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"CITIZEN JACQUOT"

A Story of the Reign of Terror in Paris.

T. C. Harbaugh in New York Press.

It was a hot summer day and in a dingy shop on the Rue Pasquier, Paris, a boy was mending shoes. Everything about him betokened poverty, but he was a keen, bright-eyed boy. His only companion was a demure raven, which was perched on his shoulder while he worked.

The Rue Pasquier was a narrow, dirty street, inhabited by very poor artisans. The dread Revolution was at its height and Robespierre, the leader of the Reign of Terror, was still sending hundreds to the guillotine.

Little Fabien, the cobbler, could recall many of his patrons who had been carted first to the dreary prison and thence to the guillotine.

Every now and then a hoarse caw from the raven whom Fabien called "Citizen Jacquot" would cause the boy to look up and catch sight of the cunning eyes set in the black hood, and the bird would flap his glossy wings as if delighted with the attention.

The boy and the raven had been friends for years. Citizen Jacquot had belonged to a gentleman who had been taught to repeat certain words which he was accustomed to hear in his master's house. His hoarse "Long live the King" was frequently heard in the boy's shop, and on more than one occasion Fabien had reproved the raven, saying that such expressions had cost a good many people their heads.

On this day the little shoemaker was mending a pair of shoes for the wife of a butcher, when a shadow fell across the threshold. It was Crepin, a dissolute fellow, thought by some to be a spy for the Terrorists.

The moment the raven saw the fellow in the doorway he flapped his wings and cawed, "Long live the King!" to the shoemaker's chagrin.

Just at that time there was no King, for the Revolutionists had sent him and the royal family to the guillotine, and it was death to utter a sentence like that which had just poured from Citizen Jacquot's throat.

"That's a royal bird, M. Fabien," said Crepin with a leer. "Don't you know that he endangers his master by such words as those?"

"I don't see why he should, Crepin. He's but a raven, and surely they don't want the heads of such creatures."

Crepin continued to look at the raven, and all at once with muttered words, the import of which Fabien could only guess, he turned and passed out.

When the shoe was mended night was near at hand. The boy was still at the bench when the tramp of men came down the street. People courageous enough flew to their windows, for it was known that the soldiers were coming to arrest some new victims.

Little Fabien did not hear them until they reached the door which he had closed, but as a heavy rap sounded he sprang up and went forward.

An armed guard was outside.

"What is it?" asked the little shoemaker of the Rue Pasquier.

The sergeant pushed his way into the room and drew from an inner pocket a warrant, which he proceeded to read in a gruff voice. It was an order for the arrest of "Citizen Jacquot."

As the name of the offender fell from the reader's lips, the raven now perched on a dingy beam near the rafters of the shop, set up a cawing, during which little Fabien's heart stood still for fear he would repeat the treasonable cry of "Long live the King."

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the sergeant, looking up from reading the warrant, which was in proper form and signed by Robespierre himself.

"Here I here!" cried the bird.

The soldiers looked up and caught sight of the raven, but they did not pay much attention to him. Presently he flew down and perched on his young master's shoulder.

"This is Citizen Jacquot," but surely you can't want him," said Fabien at last.

"We are to arrest and convey to prison Citizen Jacquot; the warrant says so," replied the Sergeant.

"But you see Citizen Jacquot is only a bird who was taught to say 'Long live the King,' by his former owner."

"We must take Citizen Jacquot," turning suddenly upon the boy.

"The warrant signed by Citizen Robespierre calls for him, and it is not stated what he is, man or bird." Fabien fell back a pace, and seemed to plant himself in front of his work bench. His blood was hot, and he knew that if Jacquot were taken from him they would never meet again.

"You cannot have Citizen Jacquot!" he cried. "He is my companion, and we are very happy here."

But the soldiers were not to be deterred by a boy, and they pressed forward at the sergeant's command, while Fabien menacingly raised the hammer

suddenly flew, cawing to the very top rafters of the shop, where he hid himself in the darkness, shaking down a lot of dust and cobwebs.

"Bring him down," cried the sergeant. "We will have Citizen Jacquot if we have to demolish the shop to get him."

Several of the men began to climb after the raven. Fabien was forced against the wall, while the upper part of the room was assailed by the Revolutionists.

After a long and stubborn fight among the rafters, Citizen Jacquot was taken.

"If you take Citizen Jacquot you will have to take me also," said Fabien, springing forward.

"But we don't want you, though you have given us a good deal of trouble; you have resisted the will of the Assembly," said the Sergeant.

"Then I resist it still further. Long live the King! Is that enough?" shouted the little cobbler of the Rue Pasquier.

The soldiers, all ardent followers of the Terrorists, turned red with rage. They looked at one another, and then at the little shoemaker, who stood erect with flashing eyes and determined mien.

"I will go to the guillotine with Citizen Jacquot. We ride together in the same cart. You shall not separate us, minions of the beast Robespierre."

That was enough. Rough hands seized the boy, and he was dragged into the midst of the squad, which faced about and tramped forth into the narrow street—the raven so heedless as not to be able to do any damage to his captors. The people who had ventured near the shop during these scenes fell back, white faced, and watched the little procession as it moved off, with Fabien, the boy cobbler, walking erect next to the man who carried Citizen Jacquot.

It was all Crepin's work. The boy felt that the ruffian had reported Citizen Jacquot's treason to the Terrorists.

In less than half an hour after the arrest of the little shoemaker and his pet they were thrown into a dungeon where they had no light and only a pitcher of water. It was one of those prisons which already contained hundreds of people who were to be sent to the guillotine and from whose doors the dread cart made daily trips to the place of execution.

Little Fabien was delighted with one thing, and that was that he had not been deprived of Jacquot's society. As Fabien threw himself upon the heap of straw he found Citizen Jacquot cuddling up close to him.

The next morning they heard the tramp of heavy feet along the corridor outside the dungeon, and then came the grating of iron doors as they opened to let out the next batch of victims. After this the tramp, tramp came back and passed away, and the rumble of the death cart died away on the stony street.

For three days this was repeated, with terrible minuteness and certainty. Bread and water came mysteriously to the cell occupied by Fabien and Citizen Jacquot, and the raven, once merry, was now strangely silent and morose.

One morning he heard the faint sounds of cheers and long cries, the like of which he had not heard since they entered the dungeon.

What did it all mean?

Presently there came to their ears the noise of feet in the corridor. Little Fabien ran to the door and listened. His heart was in his throat. All was tumult outside.

"Long live the King!" suddenly screamed Citizen Jacquot.

"Hush!" answered the alarmed boy. "You will have them down upon you in a moment, Jacquot. Keep still!"

The tumult, increasing at every moment, came nearer and nearer. It was like a great wave rushing down the corridor.

All at once some one seemed to be tugging at the old fashioned lock of the door of "No. 66," which was Fabien's cell.

"Break it in," said a loud voice. Blows sufficient to break in a door of iron were rained on the portal and it flew open. Light poured into the dungeon and revealed the little cobbler of the Rue Pasquier and Citizen Jacquot standing terror-stricken in one corner.

In rushed a lot of people, yelling and gesticulating with all their might.

"It is all over," they cried. "Robespierre and his associates are dead."

The boy and the raven were escorted back to the Rue Pasquier, and once more Fabien was installed in his little shop.

They lived to see the complete overturning of the Revolution. Little Fabien and the raven grew old together, and when the once little lad of the Rue Pasquier was white haired an old bird would hop to his accustomed perch on his shoulder and, putting his glossy head close to his cheek, cry out, "Long live the King," when the old cobbler never failed to recall the strange days of Robespierre and the Terror.

JOHN HAMBRIDGE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Self-Written History of a Negro who, Over a Year ago, Killed his Colored Rival, was Convicted and Hung at Shelby Friday, Feb. 17.

Shelby Annon.

I was born in the 1872, July 10. My mother and father both belonged to the church, and taught me to go to Sunday school, but I never took much interest in reading the Bible as I should. I was asked by my parents and other good friends to join the church, but I put it off until it is too late. But I thank God that he has brought me down and I am now saved by his mercies. I always determined to join the church but put off today for tomorrow. Take warning of me: Lay not off today for tomorrow, for tomorrow is not promised. I always would listen at good advice, but would not take heed. I ran off from my father once and came near starving. I was well whipped for it and never tried it again. It is bad to be out by old friends but it is worse to be dropped by the Sheriff. You that read take heed. I was very cross when small. My father once in trying to quiet me could not, and he threw me across the house on the bed. My head just mist the wall, and I hushe! crying for awhile. I likely would of been better for me if I had went on then, rather than now, I was always in on a child and received many whippings on that account but did not get enough. It was my glory to fight when I was small, I would fight all day if the boys would tackle me. After my father's death I went to the railroad and there I got so I didn't care for anything and mist going to church for 12 months at a time and stayed away from home once for over two years. I was well whipped and went back home. I then moved mother to Shelby and that is the worst thing I could of done for myself. I never had a penny of any sort, issued for me before this case, the first and last. I do think had the truth been told the case would not of caused death. I am glad there is a God before you every man must go and there we will receive our just desert. The Bible says: "Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not bear false witness." If a man swears a lie he is guilty of murder in the sight of God; without repentance he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

Senator Vance's Views, Reported by a Republican.

New York Press, Republican.

Zebulon B. Vance, the veteran Senator of North Carolina, twirled his eyeglasses nervously and looked at the ceiling in his room at the Fifth Avenue yesterday when asked what he thought of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. After a moment's reflection he replied: "I approve of some of the appointments and disapprove of others. I think that is a prevalent sentiment among Democrats."

"You can dismiss from your mind," he said in response to a question, "the idea that any important legislation will be enacted by the present Congress. It is doubtful if the amended form of the Anti-Option bill is passed. There will certainly be no legislation on the silver question, and the treaty with Hawaii is not likely to be ratified. What do I think should be done regarding silver? I am absolutely in favor of free coinage. I do not believe in repealing the Sherman act unless some good substitute is offered. The platform of the Democratic party pledged that the parity between gold and silver should be maintained, and I am in favor of the fulfillment of that promise, as well as that other pledge to repeal all protective laws. With the exception of the Senators from Louisiana, Texas and Maryland, I think my Southern colleagues are in favor of free coinage and free trade. The sentiment of the Southern members of the House is, I think, in about the same proportion."

What do you think of the proposed annexation of Hawaii?

"I am opposed to annexation. I think we have more territory now than we can take care of. To take in Hawaii and its natives, to make it an integral part of the Union, is, I think, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution."

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by W. W. Scott, druggist.

"RAMSEUR'S IRONSIDES"

The Gallant Work Done by North Carolinians on the 12th of May.

Richmond Times.

As a North Carolinian I can appreciate the deserved tribute paid to the gallant Ramseur and his brave men by General James A. Walker in his thrilling account of the fight at the "bloody angle" on May 12, 1864. This is not the first time that this gallant soldier has been praised for his indomitable courage.

In a novel entitled "Don Miff," the author himself a Virginian, and I believe a Richmond lawyer, pays a glowing tribute to Ramseur and his gallant brigade. The author says: "I marched all day to reach the field near Winchester, and on arriving there we found that Ramseur and his little band of heroes of 1,200 North Carolinians had been fighting all day long and holding the entire Yankee army at bay till reinforcements could come up." Percy Greg, in his history, speaking of the battle of Sharpsburg, says in his foot notes that Longstreet and his staff had to serve the guns of a battery which with a regiment whose cartridge pouches were emptied, was the only defense of the position. This was the Twelfth North Carolina regiment of Ramseur's brigade that was placed at this critical point. The officers of the gallant Twelfth, when Longstreet, in person, ordered them up, informed him that they had fired the last round and had not a single cartridge to a man. He replied that they must hold the position at all hazards, and with the bayonet. It was a critical moment, and the old Twelfth held on like grim death with the cold steel, Lee had weakened this part of the line in order to reinforce Jackson on another part of the field, who was hard pressed. Longstreet discovered Burnside's men ascending the slope of the hill towards this gap in the line and rushed up the Twelfth North Carolina and with himself and staff worked the guns of a battery near by with their own hands and checked Burnside's advance. Longstreet mentioned this incident and complimented the Twelfth in his report of the battle. On another occasion this regiment so distinguished itself for its splendid fighting that General Johnson, who was afterwards captured at the salient, made them a little speech, complimenting them publicly. If I am not mistaken it was General Rhodes who made the little speech.

The lamented and gallant Ramseur, while fighting under Early in the Valley of Virginia, yielded up his life for the cause he loved so well. Such was his splendid fighting that his brigade became known as "Ramseur's Ironsides," and they were, says "Stonewall" Jim, as true as steel.

"Stonewall" Jim, as his soldiers loved to call him, knows too well what it is to be a soldier to wish to do injustice to North Carolinians. They have never had justice done them, but they are being righted at last, I am glad to see.

The Times did them full justice at the time of the unveiling of the Lee monument. We quote from one editorial, which says: "Brave, modest Old North Carolina, always slow to praise her own performances, and yet always managing in genuine merit to equal anyone of the sister States of the Union. She was in great part the reliance of Lee in the time that tried men's souls."

We are coming with several thousand strong to honor the memory of Davis when his remains are brought to Richmond to rest with the 62,000 Confederate dead in Hollywood, when—"On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread."

Aye, with loving hands, among the soldiers he loved so well, we shall lay our dead chief to rest, and say with overflowing hearts—"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!

Dear as the blood you gave, No impious footsteps here shall tread The herbage of your grave; Nor shall your glory be forgot While fame her record keeps, Or honor points the hallowed spot Where valor proudly sleeps."

"MOROTOCK."

Findovrie, February 22, 1893.

Never Were Reconciled.

Stateville Landmark.

Scriptural warrant is found for his action [appointing Greesham] in the parable of the laborers who were called to work in the vineyard: the fellows who came in at the eleventh hour received as much pay as the boys who bore the burden and heat of the day. The last heard of the all day hands they were still grumbling about the inequality of the compensation—it is nowhere recorded that they ever did become reconciled to it.

It is said that a Maryland woman recently entertained three guests, strangers to herself and one another; named Mrs. Sprinkle, Mrs. Showers and Mrs. Storm.

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