

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XX.

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NUMBER 8.

## MAKE HAY WHILE

### THE SUN SHINES.

An Opportunity That Comes Once in a Great While.

In our many years' experience in business, we have at all times been in position to offer our customers so many chances to make a dollar.

Business made by extraordinary depression in business, are frequent, and have enabled us to make purchases which may never be repeated.

It is our many years' experience in business, we have at all times been in position to offer our customers so many chances to make a dollar.

The logic of the situation is so clear, "that he who runs may read."

We simply mean to say that "this is the accepted fact."

If you are in business to make a success of it, we are at your service to you.

Doing an exclusively Wholesale Business and with buying capacity in excess of competitors, we are at an advantage which we have not failed to make good use of, and intend that our customers shall have the full benefit of it.

Our stock for the fall season is low ready, and is sure to prove a "big winner."

All departments are loaded down with new and desirable goods and many things are being brought to production.

We claim to lead the van in low prices, and will save you money on your purchases.

WALLACE BROS.

C. S. Tomlin, John E. McRorie, John P. Bowles, L. B. Bristol and Herman Wallace will represent us on the road and visit as many of our customers as possible.

Greenville, N. C., May 31, '94.

## "FOR MY SAKE"

The Churchman.  
Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning; Three little words, the heart can scarcely hold; Three little words, but on their import dwell long; What wealth of love their syllables unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy; On earth this was My work; I give it to thee.

If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps, Take up My cross and come and learn of Me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered, That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue: "For my sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling, That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" pass with steadfast patience onward, Although the race be hard, the battle long.

Within My Father's house are many mansions; There thou shalt rest and join the victor's throng.

And if in coming days the world reveal thee, If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss, Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee; They only wear His crown who share His cross.

### America One Hundred Years Ago.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.  
Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair. Imprisonment for debt was a common practice. There was not a public library in the United States. Almost all the furniture was imported from England. An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison. There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats. A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day. Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives. A man who jested at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined. Virginia contained one-fifth of the whole population of the country. A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground. Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston. The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York. Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round. Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs and laces. There were no manufactures in this country, and every housewife raised her own flax and made her own linen. The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to rouse sleepy contributors. Leather breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan. When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more. A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

**Gods of Thought.**

Popular Magazine.  
A man's conduct is an unspoken sermon. The golden age is not behind, but before us. A happy life is in better than a big bank account. Of all combats, the sweetest is to conquer oneself. The honest man never stops to inquire if honesty pays. Though thou hast ever so many counselors, yet do not forsake the counsel of thy own soul. A man who puts off his enjoyment too long will find it mislaid by the time he goes to get it. Modesty is to merit what shading is to a figure in a picture. It makes it stand out in strong relief. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed. No true work which the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us.

Man and wife are like a pair of scissors so long as they are together, but they become daggers as soon as they are disjoined.

People are usually willing to do their duty, but they do not like to do too much of it.

## IS OUR LAST END PAINFUL?

What Causes the Fear of Death?  
Rev. E. J. Hardy, M. A., in Sunday Magazine.  
Many people, through fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage. The questions—How shall we die? When shall we die? and Where shall we die? are continually worrying them. Indeed, there have been several suicides caused by this haunting terror of death. The thought of death made their lives insupportable, and they killed themselves in order to know the worst. And yet it is quite possible that in respect to the physical sensation of dying we resemble Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet; Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thing with lightning laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches!

When Louis XIV. lay dying—"Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his deathbed "Did you think I should live forever?" Then, after a pause, "I thought dying had been harder." Dr. Hunter was another who was agreeably surprised by the experience of dying. His last words were, "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." A charming actress who had been twice almost drowned told a friend that dying was the nicest sensation that she knew. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agon" befell, quietly remarked: "It is really nothing much after all."

Hundreds of other last or nearly last sayings of dying persons might be cited to prove the truth of Pliny's remark that the departure of the soul frequently takes place without pain, and sometimes even with pleasure. If the dead could come to life again, they would, no doubt, tell us that Walt Whitman spoke the truth when he said that whatever happens to anybody it will be turned to beautiful results, and nothing can happen more beautiful than death.

And again—  
All goes outward and onward, nothing ceases! And to die is different from what anybody supposed—and luckier!  
Every moment dies a man.

The first experience—at least, in the case of death by old age—is as natural as the second; why should we think that it must necessarily be more painful? Certainly, if some men died and others did not, death might be considered an enemy, but being universal it cannot be.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead Ere the first day of death is led. The most dark day of nothingness. The last day of danger and distress. Before decay's effacing fingers Have swept the lines where beauty lingers, And marked the mild angelic air. The nature of repose that is there.

He who hath done this can hardly fail to see evidence that in the case of the majority of people (most dead persons, even those who perish by violence, as, for instance, in battle, have this expression of peace and rest) death is not painful, or, at least, not as painful as it is supposed to be. Perhaps, as there is said to be a sort of numbness which takes hold of an animal (Livingstone felt it when the grip of a lion) falling into the clutches of a beast of prey, by the arrangement of a merciful Providence, the swoop of the enemy may have a narcotic effect upon its victim. I am, myself, much of the opinion of the ancient thinker who said that "death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence never incommoded anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence."

A man said to Socrates: "The Athenians have condemned you to death." "And nature," he replied, "has condemned them." We do not think death should be looked upon as the condemnation of nature, but rather of his happy release. This was the light in which Columbus viewed it. When he was old and chained in prison it was a relief to him to think that soon he would "sail forth on one last voyage." "Though hope hangs in her life that the great discoverer, the famous mathematician, Mrs. Somerville, could thus speak of the same voyage: "The Blue Peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquility. I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator."

By the ancient Greeks death was considered simply as a destroyer. To them it was the last and most bitter of foes. Achilles in Hades bitted of foes. Achilles in Hades bitted of foes. Achilles in Hades bitted of foes. Achilles in Hades bitted of foes.

In this sense we all "die daily," whether we like it or not. Well for those who can use these words in the higher sense in which St. Paul uses them—who can feel that they are ready to die every day they live. This was the aim of the Christian soldier, Havelock, who said: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Let us think for a moment of the view which He who is the example of a godly life, and therefore of a godly death, took of departing from this world. One of the seven last sayings of Jesus from the cross was:

## Refreshed in the morning.

"Death once dead, there's no more dying then." It is a friend and not an enemy, coming, as it does, from the love that loves on to the endless end. One by one God calls those bound to us by natural and endearing ties into his silence; He prepares a home and kindred for us yonder, while baring life for us here; and thus, in his tenderness, He delivers us from the fear of death. For many, when the "last enemy" comes to shake his in silent spear in their face, Ausg's question is their answer: "Sarely the bitterness of death is passed."

"When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." When Banyan in his immortal allegory draws a picture full of pathos and dignity, of Christian and Hopeful wading through deep waters to the Celestial City, he puts these words into Hopeful's lips to soothe the tremors of his friend. Every day thousands of God's true servants are sustained in their last earthly experience by being able to realize this Presence.

When death is bitter it is so, as a general rule, for more by reason of anxiety and remorse than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely die easily if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been made. The medical man who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that she knew. Debt was upon his mind. To some it is riches and not poverty that render death painful. When Garrick showed to Dr. Johnson his palatial residence, the latter said: "Ah, David, these are the things that make death more terrible." Yet, even in a palace, life may be well led, and I have known rich men who had learned to sit loose to the things of earth and to be quite ready to give them up. A clever medical man once said to me: "You persons do much harm by making people afraid to die. You should rather teach them to look upon death as their best friend." Of course I told him that it is not clergymen but their own consciences that make people afraid to die, and that it is our business to point to Him—who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Think not I dread to see my spirit fly through the dark gates of full mortality; Death has no terrors where the life is true; 'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

"'Tis living ill," and not persons, that makes people fear to die.

A minister in a remote part of Scotland was once visiting at the deathbed of an aged member of his congregation, "Well, my friend," said the minister, "how do you feel yourself today?" "Very well, sir," was the calm and solemn answer. "Very well, but just a wee bit confused with the fitting." If even a good man is in this way confused in preparing to leave it—how can they expect to be calm and collected on their deathbeds, and to have peace at the last?

John Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock tomorrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How madam," he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repeat to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my bed at 10 o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." The way to have peace at the last is long before to take Jesus as our individual Saviour and try to serve Him, not in some extraordinary way, but in our ordinary every day life.

The mother of the poet Goethe, who was a strong-minded and humorous woman, happened to receive an invitation to a party when on her deathbed from some one who did not know that she was ill. She thus replied to it: "Madame Goethe is sorry that she cannot accept your invitation, as she is engaged in dying." It is not only when we come to our deathbeds that we are engaged in dying. It is a physiological fact that death borders upon our birth, and that our cradle stands in the grave.

From hour to hour we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot. In this sense we all "die daily," whether we like it or not. Well for those who can use these words in the higher sense in which St. Paul uses them—who can feel that they are ready to die every day they live. This was the aim of the Christian soldier, Havelock, who said: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Let us think for a moment of the view which He who is the example of a godly life, and therefore of a godly death, took of departing from this world. One of the seven last sayings of Jesus from the cross was:

## Father into Thy hands I commend my Spirit.

It is the free, spontaneous, unhesitating surrender of One who did not look upon death as an irresistible necessity, but as something that comes from a Father's love.

This was the feeling which enabled the American general, Stonewall Jackson, to die as he did. When told that he had only about two hours to live, he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—" Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed away. We should all be able to pass over the dark river bravely if we hoped and trusted as truly as did this Christian soldier, to rest under the Tree of Life upon the other side.

**IS DEATH PAINFUL?**

So live that when the summons comes to join the innumerable caravan, which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the Silent Halls of Death. Do not go, like the quary slave at night, bound to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed. By an everlasting trust, approach thy grave. As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, lies down to pleasant dream.

**Truth Telling.**

Baltimore Sun.  
It is undeniable that there is some confusion in the popular mind respecting truth-telling and lying, arising from a failure to understand the essential elements of truth and falsehood. So far as the individual himself alone is concerned he may make a false statement without lying or he may make a true statement without and yet lie in doing so. The question is one of sincerity in the one case and an intent to deceive in the other. All the sophistry about lies, and especially white lies, disappears when tested by the purpose or intent of those uttering them. When a sincere man tells what he believes to be true he has not uttered a lie, though the statement itself may be false. On the other hand, the hypocrite who, keeping within the bounds of truth, insinuates falsehood by suppressing a part of the truth convey a false impression, and does so with the intent to deceive is an absolute liar, more despicable even than those who lie outright with no pretense of adherence to the truth. The distinction should be clearly impressed on the minds of children lest they should mistake the form and substance. Sincerity, honesty, frankness—these are the elements of truth-telling; deceit is the essential element of lying. The harsh measures sometimes used against children to punish them for slight offenses are very often responsible for the development of a habit of lying. The child becomes afraid to acknowledge his offenses, finding it much easier to play the hypocrite and thus win favors than to brave disclosure and a whipping. It is a great mistake to break down a young person's frankness and sincerity by harsh treatment. For there are no better qualities which better deserve cultivation. With them he will be naturally a truth teller. Without them he may pay no respect to the outward forms of truth as a matter of policy, but will do violence to it whenever it may serve his purpose to do so. It is an impressive lesson to the young sometimes to point out two opposite characters in a community—one respected and trusted, and the other feared and distrusted—and then let them find out for themselves the difference between the two men. If they are at all discerning they will soon see that one is frank, sincere, honest and that the other is tricky, false in word and deed and very often a hypocrite. The contrast is greater if the men are in the same class of society, with respect at least to worldly possessions. Whether they are rich or poor, a wide gulf is drawn between them—the one has troops of friends, the other wary and suspicious acquaintances. Truth-telling, which is something more than strict adherence to the letters of truth, is so essential to the formation of good character that the young should be taught to esteem the qualities from which it springs, and not merely be taught by rote the sin of lying.

**Two Lives Saved.**

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139, Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else and then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which there are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at W. W. Scott's Drugstore. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

## Mothers of Note.

The Hon. W. W. Scott.  
"All that I am," said John Quincy Adams, "my mother made me."

In the great biography of many great men we find marked mention made of mothers' influence in directing their genius or otherwise affecting their career.

Washington was only eleven years old when his father died, leaving the mother with five children to educate and direct. She used daily to gather her flock around her and teach them the principles of religion and morality from a little manual in which she wrote all her maxims. This manual was preserved by Washington as one of his most precious treasures, and was often examined by him in early life. It is said that the simple majesty of the moral greatness of Mary Washington called forth the following remark from certain foreign officers, on retiring from her presence: "It is not surprising that America should produce great men, since she can boast of such mothers."

In the biography of Oliver Cromwell we find frequent allusion made to the noble character of his mother. The following is an example: "A woman possessed of the most glorious faculty of self help when other assistance failed her, and who preserved in the gorgeous palace of Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon, whose only care amidst all her splendor, was for the safety of her son in his dangerous eminence."

Watt, the great civil engineer, was greatly influenced by his mother, whom he described as a "brave, brave woman: none now to be seen like her."

Cuvier, the geologist, is another instance of a mother's influence. She learned Latin in order to assist him in his studies; she also laid the foundation of drawing and literature in his mind, and so helped him in all his studies that he attributed a greater portion of his success to her efforts. De Maistre asserted that the noble character of his mother made all women venerable in his eyes. He described her as "an angel to whom God lent a body for a brief season." Samuel Johnson, even in time of his greatest difficulties, contributed largely out of his slender means to the comfort of his mother, who exercised remarkable influences over him. But the instances of noble mention of the influence of mothers are too numerous to cite.

As a rule, our first instructor, the mother, is our example. Nero's mother was a murderer on a large scale. Byron's mother was vain, ill tempered and violent, and so was Byron. The child learns by simple imitation and without effort. The most important era of life is that of childhood, when the child begins to color and mold himself by companionship with others. Every new educator effects less than his predecessor. Thus it is, through the influence over the mind and the molding of the character in childhood, that mothers ultimately influence and direct the course of events of the world's history.

**A Jack-Leg Carpenter.**

Macon Telegraph.  
A lawyer was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was "Is er carpenter, sah." "What kind of a carpenter?" "They calls me a jack leg carpenter, sah." "What is a jack-leg carpenter?" "He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah." "Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declare I dunno how to 'plain any mo' 'cept to say hit an jes' de same diffrance twixt you and a first-class lawyer."

The negro was one of the old-fashioned kind, and did not mean to be insolent or impudent, but had decided in his own mind that the lawyer asking the questions was not a first-class lawyer.

It is needless to say that questions ceased at once.

**Electric Bitters.**

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive away Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion, try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at W. W. Scott's Drugstore.

The closer you get to a great man the smaller he looks.

## BANK OF LENOIR.

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LENOIR, N. C.  
— 0 —  
G. W. F. HARPER, Pres. G. F. HARPER, Cashier. G. L. BERNHARDT, Vice-Pres.  
Dry, fire proof vault alodge and drill proof chrome steel safe secured by double combination and time locks. Outfit first class in every respect.

## DAVENPORT COLLEGE

LENOIR, N. C.  
The College now affords to young men the opportunity to secure a practical education fitting for business, teaching or for advanced study. For young ladies, the first-class advantages hitherto afforded will be maintained.

## At The Drug Store.

Prof. Flint's Celebrated Horse and Cattle Powders, at the Drug Store.  
Nerve and Bone Liniment 25c. at the Drug Store.  
Everybody's Pill, purely vegetable, at the Drug Store.  
Evening Granule, for Habitual Constipation, at Drug Store.  
Pure Extracts of Lemon and Vanilla for Flavoring at Drug Store.  
Concentrated Essence Jamaica Ginger at Drug Store.  
Carrick's Baby Food, an elegant preparation, at Drug Store.  
Pierce's medicines, Ayer's, Hood's, Warner's, in fact anything wanted in this line can always be procured at Drug Store.  
Fine Stationery, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Soaps, at Drug Store.  
Choice Cigars and Fine Chewing Tobacco can always be found at Drug Store.  
Everything mentioned above and hundreds of other things are being daily received and exchanged for CASH at the Drug Store.  
Respectfully,  
W. W. SCOTT.

**COME**

around and let me give you some facts and figures concerning the NEW Combination Accident Policy, just issued by the FIDELITY and CASUALTY CO. I think I can interest you. Yours for business, KNOX W. HENRY