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WALLACE BROS.,

BROAD AND CHURCH STREETS,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

1881.

SPRING INAUGURAL.

We are now placing our new spring stock in position, and will in a few days be ready to show you a line of merchandise that we think is just the very ideal in character, quality and make to suit the trade of Western North Carolina.

Very respectfully,

WALLACE BROS.

BRANCH OFFICES.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Patton Avenue.
NEW YORK, 187 Church Street.
BOSTON, 76 Pearl Street.

THE JONES HOUSE,

W. M. EARNHARDT, PROPRIETOR, LENOIR, N. C.

A First Class Hotel at a

First Class Summer Resort.

Comfortable Rooms; Beautiful Tables; Polite Servants.

BOARD AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES.

HORSES AND CONVEYANCES FURNISHED TO TRAVELLERS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. A TRUE TONIC. A PERFECT STRENGTHENER, A SURE REVIVER. IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic.

EVA'S STRANGE BEAU.

"Oh, Eva Hamlin! how naughty in you to talk so."

The speaker was a young lady of about eighteen summers, with golden hair and large blue eyes, regular features, and—a good looking girl.

"Why, Ora?" answered Eva haughtily. "Have I not the right to choose my own associates and companions?"

"Of course, you have, Eva; but this man is almost an entire stranger. You are risking a great deal to trust yourself in his company."

"That's just the way the people in Laurence talk. A handsome stranger comes to town and pays his respects to me, and envious people are ready to declare him a runaway thief."

"That is very unkind of you, Eva," said Ora, with an injured look; "but as you mistake my advice as to propriety, allow me to ask if you have given up your old beau, Albert Williams?"

"Albert Williams!" and there was just the least bit of scorn in the answer of the proud beauty. "Is it possible that you could think I could for a moment care for him, when Mr. Herkimer is around?"

"Albert is a very excellent young man—we know that; but Mr. Herkimer, who would vouch for him?"

"My dear Eva, I fear you have permitted his urbanity to capture you; you should retain the young farmer."

"Poor, silly Eva, how can you give up the truly noble Albert Williams, for that foppish stranger?" she almost unconsciously murmured.

A slight rustling of leaves and vines that grew on the fence attracted her attention, and the next moment a young man with sun-burned face and hardened hands, dressed in farmers' garb, leaped into the road at her side.

"Oh! Mr. Williams—how you did frighten me!" cried the beautiful blond, starting back, while a tell-tale blush suffused her cheek. "Where did you come from?"

"From behind that tree, on the other side of the fence, where I have been for half an hour mending a scythe. I was there when you and Eva Hamlin met, and overheard every word you both uttered."

"Oh! Mr. Williams—how naughty of you to eavesdrop that way!" cried Ora, growing red and pale by turns.

"It was unintentional, but I thank heaven now that I committed even the appearance of a sin. I have found out how false and hollow is the heart of Eva Hamlin, and how true and loving is the heart of Ora Merton. Let me tell you now, Ora, what I have long wanted—but feared to tell: I love you better than life; I always loved you and always will; I love the grass on which you tread; I love the stars that light your pathway by night and the sun's rays that warm you by day. You are doubly dear to me

now, since I have discovered in you a jewel but rarely found. I am rich in this world's goods, so far as lands and farms are concerned; but I have a heart richer still to give to you if you will accept it."

He paused and she was silent. He approached and took one little trembling hand in his own. It was not withdrawn.

They were plighted then and there in the sight of heaven, and two happier souls never wended their way from the lane than they on that beautiful harvest evening.

Mr. Rodolphus Herkimer called on Eva on that evening; but, somehow, she, as usual, felt uneasy in his presence, as much as she admired him, and she felt some degree of relief when he took his departure, rather earlier than usual.

It was late at night, when there came a rap at Farmer Williams' door. He arose and opened it to find three or four dark forms standing silent and grim in the yard.

"Is Albert in the house?" asked one of the men, whom the farmer at once recognized as the sheriff.

"He is," replied the farmer, with misgiving.

"We want him then," said the sheriff.

"Great heavens! what has my son done?" cried the astonished father.

"Nothing, Mr. Williams; you mistake the object of our visit. There is to be a bank robbery to-night, and I am gathering a posse to arrest the scoundrels."

The farmer was rejoiced to find that it was as an assistant, and not as a criminal that his son was wanted.

Albert was hastily informed, and dressing and arming himself, joined the posse. They mounted their horses and stole quietly around to the rear of the village. The sheriff explained that he had received the startling intelligence since dark, from a detective who had traced the outlaws from Missouri. He had been vigilant, and near a hundred men were stationed at different places about the village.

It was a little after midnight; the moon was rising in the east, when creeping forms might have been seen approaching the bank building. They came to the front door, which they opened and entered by means of false keys. A few moments later the cutting of drills could be heard; then a short space of time, when a dull heavy explosion shook the air.

The signal was given by the sheriff and his horsemen bore down on the burglars. The man on guard gave the alarm, and they sprang to their horses and started through the town at break-neck speed.

The inhabitants of Laurence were awakened by shouts, and the report of fire arms. The chase extended far out on the plain, when one of the robbers was wounded by a rifle shot and fell, and another had his horse killed under him.

The dismounted men were surrounded and captured, but the others escaped.

"Why this one is Mr. Rodolphus Herkimer!" exclaimed Albert, as he disarmed the outlaw whose horse he had killed.

"Is that the name he goes by here?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir," replied Albert, "he has been for weeks playing the gentleman in our village."

"And you really don't know who and what he is?" asked the detective.

"No, sir," returned Albert, "unless he is Mr. Herkimer."

"He is COLE YOUNGER, the noted Missouri outlaw, and this wounded man is his brother, Bob Younger. The scoundrels who escaped were Jessie and Frank James. You fellows have been harboring a bad man."

They concluded to harbor him a while longer.

Poor Eva did not recover from her mortification at the way her strange beau with style and dash turned out for a year. Before that time, Albert Williams and Ora Merton were married.

They now reside in one of the most beautiful farm residences, are wealthy, happy and prosperous. Eva is still single, but says she does not envy Ora her happiness; while her strange beau is serving out a term in the Minnesota penitentiary.

THE BIGGEST SNAKE STORY.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

I consider it very unprincipled and ill-mannered to lie, especially about so insignificant a thing as a snake story; moreover, as I know it would not be credited, I should be willing to attempt such a falsification. The following can, therefore, be relied on as a fact:

Ten years ago I lived on a farm among the New Hampshire hills. About a mile north of the house was a pasture called "The Rock," from an immense ledge contained therein. This was the greatest resort for miles around during the berry season, and many stories were afloat of incidents and adventures with snakes, though I had had no special encounter up to this time. In the summer of the year mentioned a young lady visited us from Boston. She was about seventeen years of age, very attractive and intelligent, and for the present shall be called Kate, though that was not her name.

One day we decided to go to "The Rock" for some berries, but the remainder of the party being detained, Kate and I started off "cross lots," instead of taking the usual road. We had reached a spot nearly two-thirds of the way to our contemplated destination, when I was startled by a terrific scream. You have heard girls scream, but I'll lay a wager you never heard such a scream.

"There's something crawling up my limb," shouted Kate. "Take it off! Take it off! My goodness, be quick!"

There she was, stamping and dancing a lightning double shuffle and screaming at the top of her voice. What was I doing, you will ask. Well, I was standing still, completely non-plussed. What could I do? My gallantry said go to the girl's rescue and remove the snake, but my modesty restrained me. You must remember I was only a country fellow and not used to city girls.

"O, it's a snake! I know it's a snake," shouted Kate, almost distracted.

"He won't bite you," I managed to exclaim.

"Well, suppose he won't; you don't think I want that nasty thing crawling up my limbs, do you? Oh! he's getting higher!" and with this she made a grab with both hands around the affected member, just above the knee, to stop his progress, and again call for me to help her. I know my face was scarlet. I felt that I should do something—but what? How I wished I was at home and that girls and berries had never been thought of.

"What a man you are," sneered Kate.

"What can I do?" I replied.

"Do!" said she. "Can't you get hold of him and pull him off? Where is your gallantry?"

Here I began to sweat. Kate's eyes were like sparks of flame, and her indignation brought me somewhat to my senses. I approached her, my head in a whirl of excitement, took hold of her clothes and shook them, but her adversary was too well positioned to be shaken off.

"You can't get him off that way. Do hurry, won't you; put your hand under my dress and pull him off; you say he won't bite!"

At this I pushed to the front, did as I was commanded, and struck out for the snake, though with more prudence than celerity, until Kate screamed.

"Do be quick; I'd think you was a snail."

But the undertaking was not without difficulties. However, I soon managed to get a glimpse of the rascal, and succeeded in removing him. It proved to be a green snake about two feet long. She had probably stepped on its tail, and, in springing up, had caught around her ankle and crawled into his final position wholly unconscious of the excitement he was causing. As for me, you could have soused me in a pool, and I wouldn't have been wetter, I sweat so, and my legs were so weak I could scarcely stand. Most girls would have fainted, but Kate merely said, "I should think you never saw a girl before."

We continued our way to the "Rock," which we were doomed not to reach; Kate being thoroughly provoked, and I ashamed of my lack of manliness, we walked on in silence. When within about hundred feet of the fence surrounding the pasture, I heard a loud hissing sound, and turning to discover its origin, received a tremendous blow across the chest, and in an instant found myself elevated to at least twenty feet into the air, where I was held. The pressure round my waist by the coil of the snake was so great you could clearly here the bones creak.

Kate, without waiting for me to scream and supplicate assistance, as I had done in her dilemma, pulled up a spear of herdsgrass and began to tickle the snake's belly as he thus stood perpendicular, holding me aloft. This was more than his majesty could stand, and he rapidly unwound himself and dropped me to the ground, breaking my arm in the fall. As soon as I could get on my feet I made the most of my freedom, and started to run for home, forgetting all about Kate until I heard a clear, musical laugh, which recalled me again to my senses. I turned and found her still tickling the snake, who had stretched himself out full length on the ground and was receiving the operation with every manifestation of delight. I forgot the excruciating pain of my broken arm in the novelty of the scene. Presently he gave a sort of prolonged singing sound and showed signs of being sleepy, gradually coiling himself up into utter insensibility. Ticking had the effect of an opiate.

While we were meditating what course to pursue, our attention was directed toward the "Rock," and forth from every fissure and hole came a multitude of similar snakes, making directly for the place where we were standing. Of course we thought our last hour had come, but were overjoyed when we found them stretch themselves on the ground after the manner of their predecessor, evidently inviting us to tickle them. The singing sound had reached them as an utterance of joy. Knowing a refusal was positive death, we secured more straws and commenced business. Similar results followed the operation and amidst our terrible position we could not help appreciating the ridiculous side affairs had taken. In the course of an hour we had them all asleep. We then cut off their heads, throwing them in a pile by themselves. They numbered 171, besides the big one that attacked me, and which we did not injure. Kate and I then got a rail from the fence, and putting it through the coil of the big snake, carried him home, where I put him in a pen so securely that he could not get away when his nap was over. My arm, by this time, was troubling me intensely, but I wanted to collect the decapitated heads we had left in the field as an evidence of our combat. So we took the team and drove over to the spot. We found the heads just as we left them, but the snakes had all crawled away. We brought the heads home and preserved them in alcohol, and they can be seen by any one desirous of proving the accuracy of the above statement. The live snake which I secured I resolved to tame and put his immense strength to a more useful purpose than squeezing the breath out of a man's body. I have every reason to be proud of my experiment and its results. Our family was large and the washings immense, but my ingenuity has reduced the labor one half. We don't wring the clothes any more. They are thoroughly washed, laid carefully in a pile, and the snake coils himself around them and squeezes them dry in a jiffy. I have refused large offers for the purchase of this snake from many who go hundreds of miles out of their course to see this wonderful performance.

When they talk about the gubernatorial question in North Carolina they mean the peanut crop.

J. Madison Drake, of Elizabeth, N. J., on hearing of the assassination, cried, "Three cheers for President Arthur!" On being threatened with mobbing, he exclaimed that he had uttered the words in jest, supposing the news from Washington to be false. This is the author of "Fast and Loose" in Dixie, who perambulated our mountain section during the war.