot cutter in use this season, averaged 64 acres per day during 25 days of harvesting. Thirty acres per day is the average when wheat will make 25 bushels per acre. I don't think these big machines practicable for our country, for they can operate everything found-or sixteen dollars successfully only in grain that stands in the field until it is perfectly dead ripe, and dried out enough to sack

and grind without danger of injury. Another thing we do not see in the east, on exhibition here, is the immense machines that are made for pumping water, used in the mining

and irrigating operations here. No other State, I am told, has ever been able to get up such an exhibit of fine cattle as is now on exhibition here. I could not help wishing all the while I was viewing this fine stock show, that some of our cattle men in North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, could see for themselves what fine cattle there are in the world : and then make efforts to introduce the same thing into our own country. We certainly can raise in Western N. C. as fine cattle, and as fine horses as any other people. California, that has no grass at all scarcely, beats us all hollow. There is one advantage, however, that this State Fair of Californiaif not the State itself-po, sesses over our people. The fine stock exhibits here are mostly those of the great millionaires of the west. Stanford for instance, while not sending any of his racing horses here, in consequence of affliction and death in his family, sends 41 head of pure blood Holsteins- matchless beauties in black and white, with short and crumply horns. I can only give you the weights of a faw of the animals as they were placed on the scales in their entrance here. This must suf-

fice for this letter. Stanford's best bull, 24 years old, weighed 2,080 pounds; Stanford's best bull, 1½ years old, weighed 1,-400 pounds. Underhill's "Shatlemore"-Holstein, just 3 years old this month, weighs 2,110 pounds, a most magnificent bull. Stanford's will be larger at same age. Their horns are about 6 inches long, white, with black tips, but very small and point

outward. White's best bull, Holstein, two years old, weighs 1,635 pounds. This Holstein stock is celebrated for their fine milk records, not rich in quality, but abundant in quantity. A man who has a good Holstein cow and a pump or spring of water, can supply a whole town with "milk!" The calves of this breed sell bere at from \$300 to \$1,000 each.

The cattle that attracted the most attention, in consequence of their rarity on this continent, were the Polled Angus and Galloways, imported here from Aberdeen, Scotland. These cattle are jet black, without a single white spot, and without horns, what we call a "mooly" east. One bull calf of the Angus family is certainly the hand-somest brute of that kind I ever weighs nearly 2,000, 3 years old. They ask \$1,500 for the yearling. A 6 months calf is shown weighing 750 pounds. These cattle are owned by Seth Cook. You see an account of them in the papers I send you.

The finest looking cattle here—

those showing richness and purity of blood—are the Short Horn Devons. A 4 year old bull of this breed is shown weighing 2,330 pounds. His mother, "Bonny Bell," 6 years

old, weighs 1,835. There are, as seen here, two dis-tinct families of the Devon cattle— I know your readers will smile when I tell you what is wanting. It is this—the gamblers are not all here! A few of these gentlemen have hesitated to put in their appearance since it was made to appear to these numerous citizens that well dijested plans had been laid in official or le-

were. Our neighbor, Bill Estes, had some of this stock years ago. They were known, however, in the Carolinas as the "Wade Hampton Stock" of cattle. They are famous for milk, as well as beauty and richness of color, and fine facial expression. They weigh well also. There is a 6 months calf on exhibition here-a superb specimen of Bovine fleshweighing 550 pounds, a 6 months Durham heifer is shown weighing 612 pounds and a 4 months sucking heifer calf that weighs 481 pounds. A bull of the short horn Durham, 14 months old, weighs 1,336 pounds. These short horn Durhams are the fellows for heavy weights. They have them here pure white, also

roans, as well as red and spot ed. There are several large herds of these fine cattle on exhibition here. but I cannot enter further into details; the numbers run up into hundreds. I think there are over a hundred Jerseys and Alderneys alone : you can count for yourself : I send the list of entries in papers. There is a magnificent Herreford bull imported from New Zealand. These cattle are red, with wide hornoexactly like pictures we sometimes

This Herreford Bull was imported by a gentleman who has become a special friend of mine here. He is a whole-souled Southerner, and a life long Democrat. He came here, when 19 years old, in 1849. He' worked a while in the mines and quit and started a blacksmith shop. This was somewhat accidental. His father had been a blacksmith in Kentucky; and he knew something of the trade. One day in 1849 a man offered any one eight dollars a piece to shoe some horse -and and the smith find shoe and nails He knew how to do the work, and so went at it. In a short while he had big money. Instead of fooling at mines and gambling, he got him a home; and-true type of a Southerner as he was he was going to have him an orchard. He soon had 40 acres in trees, and he told me that he averaged regularly for ten vears six thousand dollars profit from his orchard! Trees bear here at three years old. One year he got twelve thousand dollars. Apples then sold at five cents each in the mines. I heard this gentleman make a speech, or a talk, at the big banquet given to the old pioneers here on the 9th inst., your humble servant being an honored, invited guest, sitting at the right hand of the president, and responding as best he could, when called upon by the whole room for the toast - "our general government"-I heard this gentleman say that he was one of the few men living who had raised thirty-five annual crops in California. His farming has always paid him. He is an immensely wealthy man-now-his chief business being. in mules and cattle-his Kentucky instinct taking him into mules. He had on exhibition at the fair five magnificent jacks—the largest, 17 hands high—and brought from Kentucky here. He bas on his "ranch' over 100 mares. - Here are some figures that he gave me of his last sales. He has just sold 24 mules 3 years

old at \$187.50 each; 14 mules at \$182.50 each; 16 mules at \$165 each -3 years old. He sold one pair, 2 and 3 years old, for \$400. He never sells myles for less than \$150 to \$160. Now when a man can make such sales as those, in a country where he can raise mules without ever feeding them more than two or three months in the year, and then feeding them on wild oat hay and stubble that costs only the cutting and baling to make it, of course he makes money; and can afford to open his wine that costs \$2.50 per pint bottle when he invites a friend to "join" him.

But you ask me if anybody can do

these things here. I say no, emphatically. It is only the men who came here and bought land when it went begging at a dollar an acre, and kept on buying till it went up to five dollars—as long as they had money to invest. These men can do it. But poor folks can'i, and the had better remain in N. C., or elsewhere—than to try to come here and fail.—Withal, I don't believe there is a nobler set of men on earth than the old rich pioneers of California-leaving out a few niggardly thieves and men who have grown to

be villains in their prosperity. P. S .- I want , to tell you somebeheld. He is just past a year old thing about the fruits and vegetables and weighs 1,350 pounds. The sire of the California State fair—in my thing about the fruits and vegetables next letter .- I have been trying to get an opportunity ever since I came to the State Capital to call on Gov. Stoneman. I have had a special invitation to do so, through his private secretary, with whom I have an acquaintance; but unfortunately for me, the Gov. has his regulations for receiving visitors, and I am unable to take any other time than that which I can catch when I am not on official duty—and I have never been able to make the two periods meet. As Gov. Stoneman was the commanding officer when the Federal the long horn and the short horn; they are, however, usually known as the "North Devon" and "South what I have already heard—that will be of interest to some folks in Western N. C., and especially to some in the Yadkin Valley. M. V. M.

In Boston the richest lawyer is Sidney Bartlett, set down as worth

A NORTH GAROLINA DUEL.

Wi'mington Star.

It was Col. Edward C. Yellowly of Greenville, Pitt county, whose death occarred at Asheville. He was a man of character and of courage. He got his title in the war and wore it worthily. He was a lawyer and a man of excellent sense. Our first recollection of him dates back to about 1845 or 1846, when he and the late Ferdinand Harriss, of Greenville, had personal difficulty in the court house. Harriss went to the Legislature and brooding over the matter he decided to challenge Yellowly. Some time afterward this was done. Yellowly was married and declined, saying in effect that the matter had been arranged and that he had no malice or ill-will towards narriss. He was again pressed to fight and finally acceped the challenge. They met at the house on the Dismal Swamp Canal just where the State line runs. Both behaved with the greatest possible coolness. At the first fire both missed. Harriss handed his pocket-book to his second, saying-"Take this, for you will have a use for it. I see the devil in Yellowly's eye and he is going to kill me," At he second fire Harriss fell dead. He was dressed in a suit of white linen, and being asked why he chose that he replied, it is the best as it was harder to see, and if he fell it would answer for a shroud. This is the story of the duel as we remember it after the elapse of more than thirty-seven years. Col. Yellowly was held in high esteem by his associates and acquaintances. He was nothing of a duellist in temperament or inclination, but vas a quiet, affable gentleman

The above from the Wilmington Star is correct in the main, yet it does unintentionally a certain injustice to Col. Yellowly. We knew both the parties, Col. Yellowly was modest but he was brave. Ferdinand Harris was a man of courage, but he was almost fantastical upon the subject of honor. That was the weak point in a man observing unusually amiability. The cause of the quarrel was a trivial one. Yellowly, recognizing that feature, was willing to pass the affair over as merely a point of honor. His first fire was in the air. Finding that Harris was not satisfied, at the second fire he was in earnest, and his antagonist fell dead. It is to the honor of Col. Yellowly that he took the widow and children of Mr. Harris in charge, supported and educated them, and they bore to him the affection they might have felt for a father. He was a father-with the consciousness of having against his will created widowhood and orphan-

We may be in error; for we write long after the sad occurrance, which at the time made a deep impression

A FORMER JUDGE SHOT.

ABINGDON, VA., Sept. 28.-Au exciting shooting affair occurred here vesterday afternoon, in which ez-Judge George W. Ward was scriously if not fatally wounded. The shooting grew out of the following editorial sentence in the Abingdon Standard, edited by Judge Ward "A man who would go into convention to receive a nomination, and not receiving it then bolt its action. would steal the coppers off a dead nigger's eyes." This was construed to reflect on Dr. Wm. White, who sought the democratic romination for the State Senate, but being defeated announced himself as an independent candidate against Judge W. F. Rhea, the democratic nominee, and is being supported by the republicans.

Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock.

according to statements of parties who claim to have witnessed the shooting, while Judge Ward was about to enter the Colonnade Hotel he was fired upon by Dr. White, who had been concealed in a storeroom nearly opposite the hotel. White stepped out of the door and discharged one barrel of a shotgun loaded with buckshot at Ward, who fell face foremost, but, recovering on his knees, doew his pistol and fired three shots at a young relative of White, who was on the opposite side of the street behind a tree. White in the meantime had stepped inside the store, and, hearing the firing, came out again and fired the second barrel at Ward, who fell. While he was lying on the ground, two of White's relatives (one of whom Ward had already shot at and who he thought had shot at him) walked up and fired seven shots at him, (Ward,) all of which took effect. Judge Ward was resting easy this evening, but his condition is considered serious. Dr. White and his two relatives were arrested and bailed in the sum of \$7,000 each. There is considerable excitement here over the shooting, but no fear of further violence is entertained.

Marriage may be defined as a tem-porary social alliance, entered into for the purpose of acquiring cheap notoriety through the medium of

A QUARTETTE LYNCHING.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 29.—Last night four negroes, Jerry Finch, his wife, Lee Tyson and John Pattishall were lynched one mile from Pittsboro, Chatham county. They were taken from jail and their bodies were found suspended to a tree near the public road. This is a terrible sequel to the murder of the Finch family on the night of the 4th of last July, and of the murder of the Gunter family near the same spot some 18 months ago. There were two of the Finch family, Edward, aged 79, and his sister, aged 81. They were found on the morning of Sunday, July 5th, lying on the floor with their throats cut. Near them lay their servant, a negro boy aged 16. All had been knocked in the head with an axe. Suspicion early rested on the negro Jerry Finch, and he was arrested. It was a great task from the first to prevent the lynching of these parties. Lee Tyson was afterwards arrested, and some time later John Pattishall was taken on the charge of being concerned in the Gunter murder, and possibly in the Finch murder. He was said to have been seen near the spot where the Gunters were killed, and next morning was in another county and told the first news known there of the crime. Detectives from Richmond worked up the case. The verdict of the coroner's jury was long delayed, the feeling that if it was adverse to the prisoners they would be promptly lynched. The verdict, when rendered, was against the prisoners. A majority of the people appeared to be well satisfied that these people were guilty of both

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W. C. NEWLAND. Attorney - at - Law, Lenoir, N. C.