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The Topic

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LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1882.

NO. 21.

WALLACE BROS.

CLAIM

AND

CAN VERIFY THE FACT,

THAT THEY SHOW

THE LARGEST AND MOST VARIED STOCK

OF

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE!

MERCHANTS

will find our prices

as usual, as low as they can

buy from any source. The Trade

is respectfully requested to give us

a look before purchasing.

WALLACE BROS.

BRANCH OFFICES:

Patton Avenue, - - Asheville, N. C.

187 Chestnut St., - - - New York.

76 Pearl St., - - - Boston, Mass.

Mr. H. C. Hunt will wait on

our customers at Asheville. W. B.

NEW STORE! BETWEEN THE CENTRAL HOTEL AND THE JONES HOUSE. NEW GOODS!

R. G. COURTNEY

Having just received from the NORTH a full line of

NEW GOODS

consisting of a beautiful line of Fall and Winter Prints, Cassimers, Flannels, Shawls, Alamance, Bleached and Unbleached Domestic, Alpaca, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Wool and Fur Hats, Ladies' Hats and Hosiery.

Groceries of all kinds, Especially

COFFEE, SUGAR, TEA, RICE, CRACKERS, OYSTERS,

Mackerel, Molasses and Candy. Also, School Books, Drugs,

Hardware, Tinware and Crockery

all of which will be sold at HARD TIME prices for cash or barter.

Thanking our Friends and Patrons for their liberal support

in the past, we hope to merit a continuance of their patronage

in the future by Fair Dealing and Low Prices. CALL AND

EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

NEW GOODS! NEW PRICES!

STEPHEN W. BOYDEN

TAKE pleasure in announcing to his old friends and

customers that he is again in BOONE, at his

old stand with a COMPLETE STOCK of NEW and

BEAUTIFUL GOODS, consisting, in part, of

CLOCKS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, BOOTS,

CLOCKS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, BOOTS,

SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

CLOTHING

in various styles and colors, SHIRTS, of various grades and

prices, Collars, all styles and colors. Call and examine my

goods and prices before buying elsewhere, and it will pay you.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods at

the best market prices. Boone, N. C., Nov. 3.

FROM ARKANSAS.

THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH - THE VALLEY OF HOT SPRINGS - A PALACE HOTEL - THE TOWN OF HOT SPRINGS - AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE BATH - THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE PROPERTIES OF THE WATERS.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Jan. 17, 1882.

DEAR TOPIC: Nearly a mile from where Hot Springs creek empties into the Washita, or Ouachita River in Garland county, Arkansas, is a valley, some 800 yards long by 50 yards wide, running from North to South. The creek above named hugs the eastern hills, leaving all the level bottom the western side of the valley. The hills rise, in most places, abruptly and in some places precipitously, to a height on either side of some 500 feet, and are covered with a dense growth of pine and oak. From the eastern side of the creek, and within a few hundred yards of each other, burst forth the famous Hot Springs of the Washita. Only one spring can be found on the western side and, located in the bank of the creek, is flooded by every rise. The remaining springs—over 50 in number, are mostly on the hill side. A few are in the bank, and some in the very bed of the creek, which in the summer, when it is not swollen with rains, itself attains a temperature of 112°. Some of the springs yield a far greater supply than others; the aggregate supply from all, has not been accurately estimated, but it cannot be less than 12,000 gallons per day. The temperature of the springs varies from 112° to 166°. The bolder springs, and those which mainly supply the bath houses, have a temperature of 148°.

The U. S. Government after a half a century of litigation, some 2 or 3 years ago established its title to the Valley, and after conveying to the settlers sufficient land on the western side of the creek to compensate them for their improvements on the eastern bank, retains the title to the entire territory covering the springs, as a permanent reservation. Its agent here, the superintendent of Hot Water, collects the flow of the larger springs into a huge brick tank, whence it is taken in iron tubing, to the various bath houses, they paying \$1.25 per week for each tub—making the weekly rental of a house of 24 tubs \$30. No analysis has discovered wherein consists the unquestionable healing virtue of the water. They contain lime, silicon, soda and iron, magnesia and alumina, in very small quantities. Many persons, some of them men of science, claim that a certain electrical element pervades the water, which eludes analysis, and vanishes when the waters cool.

Whatever it is that cures, this is the way it is done. I now speak of the methods pursued at the Palace Bath House, the finest of the 12 that line the Valley. It has 24 tubs, of wood, banded with iron, and lined with pure white porcelain, in one unbroken piece; these tubs cost \$135, a piece and were made in Scotland, and weighed 800 lbs each. They are long and large enough to hold a large man lying at length, and cover him with the water. Adjoining each tub room is a dressing room, with lounge, chair, glass and clothes rack. Here you disrobe. The "rubber" to whom you pay \$1 for 7 baths helps you dress and undress, and just as you are ready to step into the tub, has the water at the exact temperature ordered by your physician, who has heretofore examined you, and given you bathing directions for \$5. To each tub is a heavy silver plated faucet for hot and one for cold water. Supposing you enter at 96°, you step in, first wetting the top of the head with cold water, and taking a cup of hot water to drink. As you lie down the rubber starts the 3 minute sand glass, and then commences rubbing, and kneading every muscle of your limbs and body. As the sands run out he lets in the hot water until you have been in 3 minutes at 96 degrees, 3 at 97 degrees, 3 at 98 degrees and 2 at 100 degrees, rubbing and kneading you constantly. You lie perfectly still, he turns you over and turns you back, occasionally testing the water

with a thermometer, changing the sand glass, or handing you a cup of hot water to drink. You will drink 3 or 4 every bath. As the 10 or 11 minutes expire you extend one arm, the rubber takes your towels, of which you have provided two, and rubs the arm until it is as red as a beet, then you scramble up to your knees, and he rubs your breast and back, letting the water gradually off, then, rising to your feet you step out upon a rug and the boy rubs your legs and feet. He then thoroughly dries your head and assists you to dress, even putting on your shoes and adjusting your cravat. You then slowly walk out into the corridor, kept at a uniform heat of some 75 degrees and stay 10 minutes, then to the parlor, and stay 20 minutes in absolute quiet and inaction. Then you button up your overcoat, pull your hat over your eyes, and slowly walk to your room, thanking God for the Hot Springs of the Ouachita.

Ladies bathe the same way, in separate apartments, attended by skillful colored women. The Palace Bath House is some 75 by 60 feet on the ground, the front containing reception rooms, parlors and offices, of 2 storeys—the rear, containing the bath, of one storey. The house, furnished, cost \$25,000. There are \$1,750 worth of carpets, \$3,000 worth of furniture, and over \$3,000 worth of bath tubs in the building. Every fitting and article about it is of the most elegant character. It is reached, as are all the houses, by a bridge leading from the Main Street over the creek. Such baths as are described cost 25 cents each. From 40 to 100 bathers use each house every day at this season. Such a house has to be rebuilt every four years, owing to the destructive effects of the perpetual vapors permeating every nook and cranny of them, mildewing and penetrating the paint and rotting the wood. Vapor baths are also furnished, but of these we have no experience.

The town, or City, not only fills the narrow Valley, but straggles out over the hills westward, and beyond the head of the Valley, Northward, until it affords room for between 4 and 5 thousand inhabitants, and from 1 to 3 thousand visitors. There are many nice stores, and a great deal of enterprise and thrift displayed here. Many persons come here for their health, and after being cured, settle here. The climate is said to be heavily charged with ozone, and to be remarkably healthy. Many believe these to be the "Fountains of perpetual youth," which De Soto spent his life in searching for. It is certain that the virtues of the waters were known to the Indians, long before the settlement of the country by the whites. C. A. C.

INTENSELY UTTER.

Rockland Courter.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who has grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why you superlatively pa?" she exclaimed; "I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the seal-skin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the huddles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with

a puzzled air; "quite excessive beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren, continued from the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa, you don't understand me," the daughter explained; "I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be travelling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate na!" screamed the returned collegiatess as they drew up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, as he sipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well there, pa, now you're shou—I mean I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquestionably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, "half full,—but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't," exclaimed the daughter reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine art that have made my school life the boss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning, he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:—

"Maria—me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is to utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an' dust up stairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy dress gown and put on a caliker an' then come down and help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative pa an' ma's runnin' the rancho. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.

A widow said to her daughter: "When you get to my age it will be time enough for you to think of a husband." "Yes mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for the second time."

"What a greedy thing you are!" exclaimed a girl to her companion, who had just taken the best apple from the dish. "I was going to take that myself."

To Advertisers. A schedule of advertising rates will be furnished on application. Transient advertisements payable in advance; year advertisements payable quarterly in advance. Professional cards, etc. five or less, ten dollars per annum—payable half yearly in advance. Remittances may be made by check, draft, post office money order, or registered letter. Advertisements discontinued before the time contracted for has expired, charged transient rates for the time actually published. Communications containing items of local or general interest respectfully solicited. Manuscripts intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper, and accompanied by the name of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith.

WATAUGA COUNTY.

AN ITALIAN CLIMATE—ITS FAUNA AND FLORA—ITS CEREALS AND GRASSES—A GREAT VARIETY OF GAME—THE HEALTHFULNESS OF ITS CLIMATE, RESTORING HEALTH TO THE INVALID AND AFFORDING RESORT FOR THE TOURIST—A PEN PICTURE BY A LOVER OF NATURE.

By N. N.

The climate of Watauga is classed with that of Northern Italy. Its vigorous, healthful and bracing atmosphere is congenial to the production of the various cereals, grasses, fruits and vegetables almost in perfection, and as to its healthful influence, it is not to be surpassed by any region or section of country within our knowledge. Our climate gives to each of the four seasons of the year many charming and delightful attractions. Owing to the high elevation of our great plateau, winter here is rather cold and subject to extremes. How wisely the great Architect of the universe has arranged the planets and seasons for the comfort and use of men, beasts, fowls, birds, insects and reptiles. Winter is the night of rest for the flora and hibernating animals of all sections. The black bear, wood chuck or ground hog, chipmunk or ground squirrel are among four hibernating animals. Our winter birds are the Jay, top knot, red bird, snow bird, striped or winter sparrow, the large and small woodpecks, &c.

The hoary frost, with its multiplied millions of glittering jewels and the pure white crisp snow have their attractions. The Nimrods chase the fox, wildcat, bear and wolf, while the boys hunt the rabbit, and opossum, and trap the musk rat, mink and otter. A tramp of a few miles on the snow of a cold crisp day will tone up one's nerves, invigorate the system and make one as agile as a squirrel.

Spring too has her attractions. Nature has waked from her winter's sleep, brings her resuscitating and renewing influences. Let us take a walk, some bright May morning, over the hills, through the vales, fields, meadows and orchards when we can sip the nectar of the God of Nature. How delightful and soul-feasting, as we tramp, to pluck the beautiful new blown flowers, charmed by the varied notes of the sweet singing birds, the bleating sheep, the playful lambs, the lowing cows, the neighing horse, the sounding wood pecks, the nimble squirrels, and feasting our eyes on the pink peach blossom, the virgin white apple bloom, all of which make a panorama fit for the Gods to look upon.

Here comes hot sultry Summer, with her growing corn, her golden fields of waving grain, the meadows of new mown, sweet smelling hay, spiced with luscious strawberries, raspberries, potatoes, bears and melons.

Now Autumn steps in, with his brown curls, loaded with the ripening corn, fruits and vegetables, shaking down the nuts for the boys and squirrels. Such are the productions of our climate for the four seasons.

Our climate and country cannot be surpassed in its attractions to health and pleasure seekers; here the invalid and man of leisure can spend a summer with pleasure. Our pure and bracing atmosphere, our gushing springs, our varied and beautiful mountain scenery, the vast and extended views from the top of the Grandfather, Hanging Rock and Pinnacle of Beech Mountain, are some of the attractions and inducements to the tourist and man of leisure.

A convict at the penitentiary, being asked what trade he would like to follow, said he would like to be a sailor.

A good deacon, being asked if he had bought any Christmas cards, replied, innocently, "No; why should I? the old pack is good yet!"

The Norristown Herald man, who is a pretty shrewd fellow, says that place "has no female architect; but it has a number of designing women."

A bachelor, being asked why he never married, replied he "thought of it once, but abandoned the idea when he found the young lady and all her family were utterly opposed to it."