

The Lenoir Topical

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NUMBER 29.

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Yours truly,
Wallace Bros.
Stateville, N. C., Jan. 5, '93.

THE SAVIOR.

Sam W. Small.

Vain philosophies delude us when the mind is most dismay'd,
And our silence will elude us when we meet our foes array'd;
Men are men and may not help us when our danger comes too near,
And our flesh is full of weakness when we fight against our fear.

To be saved, then—what is needful?
To be victors—who must aid?
There is one whose help is mighty and who says: "Be not afraid!
Put thy trust in my obligation, set thy feet in holy ways—
So shalt thou see thy salvation, so attain the Gates of Praise!"

Thus the patience of His mercy keeps us living day by day;
By the grace of His compassion only do we hold the way;
By the word of inspiration we alone know right and wrong,
And the movings of His spirit make us sure that we are strong!

So we conquer in our dying, so we make our tomb a stone
Out of which by faith to fashion an eternal spirit's throne;
So we fill the fullest pleasure of our God who reigns above,
When in Christ we reach the measure of His holy, saving love!

European Simplicity.

New York Press.

Last summer the *Press* announced that Mr. John Straiton, the million aire South American merchant, would be appointed Postmaster at Arverne by the Sea, with a salary of \$150 a year, all of which he proposed to give to his deputy. A few days ago Mr. Straiton received a letter from the Lord Mayor of Wilton, England, the seat of the manufacture of Wilton carpets. The Mayor congratulated Mr. Straiton upon his appointment as Postmaster General, saying that he had seen the announcement of it in a Scotch newspaper. He also inclosed a letter from his son, who is a schoolboy at one of the English public schools. The young fellow begs Mr. Straiton to unceremonially that he is very glad his father's friend has been appointed Postmaster of the United States, and he adds that he is getting up a collection of stamps and hopes Mr. Straiton will send him some to add to it. He also suggests that in his place as Postmaster he can show the foot ball players in American schools that their rules are all wrong.

Mr. Straiton has received other letters of congratulation from Great Britain and one from Australia for his appointment as Postmaster of New York, and one writer points a lesson to the youth of Scotland from the career of Mr. Straiton, who from humble beginnings in the land of the oat cake has been able, through the opportunity America affords, to become Postmaster General of the United States.

Marriage and Divorce.

New York Press.

It appears, from a contribution by Professor W. F. Willcox to the *Political Science Quarterly* for March, that the marriage rate is decreasing, in certain portions at least, of the United States, while divorce is on the increase. Trustworthy statistics regarding marriages are available only for Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois and the District of Columbia. They show a fall in the marriage rate between the years 1867 and 1886 ranging from 2.5 per cent. in Vermont to 12.6 per cent. in the District of Columbia. While the decrease was not uniform from year to year, some years manifesting a decided gain in the ratio of marriages to the total population, yet Professor Willcox declares that the downward tendency was, on the whole, unmistakable, and that it was most marked in the years of industrial depression.

As to divorce, the average number of couples in every 100,000 of the population who are annually freed from the conjugal bond is given as 88.74 for the United States. Of the nine other countries included in the investigation only Japan, which has 608 46 divorces yearly to each 100,000 of inhabitants, exceeds this country's divorce rate. Switzerland is the only European country which even mensurably approaches our divorce rate, with 64.49 to each 100,000. France has only 53.51 divorces to each 100,000 of its people, some more than a third of the rate in this country. Germany's rate is 25.97, Austria's 11.14, Canada's 4.81, England's 3.79, Italy's 3.75 and Ireland's, by far the lowest of all, .28 per cent.

A piece of information that will cause universal surprise is that, not Chicago, but San Francisco is the city most prolific in divorces compared to population. Chicago comes second, it is true, but Cleveland is a very close third. It is possible that if the statistics considered were brought down to date a different showing would be presented. Yet no intelligent observer of the changing phases of American society can doubt that in the main the inferences to be drawn from Professor Willcox's figures hold good of the present time.

A CHILD'S TEAR.

From the French of Edouard Lemoine in the Strand Magazine.

In a Parisian green room a new performer was complaining of nervousness. From some of her companions she received encouragement, but the majority expressed themselves after this fashion: "Such tremors are incurable. As nature has formed us, bold or timid, cold or ardent, grave or gay, so we must remain. Whoever says an ambitious man cured of his ambition, or a miser of his avarice?"

Some members of the company objected to the fatalism of these observations, and one said: "If you ask for a converted miser, I can show you one." Here he is! I am one.

The man who said this was a popular dramatist, noted for generosity. His statement was received with ejaculations of "Nonsense," "Impossible!" "Do you expect us to believe that?" "Indeed," answered he, quite seriously, "I speak the truth. I was a miser, although now, I trust, I am such no longer. If you would care to hear it, I will relate to you the story of my conversion. It was effected by a child's tear." All present immediately crowded around him, and heard from his lips the following recital: "In 1834," said the dramatist, "I had just given to the theater of the Porte Saint-Martin one of the most successful of my pieces. One day about that time two letters reached me by the same post. Both were from Marseilles. One was from a theatrical manager, informing me that he intended bringing out my new piece there, and that he desired my presence at the final rehearsals of the drama. With regard to remuneration for my trouble, I might make my own terms in reason. The second letter, a very brief one, ran thus: 'Monsieur, the wife and daughter of your brother are dying of want. Some hundreds of francs would save them, and I doubt not that you will hasten to visit connections so near to you, and make arrangements for their present and future comfort.' This letter bore the signature of Dr. Lambert of Marseilles.

"As I have already told you, I was a miser in the worst sense of the word. The physician's letter, far from moving me to pity, merely renewed certain angry feelings which had formerly existed in my mind toward my sister-in-law. When, some years back, my brave sailor brother, who had since been drowned, had written to tell me of his approaching marriage with a fisherman's daughter, I, in my miserable pride and miserliness, had replied that in marrying a penniless girl I considered that he was doing a most foolish and degrading action. I was even wretch enough to advise him to break off the match, if that were still possible. My brother, like the honorable man he was, wedded the girl he loved. My sister-in-law, who was a high-spirited Breton, never forgot my letter, and despised its writer. When she lost her husband, and found herself in need, it was long ere she could bring herself to apply to me. But the sight of her only child wasting away from sheer want, had at last broken down her pride.

"As the engagement at the Marseilles theatre seemed likely to prove a highly profitable one, I, as you might expect, lost no time in accepting the offer. I wrote off to the manager at once, and followed my letter in person with as little delay as possible. When I arrived at the principal hotel at Marseilles, I encountered there, in the act of inquiring for me, the doctor who had written on my sister-in-law's behalf. As I had not replied to his letter the good man said, in his simplicity: 'He will be here in person,' and had looked for me every day. 'You have lost no time, sir,' said he. 'Doubtless you thought, and rightly, that did you delay, death might forestall you. Alas! I am indeed glad to see you!'

"I was completely nonplussed. My sole object in visiting Marseilles had been the professional one; but how could I avow such a fact to such a man? For very shame I could not do so. Accordingly, in stead of going straight to the theater, as I had intended doing, I walked away with the doctor to my sister-in-law's poor abode.

"It was a most wretched room. Yet the first object in it that caught my eye was a very beautiful one. Near the window's ledge stood a little girl, with large black eyes, pretty curly hair, and a face whose expression was a pathetic combination of youthful brightness and premature sadness. At the first glance I could have taken the lovely creature into my arms; then I sternly repressed this alien emotion. The doctor, after he had spoken a few words to his patient, beckoned me to approach. As I did so the poor woman tried to raise herself. The mixture of sadness and pride upon her faded countenance told plainly how great an effort it had cost her to appeal to me. Using the strongest plea that she knew, she pointed to her child with weak, trembling fingers, and said in low tones: 'See how she will look be alone in the world!'

"Even this touching appeal produced (I blush to say it) no effect upon my hard heart. I answered coldly: 'Why give way to such fears? You are young; you have a good physician; why lose all hope? A less selfish man would have added, 'you have a brother-in-law also, who means to do his best for you.' But I said nothing of the sort. My only thought was how I might more easily escape from the threatened burden. The little girl, who had been gazing at me with wondering eyes, now came to my side and said: 'Will you please sit upon the bed? Because you are too tall for me to kiss you if you stand.'

"I sat down and the child climbed upon my knee. Her mother's eyes were closed, and her hands were clasped together as if in prayer. Unafraid by my black look, the little one threw her arms around my neck, and pressed her lips to my cheek. 'Will you be my papa?' said she. 'I will love you so dearly! You are like papa. He was very good. Are you good, too?' My only answer was to unclasp her arms somewhat roughly from my neck, and set her down upon the floor. She cast upon me a glance of mingled surprise, disappointment and fear, and a tear rolled slowly down her cheek. Her silent sorrow worked the miracle that her pretty, fond prattle had failed to effect. As by an enchanter's wand, the ugliness of my character, the utter brutality of my conduct was revealed to me in that moment. I shuddered in horror and self disgust, and yielded at once to my good angel. I lifted the disconsolate little maiden into my arms and, laying my hand upon her head, said: 'Yes, my child; I promise to be a father to you; you shall be my dear little daughter, and I will love and take care of you always.'

"How happy this promise made my sister-in-law words fail me to describe. Her joyful excitement alarmed both the physician and myself. Joy, however, seldom kills. 'Brother! brother!' she murmured, 'how my thoughts have wronged you! Forgive me!' Her gratitude struck my newly awakened conscience more sharply than any reproach could have done. I hastened to change the subject to that of the sick woman's removal to a better dwelling. The doctor, with ready kindness, undertook the task of house hunting, for which I, a stranger to the place, was not so well qualified.

"He found for us a delightful cottage in the neighborhood of Marseilles. There we three—my sister-in-law, my niece and myself—lived for three months. At the end of that time the mother passed peacefully away, leaving her child to my care, with full confidence in my affection. Marie has been with me ever since. Her joys have been my joys, her life has been my life. Do I not owe her much? That tear of hers—a precious pearl gathered by my heart—has been to it what the dewdrop of morn is to the spangled flower—expanding it for the entire day of its existence!"

Stuffed Lion as Pupil Exhibits.

New York Herald.

The startling innovation in pulpit methods made by Parson C. H. Tyndall, of the Broome Street Tabernacle, who illustrated one of his sermons by suddenly producing a wooden lion which roared, and wagged his tail when the clergyman pulled the string, has indeed had a big congregation. Students of natural history want to see him strengthen his theology with stuffed giraffes and human skeletons. They are on the tip-toe of expectation awaiting his next move.

The reverend gentleman has started in for a serious, grandiose on the lines of the object lesson. He explains that the stuffed lion was intended to give some idea to the younger members of his flock of the king of beasts and his terrible ways. It was not his fault that the thing he took with him into the pulpit looked more like a what-is-it than a lion. He ordered a real wooden lion, and he understood that the contract had been carried out until the fatal moment when he removed the covering from the model.

"Many of the experienced pewholders complained that the thing was misleading, as it did not look like a lion. When the person pulled the string the tin trumpet-like squeak that came from the animal created laughter instead of terror. Inside the lion, it seems, there was a pair of bellows which supplied air to the squeaker; the latter being operated with a lever.

"Listen to the awful roar of the king of beasts," said Mr. Tyndall impressively. Then he pulled the string and the tin trumpet emitted its feeble note. It was very disappointing.

A devil-fish has been seen off the coast of Florida, and the hotel keepers report good business. It is the annual devil-fish about which we have heard so much.

It is said that a West Virginia man recently sold one of his boys to an ignorant neighbor for \$100. The buyer is now suing to recover his money.

APRIL WEATHER.

Hicks, the Prophet, Tells Us What We Can Expect

'Be following is the weather forecast for April, as taken from *Word and Works*, the journal edited by Rev. Irl R. Hicks, the weather prophet, who has gained a world-wide reputation by the correctness of his predictions.

A combination of causes conspire at the opening, and during the entire month of April, which are calculated to produce disturbances of maximum severity, and which will overpass the limits of the storm periods in their normal state. Nevertheless, the most marked and dangerous storms will centre on and about the central dates of regular storm periods. The first period extends from the 2d to 5th. We name the 3d, 4th and 5th as danger centres. As we enter the period it will grow very warm in Western parts, and heavy storms of thunder, rain, hail and tornadoes will develop and sweep eastward, turning to snow and sleet in Northern sections. These disturbances will feel the combined forces of Mars, earth, Venus, Mercury, a regular "Vulcan" period, and the moon in opposition. Expect a general cold wave to spread over the country as the storms pass to the eastward, and prepare for frosts and considerable freezing northward in the intervening days and nights prior to about the 9th and 10th. On and about these days it will grow suddenly very warm, and reactionary storms will appear in many parts, and with marked energy. Heavy hail storms are almost sure to result. Another dash of cool to cold weather will fall in behind these disturbances, disappearing gradually up to about the 14th. Between the 13th and 18th the whole country will feel the effects of a very warm wave, and storms of great violence are to be apprehended on and about the 15th, 16th and 17th. The 19th is the central day of the Venus perturbation, which lasts with growing power for about twenty days before, and with decreasing energy for about twenty days after the central day. So that the Venus characteristics—hail, startling electrical phenomena, enormous downpours of rain and sudden changes from hot to cold—may be looked for during all the disturbances covered by the Venus period. The disturbances from 13th to 18th are apt to be prolonged by existing causes into the reactionary days about the 21st and 22d. It will be the part of wisdom to keep prudent watch on all threatening storm clouds that may arise during these disturbances or during the month. Be ready for destructive hail storms, and for very sudden changes to cold.

The 26th is the central day of the last period for the month which period embraces the 25th to 28th, inclusive. During this period it will grow very warm again, and many heavy storms of rain, hail and thunder will travel from west to east across our continent. After the storms look for cold and frost. The month promises to end very cool. It is needless for us to add, to those who have studied our foundation facts, that tornadoes are almost certain to be a feature of the storms in many places in April. But quiet, intelligent watching of the indications will always keep you well posted as to what is likely approaching your locality. Very warm, sultry weather, with strong winds from the east and south, will admonish you of the fact that the centre of the storms is still west of you, and that the developments are to be closely watched. Steady winds from the west, with rising barometer and falling temperature, will always indicate when the storm centre has passed to the east of your locality, and, consequently, that the impending danger for that particular time is over.

The Good Italian King, Assailed.

ROME, March 25.—The city is in great excitement over the assault made this evening on King Humbert. The King was returning from the Villa Borghese, where he had been spending a portion of the day, when a person having the general appearance of an Italian workman threw a stone at the King, the missile almost striking him. There was a number of people in the street at the time, it being about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and several persons rushed upon the assailant and seized him before he had a chance to make another attempt at violence.

The assailant was promptly taken in hand by the police and conveyed to prison; otherwise he would in all probability have been killed by the angry multitude. An immense crowd assembled and cheered the King with frantic enthusiasm, and all the way to the palace the scene was like a triumphal progress.

King Humbert gracefully acknowledged the ovation and was evidently deeply moved by the evidence of loyalty on the part of his subjects.

There has been but one white marriage license issued in Mobile in the last ten days. This is a rare occurrence in the history of the marriage records.

CORNERED CONGRESSMEN.

Good Joke on Mr. Harter—Republicans Appear to be Charged to Democrats.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—Special—One of the amusing phases of every change of administration is the rush of persons in office to get the endorsement for retention from politicians of influence belonging to the party coming into power. When Mr. Harrison assumed office there was no end to the endorsement of Democrats in positions by Republicans whose friendship they had acquired, or who wished to oblige their Democratic friends. This practice has been peculiarly evident under the present administration. Republicans who fear for their heads have raked the country with fine tooth combs for Democratic endorsements for retention, and, to the credit of the Democrats be it said, these endorsements have been liberally and frankly given. The prospects are, however, that they will be given no more, and that many of those already on the file will be withdrawn.

One of the secretaries who has a fine sense of humor said grayly today to Congressman Harter, who has been free with his endorsements of Republicans, that no appointments could be made of his recommendation. Mr. Harter was astonished, and inquired the reason for this discrimination. "Why," said the Secretary solemnly, "you have already recommended all the appointments you could possibly be entitled to in this department, and your favorites are already in office. They are all Republicans, but as they have been recommended by you for retention they are charged against you as though you had recommended them for appointments, and you are entitled to no more."

"Great heavens," exclaimed Harter, "don't let this get out. I merely did it to accommodate Republican friends, to whom I am under obligations. Don't say anything about it. Let me get at those endorsements. I'll withdraw every one of them."

Of course the story soon got out and spread like wild fire. Then there was a scramble for the various secretaries for the purpose of making inquiries in regard to the possibility of the prevalence of this policy. Secretaries caught on to the spirit of the thing with amazing alacrity, and Congressmen were generally informed that endorsements of Republicans would be charged against their quota of appointments. An extra corps of clerks are now engaged in each department to seek out and withdraw Democratic endorsement of Republicans for retention in office.

The Craze for Office.

Editor *Constitution*—I would be less than a man if I were not grateful for the loving words that have welcomed my return to Georgia. We have been here for ten days and every day has brought letters of brotherly and unselfish welcome. We left Georgia in the order of providence; so do we come back to this little town—to stay. Papers and people have made us welcome. God bless them all!

But some letters excite contempt. One came the second day after our arrival in Oxford; every day has averaged at least one. Letters begging me to write to Mr. Cleveland—endorsing and urging for appointment to office men I never saw or heard of! Because, I was friend to their father or their wives are Methodists! One before me now: the writer wants a district attorney's place. He begins: "Dear friend and brother," and winds up with lamentations over my wife's rheumatism and "prays for her recovery!" Never heard of him before; if he had not wanted office we all might have died of Asiatic cholera without exciting his prayerful nerves! Transcendentalism of hypocrisy is this sort of writing.

Another from a man—silent to me for years—and devoured with itch for an office he is not fit for, absolutely mourns over my wife's rheumatism! He will see this and it will anger him. Be it so; that indicates his capacity. For three gentlemen known intimately all my life—I have written endorsements of personal character. And they did not wait over my wife's rheumatism. For another, seeking a humble clerkship, a man of broken health, I will write to a Senator thus: "He is intelligent, honest and a good accountant."

I have nothing to do with politics. The strangers, who write to me, imagine that the relation I sustain to a great church may carry some influence! It angers me that even a fool should seek to use me so. What has the government to do with the church? What has the church to do with the government? I would rather dig sassafras roots by moonlight for a living than seek office in any such way. If the government owned a dog and gave \$300 a year to his keeper, there would be a thousand applicants for the "position." This furor is a kind of lunacy. I, American self-respect dead?

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.
Oxford, Ga., March 23, 1893.
The devil has no anxiety about the man who is mean to his wife.

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