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The Topic.

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CLOCKS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, BOOTS,
SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

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THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

A Resume—The Valuable Lessons it has Taught.

Cor. of the News and Observer.

ATLANTA, December 31, 1881.

After to-day it will not be necessary to pay a half dollar to enter the gates of the great Cotton Exposition. They will stand open and any curious person who wishes to view the remains can walk in without spoiling himself of his wealth. Mouday will witness another sight, the dismantling the great show. It is hard to imagine the buildings empty, silent and lifeless. The ceaseless whirl of machinery has been the life of them, and when the fires die down they will be cold for many a day. It is all over. It has demonstrated much and it will serve for a date-mark at least to the half million of people who have seen it in some of its forms.

It has taught every section, every State, every community, every individual something. What has it taught North Carolina? This is what specially interests your readers. If it has taught her what she really is, it has taught her the best lesson that she could learn. A lack of proper appreciation of our State and her people has caused others to underrate them, and is the cause of a want of State pride. If it has helped to supply this want the value of the Exposition in improving our general tone cannot be estimated. This is its moral value. It has enlightened our people by showing them in contrast and comparison what other States have and how they have utilized their professions. This is the suggestive value. The exhibition of the same kinds of products that our State has, subjected to a variety of treatments and worked up into different forms, will stimulate capital and energy with us to like undertakings. This is its imitative value. The equal rank that our manufactures maintained in the industrial contest will teach consumers the valuable fact that something good can be home-made, and that they can go further and fare worse. This is one of its economic values. It has others, amongst them the positive knowledge that our people have acquired and the use they will make of it.

Of its inestimable value as a healer of all sectional animosities I will not speak. Politicians say it will effect this. It may. If it does it will require new issues and new thoughts, and these are strange things to the professional politician. I've heard no politics talked here. But my idea is that the white garments of good will that the Southern Penelope weaves in the day time the Northern Penelope unravels at night, so that no great progress will be made while the suitors woo the very chaste but very stubborn lady of the distaff. It is just one of those problems that are automatic and must work themselves out.

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION.

It is not denied that the protectionists have set great store by the exhibition and have hoped to direct attention through its object-teaching (to speak after the manner of the kindergarten) to the industrial interests of the South to the exclusion of its political and social concerns. It is hinted that this is the method in the new enthusiasm, and that it was invented by the wise ones who do not favor a tariff for revenue only. I do not know much more about this than the authors of these guesses. That is to say, nothing, but it is true that the protectionists are using the impulse in factory building to further this issue in the South. How successful they will be in doing so will depend in a great measure upon the growth of manufactures. An agricultural community is not likely to go wild over the protection of iron, cotton or any other kind of factories. Nor are communities whose business is the converting of raw materials into finished products likely to pin faith to a tariff that gives no protection. For the present, protectionists will have to content themselves with a factory village here and there in the vast plains of cotton and corn. If, however, North Carolina learns not to

neglect this interest that is represented by eighty odd mills, and to deal fairly with it, the lesson has been a valuable one.

GEORGIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

I need not refer to the natural tie between North Carolina and Georgia. One cannot go amiss for North Carolinians here, or for people whose immediate generations were born in our State. Every North Carolina soldier recognizes the tie at once. It is well then that North Carolina came to Georgia in her representative capacity. She was not represented by private enterprise only, but officially by the direction of her Chief Magistrate through the Department of Agriculture, the natural patron of such an exposition, and in the person of the head of that department, the Commissioner of Agriculture, the proper envoy for such a mission. It is a matter of regret that no other State was so represented, but that is not our affair.

THE EFFECT.

The interest that the exhibition of the State's resources will arouse amongst moneyed men who have muscle and a will to work remains to be seen. It is easy to say in a general way that it will be great, but I am aiming at giving you facts that will be valuable. One can hear of many prospectors in all parts of the State, but that class seldom hurries and is always cautious. We will see what we will see. If they do not come it will not be because they have not been piped unto.

IMMIGRATION.

If the lesson taught to people of other States who visited the exposition is North Carolina, it will make greatly for the State, because immigration is what is needed. It is necessary for our material advancement and to hold our own politically. Both are important. North Carolina has less than four thousand foreign born inhabitants. This is not one fourth of one per cent., and would not enter into any problem relating to its population; it is so fractional. It does not influence our modes of thought or life. A good influx of young and new blood would doubtless improve us, because we have yet got to be a perfect community. A few of the many thousands who are migrating yearly could find a lodgment with us whenever they came that would satisfy them and be advantageous to us. The resources of the State have been set forth and sent forth by our papers for a long while, but many feared that printers' ink magnifies and would not believe. Now we have given these doubting Thomases a substantial and terrible proof—they will still disbelieve? If a thousand people are brought into the State by our exposition at Atlanta, the State will be reimbursed for its expenditures a hundred fold. P. M. W.

A FAIR SHEPHERDESS.

San Francisco Evening Post.

A reporter learned from Mr. Holt the particulars of a history that properly handled would make the web and woof of as romantic a novel as was ever written. It is the story of a beautiful girl who voluntarily leaves the luxuries and elegances of a beautiful Philadelphia home to follow a lover to the wilds of Texas. Blanche Thomas was the only daughter of parents who lavished upon her all that wealth could purchase. Her dresses from Worth, her equipages, her brown stone house on Chestnut street, were the envy of many and the ambition of few. Her father took her with him to Paris where she soon became the rage in the American colony there. Many admirers had aspired to her hand—many wealthy noblemen had offered themselves in marriage, but all in vain. When pressed by her father for an explanation of her conduct she reluctantly acknowledged that she was in love, and had been since her childhood, with the son of the manager of her father's coal mines, near Pittsburg. This so enraged her father that he forbade her even to mention the young man's name again, and unthinkingly told her she must select some eligible party within six months or cease to be his daughter. Thinking him in earnest and knowing him to be a man of his word, the poor

girl packed up a few clothes, and, taking what money she had in her purse at the time, took passage on an outward bound steamer for New York. Arriving there, she telegraphed to her lover in Pittsburg, who did not even stop to change his mining clothes so afraid was he that he would miss the fast express that was to carry him to the object of his affections.

There was a quiet little marriage at Grace Church the next day, and the spoiled child of fortune became the wife of a brawny, muscular, miner. After much thought and a great deal of planning it was decided to come to Texas and there build for themselves a home. He pre-empted and bought land and sheep in Taylor, built a house of two small rooms, and while she cooked and attended to the humble affairs of the household he looked after the sheep and cultivated the land. A year of perfect but quiet happiness passed by, when the husband broke his leg and the work of watching the sheep devolved upon the wife. One evening as she was walking towards the house in her simple country dress a party of gentlemen rode up and one of them was her father, who had been searching for his daughter since her departure from Paris. Calm reflection had satisfied him that hers was the better choice, and he was only too glad to recognize in her husband a son-in-law. He persuaded them to give up their home in Texas for a time and return with him to Philadelphia.

JUST THE GIRL.

Halifax Chronicle.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and didn't earn enough to starve decently on, but with that sublime assurance which distinguishes the young man of the day, he was paying attention to the prettiest girl in Detroit. He managed, by not paying his washerwoman and tailor, to take her to operas and theatres, but as the times were getting hard he concluded to marry her and save the expense of boarding. By some process of mental arithmetic known to the genius, he discovered with great difficulty that what was not enough for one was enough for two, and forthwith decided to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men away, so he had no fears of a trial. When the time came and he was in the company of his Laura in her father's comfortable parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her dimpled little hand used only to tinkle the piano with, and said in a bronzed voice:

"Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded to marry."

Laura started, as he intended she should. Then he resumed grandiloquently. "I want a dear little girl about your size, with a great big heart just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Madison avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No, dearest, but what are localities to hearts that love? I want a girl that is good-tempered, smart, economical, and who loves me! Darling, do you know of such a one?"

Laura, faintly. "Yes, oh, I am sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me in poverty than dwell with some men in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, keep the house tidy, and listen for my footsteps—who would rise up early and sit up late for my sake?"

"Oh, how beautiful," murmured Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificing man!"

"Do you know of such a one, my angel?"

"Yes, I do," responded Laura, fervently; "but you must not call me your angel, for she might not like it; she's in the kitchen now washing the dishes, and she told mother this morning she would just as leave get married this winter as live out, if she only felt able to support a husband. She's just the girl you want, and she'd love you within an inch of your life."

But Augustus Smythe had fled into the outer darkness; the too inebriation of the occasion overcame him like a summer clout.

A BLOODY AFFRAY.

St. Louis, January 3.—Advice from Graham, Texas, report that the three McDonald boys, the murderers of a man named Martin, at Belknap, made a desperate effort to escape from jail yesterday, which resulted in their death and that of a deputy sheriff, besides the serious wounding of several other people. About 10 o'clock in the morning the McDonald boys were led from the steel cage to the calaboose, and with Jim Boone and Jack Baldwin, two other prisoners, were given their breakfast by two deputies. One deputy was testing the cage while it was empty, and the other deputy, Davis Melton, stood in the doorway of the wooden cell opening from the calaboose to the steel cage. He had a pistol in each hand keeping watch, and presently he put both revolvers in one hand to get a match from his pocket. The McDonalds sprang upon him suddenly and disarmed him. In the struggle Davis was shot in the hand. His cries brought Murfee, the other deputy, from the cage, but on entering the calaboose he was shot and instantly killed by the prisoners. The prisoners then made a hole through the floor to the room below, and taking Davis with them, began their escape. A bloodhound watches the jail, but a detour they avoided him, and took their flight in a southerly direction. By this time the city was excited and the citizens had gathered together and followed the prisoners. The latter placed their hostage, Davis, behind them, and threatened to shoot him dead if they were fired on. Thus the murderers proceeded some three hundred yards, when one citizen deliberately took aim and fired, wounding one of the fugitives, who fell. Deputy Davis seized the opportunity and broke loose and ran. A general fusillade was now begun between the citizens and the escaping prisoners. The latter entrenched themselves in the weeds and stumps. The battle raged for some time. When the shooting ceased the three McDonalds were dead. Davis was shot three times. An old man named Wood was wounded in the thigh, and a waiter named Joe had the bone of his leg shattered. Baldwin and Boone took no part in the shooting, and were recaptured. Graham was the scene of terrible excitement during the bloody affray.

A Georgia Dare-Devil.

Georgia News.

There are few men in Georgia, probably, who have given the officers more trouble than Jack Pugh, and we doubt if any one has ever been more successful in eluding them. Catch him and surround him as they would be always managed to slide out from under their thumbs. Long, lank, lean and wiry, and possessed of great activity for one of his build, he has kept up his dare-devil career with the fearlessness of a border ruffian. Pugh will fight a circular saw if it is said and has never been afraid to meet the best armed officers always being ready and on the alert. His wife too, is a tough customer when on her muscle. Some time ago one Rawls said something to her about Jack at the house, when she took up a board and with true Amazonian courage cleaned him completely up, making him bite the dust in a jiffy. Pugh says he hasn't slept in a house in three years. If all his exploits in evading the law and swindling the government were jumbled up in dime novel style it would make the hair of the average boy stand wild on end. Being an illicit distiller of the ardent is not his only reputation. He is said to be a clever counterfeiter.

MODESTY in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

A POET in a Western town wrote some pathetic verses on the death of a young lady, and sent them to the local paper. He was surprised next morning by a call from her brother armed with a club, who undertook to thrash him. An explanation ensued. It appeared that the poet had written, "We will hallow her grave with our tears," but the printers had converted the line into "We will hallow her grave with our steers."