

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XVII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1891.

NUMBER 1.

**HO FOR WESTERN**  
**North Carolina!**

— 0 —  
The Garden Spot of the World.

— IN —  
Variety of Products

— IT —  
Surpasses all other Sections.

Owing to its wonderful natural resources it was possible to establish here the most extensive Herbarium on the Globe, and with it side by side has grown up the

Largest Wholesale Establishment

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Strangers wonder at its magnitude and are at a loss to understand how it has been accomplished; the explanation is easy:

**Fair Dealing, Economical Management, Minimum Profits**

— AND A —

LARGE VOLUME OF BUSINESS.

Has been our aim and policy and has contributed chiefly, we believe, to the success we have thus far attained.

It has become a well known fact and is said to the credit of our people that merchandise of every description is sold cheaper in Western North Carolina than anywhere in the South. New Yorkers frequently say to us: "Why you folks sell goods cheaper than we do here." This we are pleased to admit and it is not a revelation to many of our best merchants. Experienced business men are alive to the fact that the Retail Merchant can buy to better advantage in Baltimore than in New York, in Richmond than in Baltimore and in Statesville better still than in Richmond.

By Making Large Purchases

We are enabled to secure the low-at quantity price, while our Expenses are Insignificant As compared with houses in the large cities.

Our object, however, in this advertisement was more particularly to call attention to a

New and Handsome Line of Goods,

— BOUGHT —

Especially for the Dried Fruit Season. Our Counters are Loaded with reasonable goods and there are

Bargains in Every Department. Stock is complete and there will be no delay in making shipments.

Very Respectfully,  
**Wallace Brown**

**THE HATWAY OF THE N. C. HIGHLANDS.**

A Series of Papers on W. N. C. Written for The Topic by B. R. Hamblor.

Banner Elk, a narrow, winding valley—some 3900 feet above sea level—lies in the very throat of the Great Gate, between the Grandfather of the Blue Ridge, and Beech Mt., one of the most massive, if not the highest of the uplifts of the Great Smokey.

It is here, in Watauga county, that these two great ranges most closely approach each other, as from the pinnacle of the Beech to the ragged crest crags of the Grandfather—as the crowd files—is hardly over 5 or at most 6 miles; and Watauga county is the "Ridgepole" of the Highlands of "Otway"; even Boone, (— miles from Banner Elk postoffice), that lies in its lowlands, being over 3200 feet above tide-water; and the valley of Banner Elk is 1600 feet or more, higher than Asheville, N. C. As every 300 feet of elevation gives approximately a reduction of one degree in temperature, these Watauga lowlands have a normal temperature of about 5 to 6 degrees cooler than Asheville; and the proximity of mountains which are both higher and more densely forested than those in the neighborhood of the latter place, really makes the difference in summer even greater than this comparison of elevation alone would lead us to assume.

As a rule, throughout the summer, even in July and August, fires after nightfall are a comfort, if not a necessity, at Banner Elk; and at the Grandfather Hotel, some 5 miles distant, (elevation above sea 4000 feet), the difference in temperature is even greater than the slightly increased elevation would imply, owing to the fact that the Grandfather Hotel, lying, as it does, just under the shadow of the great mountain whose name it bears, and shut in on the other side by the lower but near and steep slopes of "Clove-cliff" (bluff of the peak) has its sunrise a good deal earlier than Banner Elk or the neighboring Linville City, which last named is about 6 miles from Grandfather Hotel and not much further from Banner Elk. Blowing Rock, too, though of about same elevation as the Grandfather Hotel, is doubtless warmer, lying, as it does, more open to the sun; and the same applies to Linville City (3800 feet), in the neighborhood of which there are wide levels. The soil, too, of these southerly or southeast slopes of the Blue Ridge is more sandy, therefore more readily absorbent of heat and less retentive of moisture than the heavier and much richer clay lands about Banner Elk. Indeed most of the soils of the Blue Ridge proper are decidedly thin and sandy, characterized by the prevalence of such forest growth as the white pine, chestnut and chinquapin thickets; whilst the colder but richer soils about the headwaters of Elk support magnificent forests of hemlock, (commonly called spruce pine) sugar maple, lynn, (Mt. Linden) oaks of various kinds, wahoo, (Mt. Magnolia) birch, beech; in fact, nearly every tree known to our American sylvan in the Eastern and Middle States, the pine excepted, that being supplanted here on the crests of the higher mountains by the two varieties of fir, commonly known as the "he" and "she" balsam; the first being the Abies Nigra or black spruce, and the second the Abies Fraseri or true Canada fir, the latter alone yielding the balsamine gum from blisters that form on its columnar trunks. In the Northern States the "he" balsam is often called Tamarack, (sometimes Savenay), and on the White Top mountain in Virginia, the generic name, balsam, (for both kinds) is known as the Lash horn, a picturesque and admirably descriptive name, and therefore worthy of general adoption; the more so, as the local nomenclature, "he" and "she" balsam, is both uncouth and incorrect. The forests of these Watauga highlands are of a richness and variety of tints that can hardly be matched elsewhere in the world, and they constitute one of the greatest charms of this exceptionally picturesque and healthy region. From the deep sombre tints of the hemlock, or the even denser and darker Lash-horn, or the gray tints of the lynn, or the sunny leafage of chestnut and maple, offers a wider gamut of sylvan graces than one can find elsewhere, from the fir forests of Canada to the palmetto groves of Florida. In fact, to adequately describe a land as lovely as this; we shall have to borrow from a neighboring poet, who writes:

The blue of thy mountains—the green of thy hills—the foam of thy fountains and fish of thy rills—the glow of the sunset and gleam of thy skies—Make of Otway!

And farther than all the brave blossoms that bring To the winds a welcome, are the flowers that cling To the heart of the Highlands—'Epigena,' whose bluish Would rival an angel's, and rhododendrons actual in Otway.

Kalmus touched with the rubies of life we have pressed, Violet blue as the god of eyes lovers like best, Leopard-lilies red-closet, Orchids teasing gay pinnes, And white star'd Michelia breathing spicy perfume—in Otway.

©Otway, the title of the Cherokee names for the mountains given by W. N. C. and E. T. 1789.

Not less graceful than these—yet more royal—grand trees—Oak, maple and hickory, chestnut, lynn—lastly seen Deep as Ocean's green billows, while the Lash-horn's Dark spire Above The gray crags, dares the Storm's frost and fire.

Then, too, there are glimpses of Arcadian softness and simplicity amid the more savage grandeur of our Appalachian Alps:

When mimic fates follow the amber-eared wheeler— Gay poppies float fishing a fairy-like fleet, And with fluttering wings that flower-like rove— Deep Butterflies—whose that coquette—blushing Clover—in Otway.

But we must not trespass too long on the patience of our public with poetry, however poetic our subject may be, as we are only common every day "pathfinders" crowned with balsam—not poet laureates crowned with "bays."

Apart from its climate Banner Elk and its neighborhood offers many attractions to the summer sojourner, not the least of which is trout-fishing in the Elk and its tributary—the shy Shonnihaw, doubtless taking its name from the Shawnee Haws, which grow plentifully in the thickets bordering its banks. The trout in these mountain streams seldom exceed 15 inches, and oftener 12 or under, but they are gamey and make one of the delectable of dishes. The varied landscape of mountain ridge and valley, of cliff and cascade, of the chief attraction, hardly second to its climate, of these green and gracious highlands, where, to adopt an old simile to a new site—"Spring lingers still in summer's lap."

The postoffice at Banner Elk crowns a low hill just below where shy Shonnihaw leaps laughing to the bosom of the winding Elk, whose waters—only a few hundred yards further down—just below Banner's saw mill—tossing and tumbling over its rocky bed—form the picturesque Enohla Cascades; Enohla being the Cherokee name for an extinct black fox; though some authorities are disposed to consider this missing link not a fox but a century ago, the elk, panther and wolf were common in these regions, but the first has quite disappeared, the second, too, probably not now to be found, unless in the Great Smokey further South bordering on Tennessee, and wolves are rare visitors. Bear, however, still have their haunts in the Grandfather, and a few of them linger in the wilderness of woods among the remoter ridges of the Beech. The buffalo emigrated westward at a period even earlier than that when the elk turned their faces northward. But of doves, partridges, (quail) wild turkey and pheasants, (last really still left for the sportsman who visits these mountains in the autumn; and among the rugged precipices of the bold mountains that overlook the lower gorge of the Linville River, (Ea-see-ob-la) there is a good chance to scrape acquaintance with a bear, or to make a "bear escape" if you prefer peace to powder, and a rest to a ramble. Leaving Banner Elk a good day's ride will carry you to the foot of Table Rock, Burke county, one of the boldest summits of the Blue Ridge; and its neighboring Chimney Mountain, (on which rise the towers of Linville) is—without perhaps the exception of Whitesides, (the great Too-go-lab) in Macon county, the most picturesque summit of the Blue Ridge. This grand canyon of the lower Linville is even more readily reached from Linville City; and the day is doubtless coming when our "Colossus of Roads" Mr. S. T. Kelsey, will give us a "spider-vagon" turmpike to Table Rock, and a second "cornice road," only second to that now being constructed along the rugged crest of the Grandfather mountain, along the summit of the Linville mountains, which would afford the most picturesque route from Morganton to Linville City; whilst affording a continual succession of views both panoramic and picturesque—including the Grandfather in one direction and the Beech in another—with, of course, nearer views of the bold precipices of the Ea-see-ob-la range—this line offers a soil sufficiently sandy to make an excellent road-bed, whilst the slopes are such that easy gradients could be insured up to the summit ridge, and thence the Linville mountains form a natural highway leading direct to Linville City and its "superbs."

**Guaranteed Cure.**

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on: It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at W. W. Scott's drug store. Large size 60c and \$1.00.

Mr. Younglove—You're like the wicked Jews of old, Julia. Mrs. Younglove (indignantly)—In what respect, I'd like to know? Mr. Younglove—I asked you for bread and you gave me a stone.

**HUMPHREYS, THE HUMBUG.**

There was no Cotton Pickers' Strike Anywhere.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 12.—The *Procyne's* Houston, Texas, special says: Today is set for the big cotton pickers' strike which is to embrace every State in the cotton belt.

Col. Humphreys, a white man, who has engineered the scheme and who expects to reap the benefit, said last night to your correspondent: "I have the names of one million one hundred thousand pickers in all portions of the South who stopped picking last night, until they get a dollar a hundred and board. These men are all under oath to pick no man's cotton, save their own, until the first of November."

In reply to a question as to where the movement was strongest, he replied in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama nearly every colored picker had joined the league, and that in the Atlantic States the numbers are large. As to how many of the pickers will exist through the fall and winter, he says, they have been advised to seek other employment at any price, all of which is utterly impracticable, as cotton field negroes could not make much headway in cities, and if they should strike, it would mean just so many pitiful lives turned loose upon communities; the colored pickers, as a rule, being the most impoverished and thriftless class of men on the plantations. Reports from different sections of the South today show no trouble, though there is dissatisfaction among darkers in the black belt, but of what nature he did not know.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 12.—Specials to the *News and Courier* from all parts of South Carolina state that there are no signs of a strike in the cotton fields. Nobody seems to know anything about the alleged strike of cotton pickers. Farmers are paying from 30 to 40 cents per 100 pounds.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 12.—The reported strike of cotton pickers in Georgia proves to be a myth. Negroes are all at work except in portions of the State where it is raining. Reports received by the *Journal* from Texas, all portions of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee, are to the same effect.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 12.—Thus far there are no indications of a strike of cotton pickers in North Carolina, and if inaugurated, it is believed it would prove a dismal affair. White Alliancemen cannot afford to countenance such a movement and will use their best efforts to prevent it.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 12.—Inquiries in all sections of the cotton belt in Florida fails to discover any locality where the negro cotton pickers have joined in the strike announced to take place today. A large portion of cotton lands are cultivated on the lease and shares system.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 12.—There is no development of the cotton pickers' strike in Alabama. As far as known no such movement was ever intended here. Heavy rains this week caused considerable damage to cotton. Much was beaten out.

**Introducing Clark-Hall.**

Charlotte News.

Five or six years ago, and for several years previous to that time, this writer got a big local every week or so, through the periodical visits to town of Clark Hall. Clark was a noted case. He always got full, and it took three or four policemen to handle him. So frequently was he before the mayor that no one questioned his claim to having not only built the Charlotte station house, but to having helped pave the streets.

Well, the reporter was today introduced to a gray-haired, dignified looking man, who was dressed in a neat, well fitting suit of blue, a becoming straw hat, a negligible dannel shirt with a soft flowing tie, and what do you think his name was? Clark Hall! Our same old Clark, but still a new Clark, for he has not touched a drop in five years, and is just as different from the Clark we used to know as anything could well be. He is now in business in Gastonia and is doing well. Since Clark has been able to shake-off the serpent, there's hope for even the most hopeless victim, for never were coils drawn more tightly around any person than they were around Clark. It is quite safe to say that Clark is freed for good. This is his first visit here in five years and about the first he ever made without getting in the guard house. The town wants to sell the old property, and if reasonable terms are offered, Clark may buy it.

Clark exhibits a certificate, showing that in the process of sowing his wild oats crop, he paid from first to last \$2,383.50 in mayor's court fines in Charlotte. This is exclusive of his liquor bills.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something? Guest—I shouldn't wonder. You kept me waiting long enough to forget half I ever knew.

**FARMING.**

Mecklenburg Times. Whatever may be the cause, it is an undisputed fact that the farming interests of the country are in a languishing condition. Prosperity does not seem to lighten the labors of the tillers of the soil, as a class, any where in this country.

Among politicians, peripatetic and local, the causes are easily assigned and flippantly described, viz.: bad laws, wrong men in office, corruption, railroad greed, Wall street influence, upon National finances, &c. But with thoughtful men actually engaged in the pursuit of agriculture, this problem is not so easy of solution. In the South it is a well known fact that the lands are worn and washed, particularly in the cotton and tobacco districts, and consequently the difficulties and expense of raising full crops are very greatly increased. Improved methods are off-setting these disadvantages but perhaps not to an adequate extent. But in the new States of the West where the lands are fresh and fertile and were obtained cheaply—pre-empted in a great measure from the government, in quarter sections by actual settlers, at \$1.25 per acre, even there the death rate, so to speak, by farm mortgages, is even higher than at the South.

The world is progressing; improvements are constantly being made in all departments of business. In manufacturing, which, in its various branches, is the great power in all countries, new methods and new machinery are constantly taking the place of the old. A manufacturer of cotton goods, for instance, who would attempt to operate his factory with machinery and methods of twenty-five years ago, would be a laughing stock for his neighbors, and would of course soon be stranded. The successful men in all lines of business are the live men who keep right abreast with all the new discoveries and improvements, whether by way of curtailing expenses or increasing profits and productive-ness. Are farmers keeping pace with the progress in other departments of business and industry? Are they alive to the importance of preserving the productiveness of their lands by providing against destruction by floods, bad culture, exhaustive crops, &c.? A wide field for usefulness is here spread out before the Alliance and other organizations, and individually having the interests of the agriculture of the country really at heart. Intelligent consideration is to be given and experiments made as to the best systems of fertilizing, draining, cultivating, reaping and marketing; the rotation of crops, the acreage to be planted in cotton, grain, grass and tobacco, respectively. Co-operation and concert of action, particularly in determining the acreage to be planted and the time and manner of sowing the great staples, are matters of the highest importance, and well deserving the attention of our wisest and best men in and out of the Alliance. If more consideration were given to such matters as these, and less to machine politics, such as the making and unmaking of Presidents, Senators and platforms all over the country, the results would no doubt be more satisfactory, at least to the man, who walks between the plow handles and earns and eats his daily bread in the sweat of his face.

**Knew of no Such Rules.**

"I was coming down from the mountains the other day on the On tario and Western road. All the cars were crowded. There was a child in a seat near a gentleman. The conductor, seeing ladies standing, went to the gentleman and told him, loud enough for those around him to hear:—

"You'll have to take that child on your lap, sir—rules of the road."

"I know of no rules of the road that can compel me to travel with a child on my lap," replied the gentleman indignantly. "That child isn't mine."

And the owner of the young vagrant, just then taking in the situation, led the child back to her seat, whence it had wandered, amid the laughter of the auditors.

**Happy Doctors.**

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at W. W. Scott's drug store.

"You'll still excuse me for saying so, Miss Hawkins, but you have a beautiful foot."  
"So've been told, Mr. Sappy—and perhaps you will excuse me for saying that you oughtn't to gape."

**Third Party and Sectionalism.**

Mecklenburg Times. The Third Party orators from Kansas are seeking Southern supporters by appealing to our sentiment of patriotism and abhorrence of sectionalism. They say let us bury the hatchet; the war is over; let us shake hands across the bloody chasm. Noble sentiment this!

Kansas has been the hot bed of sectionalism and her people the bitterest of South haters.

When the war closed almost the entire North and Northwest was Republican. The Southern people were poverty stricken and almost homeless. The Republicans sent bands of carpet-baggers down here to take charge of our local government, plunder our people and disgrace our State. Insolent soldiers paraded our streets whose swords flashed in the faces of our people, and terrified the widows and orphans of soldiers left on the battle field. The Southern people were in need of friends at that time. We had a few, but they were not in Kansas. They did not ask us to join the party that was robbing and insulting our pride. They joined our party and helped us to fight against the tyranny, and to uplift the yoke, of carpet bag rule. Yes, we had friends in those days.

They were the noble men at the North, who, like the Southern soldiers buried the hatchet at Appomattox and went to their homes and voted the Democratic ticket. Our friends have been the Northern Democrats in Congress and out, who helped us to get out of the political mire into which the Republicans had placed us.

The Kansas people and farmers included voted with the Republicans for the infamous legislation that has built up millionaires, monopolies and trusts at our expense.

The same party that outraged the South finally sucked the life blood from the Kansas farmers, through its class legislation.

Jerry Simpson, Peffer, and that crowd of ex-Republicans are now pretending great friendship and advising the farmers to desert the Northern Democrats who befriended us in the dark days and join them. They say let us join the third party and bury sectionalism! The war is over, &c.

Yes, and the first Third party convention declared for more money for the Union soldier. Does that look like the war is over? Does that look like burying sectionalism? Was sectionalism buried when Harris, a Confederate soldier, was defeated for Senator in Kansas by that war worn Republican Peffer. The Kansas third party advocate who wants to bury sectionalism by reaching his fingers into the pockets of the old struggling Confederate soldiers for more pensions and boodle, is a poor friend to the South.

Is a friend the man who helps you in distress, or the one who seeks to rob and kill you?

Who are the friends of the Southern people, are they the Democrats at the North who helped us in the dark days of reconstruction, or are they such men as Simpson and Peffer who voted to hold the noses of our people to the grinding stone for 25 years?

If the Kansas people want to bury sectionalism, let them do like the noble men who befriended us after the war; we say let them come over on our side and vote for Democracy. If they had done this when our Northern friends did we would never have suffered the political evils that we now complain of.

The third party promises nothing but destruction to the Southern people. No Democrats of any standing South or West are in favor of a third party. The great third party men are McCune, Peffer and Simpson, all ex-Republicans. The Democrats who walk into the third party cob-web parlor will be the means of tightening the grip of the Republicans on the government of this Union and sinking the farmer and laborer deeper in poverty and despair.

When the Kansas fellows have changed their politics a few more times perhaps they will land in the Democratic party.

We have made these remarks to put our people to thinking and to caution them against being led by the sugar-coated tongues of those who have been our enemies. We can not but believe that Simpson and his crowd would delight above all things to see the South once more in the hands of the radicals.

The Good Book says: "Draw me not away with the wicked and with the workers of iniquity which speak peace to their neighbors but mischief in their hearts."  
"Bread of deceit is sweet to a man but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

Hark! hark! the puppies bark. The chappies are coming to town. Some in rags and some with jags. Bat all with their faces brown.

"Let's see—Wanamaker is a straight Republican, isn't he?"  
"Well, no—not exactly. He's just a Republican."

T. H. DEAL. M. DEAL.  
Lenoir, N. C. Cedar Valley, N. C.

**DEAL & DEAL**

Lenoir, N. C.

**NEW GOODS.**

The best line of goods we have ever carried. We have come to stay, and we want our customers to know that they don't get left when they buy their goods from us, for in this we are in accord with the Alliance, live and let live.

We have over \$1,000 invested in clothing and will sell you a pair of pants for

75c, 1.00, 1.25, 2.00 and up to 5.00 each, suits that are worth 5.00, we knock down to 3.35, we have suits worth 6.00, 8.00, 10.00, 16.00, 20.00, when you want clothing don't forget that we will sell them to you for less money you ever bought. Calicoes 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, per yd. Worsted 10c, to 12.1-2c, cashmere 30c, 35c. Flannel dress goods 25c, to 35c, per yd. Jeans 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, per yd. This is a complete line of cotton and woolen goods—'em. shoes, we have just what you want, ladies fine shoes 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, pair, heavy shoes 1.00, pair, men's shoes congress or lace 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, hand sewed shoes 4.00, pair, programs 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, buy 'em. Hats for everybody 25c, up to 5.00, don't think of going bareheaded when you can buy hats so cheap.

All kinds of notions—Special line of goods that Jerry Simpson don't wear.

We have a few Plows for the least money anywhere.

We keep on hand at all times—bacon, flour, lard, coffee, sugar, canvassed hams—anything you want in the grocery line.

We want your produce at the highest market price, but will give you special prices for cash.

Thanking our patrons for past favors, and will merit a continuance of same by giving you bargains,

We are your friends,

**Deal & Deal.**

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