

The Lenoir Tonic

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TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

How Howard was Induced to Loan \$150 on a \$400 Ring.

Howard to Sunday World.

Here's a pretty how do ye do—and I only hope you will enjoy it as much as I do.

Sitting in the calm seclusion of my cosy office in the World Building a few days ago, a group of freshly arrived, red-turbaned, many-petioled, over-bundled, hopeful-eyed, emigrants comforting themselves in the shade of that great rock, the Post Office, attracted my attention. Knowing that each member of the group, great and small, was estimated by statisticians to be worth a thousand dollars to the country, I mentally concluded that the little company before me were worth, in their entirety, \$50,000, and was running along an interesting and amusing line of thought when a gentle tapping at my door induced me to say, "Come in."

The door opened and a shapely feminine figure, elegantly clad approached. Palm-leaf in hand, I saluted her. She was a beautiful woman, with a profuse bang over her shapely forehead, and blue-gray eyes, full of soul. After a few moments, ordinary conversation an embarrassing silence dominated the situation, and I said to myself, "I wonder what is coming." It came.

"Mr. Howard, I have called to ask you to lend me \$50."

"I would much rather give you \$10 than lend you \$50," I said.

"But \$10, would be of no use to me. Mother is very anxious to go to California, and if I could have \$50 from you it would very materially aid us."

She saw by my deprecating manner that I was in no special condition of flushness, and so, continuing with a beautiful smile, disclosing rows of pearly teeth, she said: "I can make it very easy for you. Last January I pawned a diamond ring which cost \$400. I borrowed of Pawnbroker Delavan De Long, who keeps place at No. 299 East Broadway, \$100 at 3 per cent. a month. Now, I don't see any probability of my getting that ring again, and 3 per cent. a month runs up very fast.

"Well, but how I help you?" I asked.

"Why, easy enough," she replied. "You take the ring out, pay back the loan and the interest and let me have a little more money on it. If at any time you want the money you could get a great deal more than that on it from any pawnbroker."

THE TEMPTATION.

I looked at the ticket, which was something like this:

D. De Long,
Diamond Ring,
\$100.
3 per cent a month.

indicating that this Pawnbroker, De Long, had advanced \$100 at 3 per cent a month. Well, that seemed reasonable enough, and the next morning I went to the pawnshop, and such a place; ye gods, ye gods! Behind a wooden counter stood an old man with a patriarchal beard and a most forbidding countenance, negligent in his attire, slovenly in his bearing, and by his side a watery-eyed clerk whose skin looked like livid parchment badly cared for. On my side of the counter for a motly crowd, all ages, sexes, and conditions—a burly negress weighing at least three hundred pounds, ponderous; a half-dozen Irish cronies, white-haired, with misery begriming their venerable faces; little children, white and black; tow-haired babies, little toddlers, whose top-toed feet barely brought their eyes to the level of counter; oh, how hungry they looked, how eager for help! The slouch in the linen duster with patriarchal beard spoke harshly, rudely, maliciously, as with avicious touch he opened their little bundles, and with no more sense of shame than an animal in his debauch, flouted out the shirt, the petticoat, the undergarment, unused top-coat, looked with contemptuous sneer at pitcher and the bowl fingered the crucifix, balanced upon his finger, and spun it like a top, an embalméd wreath in hisogany case, that once rested on the bosom of some poor dead. Oh, it was a dreadful sight. Avarice, lust, greed, selfishness, hardness, an iron and on one side; penny poverty, distress, destitution and piteous appeal on the other.

"Is Mr. De Long in?" I asked.

"No."

"Will he be in soon?"

"I don't know. What do you want? If it's building, you will have to see him himself, and if have to see him, I can attend to it."

"And every one knew it and indorsed his flat assertion, looking at me the while with wonder, as much as to say: "Will he strip too?"

I intimated that it was pawnbroking and if he would kindly condescend to attend to me I would like to return him the money he had advanced and pay him the cheerful interest.

THIS IS INTERESTING.

He took the ticket. Now mark the precise formula; note the exact phraseology, for this is not the end of this transaction. He took the ticket, regarded it with a stony stare, looked at me quickly, went into an adjoining room and returned with a ring, which he handed me. It was apparently a heavy plan gold ring of exceedingly yellow metal, in which was sunk a large-faced diamond, apparently between three and four carats in weight, the apex of which was clearly discernible through the inside of the ring, a very handsome ornament.

"Do you remember," I asked, "the circumstances under which this loan was made?"

"Not exactly," he replied. "I know this man Phillips"—the name Phillips was written on the ticket. "I know we loaned \$100 on the stone but its only one of many, and beyond a general recollection I could give no details. Let me see, it's just six months; that would be \$18."

"I gave him \$118; he gave me the ring," I said. "Give me a receipt for this money, if you please."

"Well," he replied, "I don't know why I should give you a receipt."

"Well, I do, and it's a cold day when you can't afford time to give a receipt for \$118. \$18 of which are clear profit, and, cold or warm, I want a receipt," hereupon, signing the name of De Long, he gave me a receipt for "Money loaned, \$100; for six months' interest, \$18." I objected to his signing another man's name, whereupon he signed his name, and I, with a ring for the first time in my life on my finger, left the store, almost applauded and certainly approved by a gathering which had now assumed formidable proportions in the shop, attended by such exclamations as these as I went out: "He is a fine man too! Oh, but he has the cheek to make him come down." "Oh, but he's the kind of boy to make the old man stand round."

Well, to make a long story short, I jumped into an East Broadway car, allowing the stu to shed its brilliant rays upon the ring, pleased with sparkle, tickled with the gleam.

In my office I found the pretty lady. How sweet her smile, how radiant her expression.

"Did you get the ring?"

"I got the ring."

I then told her as I have told you precisely what I did, and continuing, said: "Now I have paid \$118 for this ring. If I let you have \$32 that will make \$150 advance upon it instead of \$100. I advise you to take no more. Of course if you find that \$25 additional will make your mother any easier in her preparations for the trip, come to me on Saturday and you shall have it. Meantime, without interest, you have the loan and I the ring, and whenever you return the \$150 the ring is at your disposal."

Whereupon, in the exuberance of her gratitude she expressed her delight, with some degree of emotion, and gracefully sailed away.

You would laugh to know how often I looked at the ring and let it sparkle; you would be surprised to hear how often I said to myself: "She will not come back for this \$400 ring and I have made an excellent bargain. I will have it reset to show all its exquisite beauty; I will spring it on the boys, who know I detest jewelry on a man. A friend of mine, Andrew Dam, proprietor of the Union Square Hotel, is a great cigarette smoker, and often thoughtlessly allows the frightful, stenchful vapor from his paper toy to offend my sensitive nostrils to which a cigarette is rank poison. I met him in the Astor House one day and, as usual he was smoking. I bought a package of cigarettes and for the first time in my life lighted one and, standing in front of him, deliberately puffed, puffed, the noxious smoke in his face. The amazement, the consternation, the wonder, the bewilderment, upon his face soon gave way to a laughing recognition of the joke; and so I thought I would astonish my co-workers with an elaborate display of this gem, a regular "old miner." I knew it must be, so I went to what Sir Charles calls in his great play, "Jim the Penman," my "family jeweler," and with a satisfied air handed him the ring, desiring him to reset the stone so as to display it in all its superbiety.

His chief assistant stood by him. What is the meaning of their curious looks?

"Shall I take the stone out?" he asked.

"Certainly take it out; handle it with care, it's a beauty."

ALAS, POOR TOBAC.

Emerging from behind the screen he said: "Of course you paid nothing for this?"

"No, only a trifle, \$150; it's worth \$500."

"Nonsense," he said, "it's a doublet."

"And pray what is a doublet?"

"Why, look here," and then he showed me the stone. Imagine a pea out in half, the two halves put together again so that a line dividing the upper from lower is plainly seen. Explaining, my "family jeweler" said: "The upper portion

is a nice enough stone; the lower is a piece of ordinary glass; the whole, ring included, may be worth \$25, but I should think \$15 a heavy price."

Now, you know that \$150 having gone from me was gone. That ended that, and people of my disposition can understand and those who are not can't understand it. One hundred and fifty dollars once spent is spent, and it is no more thought of.

"But," said I, "if it's worthless how came the pawnbroker to loan \$100 on it?"

"Why," replied my family jeweler, "he did nothing of the sort, he is in 'with your friend.'"

"Why, certainly; this is a common trick among pawnbrokers of a certain class. Who is your pawnbroker?"

"Delavan De Long, 299 East Broadway, is the man who said he loaned the money and to whom I paid \$118."

"Well," said my informant, "I don't know anything about Mr. De Long but this is a skin. These pawnbrokers fleece multitudes day in, and day out. Their 3 per cent a month is a very small part of their profits. They will loan \$50 on a pair of earrings and give a ticket for \$150. They will loan nothing and give a ticket for \$100 or \$500 as the case may be. The papers are filled with cunningly worded advertisements by people who desire to sell a \$500 diamond for \$350, but it's a good rule to go by, 'that nobody gives something for nothing.'"

"Well, I seem to have given something for nothing."

"You do, for a fact."

The August Century.

In keeping with the season, the "Midsummer holiday" Century, is noticeable for richly illustrated articles and fiction. Of the former, the opening paper is an entertaining description of "Algiers and its suburbs"; Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell contributes a picturesque account of the town, Castle, and University of "Heidelberg." The paper derives a timely interest from the fact that the five hundredth anniversary of the opening of the university falls on October 18th of this year. "Sea birds at the Farn Islands," by Bryson Hook, with illustrations by the author, gives description of the birds to be found off the Northumberland coast on the islands with which is associated the heroism of Grace Darling; "The Western Art Movement," by Ripley Hitchcock, reveals art tendencies and achievements which will perhaps surprise those whose attention has been absorbed by the art growth of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. A sketch portrait of John Burroughs and his last "Two Books"; Charles G. Leland gives the romance of "A Gypsy Beauty," the famous "Charlotte Cooper," whose portrait by Leslie is reproduced in a full-page engraving.

In the seventh part of "The Minister's Charge" Mr. Howells reveals his country hero, Lemuel Barker, troubled with a sense of doing menial service and anxious to be understood as not engaged, to St. Maria. Julian Hawthorne contributes the short story of the number entitled "Colonel Spaight's Prejudices"; and in the first part of his novelette, "The Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshuine," Frank R. Stockton develops an irresistibly droll situation.

In the War series, "The battle of Fredericksburg" gives scope for varied and stirring illustration. General James Longstreet contributes the title paper and the Confederate view. The Union assaults upon the memorable stone wall are described by General Darius N. Couch who was virtually in command on the field of "Sumner's Right Grand Division"; General William F. Smith writes anecdotally of the part taken by "Franklin's Left Grand Division"; and his article contains several footnotes by General W. B. Franklin. General Rush C. Hawkins brings new facts to explain "Why Burnside did not renew the attack," and Major J. Horace Lacy, then the owner of the famous mansion known as the "Lacy House," contributes several anecdotes of the Confederate commander, under the title, "Lee at Fredericksburg." There are five full-page pictures among the thirty-four war illustrations of the number.

Dr. Washington Gladden writes of the question "Is it Peace or War?" as regards the relation of capital and labor, and states the situation on both sides with great force and fairness. The first editorial in "Topics of the Time," entitled "The Falsehood of extremes," also deals with the labor troubles; and in "Open Letters" Alfred Bishop Mason writes of "A Dutch Succession in Cooperation."

The poems of the number are contributed by James B. Kenyon, George Edgar Montgomery, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and in "Eric-a-Brao" by Robertson Trowbridge, Julia K. Wetherill, James T. McKay, Margaret Vandegrift, and Wallace Peck.

If Senator Evans were not afraid of being understood he could make a splendid speech.

ADVICE TO CLEVELAND.

A Letter of Bill Nye's Which Has Just Seen the Light.

Hudson, Wis., June 3.
The Hon. Grover Cleveland, Wash., D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:—You have now assumed a new duty and taken upon yourself an additional responsibility. Not content with the great weight of National affairs sufficient to crush any other pachyderm, you have cheerfully and almost gleefully become a married man. While I cannot agree with you politically, Grover, I am forced to admire your courage.

This morning a new life opens out to you—the life of a married man. It is indeed a humiliating situation. To be a president of the United States, the rouabout of a free people, is a trying situation; but to be a newly married president, married in the full glare official life, with the eye of a divided constituency upon you, is to place yourself where nerve is absolutely essential. I am surprised, Grover, honestly, as between man and man, that you should have tried to add housekeeping to all this other agony. Had you been young and tender under the wings I might have understood it; but you must admit, in the quiet and sanctity of your own home, that you are no gossamer. You have arrived at man's estate. You have climbed the barbed-wire fence which separates the fluff and bloom and blossom and bumble-bees of youth from the yellow fields and shadowy orchards of middle life. You now stand in the full glare of life's meridian. You are entering upon a new experience. Possibly you think that because you are President the annoyance peculiar to a new, green groom will not reach you. Do not fool yourself in this manner. Others have made the same mistake. Position, wealth, and fame cannot shut out the awkward and trying circumstances which attend the married man even as the sparks fly upward.

It will seem odd to you at first, Mr. President, after the affairs of the nation have been put aside for the day and the government fireproof safe locked up for the night, to go to your boudoir and converse with a bride with one corner of her mouth full of pins. A man may write a pretty fair message to Congress, one that will be printed all over the country, and yet he may not be fitted to hold a conversation with one corner of a woman's mouth while the other is filled with pins. To some men it is given to be great as statesmen, while to others it is given to be fluent conversationalists under these circumstances.

Mr. President, I may be taking a great liberty in writing to and touching upon your private affairs, but I noticed that everybody else was doing it and so I nerved myself up to write to you, having once been a married man myself, though not under the same circumstances. When I was married I was only a plain justice of the peace, plodding quietly along trying to do my duty. You was then sheriff of your county. Little did you think in those days that now you would be a freshly married president, and I the author of several pieces that have been printed in the papers. Little did we think then when I was a justice of the peace in Wyoming and you a sheriff in New York, that to-day your timothy lawn would be kicked all to pieces by your admiring constituents, while I would be known and loved wherever the English language is tampered with.

So we have risen together, you to a point from which you may be easily observed and layed alive by the newspapers, while I am the same plebeian, unassuming, gentlemanly friend of the poor that I was when only a justice of the peace and comparatively unknown.

I cannot close this letter without expressing a wish that your married life may be a joyous one, as the paper at Leavenworth has said, "no cloud may ever come to mar the horizon of your wedded bliss." (This sentence is not my own. I copy it verbatim from a wedding notice of my own written by a western journalist who is now at the Old Woman's home.)

Mr. President, I hope you will not feel that I have been too forward in writing to you personally over my own name. I mean to do what is best for you. You can truly say that all I have ever done in this way has been for your good. I speak in a plain way sometimes, but I don't beat about the bush. I see that you do not want to have any engrossed bills sent to you for a couple of weeks. That's the way I was. I told all my creditors to withhold their engrossed bills during my honeymoon, as I was otherwise engrossed. This remark made me a great many friends and added to my large circle of creditors. It was afterwards printed in a foreign paper and explained in a supplement of 8 pages.

We are all pretty well here at home. I may go back to Washington this fall if I can sell a block of stock in the Peppier's Dream, a rich gold claim, but needs capital to develop it. (This remark is not original with me. I quote from an

exchange.)

If I do come over to Washington, do not let that make any difference in your plans.

Remember that I have not grown cold towards you just because you have married. You will find me the kind of a friend who will not desert you just when you are in trouble.

Yours, as heretofore, BILL NYE.

P. S.—I send to-day a card receiver. It looks like silver. Don't let your wife bear on it too hard when she polishes it. I was afraid you might try to start into house keeping without a card receiver, so I bought this yesterday. When I got married I forgot to buy a card receiver, and I guess we would have frozen to death before we could have purchased one, but friends were more thoughtful, and there were nine of them among the gifts. If you decide that it would not be proper for you to receive presents you may return the card receiver to me or put it in the cellar-way till I come over there this fall.

The Industrial Crisis.

The present appears to be a critical time in the history of labor. Within the past few months our workmen have suddenly come to the consciousness of great power. Their more compact organization, their more effective weapons of war, have given them advantages that they never had before. The question of the hour is whether they can use this power temperately and wisely. There are ominous signs of a disposition to employ it passionately and vindictively. Men who speak in the interests of selfish capital are heard to express the confident hope that the bounds of prudence and justice and ruin their own prospects. That is the real danger. Doubtless, it is hard for those who are smarting under a sense of injustice to be always temperate and judicious; but the welfare of these men depends on keeping their heads cool. Vengeance does not belong to them; and they are strong enough now to be magnanimous.

It is easy for the organization of labor to cripple by unreasonable demands the industries of whole sections. They have done this thing already more than once. In the stoppages and readjustments thus occurring, great suffering is caused and no advantage is gained. An unjust demand, even if it be temporarily enforced, always resets on those who make it. The working class have a tremendous power; they may easily employ it for self-destruction. It is quite possible for them to use their power tyrannically; and tyranny will not thrive in this day, the tyranny of a mob no more than the tyranny of an autocrat. This weapon of the boycott with which the labor unions have lately armed themselves is pretty sure to prove a boomerang. If they use it recklessly, there may easily arise a consumers' union, to fight them with their own fire—to patronize those whom they proscribe. Already the popular indignation at the unscrupulous use of the weapon is so strong that the publication of a boycott has proved, in several cases, an excellent advertisement of the boycotted dealer.

With all the improved engineery of war the labor unions are sure to find that war is dangerous business. It is all the more dangerous because of these improved weapons. Let not these combatants on either side suppose that they can hurt and maim their antagonists and get no harm themselves!

Over all this wretched strife one can imagine those "better angels of our nature" whose ministry Abraham Lincoln once pathetically but vainly invoked, bending with divine compassion and crying to the embattled hosts with solemn rebuke and benignant appeal: "It is well, brother men, is it well to fight? Is it not better to be friends? Are you not all the children of one Father? Nay, are you not, as the great apostle said, members one of another? Your war is not only wholesale fratricide, it is social suicide. It is little to say you cannot afford to fight; you live apart; you must live for one another. That is the way you were made to live; and you will never have anything but trouble and sorrow till you learn that way and walk in it. The stars in their courses will fight against you until you make peace with one another. Have we not had more than enough of war and its diabolical noises and its spectral train of woes; more than enough of silent looms and fireless forges; of children's faces pale with hunger, and women's sunken eyes; of hearts made fierce and hard by long-cherished enmities; of class arrayed against class and neighbor against neighbor? Oh, put it all away from you—the hate, the suspicion, the scorn; stand here together, brethren as you are, helpers of one another as you must be, and promise one another that you will do what you can, every one of you, to bring the day when between Labor and Capital there shall be no longer war, but peace forevermore."—Washington Gladden, in The Century for August.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth, that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

If YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered. For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—J. M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass. 11

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

The Shotwell Monument.

HILLSBORO, N. C.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

"The Shotwell Memorial Association in a meeting held at the office of the President on July the 6th passed resolutions requesting the ladies of North Carolina who are friendly to the association to conduct a bazaar during the State fair to be held in Raleigh in October next and to contribute such articles as they may be disposed to do towards its success in order that a sufficient amount of money may be raised to erect such a monument as they desire to place over the noble and lamented Shotwell."

For nearly a year the turf has grown green above the knightly heart of Randolph A. Shotwell and still no stone marks his resting place. When the shock of his sudden and pathetic death first filled the State; many were disposed to contribute towards the erection of a monument to perpetuate his name and record his dauntless courage, his heroic sacrifice, his stainless honor but interest waned with the passing months, and very little over three hundred dollars has been collected.

If the ladies do not work for the Bazaar and make it a success there will be no monument raised to his memory, for it were far better to let the grave remain unmarked than to raise above it an insignificant stone all unworthy to bear so honored a name!

Let us go to work at once and do what we can to show that Captain Shotwell is remembered and loved within the borders of the State for which he sacrificed all that made life worth the living and in which he has lain down to his rest after weary years of suffering caused by those sacrifices.

The ladies of Richmond held a bazaar for the benefit of the Confederate Home near that city and to that every description of contribution was made and it was a great success.

The contributions suitable are fancy work of all kinds, curiosities, mementoes of the late war, china and glass-ware, barrels of flour, articles from the farm and garden, flowers in pots and bouquets, fruit, preserves, jellies, pickles, cakes, cut-ups; in short everything that has a money value.

Persons sending things to be exhibited at the fair, such as beads, preserves, etc., could, if interested in this undertaking mark them "for the bazaar" after they had competed for the prizes.

Mrs. F. A. Olds, of Raleigh, the President of the bazaar, will give all necessary information to those who desire it and it is earnestly hoped that the ladies throughout the State will respond to the appeal of the Shotwell Memorial Association and do that which is possible to make the Shotwell memorial Bazaar a success.

ANNA ALEXANDER CARMON.

A NEW SUMMER HOTEL.—S. M. Dugger's new and beautifully situated hotel at the foot of Beech Mountain, Banner Elk, Watauga county, N. C., accommodates all first-class persons at 50 cents per meal, \$1 per day, \$6 per week and \$20 per month. Plenty of maple syrup, buckwheat cakes and cool milk are among the articles at hand. For further particulars address the proprietor at Banner Elk P. O., N. C.

Ayer's sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

A letter addressed "gib" safely reached Little Chabague, for which it was intended.

WALLACE BROS.

General Merchandise

PRODUCE DEALERS,

Headquarters for Medicinal Crude, Roots,

Herbs, Berries,

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STATESVILLE, N. C.

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OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and finally paralyze you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC

Strengthens the Nervous System, Purifies the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Iron Bitters is the best iron medicine I have known in my 50 years' practice. I have found it especially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that hang heavily on the system. Use it freely in your own family. Genuine has trade mark and registered red lines on wrapper. Take also notice of the name only. BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. LADIES: Beware of cheap imitations. Obtain list of prices for all details in medicine, or send to any druggist or receipt of 50 cents.

A GIFT.—Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than any other business. Both sexes of all ages can profit by this. We will mail you, immediately, any for those who start at once. Send to S. C. Co., Portland, Maine.