

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY THE LENOIR PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. Description—in advance, per year, \$1.00. Single copies, five cents.

The Topic.

VOL. VII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1882.

NO. 32.

To Advertisers. A schedule of advertising rates will be furnished on application. Transient advertisements payable in advance...

WALLACE BROS., STATESVILLE, N. C.

Invite the attention of the trade to their

SPRING STOCK,

which is now complete. Carrying as they do the

LARGEST GENERAL MERCHANDISE STOCK IN THE STATE

Merchants visiting them will certainly have

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES

in making selections. Our terms and prices are in competition with any jobbing house in the country.

Parties finding it inconvenient to call will please favor us with their orders through our traveling salesmen. Soliciting an early examination, we are, very truly,

WALLACE BROS.

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 the Best 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, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

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 highest market prices. Boone, N. C., Nov. 3.

"UNCLE REMUS" IN HIS DEN.

Fannie May Witt in Greensboro Patriot. "At five and a half o'clock..."

A pause at the sanctum (Lord save the mark!) door, the top of a very, red head, a pile of exchanges, then...

He did not ask me to call again, as he gave my hand a limp, parting shake; and I am sure I had rather worship him at a safe distance hereafter.

One of America's finest humorists, poets, novelists, paragraphists, and yet awkward, ugly, and seely looking!

NEW REPORTERS.

The following article, entitled, "Tales for the little folks," by Murray Halstead appeared in the Chicago Tribune:

A few days ago I promised to tell you something more about reporters. You have already learned what easy times they have; but often those who have the best chances in this world do not seem to appreciate the fact...

Of a gentle and kindly temper, free from idle words, yet not averse to innocent mirth, there was about him that inborn dignity which made him, in every company, a man to be revered.

everybody thought played out, was going to be sold at auction by his master, so he staid around and bought the poor horse for \$4,000. The next summer he put him in a big race, "just for fun," everybody said.

back to the office at night with enough manuscript to make a book. The editor gave this to an experienced reporter and said: "cut that stuff down to a stickful."

it was out from and make him own his wool. "Two'n't wear out, either; I wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years and they are as good now as when I first put them on."

A WARM INVITATION.

Detroit Free Press.

Jesse B. of Raleigh, N. C., was engaged in the lightning-rod business. He had just put up the necessary rods for a farmer, and was judging from a certain unpleasant sensation in the region of the diaphragm that the hour of dinner was near at hand.

At length, after some hesitation the farmer said: "It's about our dinner hour, but the old woman is away from home to day, and I hardly know what to do about it; but if you will take pot-luck with me, you are welcome to dinner."

Jesse thanked him, and the two wended their way to the dining room. They found nothing to eat save a dish of roasted potatoes and a pot of mustard.

After being seated, the farmer asked Jesse to take some potatoes. "No, I thank you," said Jesse "I like potatoes."

A CLERK'S STORY.

"When I used to tend store at Syracuse, the old man came round to us one day, and says he, 'Boys, the one who gets the most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present.'"

I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bed-clothes for an instant, then rip, tear, went something or other, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter and sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom.

HEARTRENDING DOMESTIC DRAMA. Burlington Hawkeye.

Poor Phillip Vanderdonk. All his life he had toiled and saved and scrimped, and pulled every string that had a dollar at the end of it.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife anxiously, starting softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled, "both farms, and sold the wood lot over on Big Island."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house too?" she asked with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man in hollow tones. "Oh, yes and sold all my stock in Northern, and hypothecated what I had in the Sixth street bridge."

"And was it enough?" she asked trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled, and then as he saw the ghastly pallor of deathly disappointment spread over her face, added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days time for the balance at 8 per cent."

"And you've brought my new hat home, then?" she clamored joyously. "Oh, Phillip, you dear old duck!"

"It looks clear," commented old Uncle Witherspoon, who had dropped in to see his friend for a few moments. "I guess that is pretty good gin."

"Try some," said Daddy Winterbottom, holding out the bottle and a glass. "It won't hurt ye. Bless your soul, nan, there isn't a headache in a gallon!"

"No, I don't suppose there is," conceded Uncle Witherspoon. "Wall here's health!" and down it went.

And they drank and drank until they were sick at their stomachs, and when they parted it was with fuddled expressions of distinguished consideration and mutual promises to have it out on a similar basis some other night.

Every body has read the marvelous stories of traveling magicians mystifying people by exhibiting their skill in public places. Of all the leading wizards such stories are published, and in fact they have the discernment to see that no better advertisement of their performances could possibly be obtained.

man was riding a California street dummy and taking in his fellow passengers with the usual unconscious eyes of the prestidigitator, when he turned and said to a rough looking young man on the same side:

"Pardon me, my friend, but you will lose your watch—your chain is hanging."

"Hdint got no watch," growled the youth.

"Excuse me, but you are mistaken. Look there!"

The hoodlum, who had unfortunately been to the theatre that evening and who had just recognized the magician's face, took hold of the chain, pulled the watch from his pocket, stared at it for a moment and then said:

"Why, to be sure; how d—d careless of me. 'Bliged to you, Baron," and stepping briskly from the dummy he tip a neighboring alley, leaving the Baron staring after his stern winder with a paralyzed expression. No arrests.

EFFECTS OF THE CENT COLD SW. P.

Dispatches from Delaware and the peach-growing sections of Maryland indicate that no serious damage was done by the frost and cold of Monday night. Growers report the buds as not sufficiently advanced to be greatly affected.

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi during the flood the other day lost her way and bumped up against a frame of a house. She hadn't more than touched before an old darkey rammed his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the roof: "Whar de hell is you gwine wid dat ar boat? Can't yer see no nuffin? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine ter turn dis house ober, spill de old woman an de chillun out in de flood an drown em. What yer deint out hear in de country wid yer damn lo't, anyhow? Go on back yonder froo de co'n fields, an git back into de ribber whar yer blongs. Aint got no business seben miles out in de country foolin roum peoples' hoases no low?" and she backed out.

A NEW COMET.

The new comet will be visible to the naked eye in about two weeks, just after midnight, and will remain in sight until dawn. About 2 o'clock in the morning it will be seen about half way up the zenith, in the constellation of Lyra, and near Vega, the brightest morning star in that part of the sky.

State vs. T. Jeff, Smith, from Watuga; no error; judgment affirmed.

State vs. Hiram Roten, from Ashe; no error; judgment affirmed.

J. B. Miller et als., vs. Bartlett Bryan et als., from Watuga; exception overruled and judgment affirmed.

Holland Hodges et als., vs. Council & Horton, administrators from Watuga; error; new trial ordered.

T. H. Webster and wife vs. Wesley Laws and wife, from Alexander; error; venire de novo.