

The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XXII.

LENOIR, N. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1897.

NUMBER 37.

SPECIAL

Court-Week

PRICES.

Be Sure to Call.

We have made special low cut prices for court week only, as we can not afford to keep it up long. So don't fail to call while court is in session for you can then buy more for \$1.00 than you can for \$1.50 after court.

We Have a Big Stock

and plenty to select from and we will make it to your interest to buy all you will need this season. It is our business to sell and we will make your business to buy. Call to see us and if you find that we are not doing what we say don't buy a thing. Anything you buy from us that don't suit bring it back and get your money.

We Guarantee

everything we sell to be worth what you pay or your money will be refunded. Come everybody and see us.

Yours Very Truly,

The New York Racket.

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- Do you need Belting? Call at the Charter Oak.
- Do you need Machine Oil? Buy at the Charter Oak.
- Do you need Files? Try at the Charter Oak.
- Do you use Emery Wheels? Get the Vitrified at the Charter Oak.

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- Do you want Wagon Material. Spokes, Rims, Tire, and Wagon Irons, at C. O.
- Do you want a Good Stove? Buy at the Charter Oak.
- Do you want a Sewing Machine cheap? Run to the Charter Oak.
- Do you want the Best Plows? Rush to the Charter Oak.
- Is the other fellow "just out?" Just come to the Charter O.
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- Do you want your Dollar to go a long ways? Purchase at the Charter Oak.
- Do you want the Best Goods for the least Money? Buy at the Charter Oak.
- Do you want to be treated fairly and squarely? Come to the Charter Oak.

EVERYBODY WELCOME AT THE Charter Oak

In The Twilight

BY EDWARD H. BLAKEY.

Over the dusky verge
Of the quiet sea,
Slowly I watch emerge
The silver rim
Of the crescent moon; pale, dim,
The soft stars, one by one,
With holy glee
Stool out and light their lamps;
For day is done,
The tempests are asleep;
Only the bats
Of some cool evening wind
Ruffles the calm;
The listening ear of night
Can catch no sound
Save when, in slumber bound,
Earth turns and sighs,
Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! across the dark,
Star-paved sky
The Night Queen's silver bark
Goes gliding by;
With murmuring faint, the streams
Droop as they flow
In their hid channels; slow
Down dropping dew
Slide from the heaven like gleams
Of love-horn dreams,
Faint breath of violet,
Of roses fair,
Shy hints of magnonette,
Rise through the air
From unseen gardens, there—
Beauteous my feet,
Ah me! how at their spell
Swift fancy rises,
What touching sympathies,
What golden memories,
And thoughts how sweet!

A VISIT TO CATAWBA

Mr. Shuford's Dairy

To the Editor of Topic.

Please allow me space in your paper to tell your subscribers about my trip to Catawba, week before last. I drove through the country in a buggy, stopped an hour in Hickory, and met Mr. Townsend and had a very pleasant conversation with him and in the conversation we got on the subject of Christ's coming back to this earth, but I can't tell all he said he thought would take place then, but he did not agree with Dr. Rowe in what he preached in Lenoir a few days before.

I went from Hickory 9 miles down the South Fork River to Mr. R. L. Shuford's I got there about 5 P. M.

Just below his barn about fifty head of fine Jersey Cattle and 17 guineys were grazing. Close by in another lot some of the big eared tribe not called guiney.

The cattle were beautiful the most of them equine gray in color and very large for Jerseys. Several of the cows will weigh 1400 lbs.

Mr. Shuford milks 25 cows and has a separator with which he separates the cream from the milk as soon as milked. He has 4 hands to milk and the separator about keeps up with them so when he gets done milking he has his cream and milk separated. He takes out one fifth for cream and he says he gets all the cream, for he has set the separator milk away and no cream at all rises on it. I think the separator for milk is just as important for this country as a separator for wheat. It is as far ahead of the sitting plan as the Thresher is ahead of the old frails, and is just as important for the welfare of the people.

Let me tell you; with the advancement we have made in making pavine hay in the last 3 years we can keep all the cattle we need for making butter and beef and be able to do with out any hogs. I am looking forward to the day when I won't have to use a pound of bacon in my house, for it is not fit to eat, but I am off my subject, let me tell you more about the separator and the cream. Out of 40 gallons of milk Mr. Shuford takes 3 gal. of cream and out of the 3 gal. of cream he makes 25 lbs. of butter which is a little over a half lb of butter for every gallon of milk.

Mr. Shuford averaged last year 4 1/2 lbs. of butter per cow including 5 heifers with first calf.

Mr. Shuford has the Signal strains of Jerseys and it was a Signal cow that made the highest yearly record of any. She made 1946 lbs of butter in 12 months. This letter is long enough and if you or any of your readers want me to I will write about Registering Pedigrees and the different strains of Jerseys.

G. M. GOFORTH.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartics are constipation forever. 10c. Sec. H. C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

FISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. In Use. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

Gen. Sumpters Riding Whip.

For The Topic.

After the Revolutionary war, Gen. Sumpter made frequent trips over to Kentucky and Tennessee. On one of these trips, somewhere near Asheville he got down to drink water at a brook or spring. While drinking, a bear ran across the road in front of him frightening his horse and causing him to run back five or more miles before he caught him. As he passed where he laid down his whip to drink, he forgot it. On his return two or three weeks afterward, it was still lying where he had left it. On the way home he spent a night with his nephew, Henry Sumpter, who lived near where Lenoir now stands, and made a present of the whip to him. Just before his death, which occurred on the 13th day of Feb. 1862, aged 93 years and 11 months, he gave the whip to Mary Adams, who kept it until just before her death when she gave it to Wm. A. Powell, with a request that he keep it to remember her.

It has the appearance of having been of good quality for that day and time—ornamented with ivory ferrules. The string is still to it by which it was secured to the hand. Powell refuses to part with it at any price.

N. A. POWELL

Anecdote of Mrs. Partington.

One of those nice young men who part their hair in the middle, asked Mrs. Partington the other day how old she was, she replied: Eighty-three. He heaved a sigh and said, "Before I am that old I shall be food for worms." "La me," exclaimed the old lady, "are you troubled with em? You should use Mrs. Winslow's Vermifuge; and some of Hart's Blood and Liver Pills would be good for you. You ought to get ahead of them worms at once," and the good old soul moved on.

An interesting feature of the month's magazines is the announcement that The Century Co. of New York, have organized a prize competition of a new kind.

They offer \$1500 for the best answers to 150 printed questions which are gratuitously distributed to competitors. The questions, it seems, can all be answered from works of reference found in most homes, and deal with popular subjects, such as the origin of common sayings, the meaning of proper names, the nature of precious stones, metals and the various standards of time and of weight.

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Todd & Shell's Drug Store.

It is said that a convict engineer made an attempt some time ago to blow up the penitentiary by putting a weight on the safety valve of one of the engines, that another convict discovered this, took off the weight and prevented a horrible disaster.

When a person begins to grow thin there is something wrong. The waste is greater than the supply and it is only a question of time when the end shall come.

In nine cases of ten the trouble is with the digestive organs. If you can restore them to a healthy condition you will stop the waste, put on new flesh and cause them to feel better in every way. The food they eat will be digested and appropriate to the needs of the system, and a normal appetite will appear.

Consumption frequently follows a wasting of bodily tissue because nearly all consumptives have indigestion. The Shaker Digestive Cordial will restore the stomach to a healthy condition in a vast majority of cases. Get one of their books from your druggist and learn about this new and valuable remedy.

Where Rest the Brave.

TOMBS OF CIVIL WAR HEROES BOTH BLUE AND GRAY.

Widely Scattered Burial Places to Be Decorated—Pitby Honor of Deeds by Which Many Won Death and Rewards—Some Known to Fame Who Sleep in Unknown Graves.

From Boston Transcript, of May 29th.

The remains of the great leaders of the civil war are widely scattered and the flowers which will decorate their graves tomorrow will be gathered from many States. Grant sleeps by the Hudson, Sherman on the banks of the Mississippi, and Sheridan at Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington. With the exception of West Point and Arlington, there is no burial place especially set apart for soldiers and sailors which contain the bodies of any number of noted leaders. A number are buried in the civic cemeteries, Laurel Hill, Philadelphia; and Spring Grove, Cincinnati. Sumter's war hero, General Robert Anderson, lies at West Point. In the same cemetery are the graves of Generals Kilpatrick, the dashing cavalryman, J. M. Brannan, Grover, Hartstuf, William Hayes, Mackenzie, also a distinguished cavalryman, Charles P. Stone, Sykes, leader of the Fifth Corps, and the veteran Keyes, who died in Switzerland in 1895, and was brought to West Point for burial.

On the banks of the Hudson, also, the author of the phrase, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him;" on the spot, General John A. Dix, found his last resting place. His grave in Trinity Cemetery on Washington Heights is marked by a simple headstone. Fremont, "The Path Finder," is buried in Rockland Cemetery on the Hudson. General Thomas's grave is in Oakwood Cemetery, Troy.

Nearly two score, whose names are household words because of their daring deeds in battle, now rest at Arlington, among them Crook the cavalryman and Indian fighter; Lovell H. Rousseau, also Hazan and Mower, who battled in the armies of Sheridan and Grant; old General Harney of the regulars, Doubleday, Gibbon and many others, besides Sheridan, who has already been mentioned. The heroes of the deck buried at Arlington thus far are admirals Porter and Jenkins and Rear admirals Queen, Johnson and Shufeldt.

The grave of General Sherman in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, is marked by a monument. Of the ARMY OF THE POTOMAC LEADERS, McClellan lies in River view Cemetery at Trenton. Burnside sleeps in the soil of his adopted State, Rhode Island, at Swamp Point Cemetery. Joseph Hooker, "Fighting Joe," the third commander of the Army of the Potomac, sleeps in Cincinnati. Meade, fourth and last commander of that army, is buried in Philadelphia. Colonel Ellettsworth, the zouave, known as the flag martyr of Alexandria, who fell in the second month of the war, is buried in the village cemetery at Mechanicsville, N. Y. Nathaniel Lyon, also a hero of the first month of the war, is buried at Eastford, Conn. Major Theodore Winthrop is buried at New Haven, Conn. "Hold the Fort" Corse, who survived his war wounds and died a few years ago in this city, is buried at Burlington, Io, Cushing, the hero of Albenarle Sound, and who also survived his war injuries for some years, is buried in the Naval Cemetery at Annapolis. Hancock is buried at Norristown, Pa., in a vault constructed under his own supervision. General Henry A. Barnum is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Syracuse, N. Y. General Hiram Burgham, the hero of the capture of Fort Harrison, lies in Pine Grove Cemetery, Cherryfield, Me. Charles Ellet, Jr., who organized the first steam ram fleet and died of a wound received in the desperate naval battle at Memphis, sleeps at Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. Farragut is buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, New York. General Standard, whose brigade of "Green Mountain" militia turned the tide



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at Gettysburg, in repulsing Pickett's charge, is buried at Burlington Vt. In the same cemetery lie the remains of General William H. Lytle, the gallant Ohio leader, author of that thrilling poem. "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying!"

With scarcely an exception, the bodies of heroic soldiers who fell in the battle were recovered from the field or afterward taken from the battlefield cemeteries for reinterment at the North. One such exception was in the case of our own.

GALLANT COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW whose regiment of black soldiers, "there line of eyeballs gleaming white," had the price of honor in the storming of Fort Wagner, who was killed on the parapet, and when the Southerners placed with others in a trench scooped out of the sand between the fort and the sea, which the action of the waves destroyed, scattering the bones of Wagner's heroes beyond recovery. Another noted war hero, whose last resting-place can never fitly be honored, is that of the first leader of the Irish brigade, General Thomas Francis Meagher. Some time after the war Meagher was drowned from a vessel in the Missouri River, Mont, and his body was not recovered. The body of the gallant Custer was removed from the scene of the massacre on the Little Big Horn, and buried at West Point. The remains of Captain Miles W. Keogh, who died by the side of Custer, were also identified and brought to Auburn, N. Y., for burial in Fort Hill Cemetery.

Fighting Phil Kearney, "the one-armed devil" was killed within the Confederate lines. His body was recognized by Stonewall Jackson, who had served with him in Mexico, and sent to his friends under a flag of truce, accompanied by a touching message of tribute to the gallantry of an old comrade Kearney lies in Trinity churchyard on Broadway, at the head of Wall street, New York. There is no monument. The brave McPherson, who, like Kearney, was shot down within the enemy's lines in front of Atlanta, was also recognized by the enemy. The remains were carefully guarded and sent into the Federal camp. They were brought North for burial in the family plot, in his old home, Clyde, O. General Jesse L. Reno was shot almost at the crest of South Mountain while reconnoitering the ground for the advance of the Ninth army corps. He was buried at Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington. Three days later General James K. Mansfield.

A HERO WITH WHITE HAIRS. was killed in a similar manner in front of the Twelfth corps at Antietam. He died while being borne to the rear in the arms of a couple of his soldiers, and was buried at Middletown, Conn. General J. F. Reynolds was shot through the head by a sharpshooter while piloting his troops to the scene of the first encounter on the Gettysburg field. He died after being placed in an ambulance. He was buried at Lancaster City Cemetery, Lancaster, Pa. General Wadsworth fell within the enemy's lines at the Wilderness. His body was secured when his troops rushed forward, and brought North for interment in Temple Hill Cemetery, Genesee, N. Y.

General John A. Logan is buried in the National Cemetery at the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C. Slocum is buried at Greenwood. Butler's remains lie in private grounds belonging to the family, a plot annexed to Hildreth Cemetery,

at Lowell, Mass. Bank's grave is at Grove Hill Cemetery, Waltham, Mass. General Israel B. R. Harrison lies at Pontiac, Mich. General Thomas Leonidas Crittenden sleeps in the "Bivouac of the Dead," on the banks of the Kentucky River, close to the spot where Colonel O'Hara penned the celebrated lines beginning:

"On fame's eternal camping grounds,
Their silent tents are spread,"

Beside the grave of General Crittenden stands a shaft erected to the memory of a Kentucky boy hero, his only son, Lieutenant Crittenden, one of the victims of the Custer massacre. In Woodland Cemetery, New York, is buried General Robert B. Potter, a brother of Bishop Potter of the New York diocese. He led his regiment, the Fifty-first New York, in the charge across Burnside's brigade at Antietam. Later he commanded a division in the Ninth corps, and led it into the smoking pit of the celebrated crater after the explosion of the mine at Petersburg. General William F. Bartlett, another hero of the crater battle, is buried at Pittsfield, Mass. Bartlett led a brigade into the crater, and one of his companions, hearing the thud of a bullet striking him in the leg, offered to assist him to a place of safety. "Oh never mind," said Bartlett, "it was only my wooden leg." Admiral James A. Winslow's grave is in Forest Hill Cemetery, Boston.

The little town of Lexington, Va., holds the ashes of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The chieftain is entombed in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, and his great field marshal sleeps in the town cemetery. Richmond's noted cemetery, Hollywood, is commonly supposed to hold the bodies of many noted Confederates, but such is not the case. The most distinguished soldier buried there is Jeb Stuart, who was cut down almost at the gates of Richmond by a bullet from the carbine of one of Colonel Russell Alger's Michigan troopers. General Geo. E. Pickett is also buried at Hollywood. In ground known as the Hill plot, near Westbrook and close to Richmond, lies the body of General A. P. Hill. General Joseph E. Johnson is buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore. General Polk, the soldier-bishop, who was killed at Johnston's side, in front of Atlanta, by a shell which General Sherman himself aimed and despatched on its errand of death, is buried at Augusta, Ga. His tomb is underneath the chancel of St. Paul's Church.

Only one army commander was killed in battle. That was Albert Sidney Johnston, the soldier who, at the time of his death at Shiloh, was the hope of the South. After leading a successful bayonet charge in front of the terrible Hornet's Nest, General Johnson rode to another part of the field to order up fresh troops. Without knowing it he was then bleeding to death from an artery severed by a bullet that had struck him during a moment of excitement and had not been felt. A stream of blood pouring over the top of his bootleg attracted the attention of his aides, who helped him from his saddle. Death followed before a surgeon could be summoned. Beauregard is buried in Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans. Forrest, the wizard of the saddle, at Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis; Semmes, commander of the cruiser Alabama, in New Orleans.

General Armistead, the only brigadier in Pickett's column who crossed the stonewall barrier on Cemetery Ridge, was mortally wounded and died a prisoner. He was recognized by Federal officers and buried in a yard in the town. General Richard Garnett, who, Pickett's column was forming, lay in an ambulance prostrated by serious illness. Unwilling to be left behind, he wrapped himself in a blue overcoat picked up on the field, mounted his horse and led his brigade as far as the Emmitsburg pike. A high fence obstructed the column at that point and the Federal fire from the ridge added to the confusion in Pickett's ranks. Garnett rode along the front urging his men to press forward. He was then covered with blood and leaned over upon his horse's neck. Suddenly there was a fresh outburst of bullets from the ridge. Stead and rider went down together and the column moved on. After the repulse of Pickett the body of Gen-

eral Garnett lay unrecognized between the lines. His sword and field glass were found and subsequently restored to his family, but the most diligent search and inquiry failed to prevent his burial among the unknown dead of Gettysburg.

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