

The Lenoir Topic.

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LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1892.

NUMBER 28.

W. L. I. L. P.

Western North Carolina to the Front.

Her Progress Steady & Uninterrupted.

The Old North State Destined to be the Brightest Gem in the Crown of States.

Her Great Wholesale House Fairly in the Lead.

Unless all signs fail our record for 1892 will be a remarkable one; perhaps without a parallel in our business career.

We are in business to outrival our rivals and reach the top round of the ladder. To this end we have not been content to pin our faith alone on the continued patronage of our patriotic North Carolina customers, relying upon their support whilst we do as well by them as other houses outside of the State, but upon a determined purpose to have it said that,

"We Lead In Low Prices."

As a matter of fact each succeeding year finds us better prepared to meet the requirements upon us. For the spring season now approaching we have made a long stride forward and are prepared to more than meet the expectations of the Trade.

Special attention is called to our magnificent lines of

Cottonades, Jeans, White Goods and Shirts.

Particularly attractive things will be found throughout our

Dry Goods & Notion Stocks,

and a matter of chief importance is the fact that the average prices are lower than any of our competitors.

In SHOES we are showing an improved line, solid leather goods and best values made.

There are bargains in every department worthy of extended notice, more than we can undertake mentioning. In fact no advertisement we can make will explain the many advantages offered. An inspection of our stock is necessary. Merchants are cordially invited to call.

Wallace Bros.

Statesville, N. C.

P. S.—Our Traveling Salesmen will visit the Trade as usual.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Lo, Mother! it is here—thou hast thy will;
My work is done, my heart is stained with blood,
My hands are full of it; the sky is red—
From sea to sea the land is red to me—
The sun is blood.

Mother I danced for Herod.
I hung a shining garment on these limbs,
I bound my hair with scarlet flowers,
And on my ankles tied silver bells
That tinkled to my shame. O cursed robes!

O cursed head! I would its crown were heaped,
With dust and ashes trodden under foot,
The scorn of men. Yes, I would have the sea
Lash all its raging waves above my brow,
To hide me from myself.

Listen, Herodias! I pleased thy husband's brother, and he swore
I should have what I would,—for such a show
No guerdon were too great.

I heard thy words Go hissing through my brain, I saw thine eyes
As when I left thee, gleam with lurid fire
"Revenge!" I cried; "give me the Baptist's head!"

There went a cloud across my uncle's brow;
He paused, and some sweet pity in his heart
Pleaded for John; but I—I forced him on;

I think the very devil of the Jews Spake for me since I know not what I said,
Still he grew sad; and then the guests began
To press his oath upon him; so at last

He sent his Lybian slave to bring that head,
And passing from the chamber, left me there
To wait—not long, they brought it very soon.

Look there! is it enough? Have I done well?
Oh take it! take it! else those pallid lips
Will speak my soul's damnation,—send it hence,
Before those glassy eyes look through my heart
With fearful accusation.

Ah! it shivers, it shivers moves—mother do dead men live?
A phantom of my brain, and I then crazed?
I saw to call thee by the tender name
And loving sound of "mother." I was crazed to do thy bidding; and when death itself

Stares in my face with close un-winking eyes,
You tell me in a quiet voice to sleep.
Why, should you tie me in a bed of down,
Or lay these weary limbs along the turf
Of cool Libanus, where a thousand springs
Went dropping by my pillow,
I should weep.

I nevermore shall sleep—not with the dead;
For I shall dream of judgment in my grave,
But hark, Herodias! thou didst plan the murder;
There is a reckoning somewhere kept for thee;

For this, thy sleep shall be disturbed with groans;
For this, the voiceless spangles of the night
Shall look upon thee with the Baptist's eyes
His dreadful smile shall flicker in the fire
His rigid hands shall draw the curtain back
At midnight from thy couch; the very winds
Shall take his voice to bid thee think of him;
And when thou heest at the festal board,
The wine that fills thy cup shall turn to blood,
The cooling snow from virgin Caucasus
Shall burn with crimson.

Yes, the face thou lovest, The face of Herod, shall be turned to his,
And with the livid pallor of the grave,
Stare from his throne. Alas! my life is dead;

My days are withered. Had I tears to spare,
They were for thee, Herodias; but mine eyes
Are dry as desert-sands. Go while thou canst,
Exit in thy revenge; but dread thy doom.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by W. W. Scott, druggist.

"NARROWNESS."

Hemingsford (Neb.) Guide.

Under the above caption, THE LENOIR (N. C.) TOPIC comments at great length upon the letter "From the South," published in the Guide of February the 12th.

Just as the editor of THE TOPIC suspects, the letter in question was not written for publication, but parties who heard the reading of it requested us to make extracts from it, and we did so, not with the intention of hurting the feelings of any one, but only to show to the people of the North that the many reports concerning the "poah white trash" and the "strong feeling" of the South are not all fabrications.

When we published the letter we were well aware that there were several families in B. x Butte county who came from the South—some of them from North Carolina—some of whom read the Guide regularly, and the appearance of this letter in the columns of a North Carolina paper, together with the comments on the same, is no surprise to us, we know that many people from the South will not acknowledge that the least feeling against Northern people exists in some parts of the States that formed the Confederate government, but we know that there is a feeling in many localities of the South. It is not general, to be sure, yet it is altogether too common for the good of the country in general. And this feeling is not against the Yankees alone, in some places the stars and stripes are as much despised as the Yankees. A friend, whose reputation for truth and veracity has not been questioned in the several years we have known him, tells us that, while travelling through Virginia, a few years ago, he saw a lot of men walk up to a showman and order him to "take that flag down," and it was the regular and much-to-be-proud-of Union flag that was floating on the showman's canvas.

But why quote Northern people on this subject, when we have the proof in the editor of THE TOPIC's own words. He says:

"Another strange assertion is that about the 'one Union man.' The great majority of the people of Western North Carolina were Union men, so-called, up to the beginning of the war, and now we are all Union men. There is not one disunionist among us. And we know no such thing as ostracism. Any man who does not insouciantly push his peculiar political, social or religious views upon his neighbors is treated with civility."

In other words, a Union man is "treated with civility" so long as he keeps his mouth shut. That has been told us before. Here in the North a man is free to "push his political, social or religious views" anywhere and everywhere. He can talk free trade, free coinage of silver, free "niggers," free whiskey, or anything else, and he can vote as he pleases and he will never be taken to task for it, either. This should be a free country, but it is not. Freedom should extend in North Carolina and in Mississippi and in Arkansas and in Kansas and in Iowa. A man should be free to speak his mind on political questions South of Mason and Dixon's line the same as he is North of it, but he is not.

The "poah white trash" is an element which may be found in all sections of the South, and that many of those poor whites are as low down as the low negroes is freely asserted by all who have lived there, and THE TOPIC's denial does not alter the fact.

THE TOPIC claims that the author of the letter above referred to attempted to convey the idea that the people of North Carolina, generally speaking, belong to low class, but such is not the case. "Many of them" is the way she qualified her remarks. Had she included the people in general her statement would have had no effect, because the people of the North know that the ignorant whites are only a small portion of the inhabitants of the South.

A Compliment to Our Judge.

Charlotte Observer.

It is so much in fashion to compliment judges, and it is done so often when they should be criticised instead, that a newspaper compliment to a judge in North Carolina has ceased to signify much; yet in the face of this fact the Observer wants to say that Judge John Gray Bynum's bearing on the bench during the term of Mecklenburg Superior Court just closed was such as to have won for him the respect and commendation of lawyers and laymen. He showed himself a just and impartial judge, and it is in particular a fact most complimentary to him that during the whole progress of the hotly-contested mandamus case neither side filed an exception to any of his rulings, or to any part of his charge.

We have a speedy and positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

Price 50c. Sold by W. W. Scott, druggist.

THE BID FOR THE SOLDIER VOTE.

Raleigh Chronicle.

A question has been raised as to whether the resolution to pay the soldiers the difference between the money they received and gold was adopted at St. Louis, and if so by which body that was there assembled. Inasmuch as the Industrial Conference adjourned at 6.32 and the People's party convention assembled at 6.25, it is not easy to ascertain exactly what was done by each body. Mr. Butler thinks that the resolution was not adopted by the Industrial Conference, but he is mistaken. He was a member of the platform committee, and knowing it was not in the platform submitted and adopted, he was not cognizant of its passage.

What are the facts? The majority report of the committee on platform was submitted on the morning of Feb. 24th in the Industrial Conference meeting. The conference then took a recess until the afternoon without voting upon the report. They reassembled in the afternoon and then a minority report was presented by Mrs. Willard, of the W. C. T. U., demanding woman suffrage and prohibition. The majority report was adopted, and did not include the resolution to pay the difference between paper money and gold to the Federal soldiers. But the very next business transacted by the Industrial conference, and so recorded in the *National Economist*, two resolutions were introduced, the first submitting the question of woman suffrage to the States, and the second to pay the Federal soldiers the difference between the paper money they received and gold at the rate prevailing during the war. Both these resolutions were adopted, thus committing the farmers and laborers who took part in that conference to the monstrous and unjust proposition which would take billions of dollars to pay the 2,778,304 soldiers who enlisted in the Federal Army. We know that North Carolina Althausmen do not endorse this, the most corrupt and demoralizing bid ever made by any party or body in the history of the world for the soldier vote. We take it that the reason North Carolina's delegates did not rise to their feet in indignation was because they did not understand it. We know that upon their return home they denied its passage, and did so truthfully so far as they knew. Mr. Butler as a member of the committee on platform, secured the defeat of any such proposition in the committee, and was not cognizant that such a resolution had been adopted. The only thing to do now is to repudiate it. It is not difficult to see why the author of the resolution, an emissary of the G. A. R., desired its passage as a resolution rather than as a declaration in the platform. It was so that in the North the Third party men could declare that a vote for their party meant a vote to pay a large bonus to the 2,778,304 soldiers who received paper money for their services; and in the South the Third party advocates could deny that there was any such plank in the platform. Both would be speaking the literal truth, and the votes of both sections would thereby be secured. But it would not work.

Patriotic men, both North and South, will see through this miserable and contemptible trick, slipped in without the knowledge of the patriotic delegates, and utterly repudiate the two-faced party that thus starts its existence by a piece of duplicity and treasury looting unsurpassed in the history of any party.

The pension list of the United States government is at present approximately \$130,000,000 per annum. Next year it is to be \$160,000,000. Of the \$130,000,000 the share of North Carolina is \$5,000,000. Next year it will probably be \$6,000,000. This money goes out year after year and it does not come back. It is a constant drain. It is pouring into the sieve and the sieve does not get full. The State of Indiana, for instance, pays out about \$7,000,000 a year to the pension fund but she receives in return some \$13,000,000 or \$14,000,000 a year. Is it any wonder that Indiana should grow rich and North Carolina poor? Suppose we had back now what we have paid for pensions even in the last ten years! It would be no less than \$50,000,000—over \$30 to every man, woman and child, white and black, in the whole State. Wouldn't times be better then? And can times ever be good for the people of the South so long as this constant and ever increasing drain continues? Ireland is kept poor because it is drained to support English landlords. The South is impoverished because it is drained to support rich and well to do Federal soldiers.

And here comes a proposition to add to our burdens billions of dollars to make these soldiers richer. Every time we pay tax to keep them in luxury, it means the deprivation of comforts and necessities for us and our children. Instead of going further, it is time to call a halt. We speak in no sectional spirit. We think the people of all sections ought to be taxed to help those who lost limbs or health by reason of their service in the war. Far be it from us to refuse to pay our stipend to those who need, even if it comes out

of our own distress. But we do now and ever shall protest against any increase of this fund. We are disgusted with both Democrats and Republicans, as well as People's party men, whose highest conception of statesmanship is to burden the whole people for the enrichment of those in one section, in order that they may keep in office. It is monstrous and iniquitous.

North Carolina Records.

Richmond Times.

Largely through the influence which is being very actively exercised by the principal educational institutions of North Carolina, there is a very notable increase of interest among the people of that State in the preservation of all the records which throw light upon the history of their Commonwealth.

In a recent number of the *Raleigh News and Observer* we find a very interesting communication from Hon. Thomas F. Wood, in which he dwells with regret upon the fact that there is no central depository of historical documents in the State. He urges the necessity of a movement towards the permanent establishment and endowment of a State historical society. With such a society upon a sound financial footing and under the management of a competent executive, he justly claims that historical material which is now hidden away in obscure nooks and corners would be presented to the society library to interest visitors, to excite further research and to form a basis for a complete history of the State.

Mr. Wood mentions in this connection having recently seen in the hands of a private party a paper which is the only known evidence in existence that there was a Society of the Cincinnati in North Carolina. He declares that there are many other papers bearing at length on the Colonial and Revolutionary period which are now scattered among the private families in the State, while in the oldest courthouses, Wilmington, Newberne, Edenton, Hillsboro, Morganton and Charlotte, there are deposited documents which should by special legislative provision be transferred to a fire proof State historical building.

The Wilmington Library Association is in possession of many interesting historical relics of every character. Other associations throughout the State have become depositories of similar relics simply because there is no central library adapted to their preservation.

Mr. Wood calls attention to the fact that Wisconsin has the largest collection of North Carolina historical material to be found in the United States, which he regards as creditable to his own State. Whether his general criticism be deserved or not, the fact remains that North Carolina, unlike Virginia, has had the enterprise to have copied all the Colonial records bearing on her history now stored in the Record office in England, and these records have been published in ten splendid volumes.

A suggestion of Mr. Wood in this connection is worthy of special consideration. He proposes that the Legislature shall make an appropriation which will allow the State to present copies of these ten volumes to every important library in the United States, thus removing the necessity now imposed upon students in other States who are interested in the history of North Carolina to visit Raleigh in order to secure the information which they are searching for.

The Poetry of the Farm.

From an Orator by Colonel Ingersoll.

It is no advantage to live in a city where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets and the great forests of oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture; a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought and every forest a fairy land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe" when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cockport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at W. W. Scott's drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

Took Her Wings Away.

Washington Post.

Not long since an old colored aunt came to the Capital from a small town in Virginia to cook for a gentleman who had known what an expert diase since his boyhood. The employer was on the sporting order, and knowing the old woman to be of a deeply religious nature, he took care to keep her in ignorance of the fact that she was to provide meals for a festive club where draw poker was the nightly programme.

For a few days things went on swimmingly. The habits of the place pleased the cooking to the skies, but their good living was not to last. Aunt Sarah discovered by accident that the people whose palates she was pleasing were an irreligious lot, and that they were habitual card players. The discovery appalled her. Rushing into the room where a dozen men were intent on a jack-pot she shouted:

"I'm goin' right back home. You kin git another cook dis very day, Marse Jim. I feel jest like you had taken my wings from me, so I can't never fly to heaven. All de money in Washington couldn't keep dis old woman in d. a sinful place."

The very next train on the Virginia Midland numbered Aunt Sarah among its passengers.

Influencing a Senator.

Washington Post.

The little ten-year-old daughter of Senator Daniel, of Virginia, may aid materially in the hanging of a man in Washington at no very distant date through depriving him of very efficient counsel for his defense. She is a great friend of Senator Joe Blackburn, and hearing through talk in the family that an effort was being made to have him enter the case in question, she went to her father and said very solemnly:

"Papa, is it true that Mr. Blackburn is going to try to get that man off free and keep them from doing anything to him?"

"I don't know, daughter," said the Senator. "Mr. Blackburn is a lawyer, and it is a lawyer's business, indeed it is his duty, to do his best in defending the cases that are brought to him."

"Well, I don't care," was her reply. "I just want you to tell him that if he does go into that case and tries to get that man off, I'll never speak to him again the longest day I live."

In telling the story to a friend the Kentucky Senator said: "There were one or two other reasons why I should have disliked to go into the case, but I tell you fairly that none of them had more weight with me than the opinion of that young lady so forcibly expressed. And I am not going to take the case either."

Two Sainly Looking Brethren.

Morganton Herald.

A few days ago two sainly looking brethren from the South Mountain section walked into the ash and blind factory here and asked to see some ash, saying that they wished to purchase the ash for a new church in their neighborhood of which they were members. The foreman, with his usual politeness, showed them over his stock and the good brethren made their selection. They asked for the lowest prices on the lot. The foreman told them \$25 was the lowest. "O, but in this instance you can take \$20," replied one brother, "you remember they are for a church." The foreman informed him that he could not sell them for \$20, but he would give \$1 to the church and accept \$23 cash for the ash. These terms were satisfactory to the brethren and they paid the \$22, and after quoting a little scripture to the benevolent foreman, such as "God loveth a cheerful giver" and "Ita better to give than to receive," and assuring him that the Lord would bless him for that dollar, one brother pulled a long bottle of corn whiskey from the rear pocket of his pants, and asked the foreman if he ever drank anything. He replied that he did not drink, and the two brethren drank to each other's health, loaded their sashband started for the institution that was to elevate the morals of their community.

Alliance Conference Called.

In the *Progressive Farmer* appears the following official notice, signed by Mr. Marion Butler, President of the State Farmers' Alliance: "I desire to have a conference with one true representative Allianceman or more from each county in the State. At your next county meetings elect one man to be in Raleigh Tuesday, May the 17th, to meet in conference with me. Elect your best and truest member and empower him to act upon his best judgment for you in a representative capacity on any matter that may come up for the good of the organization and the cause of reform."

On the 9th of April a joint debate will be held at Statesville between Hon. W. M. Robbins and Marion Butler on the issues of the day.

1492 "Land. Land." 1892

....8....

Now is your Opportunity.

....1....

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THE SUN.

Has Secured During 1892:

W. D. Howells, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Rastaford Kipling, R. Louis Stevenson, W. Clark Russell, H. Rider Haggard, Norman Lockyer, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, J. Chandler Harris, William Black, Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and many other distinguished writers.

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