

# The Lenoir Topic

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## PERILS OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

A Suggestive Story of the Sufferings of Two Innocent Victims.

New York World.

While toying with a pile of \$500 bills today an admirable portrait of Major-Gen. Mansfield, which adorns the issue, caught my eye and recalled a case of circumstantial evidence to my mind which, in these days of peril to victims of circumstances, may be of suggestive interest. A few years ago John Hardy, the last of his race, consumptive, with hacking cough, possessing a little property which, judiciously managed, brought him in \$1,200 a year, came, by the advice of his physician, from his home in Peoria, Ill., to the seashore, hoping that the bracing atmosphere might do him good. He was studious, fond of routine reading, a gentleman by birth and breeding, without bad habits of any kind, quiet, temperate, well-behaved. He found a home in a boarding house kept by church members in Brooklyn, in Sydney place, not far from the church of St. Charles Borromeo. Among his fellow-boarders was Mary Scott, a young woman born in Cardiff, Wales, a public school teacher, a well-informed and well-behaved person of twenty-two. She was occupied in school from 8 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, and passed much of her evenings in correcting compositions, looking through arithmetical and algebraic problems worked out by her scholars, and preparing the multitudinous data required by school examiners.

Hardy and Miss Scott sat next each other at the table, and formal acquaintance developed, in the course of a winter, into matured friendship. There was no love about it, no abnormal affection, but a simple friendship born of mutual respect.

### THEY GO TO A THEATRE.

One clear, crystal December day, after an animated discussion at the table, and subsequently in the parlor, as to a certain Shakespearian reading, Hardy said: "See here, Booth plays Hamlet tomorrow night. I suppose you will grant that a man who has spent thirty-five years on the stage ought to know how to read that passage." "Why, certainly," replied Miss Scott. "Not that I have any special respect or regard for Mr. Booth's scholarly opinion. I suppose it is fair to infer that he will read the line intelligently after all these years of endeavor and criticism, but what of it?" "Nothing," rejoined Hardy, "except that if you will put up with my occasional goings out for a breath of fresh air, for as you know I cannot with any comfort remain a great length of time in a public assemblage, I shall be very glad indeed to afford you an opportunity of testing which of us is in the right."

After considerable chaffing it was agreed that they would go.

Hardy procured the tickets and they came to New York together. The Bridge was not then completed, so taking the cars to Fulton Ferry, after an icy passage across the river and the usual comfortable ride in the surface cars, they found themselves pleasantly ensconced in two parquet seats in Booth's Theatre, then standing on the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. At the end of the second act Hardy excused himself to his companion, saying: "With your permission I will leave you now for about ten or fifteen minutes. I will walk as far as Broadway and back, exercise my arms and relieve my eyes, and rejoin you as soon as possible. Meantime don't feel the least concerned." She readily excused him, understanding the situation, and he went out.

### NOW YOU GET AT THE STORY.

To his amazement the full moon, which an hour and a half preceding made the city bright as day, had disappeared and the clean, clear, blue sky, through which the bright stars had peered, was dark and threatening. The air was full of snow, blowing hither and there by tremendous tempestuous winds, and at least two inches lay virgin, spotless on the streets. Turning the collar of his coat up on his neck and bracing himself, Mr. Hardy started in the teeth of the wind towards Broadway.

His eyes moistened and his ears were pinched as with icy fingers, but he was full of pluck and life and the hot blood pumped through his veins as he pushed vigorously along, and he rather enjoyed the crackling of the snow under his well-shod feet. Still prudence suggested to him not to strain himself overmuch, and just before reaching the old Nathan homestead, then about to be turned into an Adams Express depot, he turned about and, with a semi-trot, moved back towards the theatre.

As he did so a man rushed swiftly past him towards Sixth avenue, dropping, some fifteen feet further on, a shining object in the snow. Hardy quickly picked it up and found, to his surprise, it was a gold watch, to which was attached a broken gold chain.

"Halloo! Halloo!" he shouted. "Here! Here! you have dropped something. Here's your watch!"

But the fleeing figure paid no attention and continued its rapid course.

Instinctively Hardy accelerated his pace, calling out all the time. In his anxiety to overtake the fleeing man he paid no attention to noises behind him, if indeed the howlings of the wind and the vigor of the storm would have permitted it.

### THE CIRCUMSTANCES BEGIN TO TELL.

As he reached the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, in the full glare of the flickering gas-lights he was felled to the ground by a policeman's club, yanked to his feet by a vigorous hand, roughly pulled and hauled by a dozen men, one of whom, grasping the watch which he held tight in his hand, said: "Well, here it is in his very possession."

Dazed, amazed, bewildered, Hardy knew not what to do. His protests were laughed at, his shouts and cries for help were ignored, and between two stalwart policemen—followed, preceded and beleaguered by a tremendous crowd of men and boys—such as can be gotten together in that conspicuous spot upon the slightest pretext—he was hauled off to the Twenty-ninth street station, where, behind the desk, sat the doughty Capt. Williams himself.

You can imagine the mental condition of this young man, unaccustomed to the hurly-burly of metropolitan life, who had never spoken to a policeman, to whom the idea of a scuffle, of a rough and tumble, was abhorrent, who knew that circumstances were against him, who knew that his fair young friend, as unaccustomed to New York and its localities as he, was wondering and waiting in the theatre, and those of you who have been troubled at any time with asthma can possibly understand his physical condition. He was covered with snow, his clothing had been considerably disarranged, and he was about as near a nonentity, for his morale was by the sudden shock largely undone, as it is possible to conceive.

"What is your name?" "John Hardy." "Where do you live?" "No. 19 Sydney place, Brooklyn."

AND MORE OF IT.

Before the next question could be put the door of the station-house was flung open and two policemen rushed furiously in. "Quick, quick," said the taller, "where is that man that was just arrested? His victim is dying. Quick. He is needed for identification."

"Where?" "In the drug store, corner of Twenty-fourth street and Broadway. Quick."

Followed, preceded, beleaguered by the crowd, poor Hardy was marched down to the drug store, where, on an extemporized pallet, lay a man fast bleeding to his death. With him Hardy was confronted. "Do you recognize this man as the one who stole your watch and stabbed you?"

Feebly the sinking man looked, nodded and died.

Hardy was taken back to the station-house, where, in a cell charged with theft and assassination, we will leave him, conceding, I think, that circumstances were very decidedly against him.

### THE GIRL—OH, WHERE WAS SHE?

And how about Miss Scott? We left her where Hardy did, in the parquet at the close of the second act. Knowing the necessity of her escort's keeping in the pure air as much as possible the young lady contented herself with the play. She looked back once in a while, but without the least suggestion of annoyance. The act passed, the curtain fell, the certain fell finally upon the last tableau.

Then she was annoyed. She made her way with the crowd towards the door and in common with the rest was surprised at the storm which by this time had assumed tremendous proportions, banking in huge drifts the snow along the curbs, whirling it across the tracks into areas, with long winrows on one side, leaving a clean sweep of street upon the other.

Pandemonium always exists during ten or fifteen minutes after the close of a New York theatre.

Policemen, hack-drivers, footmen, little boys anxious to earn ten cents by calling out numbers, and the confusion of sundry streams of ordinary passers and outcomers of the theatres contributed a multitudinous mass of hurly-burly element.

Half an hour passed. Bang, went the doors. "Madame," said the watchman, "I will close up to you to step outside. I must close up."

By this time terror had taken the place of annoyance, as that had given way to surprise, and Miss Scott stood trembling in every limb, with a cent in her pocket, as ignorant of the locality in which she was as a semi-trot, moved back towards the theatre.

Briefly she told her story to the watchman, who said he was sorry but really he could not help her. A dozen hackmen surrounded her proffering their services. The poor girl had no money, and if her pockets had been lined with gold she wouldn't have known what to do. Finally one of them said, "Where do you wish to go, Madame?" "To Brooklyn."

boats don't run after 12 o'clock and it is now within fifteen minutes of that hour."

This was false but Miss Mary didn't know it. Again approaching her the driver said: "You had better let me take you to the United States Hotel, at Fulton Ferry. I will trust you that far. You can get a room there and notify your friends in the morning."

### ALAS, POOR MARY!

This seemed the best course under the circumstances, and, accepting his suggestion, the utterly bewildered young woman got into his hack, a veritable night hawk—while he, with a companion, mounted his box and sped away in the darkness, as the winds whistled and the storm whirled through the streets and about the carriage and its frightened passenger.

Instead of turning down towards Fulton Ferry, John Quinn the driver, turned up Broadway and dashed along as best he could, for the snow by this time was tolerably deep and falling thick and fast, embarrassing progress by reason of its drifts, until he reached the Boulevard on the west side of the town. Cold, shivering, terrified, Miss Scott hugged herself and tried to reason. Suddenly looking through the obscured pane, frost covered, she said to herself: "Why, Fulton Ferry is in a settled part of the city. This isn't," and she beat upon the front window with her fan.

No response. She called loudly to the driver.

No notice. Desperate with fear the now thoroughly awakened and aroused woman opened the door and reckless of her fate jumped from the carriage as it sped along. She landed in a snowdrift near a gas lamp just as the door of a brilliantly lighted mill was thrown open and a half dozen intoxicated rounders came pell-mell upon the desolate and deserted street.

"Halloo," said one; "by jove, but here's a gal, don't you know." Wet to the skin, her clothing covered with snow and disarranged, Miss Scott was dragged into the barroom, where for the ensuing half hour she was made the butt and plaything by men too drunk to do her serious harm, but full enough of the devil to make her wish that she had never been born.

At 3.30 o'clock in the morning the barkeeper said, "Come, you will have to get out of this." "But where shall I go?" she asked between her sobs. "Go where you came from, only get out of here," and with a push and a shove he thrust her into the snow just as Policeman Schenck came swinging his club in the blinding snow.

"Halloo Charley," he said "What's up?" "Nothing special, except this old tram."

"Give me a drink." "Cert. What will it be?" "John Barleycorn is good enough for me, I guess with a weed." Whiskey and a cigar were handed him by the barkeeper, who said, "Just get that old baggage out of here will you, Schenck! Push her along. She has been bothering the life out of me since 1 o'clock this morning."

"Who is she?" "Oh, I don't know. Some old tramp." "Good night," said Schenck, as raising the girl to her feet he said, "Come along now. None of your airs," and little by little, with pushings and haulings and curses at his luck, he yanked her to the station house, and after perfunctory preliminaries showed her, wet, broken hearted, bewildered, dazed into a common cell.

### THE GROSS AND NET RESULT.

At 6 o'clock the following morning, hat gone, hair down, clothing dirty, every rag on her soaked, as dirty, as unkempt as any ordinary tramp, she was taken with a dozen others before the Police Justice, who heard the officer's story only and sent her to the Island as a common drunkard for thirty days.

John Hardy was arraigned in Jefferson Market Police court that same morning charged with theft and murder, and bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Thirty days, in spite of protest, entreaty or threats, Mary Scott passed on Blackwell's Island, while John Hardy, with no friends, no money, no opportunity to send for friends or money, waited as many a man has waited, the action of the Grand Jury.

Circumstances were against them both were they not? The District Attorney was urged by the press to vindicate the majesty of the law and to push to swift punishment the hardened ruffian who, for the sake of robbery, had assaulted his victim on that conspicuous thoroughfare at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third St., and, when embarrassed by apparent capture, sought relief in the plunge of a knife which cost the life of an estimable citizen.

Hardy was indioted, brought before Recorder Hackett, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

Mary Scott was liberated at the end of thirty days and sought her friends in Brooklyn. Her friends were of the piteous order and declined to recognize one who had left her home and spent the night away

therefrom under circumstances which were not only suspicious but criminal. Her Welsh blood mounted high. Pawning everything she had in life—her little jewels, her best clothing—she sought the aid of a noted clergyman in Brooklyn and told her story, convinced him of its truth, interested him in John Hardy's case, secured the thoughtful intercession of the District Attorney, convinced him of his error and procured through him a pardon by the Governor, which was subsequently supplemented by an enabling act passed by the Legislature without a dissenting voice.

### AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

To make this story complete Hardy should have married Mary Scott, but death claimed him for its own. The excitement, the peril, the disgrace brought him so near departure for the final that suffering was his only portion and he hung on carefully attended and nursed, affectionately remembered by day and by night, until three years ago on Christmas Eve his spirit passed, attaining, let us hope, a desired rest, and no more sincere tribute to hero or to statesman on Decoration Day last was paid than when a little lady, prematurely old, dressed in solemn garb, laid upon his Greenwood grave her annual gift of forget-me-nots and roses and a wreath of everlasting.

Circumstantial evidence had its work—and all this might be true.

## Globe Commencement.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

After a pleasant visit to friends in Burke, including a view of the magnificent scenery from the top of Table Rock, we reached John's River at Collettsville and started towards "the Globe." Many times it seemed that we must be near the end of our journey, for there seemed no place for a road to go farther; and whence the river came it was difficult to see. But winding around the hills, and crossing the many folds, and jolting over innumerable rocks, at length we saw the valley widening before us, and soon we found ourselves truly in the Globe. This is a valley, as I have intimated, shut off on all sides by mountains, save on the south where the river emerges between precipitous cliffs, rising hundreds of feet almost perpendicularly from its banks, so that the road has been blasted from the solid rock. The valley of the Globe is five or six miles long, and some times its caves stretch out on each side so as to make it nearly a mile wide.

We soon reached Globe Academy, standing in the midst of this flourishing valley, with a large boarding house on the south, a row of offices in the rear, and a church on the north. Housed with Prof. Patton, we soon found everybody astir over the approaching commencement exercises. Presently the roll of the drum announced the arrival of the Dallas brass band, which, to many, constituted one of the chief features of the occasion, and truly they made good music.

The exercises began on Thursday evening. The main feature of the evening was a prize contest in composition and reading by six young ladies. Their compositions had already been graded, and their public performance was the reading of selections from good English literature, grave and gay, humorous and pathetic. Their grade on this reading, as given by three judges, was averaged with their grade on composition, and subsequently the prize, \$7 in cash, was awarded to Miss Bettie Coffey, of Boone. The reading was of very high excellence, and the judges found great difficulty in grading one above another, as they were of nearly equal merit. Another feature of the evening was the Calisthenic exercises, in charge of Mrs. Spainhour. These were participated in by a number of young ladies in becoming uniform, who kept time to music like a company of well drilled soldiers. And perhaps the prettiest of all these was the Calisthenic May-Pole.

On Friday there were three more contests for prizes, beginning with another class of young ladies in composition and reading. Here again was the same high excellence, and such equality as to render it difficult to deem one more praiseworthy than another. This prize was obtained by Miss Mary Mast, of Watauga.

A class of young men declaimed for another prize, and right nobly did they strive, but only one could get it, and this favored one was Mr. L. S. Cannon, of Burke.

Lastly was a debate for a prize by six young men, debating the question, "Do the signs of the times indicate the downfall of the American Republic?" They presented not written and memorized speeches, but extemporaneous speeches after careful preparation. These young men will yet be heard from on other platforms than the school rostrum. The prize was obtained by Mr. T. F. Coffey, of Boone.

Nor must I omit to mention the songs and instrumental pieces interspersed among these exercises by Mrs. Spainhour and her music class. And by common consent, the best of these were the songs and instru-

mental solos of little Winnie Patton, just eight years old.

In the afternoon an address was expected from Rev. N. B. Cobb, of Hickory, but in his absence a Wilkes school teacher was pressed into service, who, not being able to make a popular speech, tried to make amends to the people by announcing a popular subject, and talked about "Money." The prizes were then awarded by Prof. Smith, of Tenn. Rev. E. F. Jones led in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for his mercies to the school, and the exercises were at an end.

A Wilkes student says it rains oftener in the Globe than in Wilkes, and during our stay there were frequent rains, but they came at such times as not to seriously interfere with the exercises.

The past session of Globe Academy has been one of large prosperity. There was quite a large patronage from Watauga, several from lower down John's River, from Mulberry, from other parts of Caldwell and from Burke.

As already announced, Prof. Patton goes to North Catawba. Prof. Spainhour, the efficient and energetic principal, has not yet made his announcements for the coming year.

## Sutherland's Commencement.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

It has been our pleasure to attend commencement exercises at Sutherland Seminary, which were held on the 3d and 4th inst.

On June 3, the exercises commenced at night with a large audience in attendance, which was highly entertained by recitations, declamations and concert work. The evening entertainment was concluded by an address delivered by Rev. W. A. Wilson to the Jeffersonian Dialectic which was highly appreciated by the audience for its profound delivery. Mr. Wilson is one of Ashe county's noble sons.

On Friday, with a very large audience, the exercises in the forenoon were devoted to examinations which showed a proficiency seldom seen in exercises of this kind. After an hour of relaxation and refreshment, the exercises of the evening began, which consisted of essays, declamations and recitations interspersed with music by class and choruses by choir. At three o'clock the annual address was delivered by Prof. A. H. Eller, who spoke feelingly of the progress of education in Ashe, his native county, and plainly showed that he was a thoughtful and orate speaker and capable of entertaining and enlightening an audience.

On Friday night were the closing exercises, which time was taken up by the students in recitations, declamations and reading essays. Among the recitations, "A Picture to be Drawn" and "Lenoir," were recited in special pleasing manner.

Notable among the auditors was Prof. Matney, of Tenn., who made some pleasing remarks, and Major Neal, who is a strong advocate of education.

The audience was estimated to be about one thousand or twelve hundred. A large number was in attendance from Taylorville, Tenn., and other parts of that State. Some were from Independence, Va., and Mouth of Wilson, Va., was represented by a large and lively party. All of Ashe was well represented, and Jefferson sent out a fair number of her fairest ones. Boone and other parts of Watauga helped to swell the audience. Dr. Triplett and others, of Wilkes, were present.

Miss Jennie Sutherland, who had charge of the musical department, was assisted by Miss Ada Worth, of Creston, N. C., an estimable lady, and their part was indeed splendid.

The March of Wilson Cornet Band gave excellent music.

Withal it was a pleasant occasion, and the success of the first anniversary of Sutherland Seminary will certainly elicit a patronage which the worthy Prof. J. C. McEwen deserves for his zeal, and which the good citizens deserve for their magnanimity.

When such men as the best in that community say it must prosper there is a hope for its future. May it prosper.

A \$75,000 freight house burned down in St. Louis on the 3d inst.

The 8 hour fuss makers of St. Louis have resolved to go back to the 10 hour rule.

Two thousand planing mill men and sash and blind makers struck in Philadelphia, June 1st.

Princess Pignatelli, according to the Paris Figaro correspondent, is now serving as a waitress in a cafe in Vienna.

Mr. John P. Moore of Maryland has invented a circular saw mill which runs three saws at one and the same time.

L. W. Pitcher, of Chicago, must imagine himself a genuine peach-blower. He has suits pending for libel and damages amounting to \$550,000.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 12.

### To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

The late Vice President Hendricks made the remark that the presence of Mr. Holman in Congress was worth \$25,000,000 a year to the U. S. Government. It is thought that Mr. Holman and two other members (Mr. Springer and Mr. Henley) saved the country thrice that amount last week. If it had not been for the presence of these veteran members upon the Democratic side, the Pacific R. R. lobby would have succeeded in passing through the house one of the most outrageous pieces of fraud which any lobby has ever attempted upon the Government. The present Congress is weak from the fact that many of its members are raw and inexperienced in National affairs. Whenever an important public question comes up, they have no resources of ready information to draw from. When members like Holman, Springer, and Henley show an aptitude for public business, their constituents will act wisely in keeping them in office, no matter how clamorous popular and aspiring demagogues may be for their places. Green members, no matter how good they may be their intentions, are usually unwise in securing honest legislation against a powerful and disciplined lobby. The Pacific R. R. people had planned to push their extension bill through Congress, and had so adroitly manipulated the members that if it had not been for the presence of Messrs. Springer, Holman, and Henley they would have succeeded. Their proposition to extend the payment of the debt of the Pacific R. R. was put in such illusive form, that it made a direct appeal to the members who were not acquainted with recent Pacific railroad history. The argument that the U. S. would have better security for its debt, and that in this way alone would the Government secure anything, was well calculated to deceive. The report of the committee was unanimous, and this was a strong argument in its favor. The lobby had circulated reports that the administration was in favor of the bill; that Secretary Lamar approved it; and that Mr. Thurman himself had declared in favor of it. These false statements, made without the slightest official authority, seem to have been swallowed by many members without question. Neither Mr. Springer nor Mr. Holman knew that the Pacific R. R. bill would come up. The committee reported it without warning. But these gentlemen were able at once to draw from their funds of experience and learning sufficient argument to turn the House against the most gigantic scheme that has been proposed for years. The measure involved the refunding of a debt of \$109,000,000. This debt will be due in seven years. The Pacific R. R. committee attempted to rush this bill through without information and without reports in the brief time of four hours. Mr. Springer made the best speech that he ever made in the House. He at first appeared to be the only member to fully understand the questions presented; but during the speech of the chairman of the committee in favor of the bill, he got the Thurman Act, and a copy of the Pacific R. R. bill. He is a very ready mathematician; and during the delivery of the chairman's speech, he figured the money that would come to the Government under such a measure. He found to his surprise that the passage of the extension bill would cost the Government \$75,000,000. His clear and forcible statement of facts impressed the House with the discrepancies made by him during the thirty minutes in which he had prepared his argument.

Mr. Springer is one of the most studious men of the House, and has at his fingers' ends a vast fund of information on all public questions. If it had not been for his ready eloquence it is doubtful if the Pacific R. R. lobby bill would have been thwarted.

Mr. Holman's efforts, however, must not be underrated, and patriotic Democrats should never forget Mr. Hendricks' estimate of him. The great Indiana opposer of theft, waste, and extravagance, is always at his post. He has a thorough knowledge of all public questions, and he very rarely makes a mistake. His presence in the House is a standing menace to the numberless conspiracies to burglarize the public treasury. He is cordially hated by all who are trying to get their hand into the public vaults. It is common for members of Congress to say "I would present a bill for this or that appropriation, but—Holman would be sure to kill it with an objection." He stands alone, unflinching by venality. Private, social, and domestic matters do not touch him. Although this debate was sprung upon him as a surprise, he displayed a thorough knowledge of the minutest details concerning the Pacific railroads, and was not equalled by any member of the special committee that has had this subject under consideration during the entire session.

A map of the city of London printed on silk is used for hat linings.