

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XXI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1896.

NUMBER 33.

## GONE!

February is gone and March is going; 'so are the

## Big Bargains

we put upon upon our counters March 2,

## To go at cost and less!

"Hard Times" has past and gone of the flow of cash to our store within the last few days is any sign.

Everybody seems surprised at the big stock we are offering and the price we ask for it. We don't want you to believe everything that you see printed on paper, but come to our store and see that the truth has been stated in our circular. These circulars give only a partial list of the rare bargains that we expect to offer for the next 3 weeks.

\$1,000 worth CLOTHING  
\$1,500 " SHOES  
\$1,000 " DRY GOODS  
\$300 " HATS

are not offered at cost the year round.

Come along and save 25 per cent. on your money.

Our fertilizers are now coming in and we are ready to supply our customers with something reliable for growing Corn, Cotton, Oats, Peas.

Cash paid for Shingles and Wheat.

500 Bushels Peas For Sale.

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,

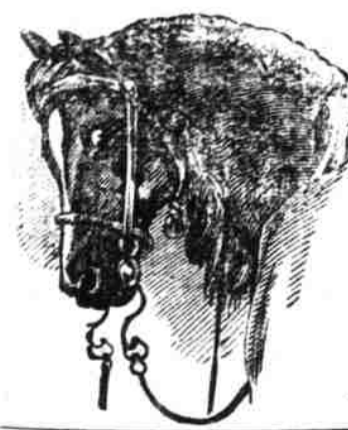
NOTIONS,  
GROCERIES,  
HARDWARE;  
Lumber and Shingles.

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 and Wagons.

AT COST!  
Next 30 Days!

A big lot of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, and Everything in Harness Line.

DON'T FAIL TO BUY NOW!  
HENKEL, CRAIG & COMPANY,  
LENOIR, N. C.

## A DREAM.

James Whitcomb Riley.  
Oh, it was but a dream I had  
While the musician played—  
And here the sky and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glad.  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds  
Drooped in the breathless breeze.  
As o'er a field of marigolds  
Our eyes swam o'er the seas,  
While here the eddies lapped and  
purred  
Around the island's rim,  
And up from out the underworld  
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day  
And midnight—for the moon  
On silver rounds across the bay  
Had climbed the skies of June,  
And here the glowing, glorious king  
Of day ruled o'er the realm,  
With stars of midnight glittering  
About his diadem.

The seagull reeled on languid wing  
In circles around the mast;  
We heard the songs the sirens sang  
As we went sailing past,  
And up and down the golden sands  
A thousand fairy throngs  
Flung at us from their flashing hands  
The echoes of their songs.

## Why He Shaved.

Washington Post.  
There was a time when Senator Bacon, of Georgia, wore an ornate and lavish hairstyle and pictures taken at the time he was president of the Georgia senate so represent him. Now he contents himself with a simple mustache. How he happened to shear his beard was told by the Senator himself recently.

"It was," he began, "when the roller skating craze broke out in the south. It struck Macon, and somehow it found a victim in me. Everybody was going to the skating rink, and consequently I went. I soon acquired a remarkably degree of grace in gliding dreamily over the floor to the pulsation of exhilarating waltz strains, and my company was in great demand by ladies who were still somewhat distrustful of their own skill. I shall never forget. I was acting as the guardian angel one evening of a lady whose main support I was in her feeble efforts to prevent a collision with the floor, and we were rather tremulously gliding hither and thither among the crowd, when an invalid on skates approached us from the opposite direction. I saw at a glance that the man had lost his compass and nothing but a blind reliance in providence was deferring his fall. That moment came when he crushed against me. The collision disturbed the center of gravity in my fair companion, while at the same time it hastened the downfall of the other. Before I knew what was up the man, in order to save himself, grasped hold of one side of my whiskers, while the lady fastened her grip in the other half, and both held on for dear life while their feet were describing geometrical figures on the slippery floor. Considerations of gallantry prevented me from turning on the wretched being who was clinging to my beard like the proverbial straw on one side, and there I was with two struggling creatures in the stress of despair dangling on each side of my whiskers. That experience determined me to sacrifice the whiskers and to circumscribe my indulgence in that line to a modest, unobtrusive mustache, which affords no comfort to unskilled skaters."

## Richly Entitled to It.

"John, I think I should like to visit my old home in the East a month or two this summer."

"I don't know, Maria. I'm afraid I can't spare the time from my business."

"I'm not asking you to go, John. I can make the trip myself without any trouble."

"You would get homesick, if you were to stay away from home as long as that."

"I think not. I should like to try it, anyhow."

"What is the matter with you, Maria?" irritably. "Haven't I been a good husband?"

"I am not making any complaint about you, John, am I?"

"Ain't I affectionate enough? Haven't I always kissed you when I went away from home in the morning and when I came back in the evening every day for the last 25 years?"

"Yes, and you've had a chew of plug tobacco in your month every morning and evening for the last 25 years, too. I think I want a vacation, John."

## Rickles' Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by W. W. Scott.

## JAMES H. HOLT, JR., REGOILS.

A Sight of the Russell Mob Returning From Raleigh Causes Him to Recant and Return to the Democracy for the Sake of Decent Government in North Carolina.

Special to the Observer.  
GOLDSBORO, May 16.—Mr. Jas. H. Holt, Jr., the young cotton manufacturer who recently went over to the Republican party because he was an advocate of protection, and was made a delegate to the St. Louis convention, is in this city today by chance and here met and viewed the returning Republican forces from the State convention that last night nominated Russell for Governor. In consequence, he publishes this afternoon in the Goldsboro Daily Argus the following letter, which speaks for itself:

Editor Argus: "It is an old saying, but a true one, that 'self-preservation is the first law of nature.' Acting on this principle from a mistaken standpoint of view as to what consisted my preservation, as a purely business question I have of late left my aid and influence to the furtherance of the policy of protection championed by McKinley and advocated by the Republican party, and I have gone so far as to permit myself to be named as a delegate from the fifth, my residence, to the St. Louis national Republican convention. But, Mr. Editor, today in the city of Goldsboro, on my way home from the session of the Mystic Shrine at New-Bern, I am greeted by a scene that gives me pause and deeper reflection than heretofore. I have read of the scenes and experiences of '68 as we read of other dark epochs in history, but reared since that time, growing up under the benign influence of Democracy and enjoying only the blessings and elevated experiences that appertain to its supremacy, I could not comprehend what 'the men of old' endured, nor could my mind formulate a picture so dark as their words painted. But today in Goldsboro I am able to approximate from what Democracy has delivered the State and to where we are again tending.

I am greeted here by a seething, surging mass of conglomerated humanity, howling negroes and exultant white men, arm in arm, bearing aloft a banner with the painted picture of 'D. L. Russell, Our choice for Governor,' and with McKinley badges on the side. And this is the party with which I have become allied and this is the ilk, negroes and all, with which I am to consort at St. Louis. 'My God, Abernathy!' Never!

I hereby recant, abjure, abhor my affiliation with this party that fosters and glorifies in such scenes in North Carolina. I believe, Mr. Editor, in honest money; sound money if you will; honest values and in 'our' turn at protection to the infant manufacturing industries of the South. But what would industry, however much exerted, amount to in a State dominated by Russell and his mob of howling savages?

Yes, Mr. Editor, there is protection and there is protection, and for that greater protection I hereby withdraw as a delegate to the St. Louis convention, and renounce my affiliation with the Republican party, only just begun, I am happy to say, and return, an humble and earnest worker in the ranks of Democracy for white supremacy in North Carolina, good government economically administered, and home protection.

Very truly, J. H. HOLT, JR.

## Mowbray Draws the Record.

Progressive Farmer.  
If fusion with the gold bugs then [1894] was all right, in order that we might attain to this high eminence, then your cry of 'middle of the road on principle' is the easy one of the chick who has his claw full of good things, whose like getting he would denounce in others. Free silver was just as much a 'principle' in 1894 as now. And yet we put up A. C. Shuford against John S. Henderson, silver Democrat, and beat him by the aid of the gold-bugs. And the Populists of the eighth district actually voted with the gold-bugs for Linney against Bower, a free silverite. In the fourth district Chas. M. Cooke everywhere proclaimed silver, and yet we sided with the gold-bugs and they helped us to elect Stroud. A. W. Graham was beaten by Settle in the fifth district, an outspoken gold-bug, because we put up Dr. Merritt. In the ninth Pearson, one of your gold-bugs, beat Crawford, an avowed silver Democrat, with Populist votes.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stiffes, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Bleemish Cure ever known. Sold by W. W. Scott, Druggist, Lenoir, N. C.

## CONCERNING RUSSELL AND THE CONVENTION.

Echoes From the Press.

Charlotte Observer.

Many Democrats have all the while hoped that the Republicans would nominate Russell for Governor. He is so odious that they have felt that he could be beaten more easily than any one else. It may be so, but at the same time he would, as Governor, be so dangerous to the peace of the State that the Observer would always rather have chanced a stronger Republican, if a better one. It is frank to say that it would have preferred to see Dockery, Boyd, Moody or even Luak nominated. It may be best. Russell will make a campaign which will greatly inflame his own party, especially the negroes. While doing this, he will also greatly infuriate the white people against himself and his party. Thus it may be that he will prove an instrument in the hands of God to bring our white people together again and thus accomplish the complete redemption of the State. But a summer of great bitterness is ahead of us and if the campaign should, unhappily, end in the election of this man as Governor, then, indeed, will North Carolina be a good state to move from.

## THE FOE THAT JACKSON FEARED.

Youth's cousin.

About daylight of the day before the second battle of Manassas, said a Confederate officer at a recent reunion of the blue and the gray, 'I was ordered to report to Gen. T. J. Jackson, with a detail of 100 men, for special orders I had received. Gen. Jackson came out, and beckoning me to follow him, rode some fifty yards from his staff and then turned to me and halted. 'Captain do you ever use liquor?' he asked.

Hickory Mercury.

It was just as we expected, and as many had hoped. It was, as we see it, a goldbug convention. It not only refused to endorse the free coinage of silver declared for on the stump all over the State, but it actually endorsed men whom we have every reason for believing are goldbugs and in full sympathy and accord with the money power of the North and East. We have but little to say as to the nomination of Mr. Waiser except that he is a bright young man. As to the nominee for Governor, we think they could have done better; but, so far as Populists are concerned, any man nominated by a gold bug convention, does not suit them; and in our opinion will not be endorsed directly or indirectly by them. As to the Populist bolters, they were all at Raleigh and are nowhere now. The Populists are for co-operation on principle alone. They cannot afford to be unequally yoked. Their principles are national and as this is to be a national campaign, it would be unwise in them to cripple their fight for general relief by forming entangling and conflicting alliances locally.

Asheville Citizen.

In 1888 Daniel L. Russell, Republican candidate for governor of North Carolina, wrote this: 'The negroes of the South are largely savages. We with Northern aid and sanction kidnapped them, enslaved them and by most monstrous wrong degraded them so that they are no more fit to govern than are their brethren in the African swamps or so many Mongolians dumped from pagan Asia.' If Russell does not get the votes of these negroes he cannot be elected. Will he get them? Most of them, probably. Already they are howling for him, and here is one effect of it:

As the situation created and fostered by the Republicans of North Carolina strikes Mr. Holt, so must it strike other decent Republicans. 'Russell and his mob'—nothing stands between them and North Carolina but the Democratic party.

Statesville Landmark.

The Landmark can but regret Judge Russell's nomination. We had hoped that either Dockery or Boyd would win. They may be stronger with their party, but considering the possibility of the election of a Republican Governor, and such a possibility must be considered—God knows we prefer the reign of either of them to that of Russell.

We believe Judge Russell is the meanest man in the State. It is no new opinion with us; we do not say this now simply because he has been nominated, but we have thought so for years. He is vicious, vindictive and malignant. If he is elected Governor it will be his chief joy to use all the power he can employ to humiliate and degrade the respectable and intelligent people of the State and to elevate the vicious, the ignorant and corrupt.

As to the rest of the ticket, little is to be said. Young Waiser, nominated for Attorney General, is known to fame as the Speaker of the last Legislature. He is a 'pleasant spoken' fellow but we doubt if he is big enough lawyer to be Attorney General.

Col. Douglas, nominated for Supreme Court Justice, was once marshal of this district. Of his fitness or equipment for the position for which he has been named we know nothing.

But we are satisfied that either Douglas or Waiser is better fitted for the places named than is the nominee for Auditor—Raft, Henderson, of Wilkes. The office of Auditor is an important and responsible one. Henderson, we think, is totally unfitted for the office. Just why the Republicans named him for so responsible a position is unexplainable except on the theory that the Republican party in North Carolina is unworthy to be trusted with the State government—which is true.

You should see the smile which the Hon. John Ruffin Henderson wears since becoming a candidate for Auditor. He is improving his habits, too. He now combs his head occasionally, waxes his mustache, and carries cinnamon drops in his left vest pocket.

Wilkesboro Chronicle.  
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## TRIBUTE TO GEORGE N. FOLK.

A Leader of the Old Burke Bar.

Charlotte Observer.

The older lawyers of the State will give more than a passing thought to the memories of the past when they read or hear of the death of Col. Folk.

From 1868, when he settled in Lenoir, to the present year, he was a prominent, and much of the time a dominant figure in what used to be known as the old Burke bar, to be a member, even, of which, was a distinction.

When Armfield, Avery, W. P. Bynum, the Caldwelles, Davidson, the Erwins, Folk, Gaither, the McCorkles, Schenck, Woodfin and others gathered about the judge, that court was a tribunal fit to be the pride of any State, and it was during trials conducted by such men that those first principles were laid down, debated and affirmed, which settled the jurisprudence of the Commonwealth through the perilous times of reconstruction.

Civil law had just begun again to rule the people when Folk joined this circuit. New conditions, neither foreseen nor provided for by our fathers, commanded attention and demanded judicial consideration. The rights of personal liberty and private property had to be announced anew after the hurly-burly of war, and courts had to revert to the fundamental maxims of our government again to pronounce upon the state of men and affairs.

It was in the discussion of such questions and the declaration of these principles that Folk especially distinguished himself.

No old soldier, who had perhaps brought too much license of camp to the peaceful hamlets among the mountains, but what found Folk his willing and earnest champion. Case after case, involving the gravest issues, came up for judgment, almost as cases of the first impression, and many of them were conducted by him. Such was his knowledge of the great masters of the law, his devotion to the perfect law of liberty, his unflinching conservatism, and, above all, his amazing industry, that he was almost uniformly successful. Indeed, some of the wisest opinions of the Supreme Court when Pearson, C. J., sat with Battle and Reade Associates, will be seen to have adapted copious extracts from the 'learned brief of the defendant's counsel,' and quoted them as forcible presentation of the law.

Intimate as was his acquaintance with the reports, both State and national, it was his unequalled knowledge of the common law which made him the great jurist he was. Never neglecting cases, he relied on the principles, and if a new point was sprung on argument, with no decisions at hand to pin, he instantly reverted to the maxims as laid down in the older commentaries and argued his views out step by step with unflinching reasoning from the admitted doctrine to his triumphant close.

He had no specialty. Wherever the common law ran was his province, and he was as familiar with its rules as if he had given years to its study.

He always knew, on a certain state of facts, what the law ought to be. If the judge at nisi-prisus doubted, so much the worse for the judge.

Constant reading the classics of his profession had given his forensic style finish and dignity deservedly admired. Whenever the occasion called for it he had always at command an eloquence now solemn and lofty, now rapid and impassioned, which clothed his resistless logic with words of fire, and compelled conviction. He was above all things a student. He lived in his books. They were real. The matters of daily life passed him like a dream.

He would emerge from his solitude to do battle for his client, but the contest over and victory assured he went back in his library to his dearer world of thought.

He was a man of warm nature, generous to give, eager to claim affection. His warmest passions centered in his home, where he was devotedly attached to his wife and children.

Most pitifully afflicted by the successive loss of all his offspring, he bore his sorrow silently until the last great grief was too bitter for his strength, and he passed on, as he believed, to meet his dear ones where sorrow and pain can no more assail.

He was born a lawyer, cast in the mould of the giants of old time. In great questions of life and liberty he knew nothing but his cause, and bled with the very alter fires of freedom.

## For Billious Headache

"I tried a good many remedies for sick headache and biliousness, with which I was troubled for a long time, but it was not until I began taking

## AYER'S Cathartic Pills

that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches, and a well man."—CHAS. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

## Medal And Diploma At World's Fair.

## TOBACCO

Natural Sweet, K. J. R. and other brands.

## Cigars.

Prince of India, Saborosa and other good smokers.

## Spring Time is here

And you want pure blood and good health. We keep a large supply of

## Hood's, Ayer's

And other Sarsaparillas.

## Perfumes,

Combs, Hair Brushes, and a fine line of Tooth Brushes.

## Special Attention

Given to compounding Physicians' Prescriptions.

## Call in and see!

Call often and be happy.

## Dr. W. W. Scott

This space is reserved for the

## CALDWELL LAND AND LUMBER CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

WHITE PINE, POPLAR AND OAK LUMBER,

BAND AND CIRCULAR SAWED, AIR AND KILN DRIED.

His demeanor then was such, as marked Coke, when his stern and uncompromising assertion of the rights of man stiffened the knees of a quaking Commons, and frightened a tyrant King into reluctant obedience to the law.

CLINTON A. GILLEY.  
Hickory, N. C. May 15th, '95

Preacher (warmly)—And now, my hearers, look ahead. I beseech you, and what do you see? Bronson (from the rear)—A boy flirting with an old maid, two sun-bonnets and a vestryman asleep.