

The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XXI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

NUMBER 10

New Departure

Our goods and prices are attracting customers from all parts of the country, and we feel justified in stating a few reasons therefor:

First. We keep a full stock and you can always get that for which you go to the store.

Second. Our prices are always reasonable and you can feel assured that you will get the worth of your money.

Third. We keep abreast in prices for all kinds of produce.

Fourth. Our shoes were bought before the recent big jump in leather, but our prices remain at the same old figure.

Our entire stock is now complete, and we can show you a good assortment of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes.

Big Lot Ready-Made Clothing.

Buy for fun, Buy a gun.

Big lot of them, \$3 to \$25.

And for comfort, Buy a stove.

Big lot of them, \$8 to \$25.

Will cost now wholesale, \$10 to \$35.

Special.

We make a specialty of GUANO and sell none but the HIGHEST GRADES.

Will pay cash at all times for Shingles and Wheat.

Respectfully,
MOORE & HOKE,
Granite Falls, N. C.

WE Don't Want All The EARTH.

But we want our friends to call and see our stock of DRY GOODS, General Merchandise, Boots and Shoes, Clothing,

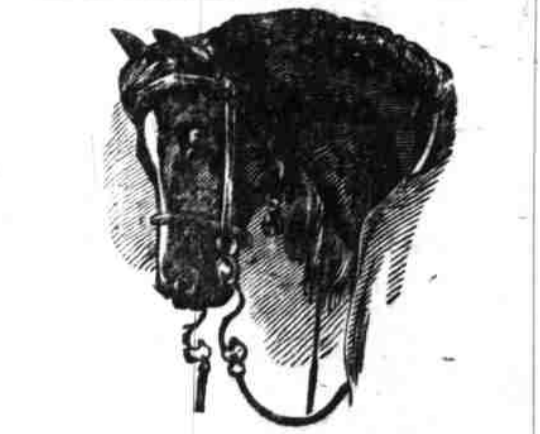
NOTIONS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, Lumber and Shingles.

Highest Prices paid for Country Produce.

The Farmer's Friend Plow, the Hill Side Plow—1 and 2 horse.

We make a Specialty of Hardware. We will give you full value for every dollar you spend with us.

M. DEAL & CO.,
Cedar Valley, N. C.



A HORSE! A HORSE!

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

Buggies, Wagons, Harness, Saddles and Lap-Robes a Specialty.

Everything in Harness Line.

Also a Repair Shop in Connection with our Other Business.

HENKEL, CRAIG & COMPANY,
LENOIR, N. C.

I WONDER WHY.

N. Y. Observer.

I wonder why this world's good things Should fall in such unequal shares; Why some should taste of all the joys, And others only feel the cares!

I wonder why the sunshine bright Should fall in paths some people tread, While others shiver in the shade Of clouds that gather overhead!

I wonder why the trees that hang So full of luscious fruit should grow Only where some may reach and eat, While others faint and thirsty go!

Why should sweet flowers bloom for some, For others only thorns be found? And some grow rich on fruitful earth, While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some Overflow with joy and happiness, While others go their lonely way Unblessed with aught of tenderness!

I wonder why the eyes of some Should never be moistened with a tear, While others weep from morn till night, Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here!

Ab, well we may not know indeed The whys, the wherefores of each life; But this we know—there's One who sees And watches us through joy or strife.

Each life its mission here fulfills, And only He may know the end, And loving him we may be strong, Though storm and sunshine He may send.

NOT FOR GOLD.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

New York Ledger.

"Janet's fortune! How much is it, mother?" said Ronald Mitchell, as he carefully measured the anchovy for his boiled salmon.

"How much, Ronald? Nothing less than the whole Cross-me-loof estate, besides ten thousand pounds good money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Too little," replied Ronald, shaking his head in a meditative manner. "I could not sell myself so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye; she is not bad-looking, and she is a careful housewife and a good Christian."

"Doubtless, mother, she is better than she's bonnie; but I know a girl worth ever so much more than Janet McDonald."

"That will be Baillie Johnson's daughter?"

"You do me too much honor. I do not aspire to a woman six feet high, especially when her temper is of equal proportions."

"Well, Isabelle has a bad temper. But Janet is different; she has no vice, and—"

"No heart."

"She has plenty of money."

"And no intellect."

"But she has interest enough to send you to Parliament."

"I don't want to go there, mother, and I do want my dinner, and you are taking away my appetite!"

And Ronald drew the moor-cock toward him, and helped himself so liberally that Mrs. Mitchell may be excused for altogether doubting the fact. Then there was a few minutes silence, which did not deceive Ronald; he knew it was the lull before the breaking of the storm.

His mother's attitude of indifference and listlessness was all assumed; he was perfectly familiar with it, and was perfectly familiar with the reason for it—what a proud, resolute spirit it had.

She was only hesitating how to open the subject which lay nearest her heart, because Ronald maintained a neutrality of perfect silence; and she knew that if she began the dispute, she gave him, at the opening of the argument, all the advantages which belong to the defendant.

While she was hesitating, a servant brought in a card and gave it to her.

"It is 'Wylie, Ronald,' she said; 'you had better go and see him.'"

"Why so, mother? I know nothing about the property. You and he have always managed it. Besides, I have an engagement at half-past seven."

"But something must be done. Every year the rents are decreasing. My income will soon be at starvation point."

Ronald looked up, and smiled incredulously.

"Oh, yes. I keep up an appearance, of course, and I suppose I shall always be able to do that, for I am not one of the foolish women who spend as they go. I have laid a little by for the future; and what is to become of you?"

marry Janet McDonald, she would bring you a fine estate; besides, she is a prudent lassie, and would help you to keep the gear well together."

"How do you know that, Janet would have me?"

"I have already spoken to her."

"It was throwing words away, mother. If there is anything else I can pleasure you in, I shall be willing and obedient, but I dare not cast my life away—not for gold, at least."

"Yet you are going to do it for a pretty face?"

"You are mistaken. I have my price, I suppose; but neither land nor beauty are able to buy me."

"The conceit of men is wonderful; it passes the comprehension of women. Where are you going this evening?"

"To Mrs. Sorley's."

"To see Miss Eve. Very well, Ronald. Remember, if you decline to accept Janet McDonald as your wife, I also decline to receive Eve Sorley as my daughter. I suppose the right of rejection is left to me as well as you."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot make Janet my wife; but I, by marrying Eve, can make her your daughter."

"I deny it, sir, for in such a case you would no longer be my son. Good evening, sir."

"Mrs. Mitchell victrolis as usual," said Ronald, laughing softly to himself, and slowly refilling his glass.

"Here is a new turn in affairs. I must go and see what Eve says about it."

On his way there he tried not to think of the subject; it perplexed and annoyed him; but Eve had a way of letting sunlight into everything, and whither she said of course he should do. Eve, watching and listening in the shadow of the crimson draperies, heard the echoes of his long, swinging steps, and divined in them something new, even before she saw the strange light in his usual merry eyes.

"What is the matter, Ronald? do not believe I shall call you 'Sans souci' tonight; you look troubled."

"You may call me the 'Disinherited Knight,' for I think my trouble will amount to that."

"What have you been doing?" said Mrs. Sorley.

"My sin is of one omission, madam. You see, Mrs. Sorley, I am only a part of the estate to my mother. She wants to invest me profitably, just as she does the interest on her loans and savings. At present she allows me five hundred pounds a year; but if I refuse to carry out her plans, she will withdraw it, I am sure. Then what am I to do?"

"Ask Eve."

Eve met the questioning face with one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five hundred pounds a year. I will marry you when you can earn three hundred. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the wisest and loveliest and bravest little lady in Christendom," and he fairly lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"Put me down, Ronald, and listen to what I say. You are six feet two inches high, and strong as Hercules. You never have a headache, and are just twenty-one years old. 'Disinherited'! Pshaw! Your inheritance is in your own keeping. The world is given to the children of men; go into it and take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in trouble like the sympathy and help of the woman he loves. Ronald went from Eve's presence gifted with a definite purpose and an appointed task. The inward change had its outward evidences. It was perceptible in his firm, rapid tread, which had lost its usual lazy swing; in the manner which he ascended the steps two and three at a time, and in the impetuous way in which he flung hat and gloves on the hall table and entered his mother's presence. She was half sitting and half lying in a large duchess chair, lazily dipping her toast into a glass of mulled wine; but at Ronald's entrance she partly turned her head and said, in a sleepy manner:

"Your energy is exhausting and unnecessary, Ronald. I wish you would be more gentlemanly."

He tried to obey her, as he had always done, but he was too excited tonight. Before he got half across the room he stumbled over a small ottoman, and then kicked it out of his way.

"What is the matter with you, sir? What kind of company have you been in to bring such a riotous influence back with you?"

"I have been with two of the noblest women in the world, mother."

"Indeed! I am sure I should never have thought so." And the sneering accent was very perceptible.

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Sorley's, and I have been."

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I am not curious about the family. We will change the subject, please."

The habit of obedience was so strong that he remained silent—if silence that might be called in which every attitude was eloquent with resistance.

"The two Wilkies were here tonight. They want you to join a fishing excursion to the Troaschs. I told them I was sure you would

go."

"You are mistaken, mother. I shall be better employed, I hope."

Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes incredulously, but asked:

"How?"

"I am going to try and find some work to do."

"Work?" almost screamed his mother. "And, pray, what can you do?"

"Indeed, mother, very little; but I can learn. I have been taught nothing useful; my education is superficial, and no profession has been given me. I am not even fit for a clerkship. I do nothing before me but manual labor, unless you continue my allowance while I study law or medicine."

"You have begun at the wrong end of your story, sir. Now be pleased to begin your argument properly. What led you to form this resolution?"

"Your remark this evening. You declared that if I married Miss Sorley I should no longer be your son."

"Quite correct."

"Then, as I am determined to marry Miss Sorley, it becomes necessary for me to consider on some way of supporting her and myself."

"I am, for you can hardly expect me to support a young woman I detest. As for continuing your allowance, I shall do no such thing. I will give you a month to reconsider your conduct, and if at the end of it you still prefer this—"

"Miss Sorley, mother?"

"This girl, sir. You can take her, and go your own way. That's all I have to say, sir."

But it was easier to determine to work than to find the work to do, and if it had not been for the strengthening influence of Eve, Ronald would, perhaps, have become discouraged. The month drew to a close, and still no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, bright eyes?" said Ronald, one evening. "It seems as if there was no place in the work a day world for me."

"Oh, yes, there is; you only have not found it yet. And do you know, Ronald, mamma and I have been talking over your going to America?"

The suggestion was not new to the young man; his own heart had been giving him the same advice from the very first; and the subject once broached, soon assumed a tangible form. It was thoroughly discussed and arranged for, and Ronald's place taken in a steamer, leaving two days before his month of grace expired.

During all his trials and preparations, Ronald's home—never a happy one—had been becoming daily more wretched. His mother worried him with alternate reproaches and entreaties, and his friends pitied or abused, advised or laughed at him. Still, the last night he was to spend under his mother's roof he made another effort at reconciliation.

"I have a miserable headache tonight," he said. "Kiss me, mother, for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, Ronald, if the kiss implies that you have recovered your senses, and are willing to follow out my plans for your welfare."

"I cannot give up Eve, mother. Forgive me this."

"You are old enough to choose between us. If it Miss Sorley, her kisses must suffice you."

"At least, mother, shake hands."

"You are sentimental tonight; a thing I have no use in the world for. Obsequious is the test of love."

"Well, good night, mother."

"Good night, sir."

And thus they parted, never more to meet in this world.

Hard as his parting was with Eve, it did sadden him like the unnatural "Good night, sir," of his mother. In the former there were love and hope, and the promise of a happy reunion.

After Ronald's departure, Eve waited hopefully and happily for the good news she was sure would come. Nor did she wait in vain. In two years Ronald had completed his study for the law, and opened a small office in a flourishing town in Western New York. For some time his practice was small, but at the end of the fourth year he was making more than enough to claim the redemption of Eve's promise.

Mrs. Sorley accompanied her daughter to America, and lived many happy years with the young couple. Ronald is always a warm defender of that much-abused character, a mother-in-law.

As years wore on, the little vine-covered cottage was added to and enlarged, until it became the pride of the town; and Judge Mitchell's handsome house and gardens, his thorough-bred horses and numerous servants are certainly evidences of an income vastly above the five hundred pounds a year he refused to accept as equivalent for manhood's noblest rights and privileges.

Ronald is a portly middle-aged man now, and Eve, though still beautiful, has lost the early bloom of youth; but up and down the long piazzas, and through the shady arcades of elm and chestnut, many beautiful girls, play, walk or read, uncontrolled by any element but a wise and patient love. For Ronald has still a sad remembrance of a home cheerless and loveless amid all

its splendor, of a childhood unblest by fairy-love or mother's kisses, and of a youth in which everything was to have been sacrificed for interest and ambition.

Mrs. Mitchell still lives. If her heart ever softens toward her son, she never suffers it to make any sign. She is apparently as indifferent to his later honors as she was to his early struggles and trials. It is likely even that she may outlive her busy, hard working son, whose brain and heart carry the cares and sorrows of many besides his own, for—

"The good die first, And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust Burn to the socket."

Yet never has Ronald Mitchell regretted the day in which he chose love before land, and a true wife in preference to ten thousand pounds. Ask him today if he would part with even one memory of the real life which commenced for him with that decision, and he would answer, proudly and confidently: "Not for gold."

No Place to Move to.

Washington Post.

Ex-Congressman Yoder, of Ohio, in commenting on the recent elections, told a party of friends the following story at one of the uptown hotels:

"In one of the counties in Ohio a German was running for sheriff on the Democratic ticket. He felt very confident of election, but when he read the returns he found he was snowed under by about 4,000 majority. This roused his ire, and he said to his wife:

"Dot settles it. We will move out of dis'Shtate where dey treats a Democrat like dis. Yast you pack oop our things right away unt git ready to move away."

"He left the house in great wrath, but in about an hour he returned and found his wife tearing up the carpets and taking down the curtain poles."

"Shtop dot, Kathrina," said the German, "just you let dem carpets alone."

"But vat is der matter mit you, John?" asked his wife, "just a leadle vile ago you said git ready to move. unt now you say don't git ready to move."

"Vell, dot's so, I did say dat, but I ust been dowg to the depot, unt dare is no place to move to," said the German.

Hell Versus the Penitentiary.

St. Albans News.

A negro who stole a cow from the editor of the Forest City Ledger was recently sent to the penitentiary for four years. If all the people who steal from editors were sent to the penitentiary it would be so full of them that their feet would stick out of the windows. In our 20 odd years' experience publishing a paper we have accumulated \$8,000 of subscription debts that we will take one fourth of a cent on the dollar for.

Our deliberate opinion is that the men who have defrauded us out of the just fruits of our labors are as guilty of the theft in the sight of the Almighty as the negro who stole editor Green's cow. It is no consolation to think that they will not escape hell in the world as easily as they have the penitentiary in this.

Does Wealth Dispel Love?

Century.

"Did nobody ever tell you that in some far prehistoric time I was in love with my husband?" said Mrs. Romane carelessly.

"Well, I was. I used to go to afternoon services in Lent and pray for that love to last, because the sensation was so much to my taste. I used to have ecstatic feelings when his foot was on the stair, and I sat sewing little baby clothes. We lived in a plainish way then; \$3 spent in two theatre tickets was a tremendous outlay, and we walked out to dinner, I tucking up the train of my best gown under a long cloak, and laughing if the wind snatched it away from me at the corners and whipped it around my feet. Then he grew richer, and we broadened the borders of our phy-lactery, and then—how—when—dear knows if I can remember, we grew further and further away from each other. Now, when he is at home I am aware of it, because he is there behind a newspaper, but that is all! When our lips meet it is like two pieces of dry pith coming together. I know nothing of his affairs, nor he of mine. I have money in abundance. Money—money—who cares for money when a man's heart and soul and brain have gone into it?"

As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes the lead of all other remedies. For the relief and cure of croup, whooping cough, sore throat, and the dangerous pulmonary troubles to which the young are so liable, it is invaluable, being prompt to act, sure to cure.

Boyibus kisibus Sweet girlorum, Giribus likibus, Wanti somdrum.

We are Appreciative but Don't Show It Much.

Charlotte Observer.

North Carolina is a good old State. Patriotism is a chief virtue among her people. It cannot be truly said that we are an unappreciative people, and yet we have the poorest way of showing our appreciation of any people on the face of the earth.

Looking over the papers that come to the *Observer*, we find the *Cleveland Star* complaining because no monument to Vance has yet been erected and only a small fund so far collected for that purpose. Just after Vance's death there was a burst of sentiment favorable to commemorating his memory with a monument; a few funds were collected, and then the agitation, if it really amounted to that, died down. It took us 30 years to build a shaft in honor of our Confederate dead, and it really looks, from this point of view, at least, that a monument to the greatest son of North Carolina is yet in the dim distance.

We take up another paper, the *Wilmington Messenger*, and find a complaint that only 150 subscribers to the proposed volume of poetry of Prof. Henry Jerome Stockard have materialized. It was proposed, it will be remembered, to publish a volume of Mr. Stockard's poems if enough copies could be disposed of in advance to cover the expense of publication. This shows a lamentable lack of appreciation on the part of our people, especially as a large proportion of the 150 subscribers above mentioned are not North Carolinians. Yet Mr. Stockard is a real poet. The *Messenger* speaks the truth when it says: "What we have read of him is poetry."

A splendid cruiser in our navy has been named for the capital of this State, and yet no testimonial in behalf of North Carolina for the honor thus conferred upon her has been sent to the Raleigh, and her officers are known to be much hurt at the slight. This is to our shame.

And yet, no one can deny that the image of Vance is graven on the very hearts of Tar Heels; that all cultured North Carolinians are proud to read Stockard's sonnets in the *Century*; and that when the name of Raleigh catches our eye in the prints our attention lingers over it, and we pray that in the future Success and Glory may ever stand by her guns, and "Fortune play upon her prosperous helm."

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Her Composition.

A little girl in Boston wrote a composition on boys. Here it is: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it was deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew up girl is a widower and keeps house."

The Home Merchant.

Durham Sun.

The home merchant is entitled to your trade and ought to have it, as against the itinerant dealer or the merchant of some distant city. He spends his money here. He builds a house which enhances the value of all property. He helps pay for the church you worship in, and the school to which you send your children. He cannot afford to misrepresent his goods or swindle you. Self-interest alone would prevent this. He stays with you in sunshine and storms, in times of adversity. He bears his share of the burden of good government. When a subscription paper is passed he is first approached.

These are a few of the reasons why you should patronize the home merchant. And if he needs the goods you want and sell them at the right price, and lets the fact be known by an advertisement in the local paper he will be very apt to get his share of the trade.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggist, 75c. H-it's Family Pills are the best.

The Oldest And the Best