

The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XVII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1891.

NUMBER 5.

HO FOR WESTERN North Carolina

The Garden Spot of the World.

Variety of Products

Surpasses all other Sec-
tions.

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 magni-
tude and are at a loss to understand
how it has been accomplished; the
explanation is easy:

Fair Dealing, Economi-
cal 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 at-
tained.

It has become a well known fact
and incident to the credit of our peo-
ple that merchandise of every de-
scription 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 busi-
ness men are alive to the fact that
the Retail Merchant can buy to bet-
ter 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-
est quantity price, while our

Expenses are Insignificant

As compared with houses in the
large cities.

Our object, however, in this ad-
vertisement was more par-
ticularly to call atten-
tion to a

New and Handsome Line of Goods,

—BOUGHT—

Especially for the Dried Fruit Season.
Our Counters are Loaded with Sea-
sonable goods and there are

Bargains in Every Department.

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

Very Respectfully,

Wallace Bros.

THE GATEWAY OF THE N. C. HIGHLANDS.

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

IV.

The outlook from the Pinnacle of
the Beech, however, is so extensive,
so distinctly panoramic, that either
to remember or describe it effectually,
it will be best to depict it as a
succession of separate views, taking
in turn the more prominent ranges
and summits within ken, as a cen-
tral point for each of these pictures.

These dominant summits, in the
order of their importance, which
depends partly on their proximity, as
well as altitude, are: First, the
great ridge or range of the Grand-
father is S. E. or little S. of S. E.
Second, its nearest summit—the
Cranberry Hump, being hardly more
distant than the Grandfather—is the
great Roan group—approximately
W. S. W. Third, The Black Mts.
long massive uplifts, about South
West. In a line with the left or
south end of the Black rises the
near Great Toe Mt. (Bright's Yel-
low.) Fourth, the Elk and Snake,
about North East. The N. C. and
Tennessee State lines corner on the
last named.

These are the more prominent
summits, as though White Top, Va.
(indeed the three States—N. C.,
Tenn. and Va. can each of them
claim a share of this Bald) N. E. N.
—is about the same elevation as
the Beech itself (say 5500 feet), its
distance is so great that it forms,
with its higher neighbor east of it
(Mt. Rogers), but a minor feature
in this grand panorama of peaks and
plains.

So, too, the longer but lower
Climax Mt., Va., which is dimly
seen to the left of White Top and
much more remote, and whose S. W.
end must be lost behind the nearer
masses of the Roan. To the right
of the Roan, and this side of this
far wall of the Clinch, itself though
dim and distant, readily recognizable,
is the Chimney Top of Sullivan
county, Tenn., somewhat West of
N. W. And even more remote, in
an opposite direction, is the sharp,
cliff-crowned crest of the Pilot Mt.
of Surry county, N. C., some 10 to
12 degrees North of East. As the
crow flies, this summit must be fully
eighty miles from the Beech, and yet
even beyond the Pilot, far billows
faintly seen, must be the Sauratown
Mts. some 10 or 12 miles further
eastwards. Even the Pilot, how-
ever, can be seen only when the at-
mosphere is exceptionally clear, as
for instance, just after the breaking
up of rainy weather, when it seems
almost possible that with good eyes
one could see round the corner; as
indeed many must be able to do, if
all the local authorities can be relied
on, in the descriptions they give of
what can be seen from their "owney
doney" pet peaks.

On the Roan they will tell you
Look Out, near Chattanooga, can be
seen; and on Look Out, soaring to
even bolder heights, they will un-
blushingly point out the Roan to
you, or perhaps even Mt. Mitchell
itself, and the vast number of States
claimed to be visible from many
summits of no great altitude, would
justify one in assuming that Rhode
Island was one of the biggest of our
Pro-Conulates. The descriptions of
the average mountain guide are
about as reliable as those very "po-
etic effusions" which we can lump
under the heading of "Fisher-
men's Facts."

In a direction between the South
end of the Blacks and the West end
of the Grandfather, a long massive
ridge, with an abrupt bluff at its
left or southerly end, is the Hump-
back at the head of the North Cove
of Catawba; its direction is about
South, or perhaps little West of
South; much more distant summit,
a triple wave-like crest, seen just
to the left (though nearly in line)
of this bluff of the Humpback is
Wood's Knob, this side of which
lie the wide levels of Turkey Cove.

To the right of the Grandfather's
Knuckles, but a good deal to the
left, that is further eastwards, than
the Humpback, about little east of
South, is Table Rock, readily recog-
nizable by the great precipice that
crowns it with a diadem of rock.
The even more picturesque Chimney
Mt. (at the base of whose grand line
of precipices rise the Towers of Lin-
ville) just beyond it, (South of it)
cannot of course be seen, but be-
yond the Table and the nearer sharp
beak of the Hawkbill, there are
glimpses (only) of the Linville Mts.,
which wall in that grand canyon on
its western side. The Etseehohla Mts.
(to which Hawkbill, Table, Chim-
ney and Short Off all belong) form
the eastern and bolder walls of the
Lower Linville.

Beyond the left, or easterly end of
the Grandfather, about 10 to 15 de-
grees South of East, Blowing Rock
can be seen, as well as several of
its hotels. In this direction, below, and
far beyond the dim billows of the
Blue Ridge, which is here distinctly
recognizable as the bevelled edge of
a rugged mountain-crowned plateau,
extends a wide sweep of horizon
level as an ocean, and looking as
softly serene as the sunniest of seas.
Indeed, the Atlantic, when seen
from a distance, gives you a horizon
line that looks strangely solid;
whilst these far lowlands have an

etherial softness that mates them
with the skies, into which they at
last seem to melt and merge, as
though heaven and earth were one
and indivisible.

To enumerate all the peaks and
points of interest visible from the
Pinnacle of the Beech would take a
volume; and the only practical way
of getting a fair idea of the wide
panorama extended in every direc-
tion, and evolving a definite plan
out of the apparent chaos of moun-
tains and valleys, is to engage a good
guide, though I very much doubt,
with the exception of S. Monroe
Dugger, if one could be found even
among those who were born within
sight of its summit, between Elk
and Ogle. With a compass and this
Guide Book of ours, one could com-
pass the object perhaps with moder-
ate success, as the four dominant
groups or summits, already named,
(with compass points given) would
serve as landmarks to a measurable
degree; and a short stay at Dugger's,
or some other of the farm houses in
the valley, would familiarize one at
least with the neighboring crests,
viz: Hanging Rock, Ragged Ridge,
Coven Cliff, Sugar Mt., Blood
Camp and others. But there are
half a dozen gigantic billows form-
ing the Roan group. Beyond Elk
and Snake are the mountains of
Ashe county; and beyond Grand-
father and Table Rock are the South
Mountains, and still more distant,
and further westwards, the ranges
that wall in the Hickory Nut Gap
next to the lower Linville probably
the finest canyon in our Highlands.
Even more distant, and southwards
from these, in very clear weather,
Tryon can be seen and the Saluda
Mountains in S. C.; and perhaps on
some frosty morning in winter, or a
sudden clearance of clouds after a
prolonged rain in summer, one
might be able to catch a glimpse
even of Walden's Ridge of the Cum-
berlands, though it must be remem-
bered that between the Clinch and
the great sandstone plateau of the
Cumberlands, intervene several oth-
er long and parallel ranges. That
any glimpse even of Kentucky or of
West Virginia can be caught is very
doubtful, as the Clinch and other
high ranges intervene, and between
the Beech and the nearest mountains
in Georgia rises the most elevated
range in Western N. C., that of the
Blacks, so called because their upper
slopes are covered with dense forests
of the sombre balsam (firs).

But from the Beech, at least four
States can doubtless be seen, viz:—
Virginia, Tennessee, North Caroli-
na, of course, and a small corner of
S. C., far away to the southwards,
or perhaps a little West of South
If any one could "ring in" Ken-
tucky it would have to be, we fancy,
with the help of a spy-glass, or even
perhaps another sort of glass would
do it, if filled to the brim with
"mountain dew," as that beverage
is credited with enabling one to "see
double" on very slight provocation.

Perhaps the most effective point
of view from the Beech is looking
towards the Blacks, as the whole
range from Tater Top or Clingman's
at the South to Celso at the North
end of the range, are defined sharply
in profile; whilst this side of them,
the great isolated tiled roof-like
ridge of the great Toe mountain,
with its nearer sharp-crested out-
liers the two spear tops, effectively
fills the middle distance, and be-
yond and just to the right of Celso,
faint and far in the tilted tent of one
of the "Craggs." Even beyond this
is Yeates Knob, and Ogle Mt., still
further the Big Bald, near Flag
Pond, and yet more remote the Iron
Mt. (or Smokies) this side of Green-
ville, Tenn.

Just under you (but how far un-
der?) as you look towards the long
crag-crowned ridge of the Grand-
father, lies the peaceful lamlet of
Banner Elk, with its scattered farm
houses, its level meadows of green
where cattle browse lazily, and sheep
nibble the white clover, and you
fancy you can almost hear the whis-
pering ripples of Shonnyhav or the
louder laughter of the Enohla cas-
cades of Elk.

Then the Bald of the Beech itself
is quite a gem in its way, leaving all
of the "latest improvements" of
course, among others (besides a
spring that lasts all summer and
winter, too), a rain-roof of the most
massive architecture, and where one
can defy the attacks of that "wetter
'n"—the "clerk of the weather,"
however loud he may thunder or
however anxious he may be to "throw
cold water on your efforts" or dam-
pen your spirits, though a little
dampness is not inadmissible, if you
are disposed to invoke the "spirits"
that lurk in the fastnesses of these
mountains, taken too "straight,"
strange to say, is apt to make a fel-
low go crooked, which sounds hard-
ly more strange, than that a fellow
of loose habits is often apt to be
tight.

This Bald of the Beech is a little
grassy glade, crowned with gray
crags, and hedged round by a forest
of small beech and the grotesquely
picturesque birch, with their great
sub-serial roots twisting and twining
over and under the rocks like great
tawny serpents. Then there are
clumps of Rhododendron (Mt. Lan-
rel) and of Kalmia (Mt. Joy), knok-
leberries and chokeberries, and more
beautiful than all, the graceful Mt.
Maple, and the sunny green and
feathery foliage of the fairy-like Mt.

Ash, that late in the season shows
clusters of scarlet berries, brilliant
as gems. Then, sitting on the Pin-
nacle, you look over a world in
wonderland, where the nearer hills
are all of emerald, and the further
mountains all of lapislazuli and the
valleys as blue as beds of violets.
Then a rapid descent, of an hour
and a half or less, after which re-
freshments in the shape of a mess of
trout, or buxom buckwheat cakes
with home-made maple syrup, wash-
ed down by bumpers of frothy but-
termilk fresh from the churn.

From Banner Elk as a centre, a
dozen pleasant excursions can be
made. In the first place, only — miles
distant, is Linville City, where the
lords of Linville live, and though
they cater chiefly to capitalists, they
are disposed to give a hospitable
welcome even to a common, every-
day tourist on two legs, though the
fashionable way, of course, is to go
on all-fours, (saddle-back you know.)
The grandeur of the Lower Lin-
ville have already been touched up-
on, but the Upper Linville Falls is
a fall indeed, a cascade long ago
cayed in, and now but a faint re-
minder of what it was some 20 or 30
years ago. Then the neighboring
inn is kept by one of the most close-
minded of hosts; he waters when he
milks for his guests, whilst he gulps
down himself the unadulterated
cow juice with the cream attached,
and to four hungry boarders he
grudges a fitch of bacon four inches
square; which is hardly square, as
he never forgets to charge full rates.
Of course no one will omit the as-
cent of the Grandfather by Kelsey's
curves, as you can go at a trot, in a
light buggy, from Linville City to
the Balds below the Knuckles, pass-
ing Donald's Crag; and above, near
crest, there is a grand cavern, which
should be called Hugh's House,
though I believe it has been officially
titled "the cave of the Ustagalas."
The Grandfather hotel is only —
miles distant, a mere stone's throw,
and any round summerer could
make the transit in one hour and 30
minutes. This, too, is the short line
to the Pinnacle of the Grandfather,
and the table of that well known
hostelry has always the best of
country fare. Blowing Rock is only
miles off, and there you can
"pick your palace and pay your
price," as they have hotels and
boarding houses to suit all tastes—
from bad to better, and perhaps to
best. The views near Blowing Rock
are very fine, and one great advan-
tage (to many) is that you haven't
got to climb to get them, you have
them from the roadside, or just lift
your window, and there towers the
Grandfather, and yonder rise the
Table and the Hawkbill, and below
you spreads the amethystine world
of the lowland, from Lenoir to Mor-
gantown or to Hickory and beyond.
Then there is, some — miles dis-
tant, the Snake Mt. (or Big Peak)
and its noble neighbor, Elk Knob,
down whose slopes leaps and laughs
that roaring, rollicking mountain
streamlet—Tumbin' Fun. Then
near Boone (it is hardly a mile to its
crest from the court house) is How-
ard's Knob, on which stands that
wonderful pillar of rock known as
Sampson's Chimney, and from which
one gets one of the most effective
views of the Grandfather. Near
the Snake, too, is the Rich Mt. Bald,
and a short day's ride from it is
White Top, Va. Then the Blacks
are not very distant, and the rainy,
rainy Roan even nearer, near the
latter is Hawk Mt. and the Little
Yellow, in fact quite a family of
"yallers." There is a grand view
from the great Toe River mountain,
(Bright's Yellow) and much more
easily ascended is the Doe Hill, from
which one gets perhaps the most
complete view of the Blacks—from
the Pinnacle of the Blue Ridge to
the Celso at its North end.

But whether you want a good rest
or a good ramble, there are not many
places where one more pleasantly
survive the "dog days" than among
these picturesque and healthful
Highlands in Watauga county; and
Banner Elk is the "gate-way"—one
pillar of this great portal being the
Grandfather and the other the big
and beautiful Beech.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and
healthy, try Electric Bitters. If
"La grippe" has left you weak and
weary, use Electric Bitters. This
remedy acts directly on Liver, Stom-
ach and Kidneys, gently aiding
those organs to perform their func-
tions. If you are afflicted with sick
headache, you will find speedy and
permanent relief by taking Electric
Bitters. One trial will convince you
that this is the remedy you need.
Large bottles only 50c. at W. W.
Scott's drug store.

"Strike a light, Paddy, so we can
see where we are."
"Shure an' I wud, sor; but divil
a wan can I see to strike."

"All that I am or ever hope to be
I owe to my wife," said Marrowfat.
"That's right," retorted Hicks.
"Blame everything on your wife.
It's the manly thing to do."

"Hello, Mawwar. Haven't seen you
in an age. What are you doing
now?"
"Sitting here."

An Allianceman's Card.

Atlanta Journal.

The Montgomery Advertiser pub-
lishes a card by Mr. H. H. Hall, a
prominent Allianceman of Elmore
county, Ala., announcing his with-
drawal from that organization, and
giving his reasons therefor. We
think that the reader will recognize
in some of these reasons practices
which have been resorted to in
Georgia as well as Alabama. Mr.
Hall, having been a member of the
Alliance, is probably better informed
as to the methods and objects of its
leaders than outsiders can be, but
outsiders have also been observing
the drift of which he speaks, and
have arrived at a pretty correct op-
inion as to the ultimate object of
these leaders.

The following are Mr. Hall's rea-
sons for the step he has taken:

1. Because it is advocating the
adoption of measures violating fun-
damental principles which I have
always and do yet believe to be just
and right.

2. Because in its advocacy of those
measures it has become intolerant,
denominating those of its members
who cannot indorse them as Judases
and traitors.

3. Because its members are ex-
pected to think for themselves only
when in line with the plans mapped
out by a certain select few.

4. Because while declaring itself
to be "the Democratic party," it
has nothing but abuse and calumny
for that party and its leaders, there-
by indicating its insincerity as well
as unfriendliness to the Democracy.

5. Because by persistently vilify-
ing and belittling the Democratic
party and insidiously holding it re-
sponsible for Republican misdeeds,
it has developed its intention to de-
stroy it by gradually undermining it
in the affections and confidence of
the people.

6. Because its present attitude is
antagonistic to Democracy and its
principles, with the strongest indi-
cations of a fixed purpose to land in
the "third party" in time for the
federal elections next year.

7. Because the most important of
its original principles are violated
and its purposes and aims so com-
pletely subverted that while declar-
ing itself non-political it has degen-
erated into a mere political machine
not yet attaining to the dignity of a
party.

These are the reasons which actu-
ate me, honestly entertained and as
honestly expressed; and I will not
go contrary to my convictions of
what is right and just, though it
bring down the maledictions of the
whole brotherhood upon my de-
fenseless head. H. H. HALL.

At the Farm.

Durham Globe.

As we get deeper into farming, we
feel that our experience should be
given to the world.

In currying the geese this morn-
ing, the Old Lady broke a cur-
rycomb valued at six-bits. The way
to handle a currycomb is to pull
from you. The teeth should be filed
as often as once a month. Never
draw the currycomb to you, the teeth
being flexible they will expand.

Our razor-back hog, which we
have called Col. Polk, lost his tail.
A house painter plucked it and sent
it to headquarters.

Yams should be varnished early
and this will save them from Pant-
ing.

Tuberculosis in hogs should not
be overlooked. Apply while hot two
gallons of corn whiskey to the man
who attends them.

The heaves in ducks can be cured
by heaving a brick at your neigh-
bor's dog.

Do not let your plow rust. Let it
plow.

Sow fall beets early. Sue dead
beets early. A sewing society like
that should be started early.

If the peach tree looks rocky, take
away the rocks.

Fickles should be put in brine and
then place them tenderly in vinegar.

Lock the wood house at night, if
you want wood for breakfast in the
morning.

See that the dead cats are not
thrown in the well. If they are,
swipe them out.

These and other rules will be
printed from time to time.

—N. B.—Do not forget that
horse radish should be curried and
you should feet it on oats.

Dr. Johnson exhibits a beet of the
dead or red variety, and it weighs
six hundred pounds. It was grown
on the farm of a gentleman who
pays but little attention to beets or
the best would have been much
larger.

The exposition was a success yester-
day, according to the Raleigh
papers. A Man from New York
went out and Looked At It.

A few more walrus tusks will be
taken on subscription.

Beels with skins on 'em will be
taken by the management on sub-
scription.

Ha, pretty maiden, where have you
been?
I've been to London to see the Queen.
Ho, pretty maiden, what did you do?
I collared a duke, sir, and married
him, too.

Charming North Carolina Resort.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Evening Post.

SIR: I am just back from a fort-
night's tour in the mountains of
North Carolina and Tennessee, and
it seems to me a public-spirited
thing to say to those of your readers
who are fond of fine landscape and
to whom the White Mountains and
the Adirondacks are a twice told
tale, and if they do likewise they
will have their reward. Nothing
can be easier or freer from hard-
ships of any kind. Tickets to Ashe-
ville from New York and return
can be bought for thirty dollars; and
from Asheville to Mount Mitch-
ell, the highest peak east of the
Rockies, can be reached, ascended
(on horseback, if need be), and the
return made in two days. The walk
up Mitchell's peak is the most beau-
tiful forest walk (only five hours)
ever made. From Asheville, or still
better Hot Springs, only a few miles
farther west on the same road, the
foot of Roan Mountain can be reach-
ed in a day by rail, via Morristown
and Johnson City. The only dis-
agreeable part of the whole jour-
ney is a stupid wait of three hours in
the second rate Tennessee town of
Morristown. The famous Johnson
City and Cranberry Railroad brings
one in a couple of hours to Roan
Mountain Station. This railroad is
perhaps the wildest and most ro-
mantic little narrow-gauge concern
that the world contains, being hewn
for the most part in the solid verti-
cal walls of a gorge down which a
mountain torrent flows. One can
get to the top of Roan Mountain ei-
ther by stage, by horse, or on foot;
and there one finds magnificent
views, and a large and fairly good
hotel. Coming down, and proceed-
ing some eight miles to Cranberry
(an iron mine, with an exquisite
little sylvan hotel,) one takes the stage
for Linville.

All you readers have heard of
Asheville; perhaps not twenty have
heard either of Linville or of
Blowing Rock. Linville is simply
the most high-toned and gentlemanly
"land enterprise" to be found on
the continent. Some 25 square
miles of beautiful wilderness have
been bought; between thirty and
forty miles of road have been built,
and as many more staked out for
building, and a charming modern
hotel has been put up. This, with
nine Queen Anne cottages, an ice-
house, a stable and a small store and
post-office, and some macadamized
avenues in the square clearing,
which forms the centre of the hoped-
for town, are all that the visitor
finds. Around them the primeval
forests stand. It is Eden before
the advent of the serpent. Not a loaf-
er, not a discordant touch of tone.
The level is about 4,000 feet above
the sea, and the air, perfumed as it
is with the forest-breath, is deli-
cious. The roads are wonderfully
laid out. The planner of the scheme,
Mr. S. T. Kelsey, seems to have a
genius for this work, and the result
is mile upon mile of evenly graded
zigzags in various directions, open-
ing out at every turn, views of ex-
traordinary beauty. These are the
only roads in America which resem-
ble the great Swiss roads. Alas,
that they must as yet be of clay in-
stead of macadam! If the twenty
miles drive from Cranberry to Lin-
ville are delightful, what shall be
said of those from Linville to Blow-
ing Rock? They run through the
forest over the mountain sides, all
the way by one of these wonderful
roads, and must be seen to be appre-
ciated. Blowing Rock is a sort of
inland Mount Desert in its early
anti-fashionable days. Somewhat
chactic, a little rough and crowded
in its accommodations, with 600 vis-
itors there when I passed through,
mostly young people having a "good
time," it bids fair to be a great sum-
mer resort ere long. Ten years ago
it was wholly unknown to the out-
world. It is a broad ridge over 4,
600 feet above sea level, with good
roads in many directions, and with
views that are simply magnificent
opening out at every turn.

If one just wants to see the qual-
ity of the North Carolina mountain
country, let him take a ticket to
Hickory on the Richmond and Dan-
ville Railroad, and proceed up to
Blowing Rock the next morning,
and thereafter to Linville the Ideal.
But if one have twelve days at one's
disposal, the whole trip, as I have
described it, can be easily made. It
leaves on the mind the impression
of simplicity and richness combined.
A multitudinous ocean of lofty hills,
a virgin forest of surpassing beauty,
and an atmosphere of intensely col-
ored light. Two weeks of "heaven-
up-histedness," to use the expres-
sion of an old Adirondack guide.
We Northern tourists make a great
mistake in not going farther away
from home. September must be an
admirable month for the trip. But
late June or early July will show
the woods all ablaze with the rhodo-
dendrons and azaleas. W. J.

Chocorus, N. H., August 31.

Mr. Hshaw—Do you take much
interest in politics, Miss Prettipet?
Miss Prettipet—Oh, yes. I think
the candied dates are just too sweet!

He—Did you know the yestry had
engaged the new minister?
She (excitedly)—To whom?

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 2.25, we
have suits worth 6.00, 8.00, 10.00, 15.00, 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. Worst-
ed 10c, to 12.1c, cashmere 20c, 25c. Planned
dress goods 35c, to 50c, per yd. Jeans 12 1/2c,
15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c, per yd. This is a
complete line of cotton and woolen goods—
buy 'em. Shoes, we have just what you
want, ladies fine shoes 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50,
3.50, pair, heavy shoes 1.00, pair, mens shoes
congress or lace 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, hand sew-
ed shoes 4.00, pair, brogans 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, boy
'em. Hats for everybody 25c, up to 3.00, 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,
canned 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
favours, and will merit a continuance
of same by giving you bargains,

We are your friends,

Deal & Deal.

DAVENPORT FEMALE COLLEGE

LENOIR, N. C.

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Moral and Refining Influence.
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struction, Practical courses of
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