

The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME XI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1886.

NUMBER 20.

STATESVILLE, NEW YORK.

WALLACE BROS.

General Merchandise

PRODUCE DEALERS,

Headquarters for Medicinal Crude, Roots,

Herbs, Berries,

Barks, Seeds,

Flowers, Gums & Mosses,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

WALLACE BROS.,

General Produce Dealers

Commission Merchants,

304 Greenwich St.,

New York.

PACIFIC COAST CONTRASTS.

EMPORIA, KAN., Jan. 18.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

From the Desert over the mountain range—through one of the greatest tunnels in America—a mile and a quarter long—and you rush into a valley of almost perpetual paradise, where spring and summer go hand in hand nearly the whole year round. You leap, as it were, in one swift bound, out of the utmost desolation into the green fields of plenty, from arid wastes down into gardens and orchards of richest luxuriance and variety. Over in the Desert grows no human food, save that manipulated by the savages. But in the Los Angeles valley there is scarcely a fruit, vegetable or grain known but what you can now find it fresh and delicious in the open markets. December as it is, you can scarcely enumerate a food product, but what you can find it here now ripe and just plucked fresh from the tree, the bush or the vine. Of the sub-tropical fruits, I have seen the date palm, the banana, the orange and lemon, growing in all their perfection. You see oleanders and geraniums in full bloom, growing wild and in profusion along the wayside. The very air is rich with perfumes wafted from their blossoms and from myrtle and honeysuckle. The rose bushes are laden with the most splendid of full bloom flowers. The date palm is the most splendid and stately tree I have ever beheld. You see them here over 50 feet high, and with fronds more than 20 feet in length.

You go into the markets of Los Angeles, and you are astonished at the infinite variety and size of the fruits and vegetables you see before you. You get apples, peaches, pears, pomegranates, figs, dates, grapes, limes, lemons, oranges, and strawberries and raspberries larger than you ever saw them in the east in May or June. I have seen great crates of strawberries as large as guinea eggs. I have seen here also single persimmons that measured 10 1/2 inches in circumference. This variety of persimmon—the Japan—ripens without frost. I have eaten them right off the tree in the orchards here, as sweet and as luscious as you can imagine. I have this day pulled grapes fresh from the vineyards where they are still hanging by the thousand. I have eaten oranges that have hung on the tree for a whole year—getting riper and sweeter and more delicious all the while—though of course they have dwindled away in size. An orange grove in full fruit is certainly one of the most beautiful sights the human eye ever rested upon, with its richest green and gold. You can buy three oranges here for a nickel—oranges that would sell for 10 cents each in the east. Oranges here are cheaper than apples. I have counted as many as 36 in one cluster on the tree.

But it is not alone in fruits that this country can boast. Everything in the way of table vegetables or staple grains can be grown here, and about all the year round. Tomatoes, which you know are easily killed, grow here in many of the localities, ripening daily all the year round. I have had them fresh three times a day during a week's stay here. You see corn in tassel now in the gardens and you can buy fresh roasting ears any day in the market. I am told that some of the valley land here has produced as much as one hundred bushels to the acre. It looks like this crop would be a satisfactory one, but it does not pay to buy these lands and attempt corn even at one hundred bushels to the acre, and even though this is the only part of California where corn can be grown at all to any degree of success. Lands that will produce such a crop sell readily at one hundred dollars and more to the acre, and they are appropriated to better paying crops, such as oranges, lemons, walnuts, (English) grapes and figs. You hear of men clearing from two hundred to five hundred dollars per acre on these crops, hence they are more satisfactory than corn or barley. The whole face of the country in southern California, where there is any cultivation, appears like one perfect garden spot, so far as I have seen. You find men engaged here in raising forest trees on an extensive scale. There is a species of Gum tree—the Australian Blue Gum—that has been known to grow to the diameter of 18 inches in seven years. It is a very beautiful tree, tall, comely and valuable for fuel. Fuel is scarce in California. I was astonished to find that most of the stone coal that is burned in the State is shipped all the way from Australia, nearly ten thousand miles away. Vessels come in laden with it and return with cargoes of wheat and Oregon lumber.

The wonderful productiveness of southern California, with its matchless climate—a summer that continues nearly the whole year—has just brought Los Angeles very prominently before the world—since the completion of the two southern transcontinental railways that put her in easy and convenient communication with the east. It is but a very few years since this was a sleepy, dreamy old Spanish town, with its adobe houses, its quaint and yellow missions, (churches) and its languid

and sombre Latin and Mexican people, men that still wear cloaks and hats with brims a foot broad. Such was the picture that was in my mind—a picture produced by the impressions formed some 10 or 15 years ago, when I read much about this place.

But another wonderful surprise was in store for me when I ran into the place early in this month, for I found it one of the very liveliest and briskest cities in America. American genius has now possession of the place. It is enthroned in nearly everything here. You see the eager, western look, the bustle, rattle and push. There is life, energy—vigor in every thoroughfare, in every avenue. The progressive American has elbowed the dreamy Spaniard out, and you see him with his sharp eye, his enthused face, and his quick step, on every street, across every plaza, in all this busy town that has suddenly jumped from 1,200 people to 40,000 in less than five years. Official statistics given me show that during '83 and '84 there were built here 2,000 houses, and up to date in '85, there were 1,800 more on the list. It is no wonder therefore that real estate has been rapidly advancing in prices. Men of ordinary means can't get anything like foothold here. One gentleman told me he had bought, less than 10 years ago, an old field adjoining town, for which he paid \$33 per acre, and that he had recently refused \$3,000 per acre for five acres of this lot. I saw a house and lot which, 3 years ago, sold at \$5,000, which was considered an extreme price then. The owner has just refused \$35,000 for the same property, now in the heart of the new part of the town. Eight years ago the U. S. Government leased, for 10 years, a building for postal office, agreeing to pay \$600 yearly. It was considered a very high rental at the time. One-third of this room now rents for \$900 per year, and \$2,000 is offered for the whole, annual rent. I was shown a little stall or booth, not ten feet square, but which was rented as a fruit and tobacco stand at a monthly rate of \$40 per month.

To give you further evidence of the rapidity with which real estate there has been advancing, I will mention the fact that a friend in Los Angeles showed me a lot near the Southern Pacific depot which was offered him at \$500 early in November. He urged me to buy it as an "investment," and I sent him round to the owner with authority to close the trade at that price. On his return he told me the place had been sold some two weeks ago for \$1,000, and it was now held by the recent purchaser at \$2,000. I met in the city two Texas gentlemen who had been interested with me in some speculations in Texas in '81. They were now living permanently in Los Angeles. They told me that they had purchased a large body of land some ten miles out of the city when they first went to Los Angeles a year ago, paying therefor at the rate of about \$20 per acre. They are now selling the same lands at \$150 per acre, having made quite a fortune on their investment. A Tennessee lawyer, whom I know there has, as I am informed, made over a million of dollars in speculations in real estate in Los Angeles county since 1870. He is an elegant gentleman, who delights in showing his friends and strangers visiting Los Angeles, around the city and its environs in his stylish turnout. I enjoyed his hospitality one fine evening.—Speaking of strangers in the city, I am assured, on the testimony of reliable authority, that there are now during this week, more than three thousand visitors in the city. It is said that the annual influx of strangers coming here has averaged near twenty thousand for three years. In consequence of the immense amount of transient business, I am told this is the most difficult postoffice in the U. S. to manage.

This country is a perfect elysium during the winter for northern people accustomed to the rigors of winter. But, good land, how hot it gets in August! The strangers don't see the country then only out of necessity. I have seen the mercury here in southern California 120 at 2 o'clock in the evening and up in the nineties at 2 o'clock in the night. No one knows the dread oppressive-ness of such a heat—without breeze or anything else to mitigate it—until he tries it, as I have done. Sleep is impossible under such circumstances. So you see that the California rose has its thorn, and the Los Angeles sweet has its bitter too. But the real estate men never—if they can help it—let the shadows fall upon the bright pictures their cunning tongues give of this charming paradise.

By the way, speaking of Paradise and real estate generally, I am reminded of one interesting fact which I have never seen in print in regard to Los Angeles. Several years ago, there came to this city a rich South Carolinian. He was charmed with the country and decided to make it his future home. He bought property, improved it in many ways, and increased his fortune largely. He concluded that here was the original Paradise, and that he would reconstruct, in one of his city squares, the very Garden of Eden itself. At immense expense he had made satisfactory representing the primeval man,

the woman Eve and the serpent; he put out also the apple tree and all the other paraphernalia of the early Paradise. The soil here is fitted to produce a veritable garden where paradisaical trees and other vegetation may be supposed to grow. Every thing was soon in full grown splendor and luxuriance. The Garden was in full blast—to use a common expression—to the great delight of thousands of visitors, who were all warmly welcomed by the owner.

To represent the progress of the ages in America, our Carolinian built a large and quaint castle with thirteen faces or sides and thirteen gables. These were to represent the Original Thirteen of the American Colonies. Each front showed the name of the State and its coat of arms.

But the man soon died, and everything about his Garden of Eden—except the name—is now going to ruins. The castle still stands though faded and gray. Many of the trees and much of the shrubbery and the arbor of vines still remain. But the fine railing once around the place is gone, and brutes—both biped and quadruped—have depredated to a shameful extent on the once inviting parterre. A heartless, selfish real estate man now owns the property—letting it remain so—content to await the coming of still higher prices.

Nor is this all. The story of his shame does not end here. In the height of the man's prosperity, he created a large and beautiful Park in the city, adjoining it richly in many ways. He presented this to the city of Los Angeles, and it is now one of her most delightful resorts. But a day of adversity came upon the queer and great-hearted South Carolinian. He lost the bulk of his fortune, and with it went his mind—which people had long believed was cracked and crazed by his hobbies—and the poor fellow died in the county asylum for paupers. If ever there was a man the victim of municipal ingratitude it was he!

M. V. M.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

The U. S. Senate devoted a day, this week, to obituary eloquence in memory of the late vice-President Hendricks. The occasion drew a large crowd to the Capitol. For the first time this session since the opening day, every seat in every gallery of the Chamber was occupied with the exception of the small gallery reserved for the Diplomatic Corps, and at every door and place of approach was gathered a group of spectators.

On the floor of the Senate every Senator who was in the city was in his seat, an attentive and respectful listener. Settees and chairs were provided for members of the House and other privileged and distinguished people who were entitled to the floor. Over both Houses of Congress the National colors floated at half mast; over the Senate for Mr. Hendricks, and over the House for Representative Rankin, of Wisconsin, who had died the day before.

Both of the Indiana Senators, Harrison and Voorhees, paid glowing tributes to the dead statesman, that of Senator Voorhees being especially striking and free from the trite forms of expression common on such occasions. Other Republican Senators besides Harrison, among them Everts, Sherman and Spooner testified to the uniform courtesy and integrity of Mr. Hendricks, and above all to his devotion to the principles of his party.

Mr. Spooner being the new Senator from Wisconsin, this funeral oration was his maiden effort in the Senate. He said Mr. Hendricks was heart and soul a Democrat, who believed thoroughly in his party and its principles. "He was no 'trimmer' in politics," continued he, "and indeed, I think if he might give direction to our words today he would bid us to say of him that he was a 'partisan' Democrat. He rightly thought that politics should be a matter of conviction, and that every man of firm political faith owed it to himself and to his country to be a partisan to the extent of laboring earnestly in all honest ways to promote the principles in which he believes.

Senator Voorhees mentioned that eloquence in the forum and in the sacred desk had paid its richest tributes to the exalted abilities and stainless character of the deceased. The tolling bell, the mournful dirge, the solemn minute gun, the mighty multitude of mourners, had all attended the funeral of Thomas A. Hendricks, and had borne witness to the deep love and grief with which he was lowered to his last resting place. All the honors due to the dead had been paid by the Chief Magistrate of the Government, by the authority of States and by unrestrained affection of the people. "In the Senate however," said he, "we may not be silent, even though the cup of honor, to his memory be overflowing. Here, on this brilliant lighted stage, he fulfilled his last official engagement, and closed his commanding public career."

Vest, Ransom, Hampton and Salisbury were the other Democratic Senators who paid tributes to Mr.

Hendricks. On Tuesday of next week the House of Representatives will devote itself to simple eulogies in his memory.

The House adjourned immediately upon the formal announcement of Representative Rankin's death. This was, of course, the proper thing to do in the absence of any rule requiring different. It could not have made an invidious distinction. But the country is indignant that Congress should waste time under every possible pretext, and it is high time for the adoption of some plan whereby respect may be shown for the memories of deceased Congressmen without interrupting public business. Announcements of deaths should be made at the close of a daily session, and either Sunday or evening sessions should be held for eulogies. A reform of this kind has been presented in the House, and will come up soon for discussion.

Representative Rankin came to Washington in a dying condition. He had an intense desire to take his seat in Congress again and be sworn in with the rest of the members, saying he must accomplish this, if he died the next minute. On the opening day of the session, by a supernatural effort of the will, he dressed and went to the Capitol, took the oath, and drew his seat, making while he did so, some reckless remarks about his approaching death. It was too severe a tax upon his strength, however, and he was taken to his home which he never left again. He occupied rooms in a house adjoining the residence of Postmaster General Vilas. When negotiating for winter quarters here, the land-lady asked him if he wanted the rooms for the winter. "Yes," he replied, deliberately, "I will agree to keep them for the winter, or as long as I live; but rent stops the day I am buried."

Facts About Land-Grant Thieves.

New York World.

Briefly stated these facts are as follows: The Central Pacific Railway, flanked by the Union and Southern Pacific roads, has been engaged for a long time past in the liberal distribution of money for political purposes. These roads have represented not only their own interests, but the interests of all the land thieves in the Territories of Utah and Arizona and the States of Nevada and Colorado. This money has been used locally to bribe employes of the Government, and with considerable success. In Washington it has been used in the maintenance of a very strong lobby and in the bribing of Senators and Representatives in Congress. The financial agents of this ring are in direct communication with men at both ends of the national.

They are the names of men who have the confidence of the country. Their names cannot be mentioned now since the papers that would implicate them are not now on file and the evidence in the case is not fully perfected. Of those Western officials who are suspected of receiving bribes, one is in a comparatively high position, others occupy minor places. Whether the charges against them will be proven with sufficient clearness to warrant their arrest is a question. The business of bribery in the Western States has been reduced to such a point that conviction on such a charge in a court of law would be exceedingly difficult to obtain. The evidence, however, will be sufficient to warrant the quiet removal of the officials in question. All of the facts before mentioned will be in the hands of the department within the next two weeks. That the land thieves are aware of the disclosures about to be made is equally as certain as that the facts exist. Their agents here have been notified by wire, and a close watch has been kept on the officials of the Interior Department for a week past. A representative of the World called upon Gen. Sparks, the Land Commissioner, this evening to question him concerning the developments in Utah. The General expressed some surprise at the statements made, and said that he had no knowledge of them.

"Mr. Dement," he said, "arrived here Wednesday evening, and has been up at the department every day since. I have been too busy to have any extended conversation with him as yet, and had intended to hear his report of the state of affairs in Utah the early part of the coming week. He has told me of great land frauds existing there, such as we have discovered in other parts of the country, but I think these statements are exaggerated. I think the frauds in Colorado are as great as those discovered in Utah."

"Mr. Dement," continued the General, "is a very able man, in fact as able a man as could have been appointed to his present position. He was one of my selections, and I have every confidence in his ability and integrity. You had better see him in this matter."

Surveyor-General Dement was, by direction of Gen. Sparks, found at the Harris House. He expressed some surprise at the statements made, declined to be interviewed. Finally he said: "I will say this. There is no question but that there is a broad conspiracy in the West,

formed by men of the greatest capacity and men who look upon the public domain as their legitimate spoil. It is my impression that the interest of the country in the future for some time will be directed more to the Department of the General Land-office than to any other department of the Government. Gen. Sparks will be compelled to meet the strongest opposition of brains and money that any one man ever encountered.

"Sums of money from one thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars have been spent to obtain the co-operation of the representatives of the Government. Aside from the benefit the Utah ring can derive from influencing legislation, they now have another object in view—the defeat in the Senate of those appointees of the present Administration with whom they have not as yet been able to tamper. Most of the subordinate officials of the Land Office have been in the West long enough to have come under the blandishments of the members of the land ring and their agents. Those who have fallen are known, or at least some of them are, and they will be summarily dismissed when charges are filed against them. Those who have stood firm, however, and who have the confidence of the department are as yet not confirmed. Their confirmation will be fought in the Senate, that the Land Office may be harassed and that less conscientious representatives may, if possible, be obtained. For the accomplishment of these objects strong influences have been brought to bear and a large amount of money spent. Five Senators, it is alleged, have already received large sums of money and are now in the pay of the land thieves. Two of these are from the west, two from the Middle States and one from a State in the far East. The publication of their names will create a profound sensation. Two of them are held in the greatest respect and almost veneration by the people of the whole country. The other three bear honorable names and would be among the last of the seventy-six that those most familiar with public men would select to answer to a charge of bribery. On the other side of the Capitol there is a larger representation, including a number of obscure Congressmen.

"My belief is that Gen. Sparks will come out of the struggle successfully and that the end will show him to have been not only faithful and competent but so pronounced will be his indorsement that he will necessarily take a position as great as that of the most prominent American politicians. Further than this I do not care to speak. I have endeavored to avoid recognition since my arrival here, and prior to this time have spoken to no one outside of the department on the subject. I cannot imagine how my presence here became known."

MRS. BAYARD'S DEATH.

The Mother Follows the Daughter.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Mrs. Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State, died here this morning. The immediate cause of her death was congestion of the brain, brought on by the shock of her daughter's sudden death two weeks ago. For the first week following that event, she stood the strain and the excitement quite well, but a week ago last Friday she was compelled to take her bed, and gradually grew worse from day to day. On Tuesday congestion of the brain made its appearance. She was unconscious for twenty-four hours before her death. Although for years Mrs. Bayard had been a confirmed invalid, she had for the last six months been in better health than for many years. Last year she was very ill at her home in Wilmington, Delaware, with a complication of diseases of the liver and stomach, and her recovery at that time was considered doubtful. At the solicitation of her daughter, Miss Kate, she put herself under the care of Dr. A. Gardner, of this city, and under his treatment she had improved so much as to be able to go into society this winter, and although still an invalid, she was in comparatively good health when her daughter died. She was about fifty one years of age. With the exception of her daughter, Mrs. Warren, of Boston, and her son, who is in Arizona, the family were present when she died. The body will be taken to Wilmington for burial tomorrow, and the funeral will be held there Tuesday.

The President was immediately notified of Mrs. Bayard's death, and he at once sent Col. Lamont with a note of condolence to the secretary, and later in the day Miss Cleveland called at the house.

There will be no funeral services in Washington. The remains will be taken by special car to Wilmington, and deposited in the old Swedish church, where they will remain until two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, when the Episcopal burial service will be read and the body placed in the tomb. Mr. Bayard has asked that no official demonstration be made, and the President will not go to Wilmington. Several members of the cabinet, however, will attend the funeral.

The cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, diplomats and pub-

lic men generally, have called at the Bayard mansion today to express their sympathy with the Secretary in his affliction.

Mrs. Bayard was born in Baltimore in 1835. Her father, Joshua Lee, was one of the leading business men of that city thirty-five years ago. She married the secretary while his father was a Senator from Delaware, and they were married in 1856. There were twelve children born to them, seven of whom are still living. Up to seven or eight years ago, Mrs. Bayard was a leader in society at the National capital.

A Watauga Boy Abroad.

Last week we received a letter, with the request that it be published, in which was enclosed the following card:

SERVICES AT WILDER ST. CHAPEL, NEAR COR. CHILDS & WILDER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sunday School, (German and English classes 3 1/2 p. m. German preaching Sunday ten 1/2 a. m. English preaching Sunday 7 1/2 p. m. German prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7 1/2. English prayer meeting Thursday evening 7 1/2. Young Men's Reading Room open Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Rev. J. B. HARGETT, Pastor.

F. B. BISHOP, Supt. S. S.

The writer of the letter, Rev. J. B. Hargett, as it appears from his letter, has a wide acquaintance in Watauga county where his boyhood affections still linger:

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

Will you be so kind as to give the writer room in your paper for a short note under the above head? It is the writer's great pleasure to subscribe to the above head. My friend, Milton Shearer, a boyhood friend, sent me the Christmas copy of THE TOPIC. In this copy was contained so many names of places and persons familiar to me that I felt almost as though I was in Watauga and talking with my friends while reading its pages. If I had been in my native county journeying for a day or two, and there had gathered around my acquaintances from the various localities, it would have been more real, but would the reality have left as great an unsatisfied friendship as now exists in my affections? I saw in THE TOPIC letters with Christmas greetings from places of various scenes of my boyhood. These were only giving fresh interest to the undying pictures of my memory, especially with the names which gave them a lighter color. Now my sisters and myself have many very dear friends in Watauga and Caldwell counties, N. C., to whom I would be pleased to write a personal letter, but such a thing is not practicable. So I will make this a general greeting, especially for Ann and myself.

Ann is now living at Green Forest, Ark., doing well. Her husband J. H. Norris, has a good farm there and is making himself and wife a happy and comfortable living, although they have lost about two thousand dollars since they were married. They have two little boys living and one little girl dead. I think that Ann is about the best farmer's wife I ever saw, but she had good rearing in those Southern hills.

Jennie, who I am sure is kindly remembered by many good hearts in Watauga, has passed away. She died at Ann's home in '82. She was a good christian girl whom there are few like, in like circumstances. Those whom she loved so dear can have, I hope, an opportunity of meeting her in a better world. As to myself I have spent a little more than half of my time since I left North Carolina in school. Want to remain in school one or two more years yet. The greater part of the other half I have spent in four of the Western States, the remainder of the time I dispensed with in traveling.

With kindest regards to all friends, I am truly yours, the Watauga boy,

J. B. HARGETT,

Trenor Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

The Sugar-Loaf Country.

SUGAR LOAF TOWNSHIP, Alex. Co.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic: This section is situated in the northern part of Aleck, and is, therefore, in a mountain region. Some of them afford a fine view of the surrounding country, among which is the Sugar Loaf, which is a large mountain with an almost flat summit, encompassed almost all round with a massive ledge of rocks. This mountain was visited not long since by a party of lively young ladies and gentlemen. The visit was highly appreciated by the party, which made good use of its time beholding the wonderful curiosities of nature, viewing the surrounding country and making itself merry with singing love songs, etc.

The people who compose the population of this section are mainly farmers, who are a God-fearing, industrious and frugal class, lovers of right and haters of wrong.

This is one of the finest fruit sections of the country. The people here had a school here all winter, but it will soon close.

M. V. M.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
 It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
 It is invaluable for Debilitated constitutions, Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
 It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
 It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
 For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
 The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

CLINTON A. CILLEY,
 Attorney-At-Law,
 Lenoir, N. C.
 Practice in All The Courts.