

The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XIX.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1893.

NUMBER 6.

North Carolina
to the Front.

Superior Commercial Advantages

CONTRIBUTE TO

Her Wonderful Growth and
Development.

No Section so fa-
vored by nature.

—AND—

None obtaining
supplies at lower
cost.

The Leading Wholesale
House of North
Carolina

claims the credit for not only carry-
ing the Largest, Handsomest and
Most Complete Stock of General
Merchandise in the State, but what
is of much more consequence,

Leading all in low
prices.

In Dry Goods and Notions
we are the acknowl-
edged leaders.

Few Can Meet Our Prices;
none Attempt to Beat Them.

The Columbian year promises to
be the most memorable in our his-
tory. It must necessarily be the
greatest we have ever had in busi-
ness, as we are not only fixed to serve
you better than any of our competi-
tors, but that is just what we intend
to do.

Years of experience, a thorough
knowledge of the wants of our peo-
ple, and an intimate acquaintance
with the manufacturers of the East
and South, places us on a footing to
do all we claim.

You want to be at the bottom in
the way of low prices, and at the top
with handsome and desirable goods.
Our Stock for the Fall Trade is com-
plete and we are ready to serve you.

Yours truly,

Wallace Bros.

C. S. Tomlin, John S. McMorris,
John F. Bowles and L. E. Bristol
will represent us on the road and
visit as many of our customers as
possible.

Statesville, N. C., June 1, '93.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere, today, you think and
send
A thought to me! I know ft, I
feel it,
Tho' not a word or sound doth
rend
The utter silence to reveal it.
But as a carrier dove doth start
And finds its home with pinions
curving—
The message sent from heart to
heart
Doth reach its goal with course
unswerving.

Somewhere, today, you stand and
dream
Of hours gone by no more return-
ing;
Whose memory, a fitful gleam,
Within our hearts alone is burn-
ing.
And wondering if I forget,
Doth your heart long for word or
token—
The sign that must not feed regret,
The word that must remain un-
spoken?

Sometime, somewhere, oh, weary
soul,
Hope holds a beacon o'er the mor-
row
The dream that died in Fate's con-
trol
Shall waken, purified by sorrow
Hush, soft the passion of your pain,
Thro' distance to me wildly beat-
ing,
For severed hearts shall meet again,
And bless the parting in the meet-
ing.

Uncle Adlai and Mrs. Stevenson.

J. D. in the North Carolina.
Your Uncle Adlai Stevenson isn't
saying much these days, but he is
making friends in the quiet way
which is characteristic of the Vice
President. If you should happen to
leave the capitol any afternoon
about 6 o'clock, you will see the
Vice President walk down to the F
street horse cars and take a seat,
perhaps, beside the humblest labor-
er who is going home after his day's
hard work. Ten chances to one the
Vice President is reading the Star,
or exchanging "howdy" with a
friend. Many of the Senators and
Representatives ride home in fine
carriages, but our Vice President
doesn't put on any frills, but lives
within his income and rides in a
Democratic way. His wife is as
sensible a woman as she is charming
and accomplished. She says that
Mr Stevenson is not a rich man
and that they will not attempt to
entertain on a large scale, or in any
way that her husband's income will
justify. It is rare that you hear the
wife of a prominent man talk such
"horse sense."

"I was a school girl in Danville,
Kentucky, and only sixteen when I
first met Mr. Stevenson," the wife
of the Vice President, is quoted
recently as saying. "It was one
Sunday as I was crossing the campus
of the college of which my father
was president. In the distance I
saw Mr. Stevenson and another ap-
proaching the house. They were
invited to dinner, much to my dis-
gust, and when my mother pro-
claimed her intention of including
them as guests in a party to be given
the next evening, I openly rebelled.
But my mother met me half way by
insisting that it was 'No Stevenson,
no party,' and I surrendered. The
next evening the party passed off
pleasantly, in spite of the presence
of the objectionable guest, who soon
returned to his home in Bloomington,
and I thought no more about him.

"It happened that my married
sister, Mrs. Scott lived in the same
town, and I went to pay her a short
visit. One day I was sitting in the
house dining on a pair of Mr.
Scott's old socks, when an intimate
friend of the family, seeing me so
industrious, laughingly exclaimed:
'Why such a good housekeeper as
you would make a fine wife—and
I'm going to bring a young lawyer
friend of mine up here; such a valu-
able accomplishment should not be
lost. And sure enough, he came
up, bringing Mr. Stevenson.
'Since our marriage Mr. Steven-
son and I have had a very happy
home. All of his evenings were
spent in the library reading aloud
to the family, and visitors conform-
ed to this custom. Our children
never went off to school, and the
home circle was always bright and
happy. Of course, I am proud that
he has gained such a high place in
the estimation of the people and I
enjoy the honor. But it is his pri-
vate life that has kept us lovers
since the first dawn of our honey-
moon."

The Vice President goes to New
York Avenue Presbyterian church
and he looks as pious as a Moore
county Presbyterian Mau

Judge—Three months and ten
days.
Prisoner—Can't you make it a
shorter sentence, yer Honor?
Judge—I can.
Prisoner—Thank you, yer Honor.
Judge—One year.

Butcher—Didn't you like that
ham? Why it was some that I cured
myself.
Customer—Call that ham cured?
Why, man, it wasn't even conval-
escent.

THE BEGINNING OF THE HONEYMOON.

Robert L. Adamson in Atlanta Constitution.

The Wagner sleeper jolted slowly
out of the brilliantly lighted depot
and its red rear lamps disappeared
into the night, leaving behind the
merry party of wedding guests who
stood watching the receding train.
The handsome young couple who
a moment before stood in the door-
way of the sleeping car, laughing
back at the coterie of friends, who
were shouting many parting injunc-
tions after them, now dropped side
by side upon the velvet cushioned
seat of a rear compartment. The
flushed and fluttered little bride was
dainty and sweet in a becoming
thing of gray which had replaced
her lovely bridal gown of purest
white. She sank wearily upon the
soft seat beside her manly compan-
ion, glad of the first moment of re-
pite she had enjoyed in hours; glad
that they were at last off on their
wedding journey.

Their senses had been kept in a
constant whirl by the strain and ex-
citement of the day, and so fast had
events been unfolding themselves
that they could scarcely realize what
was happening. The whole thing
had the vagueness of an intoxicat-
ing dream. If they had suddenly
found themselves pursuing the old
familiar round of life, neither would
have experienced greater surprise
than is felt by the man who is sud-
denly awakened from a delicious fancy
of sleep. The prospect of a quiet
respite from the constant, annoying,
but well-meaning attentions of
friends, and of being alone together,
thrilled each with a sensation of de-
light.

A delicate glow from a pink shad-
ed lamp suffused itself through
the little compartment where a half
minute ago its modest light was
drowned in the powerful brilliancy
of the depot electric candles, which
shone through the windows. A
passenger was growling at a porter
in the corridor. Another white-
capped porter was moving up and
down between the buffet and smok-
ing room, carrying suspicious look-
ing packages. At the end of the
car, the conductor was explaining to
a passenger where he could make
connection. In a neighboring com-
partment, a mother was trying to
quiet a fretful child. A young lady,
not yet ready to retire, although it
was near midnight, had seated her-
self upon one of the folding seats in
the narrow corridor and was eagerly
perusing a new novel. In the smok-
ing room, two or three men were
smoking and talking as men will
talk until the end of the world.

To all these people it seemed a
very common place bit of travel; to
the young couple in the pink-light-
ed compartment, it was the journey
of their lives.

The train was proceeding tenta-
tively; now spurring off as if de-
termined to do or die, and now
bringing to with a sudden jerk,
stopping beside a hissing engine
which was bumping a long line of
cars together. At such stops, the
talk of the lantern bearing yardmen
could be heard beside the sleeper
window.

In the first moment of their bliss-
ful quiet, the young couple caught
each other's hands (a trick that
lovers have) and their eyes, filled
with the light of love, met. Even
now the day's events had the sem-
blance of a dream. The carriage,
the crush at the church, the flowers,
the white-robed bridesmaids, the
minister, the ceremony, the torrent
of congratulations, the reception,
the hurrying to the train—it was
too unlike the rest of their lives to
be anything but a dream. And yet
it was true! The ponderous sleep-
er was rocking over the track.

To the lives of all men, there
comes an hour, a day, perhaps, of
sweetest, completest bliss. To the
young man with the bride, this hour
had come. His senses were thrill-
ing with a delicious feeling of a
man who has just married the wom-
an that he loves. It was the first
time he had been alone with her for
days; the preparations for the wed-
ding had kept them apart, but now
she was his—his! Not for a day,
nor a week—for a lifetime! It ap-
peared a very long time, and just
now it appeared in all the roseate
hues in which happy youth sees the
future. Now that she was his, she
was different, but not less dear in
his eyes. He was a deep and an
earnest man and this was the first
great happiness he had ever felt.

Her soft hands were clasped in
his.
"Oh, Clarence," she cried, "I am
so glad it's over!"
"I am so glad you are mine!" he
said warmly.
"It was so trying," she said, turn-
ing her glad eyes upon him, "I do
hope it all went off well; I was so
badly excited that I could not tell.
I must have looked awfully fright-
ened."
"You looked like an angel," he
said. "I wanted to squeeze you all
the time."
"You big boy!" she said. "You
are married now and mustn't be fool-
ish. If you think I looked well, I
don't care for the others. But,"
she added, "how could you tell
you were frightened, Clarence?"
"Do you think so, dearest?"
"Were you?"
"It was like a dream," he answer-

ed, "I half doubted its reality. I
was thinking of what a lucky fel-
low I was to get you, my angel!"

Clarence kissed her. Some poet
speaks of the rushing together of
two souls to lover's lips and meeting
there in a kiss. This bard has re-
ceived flattering endorsement from
a thousand pairs of young lovers.
How the kiss of love thrills the
blood of youth! How it condenses
all the sweetness of a lifetime into
one ecstatic moment! Other hours
may well afford to be dull since their
nectar is compressed into the lover's
kiss. Let the pendulum of time
swing slowly when young lovers
meet in the electric touch of a kiss,
in the poetry of melted glances, in
the eloquent pressing of hands.

The train passed a familiar street,
whose long line of glimmering
lights stretched as far as sight could
reach, affording a passing glimpse
of a massive church, black and
gloomy looking, towering into the
night.

To the two young people who
saw it from the window of a passing
train it would always be a dear
spot.

"Doesn't it look deserted, now?"
she said, "I wonder if they took
all the pretty decorations away?"
The train had proceeded halting-
ly at first, but now as it neared the
suburbs, it was dancing along at a
fair speed. It shot past side streets,
rushing off into the dark; the gloom
here and there was illuminated by
the redlights of saloons and billiard
halls. Sleepy looking policemen
and watchmen stood at the corners.

It did not once occur to the happy
young couple in the sleeper that the
world was pursuing its daily round,
just as if they had not been married
at all. To them, everything seem-
ed to have caught the spirit of the
happiness they were experiencing.
The lights blushed with a sympa-
thetic glow, the train rumbled along
musically. Even the passengers
must feel that this was an extraor-
dinary occasion. And the world
outside that was reeling past the
windows, here bristling with num-
berless lights, and there running off
into hopeless blackness and gloom,
seemed full of new beauty.

"Are you very happy, Mabel?"
he asked.

"Very," she said, "and are you
quite sure that you are as happy as
if it had been Laura Deane instead
of me?"

He laughed. "I never asked her
to accept the honor," he said.
"Perhaps she would not have ap-
preciated it if I had. As it is, I am
more than satisfied."

"Did you think she looked pretty
tonight," Mabel asked, "I suspected
that she felt a pang of jealousy as
she stood beside me. Wouldn't both
of you have been glad if she had
been in my place?" she added teasing-
ly.

"I do not suppose such thoughts
are keeping her awake," Clarence
said, "but I do fear that poor Jim-
mie Franklin's slumbers are badly
disturbed tonight, eh?"

"Do you think so? I am sorry
if it troubles him. I only hope
that he is quite as happy as I am."

"I used to think you had a ten-
derness for Jimmie," he said. It may
have been jealousy in me."

"I never cared for any one, but
you," she replied. "I didn't care
a snap for a single one of the gentle-
men who paid me attention. You
were the only one, Clarence."

The lights of the city had vanish-
ed behind. The train was roaring
along through the night. The
gloomy world lay asleep; the loco-
motive dashed along like a great,
restless monster on some momen-
tous errand. The semaphore signal
and the operator's light at a wayside
station flashed by the window.

With his arm about her, Clarence
drew her head to his shoulders. To
have her all his own for the rest
of his life was joy enough for him.
Unconsciously, his mind ran ahead
into the future; he saw themselves
living happily together, loving each
other none the less after the passage
of years. Maturity had added sweet-
er charms to her. Through all the
years to come she would listen for
his footfall coming home and would
meet him at the door with a smile
and a kiss. His wife! His pulses
throbbled delightfully at the
thought.

Neither spoke. He was filled
with blissful reveries. She, tired
and weary, was resting her head
confidingly upon his shoulder. No
words were needed to give utterance
to their happiness. It was enough
to know that they were each other's
and that they were together.

Only the monotonous murmur of
the train broke the silence. The
passengers had sought relief from
weariness in slumbers and the only
light that burned in the car was
that hidden beneath the pink shade.
Rousing himself from the deli-
cious train of thought into which
he had fallen, he stooped to kiss her.
The brown head was drooped so
low upon his arm that the face was
quite hidden from his gaze. She
was perfectly still. Very tenderly
he lifted her head until her eyes
looked straight into his. A silvery
tear glistened upon her lashes. The
look she turned upon him was one
he could not understand. They
gazed mutely at each other for an
instant, then his eyes dropped to
her folded hands. While he was
thinking of the future, she had

PRIVATE ALLEN.

How the Mississippi Congressman Got
His Army Nickname.

Atlanta Constitution.
"I never knew until today," said
a well known Georgia politician,
"how Representative Allen, of Miss-
issippi, got the nickname 'Private'
John Allen."

"How was it?" somebody asked.
"He was running for Congress
against General Tucker out in Miss-
issippi and Tucker made a speech
one day whooping himself on his
war record. He started out by
saying in stentorian voice: 'I slept
one night before the battle in a
tent—'

"This was enough for Allen.
When he got up to speak he said:
'Yes, boys, General Tucker did
sleep in that tent that night, and I
stood guard on picket around that
tent. Now all you here today who
sleep in tents vote for Tucker, and
those who stood guard in the rain
and cold vote for John Allen.'

"From that moment to this he
has been called 'Private' John Al-
len. Of course he was elected."

Farming in the South.

North Carolina.
The prospects of the Southern
farmer seem better now than they
have been for many years. They
have come nearer raising their own
supplies than they ever did before
and they have contracted no debts
that they now find themselves un-
able to pay. And were it not for
the fact that many of them are con-
fronted with debts made for several
years past, when crops were bad and
they were unable to pay what they
owed, they would be better off than
they have been for more than a
quarter of a century. Our people
have practiced strict economy and
we learn that in many counties the
pinch of "hard times" has not been
felt at all by the agricultural popu-
lation. The number of crop liens
this year is not so great as usual and
the amounts are much smaller,
while there has been a very great
decrease in the number of real es-
tate mortgages. The condition of
the entire South is, without doubt,
better than it has been since 1860.

To this new and improved condi-
tion of affairs the farmer is partly
indebted to circumstances over
which he had no control, but most
especially to new and better meth-
ods adapted to his farm. The plan-
ters are to be congratulated on the
outlook and on the fact that they
have raised their own supplies and
are no longer dependent upon the
West for their hay, grain and
meat.

In this matter they have taken a
new departure. They are getting
out of the old ruts and striking out
on a highway of prosperity and in-
dependence which the price of cot-
ton cannot materially affect. The
man who raises his own supplies
and keeps out of debt can get along
no matter how low the price of cot-
ton.

There is also another departure to
which we wish to direct the atten-
tion of the farm-owners of North
Carolina, and that is the improve-
ment of their stock. There is no
reason why there should not be as
many blooded horses and cattle in
North Carolina as there are in Ken-
tucky or California. With the de-
thronement of cotton and the low
price of tobacco, our planters must
cast about them for some means of
making ready money, and at present
there is no more profitable branch
of agriculture than that of stock-
raising. It often proves a source of
greater profit than the crop raised
upon the soil. Improved breeds of
horses, cattle and hogs are always in
demand and bring a good price.
And yet it requires a very small out-
lay of money to introduce the im-
proved breeds, and it is no more
expensive to keep them than to keep
inferior stock. Many men in North
Carolina are yearly making large
profits in this way and the number
of blooded horses and cattle in
this new department becomes general
it will mark another era of increas-
ed prosperity for the Southern cot-
ton grower.

Let the seer of Black Mountain
and the sage of Roanoke let no
cloud of selfish ambition or unworth
spring up between them now to ob-
scure their glorious past or to ob-
struct their visions in looking to
that future still fraught, we trust,
with many years of service for both.

Scoring the Senate.
In the course of a letter to the At-
lanta Journal, written in his own
original way, Sam Jones says:
"I see the Senate is still vaporiz-
ing, and delaying. Now the papers
talk of gold shipment to Europe, and
things do not look so lovely as they
did a week ago—and the worst may
not be over. I read with interest
Mr. Cleveland's letter to Governor
Northen. It seems that he has
ceased to argue and has begun to
pray. It's time to dissolve parlia-
ment."

"I see some of the Senators have
gone home, drunk. Some men can
serve their country better dead drunk
than when they are sober."
"If I had a pack of hounds that
ran a fox like the United States
Senate chases legislation, I would
lose interest in the fox and go dog
hunting and go home dogless."
"I'd rather have no dogs than
some kinds of dogs."

"Why don't they do something?
A hundred hens cackling in the
barn lot and not an egg laid! I
would eat hens and do without eggs
for the balance of the year."
"Let the arguist body do some-
thing or resign, and let us send
somebody to Washington who will
act, who will repeal or confirm."

"They can't docker and piddle
and vaporize much longer without
disaster to the country, and we will
make them smoke for their conduct
when they get home and want in-
dorsement by reelection."

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M. Hamnerly, a well-known business man
of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to
the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several
years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving
a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings
were extreme, my leg from the knee to the
ankle, being a solid sore, which began to ex-
tend to other parts of the body. After trying
various remedies, I began taking Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the
first bottle, I experienced great relief; the
second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

DAVENPORT FEMALE COLLEGE

LeNoir, N. C.
Fall term begins Sept. 11th.
Send for Catalogue.
John D. Minick, A. M., Pres.

Bargains In Furniture.

Having given up our lease on the
Lenoir Furniture Factory the stock
on hand consisting of

Bed Room Suits, Bed- steads, Bureaus, Tables, etc..

will be sold at
Reduced Prices
until the 1st of July, at which time
we will vacate the premises.
The furniture which is first class of
its kind must be sold.

Harper & Son.

B. A. NEWLAND

THE EMIGRANTS FRIEND

Going West or North- west

Take the Chicago & Alton R. R.

Parties contemplating going West
will save time and money going via
the Alton route. It is the only line
running solid vestibuled trains be-
tween St. Louis and Kansas City
makes direct connection for all
points in Kansas, Nebraska, Color-
ado, California, Oregon, Washing-
ton and Reclining chair cars and
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