

The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME XI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1885.

NUMBER 5.

Wallace
Bros.,
STATESVILLE, N. C.

Wholesale Dealers

General Merchandise.

Largest Warehouse

and best facilities for handling

Dried Fruit, Ber-

ries, etc., in the State.

RESPECTFULLY

Wallace

Bros.

August 27th, 1884.

WOMEN
Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from
debility peculiar to their sex, should try
BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC

This medicine combines iron with pure vegetable
tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to
women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It
restores and purifies the blood, stimulates the
appetite, strengthens the system, and
restores the system, and restores the system.
It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or
produce constipation—other iron medicines do.
Mrs. ELIZABETH BARNES, of Fayetteville, N. C., writes:
"I was very weak and thin, and I had been
more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the
weakness which I have in life. Also cured me of
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Genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines
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Laid's Hair Dressing—useful and attractive, com-
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CLINTON A. CILLEY,
Attorney-At-Law,
Lenoir, N. C.
Practice in All the Courts.

OUR HEROIC PIONEER.

BY T. C. L.

Among our hills and fertile valleys,
Our rivers, creeks and brooks and swales,
A hero pioneer did roam,
While searching for a western home;
In Yadkin Valley for a time,
He lived in this salubrious clime,
And hunted elk and deer and bear,
Off killing them whilst in their lair.
This pioneer was Daniel Boone,
Who started for Kentucky soon,
But soon he met a deadly foe,
Who vowed he should not further go;
Though hard beset by savage foes,
He will not yield but onward goes;
His trusty rifle well in hand,
He kills and routs each savage band.
Through forest and dense, o'er mountains high,
He reaches a spot the "Land of the Sky."
Here long he feasts on nature's fair
And breathes the fresh salubrious air;
Here in the mountain's giddy height,
He feels at home, both day and night;
A hero leave where'er he goes,
He does not fear his wily foes.
Full many a panther, deer and bear,
He kills whilst rustling here;
He oft times hears the hooting owl,
Whilst wolves quite numerous round him howl.
At length he leaves these mountains high,
Still further West his luck to try;
Through forest dense our hero goes
And oft times meets his savage foes;
Then on these red men of the plain,
Give back for Daniel Boone again;
But soon he goes (the coast now clear),
His Western course again to steer.
At length through many dangers he
Arrives, his promised land to see;
Our pioneer so brave and plucky,
Has safely reached his dear Kentucky.
Here from an elevated hill,
He views the landscape to the fill;
Then to the fertile valley he
Descends, the fertile soil to see.
Here by a cool and limpid rill,
He builds his camp and rests at will;
Though far from wife and children dear,
Our lonely hero feels no fear.
He now resolves no more to roam,
But hasten back to wife and home;
And then with wife and children too,
Again his pilgrim's journey do.
Soon with his family and friends,
Again the mountains he ascends;
Through oft assailed by foes so plucky,
He soon arrives in old Kentucky.
Of all white women of our land,
Boone's wife and daughters first did stand
Upon the river bank and view,
The beauties of this region too.
Boone was a hero brave and true,
His wife and daughters heroines too;
They in Kentucky found a home
From which they never more did roam.

Washington Notes.

Greensboro Patriot.

Senator Vance's *Courier-Journal* interview in which he appears as a "kicker" against the Administration, has attracted attention here. It is understood to be a declaration of war and the gossips place him and Senator East in the same boat. The opinion expressed by the junior North Carolina Senator, that the people in North Carolina are dissatisfied with the Administration, is not confirmed by visiting North Carolinians. Here and there in the State, it is said, complaint is heard that changes are not made fast enough, but as to any general dissatisfaction, it does not exist. It is also said that the people generally are in sympathy with the Senator's civil service views. The present civil service reform is everywhere in the State regarded and characterized as a transparent humbug.

The Senator uses vigorous and unmistakable English in speaking of Southern Republican office holders. "They gained their position," he says, "by going over to the negroes, by becoming traitors to their fellow citizens, and by antagonizing every principle of the Southern people." They ought to be removed, and so far as North Carolina is concerned, they have been removed. The one prominent Republican now in office in North Carolina is the Wilmington postmaster. He has not been removed because Democrats request his retention. The change in the Charlotte mint has not been made because Senator Vance and Congressman Bennett could not agree upon the appointment. If there is blame let the responsibility attach where it belongs.

At the instance of Senator Vance the Department has decided to remove the revenue office from Statesville to Newton. The change is only awaiting a report from Collector Dowd on the cost of renting a suitable building for an office in Newton. The Department first determined to make no change; it was then decided to remove the office to Charlotte; subsequently it has been decided to remove it to Newton. Collector Dowd fought against the removal to Newton, but finally acquiesced, and is now understood to join Senator Vance in urging that change. It is understood here that the removal is against the judgment of the Department, and possibly against the report of the special agent who was sent to North Carolina to investigate the matter. The main objection urged against Statesville is that the only suitable building in the town for an office is owned by ex-Collector Mott, and that he is consequently the chief beneficiary of the present location of the office. However these things may be, the change is to be made, and that soon, and the "Banner county" will have something besides "the banner" to show for its enthusiastic fidelity to Democratic principles.

The shorter a man is the longer he is in paying his debts.

A physician calls his dog Tonic, because the animal is a mixture of whines and barks.

A PHYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Locked for Fifteen Minutes in a Dark Cellar with a Raving Mad Dog.

From the London St. James Gazette.

Last week I received orders to go to the Britannia public house, in Soho, and poison a large retriever belonging to the landlord. My master had seen the dog during his rounds, and found it in a dangerous rabid state. I filled a small bottle with hydrocyanic acid, and taking a syringe, went off at once to see about it. Arriving at the house, I stated my business, and was handed over to the pot-boy to be conducted to the dog, which I could hear howling every few seconds. There being no yard to the house, they had chained the dog down in the cellar to a staple in the wall. "E's a very bad case, sir," said my guide, "an' I'll be glad when it's all over; for, although he was a great pet with us all, an' that fond of the kids you never see, it's awful to see 'im not know any of us, but when we goes near 'im to have 'im come a-flying at us. Think 'e'll suffer much? There 'e goes! 'ear 'im? All day long 'e 'owls like that."

I assured him it would soon be over without much pain, and descending some steps we passed through a room in the basement that was dimly lit by a small and grimy window. Cases of wines and spirits were ranged against the walls and we could hear the tramp of the thickly shod customers in the bar or tap room just above our heads. Opening a door we passed into another room; this was lighted only by a small window in the room we had just left, as it shone through the now open door. "He's in there," said the pot-boy, pointing to another door in the wall opposite.

Thinking there was a window in the room I pushed the door open and immediately heard the rattle of a chain and the hoarse half howl, half growl of the poor beast, whose eyes I could see against the far wall gleaming through the dark. Window there was none.

"Why on earth don't you bring a light," I asked angrily; "you don't suppose I can poison him in the dark?"

"Thought I 'ad a match," said the boy, fumbling in his pockets; "there's a gas-jet just inside the door."

I had no matches, so I sent him upstairs to get some, and awaiting his return, sat down on an empty keg near the door.

The dog seemed uneasy, and fancying the light through the doorway annoyed and distressed him, I pushed it to with my hand. The boy was some time gone (I found afterwards he had been to ask his mistress if she would like to have a last look at the old dog), and I sat there thinking over the job. The air of the cellar was close and the smell of the wet sawdust on the floor was most unpleasant. Clank went the dog's chain against the wall or the floor as he moved uneasily about, wondering, I dare say, what was my errand there. Then the movement ceased for a time, or, partly absorbed in my thoughts, I failed to notice it. The next minute I started, feeling something rub against my leg. Looking down, I saw two glaring eyes just at my knee. The dog was loose, the staple having worked its way out of the damp and yielding mortar.

For a second or two I nearly lost consciousness. My heart stood still, but by an effort, kept from going off into a faint. I shall never forget the next few minutes as long as I live. I was alone in the dark, with this rabid beast rubbing about my legs—first one and then the other, as if he was trying to find out who I was. Then he rested his nose on my knee and looked straight up into my face. I sat like a statue, knowing that at the slightest movement he would probably seize me, and knowing (who better?) that such a bite in his advanced state of disease was almost certain death, and a horrible death at that. Nervingly myself, I sat perfectly still, calculating as well as I could my chances of escape. Presently the dog put first one paw, then the other, on my knee, and standing on his hind legs gently rubbed his head against my breast, then over my arms, and then commenced to explore my face. I shut my eyes and felt his nose pass several times across my face, covering it with saliva. Yet I dared not move. I expected every instant he would seize me; the very beating of my heart might disturb and annoy him; and I felt that, come what might, I must fling him off and make a dash for the door.

Suddenly he ceased rubbing against me and appeared to be listening. He could hear the steps of the pot-boy descending the ladder. I also could hear it, and knew not whether to call to him or keep silent. The dog now dropped down to my knees again, still listening; and as the light of a candle streamed through the crevices of a badly fitting door, he crept into the far corner of the cellar, evidently dreading being put upon the chain again. Then I made a dash at the door, swung it open, and, banging it to behind me, sank, more dead than alive, on a case near the wall. Seeing my state, the man

brought me quickly a nip of brandy, and I pulled myself together. All this time the dog was growling seriously on the other side of the door, and tearing at it in his mad endeavor to get at us. Steadying myself as well as I could, I placed the light on a pile of cases, and filling my syringe with acid, opened the door about two inches. As I expected, the infuriated beast rushed at the opening; and as he did so I discharged the contents of the syringe into his open mouth. In a few seconds all was over. When I went up stairs I found my trousers, vest, coat, hands and face covered with the saliva from his mouth. I felt sick and faint, and looked—so the people said—white as a ghost; in fact, I could hardly stand.

The dog I had killed was bitten by the mad dog that ran down Piccadilly some three weeks since, and had only showed symptoms of madness during the last few days.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12, 1885.

To the Editor of *The Lenoir Topic*:
Never before in the history of Washington have the government employes taken so little interest in politics. Political campaigns are at white heat in three important States but the clash of resounding arms is not heard in Washington. The President and his Cabinet are paying no more attention to what is going on in New York, Ohio and Virginia, than did the frontiersman to the fight between his wife and the bear. This is not as it was wont to be in the past, when everybody, from the President down to the floor scrubbers in the Departments were ardent, active politicians. Then the chiefs of Bureaus took about six weeks vacation, and from the pedestal of a fallen tree waved the bloody shirt frantically. The longer a clerk stayed away from Washington, and the more stump speeches he made, the more solid did he grow in favor with his party, and the more secure was his retention of office. In previous years clerks have had to pay from fifty to one hundred dollars each to the Republican campaign fund. This year they have paid nothing. During all previous campaigns, the Departments have been the centres of organized political activity. Political documents have been prepared during office hours and many clerks have willingly neglected their regular work to collect and twist statistics to be used in political campaigns. Now the clerks are at their legitimate work, and are hardly aware that campaigns are raging in their respective States. They have come to believe their fortunes are no longer involved in the result, and what the Republican party loses in political servility the whole country gains in honest service. During the last twenty years clerks have spent the few days previous to an election in an agony of suspense. They then thought Democratic success meant ruin and starvation, and they dreaded it as they dread the day of doom. This has all been changed; a silent revolution has taken place; a great reform has been inaugurated, and is working incalculable good through the government to the country.

Not only does it appear that the President will not take an active part in politics, but will not talk on political subjects. He says, without reserve, that he wishes to see Lee, Hill and Hoadly elected governors of their respective States, but he will not go further. The report that he has consented to go to the Virginia State fair at Richmond a few days before the election is without foundation, as is the report that Mr. Hoadly became a candidate at the President's request.

It appears, indeed, that Mr. Cleveland is preaching by example a new gospel of Executive neutrality in politics. But he is, to say the least, in a very embarrassing situation. He has believed that the support of the Independents was important to the success of his administration. They have supported him at every step of his political ascent from Mayor to President. He naturally dislikes to lose from them now, and yet they are behaving in a way that makes it impossible for a consistent democrat to have fellowship with them. By their action in supporting Davenport with their votes and praising Cleveland with their lips, they say as plainly as actions can say that, in their unique opinion, Cleveland is the only respectable democrat, that they approve the president but detest his associates. The time is not far distant when the President must choose between Democrats and these supercilious hypocrites, masquerading under the name of Independents.

The President, I am told, looks upon the election in New York as a trial of his administration, and he feels a much greater interest in the result than he allows himself openly to express. That he did not send Hill a congratulatory message proves nothing except that he did not think it would be in accordance with presidential propriety to do so. He had not sent such a message to Lee or to Hoadly; why should he make an exception in favor of Hill? He is no more President of New York than of Virginia.

Charm of American Women.

Archibald Forbes.

The frankness of the American woman has in it, on the threshold, a certain bewilderment, and even embarrassment, for the British male person, especially if his collars be too stiffly starched. She has so utter an apparent absence of self-consciousness; her mental equipoise is so serenely stable; her good-fellowship, if one may use the term, is so natural that he cannot see his way easily to the solution of the problem. I assume him to be a gentleman, so that his intuition detaches him from a misconception of the phenomena that confront him. She flirts, he finds; she is an adept in flirtation, but it is a flirtation "from the teeth outward," to use Carlyle's phrase, and he is fain to own to himself, like the fox-hunting farmer who tried unsuccessfully to get drunk on the claret, that he seems to "get no forrader." But although the citadel of the fort seems to him strangely impregnable because of the cool, alert, self-possession of the garrison, I have been told by heroic persons who have ventured on the escalade that, if the beleaguer be he whom fortune favors, it will terminate an honorable siege by a graceful capitulation. Human nature is human nature all the world over, and there is no greater error than the prevalent one among us that domesticity is not a leading virtue of American married couples. That there is too much of hotel life for American families, I concede, and I am fully conscious of the faults and evils of the system; but that it entails any impairment of the higher domestic virtues I have failed to discover. It is not easy to see how a woman is deteriorated as the companion and friend of a man—as the participator in his aspirations, his troubles, his studies, his higher life—because her conditions release her from the duty of devising the details of a dinner, from the irritation of demagogical checkers, from the drudgery of checking grocer's pass-books, and the sad realization that all bakers are liars, and mostly robbers as well.

Gen. Beaufregard.

New York World.

Gen. Beaufregard has nothing of the *beau sabreur* in his appearance, and would pass in a crowd for a demure and painstaking bookkeeper in a commercial house. He carries his years remarkably well, and in the bright sunshine yesterday passed the "muster" in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with the agile step of youth and some of the energy of bearing. He is growing quite stout and broad-shouldered, though his neatly trimmed gray mustache and goatee and fine head of hair, also frosted by honorable time, still give him the appearance of one of the *anciens noblesse*. In conversation, which he enjoys, he charms all by a pleasant voice and *naivete*, and he is always the centre of an admiring circle. One of his has not been published that we have seen. Once asked why he did not move on Washington when his troops were so near, after the first battle of Bull Run, Gen. Beaufregard replied very seriously: "Well, I will tell you; the Washington papers received in camp informed us the city was over-crowded!" which is as felicitous as Parepare Rosa's reply when asked how it was she came to marry Carl Rosa: "Oh, because he asked me to!" General Beaufregard generally visits his numerous friends in this city at this season.

Minister Curry.

New York World.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—Mr. Curry, the new minister to Spain, has been out of politics for a number of years. He is a tall, angular man, with the air of a college professor. He dislikes society and is not at ease except in his study. He did not come to Virginia to reside until just after the late war. He married, soon after taking up his residence in Richmond, a Miss Thomas, of that city. The Thomas family was very rich. His wife, since the marriage, has inherited a large fortune. The family is very religious. Mr. Curry has always been considered a religious man, but it is understood that he became ordained as a minister out of compliment to the wishes of his wife's family. It is said that he has never had a regular charge and has never preached. Several years ago the rich friends of the Thomas family pushed him forward for the secretaryship and agency of the Peabody Trust Fund. The salary of this place is \$5,000 a year. In addition to this he has been President of the Richmond University, which is a theological institution.

Mountain Cotton Pickers.

Yorkville Enquirer.

We learn that four young white men came from Mitchell county, N. C. to Bethel township in this county, to engage in cotton picking during the present season. They had no difficulty in obtaining employment, and, to these mountaineers, the occupation is novel and pleasing.

Marvin Campmeeting.

Rev. M. V. Sherrill in Methodist Advance.

On going and returning from Marvin campmeeting we spent two nights in Lenoir, our old home, and with the kind family of Bro. Clويد, who were our nearest neighbors the two years we lived there, and as good and pleasant neighbors as any preacher and his family were ever privileged to live by. And, by the way, the *we* and *our* in the above sentence are not used editorially, but include the scribe, his wife and little boy. The only thing that detracted from the pleasure of our visit was that it was too short to allow us the opportunity to accept the many pressing invitations we had to visit our many good friends, not only in Lenoir, but all over the circuit. We may never see them all in this world again, but there is comfort in the hope of meeting in the "sweet by and by." * * * There was one thing, however, to seriously mar the pleasure of the occasion—the illness of the pastor, Bro. Jenkins, who was only able to be there part of the day Saturday. He has been quite indisposed for several months, and unable to do the work of the circuit. We bespeak for him the sympathy, prayers and support of his people. We know how he feels, for we have felt the same. The work is being supplied by those two zealous and faithful local preachers of the circuit, Revs. D. C. Stimson and N. H. Kaylor.

Col. Daniel Boone.

Mr. Zion, Wilkes Co., Oct. 6.

To the Editor of *The Lenoir Topic*:
Being out on a prospecting trip when *THE TOPIC* of the 23rd inst. reached our office, I have not had the opportunity of complying with request of your excellent correspondent, Old Hal, relative to the traditional history of Col. Daniel Boone, until the present.

During Col. Boone's residence in what is now Wilkes county, he had camps in different localities where he resided during his hunting excursions and of course he had trails leading to and from the same. From the best information I am able to obtain, Col. Boone's route up Elk Creek only led to his camps in that locality and was not the route he traveled when he moved his family to Kentucky. It is not probable that Col. Boone traveled up Elk Creek to the base of Eph's ridge and up the ridge to the summit of the Blue Ridge and then traveled several miles on top of the ridge in an easterly direction to the Deep Gap. From the best traditional history I am able to obtain, Col. Boone's route from his residence near the mouth of Beaver Creek, was as follows: He crossed the Yadkin river at upper Holman's ford, crossed the hills to the valley of Stony Fork creek, thence up the valley to the junction of the north and south prongs of said creek, where Colonel Land now resides. Here Col. Boone took the divide between the two prongs of the creek, passing over Bald Knob, where the old trail may still be distinctly seen in places. He traveled some distance along the divide and finally crossed the South prong of Stony Fork, passed over Osborne mountain and crossed the Blue Ridge through Saunders' Gap, which is believed to be the lowest pass through the mountains, and is between Deep Gap and Cook's Gap. From Saunders' Gap, Col. Boone made his way to three forks of New River and from there to the place where the town of Boone now stands. T. C. L.

Our Shull's Mills Letter.

SHULL'S MILLS, Oct. 7.

To the Editor of *The Lenoir Topic*:
The farmers are about through pulling fodder, seeding, &c., and are now ready to gather corn, which is fine.

Bro. Hendrix, of Mount Zion, has just closed an interesting meeting at this place. Times are hard in the way of money matters; plenty of fine beef cattle for sale and no buyers, hence the scarcity of money, as our stock is about all the cash article that we have for sale.

Mr. W., of Clay, may look out the next time he gives our little valley a visit for that "state" house. Mr. J. C. Shull is going to build it as soon as the sawing of the lumber is completed, which will not be very long from present appearances. But this reminds me of how badly we need a steam saw mill in this country to saw our fine cherry trees into marketable lumber. It undoubtedly would be a good investment, besides it would put life in these laurel bottoms where, perhaps, man has never placed the sole of his foot.

By the way, Capt. W. W. Lenoir has closed his trade selling his timber at the Grandfather gap to a Western company. G. J. A.

Alluding to the declaration of Mr. Geo. W. Cable, the Southern novelist, that "If our mothers are not fit to vote, they ought to stop bearing sons," the New Orleans Picayune says: "Mr. Cable evidently means that only mothers among women should vote. Old maids and others, not mothers, should not be allowed to come to the ballot-box."

F. WIESENFELD.

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