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The Topic.

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ADVERTISERS. A schedule of advertising rates will be furnished on application. Transient advertisements payable in advance; year advertisements payable quarterly in advance. Professional cards, law, medicine, ten dollars per annum—payments in advance. Remittances may be made by draft, post office money order, or registered letter. All advertisements must be received 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.

OFFICE of WALLACE BROS., Statesville, N. C., August 1st, 1882.

To the Trade: As it is our purpose to thoroughly organize our wholesale business in all its branches for the coming fall trade, immediately, we shall, for the next 30 days, close our Spring and Summer stock,

in all departments, at SWEEPING REDUCTIONS, and as it is a class of goods exactly suited to the fruit season, if merchants can find it convenient to call on us at once, we are sure they will find jobs that will amply repay the visit. Very Respectfully, 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 spring and summer prints, Cassimers, Flannels, Shawls, Alamance, Bleached and Unbleached Domestic, Alpaca, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Wool straw 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 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.

J. T. Webb. C. B. Webb. STATESVILLE MARBLE WORKS, J. T. WEBB & SON. With many years' experience in the MARBLE business, we are enabled to do all kinds of work in MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TOMBS & MARBLE FURNITURE of all description furnished at short notice and at the lowest prices. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Work securely boxed, and delivered free of charge, along depot on the W. N. C. Railroad. Send for price list and designs. C. B. WEBB will continue as traveling agent. Statesville, N. C., Feb. 1st—17.

LANDRETH'S PEDIGREE SEEDS. SEEDS for the MERCHANT or the FARMER. SEEDS for the PRIVATE FAMILY. LANDRETH & SONS, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA.

Our New York Letter.

Correspondence of The Topic.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1882.

ANOTHER POLICE OUTRAGE.

A few evenings ago, Mr. W. M. Rosebalt, a well known young lawyer and journalist, was arrested for the shocking offense of sitting upon his own door step, and for supplementing this outrageous act of villainy with the unpardonable crime of refusing to enter his door at the command of the officer. He was dragged to the stationhouse, where the sergeant in charge disdaining to listen to any protest or explanation, thrust him into a foul, stifling cell, where he remained until morning. When taken to court, he made a plain statement of facts to Judge Ford, who, seeing that there had been no grounds for arrest, immediately discharged him. A morning paper in commenting upon this affair says: We rejoice in the belief that legal means will now be taken by the gentleman ascertain whether without any warrant in fact or any reason whatever, except their own will and furious pleasures, these brutal and law-defying policemen can thus outrage peaceful and orderly citizens. Mr. Rosebalt, from whose manly letter concerning the Russian Jews, I quoted liberally a few weeks ago, has begun an action against the brute who arrested him, and the other brute who committed him. They will also be arraigned before the Police Board, and will doubtless be dismissed the force. Edward Kennedy is the policeman and John Thompson the Sergeant.

WHY SO MANY MERCHANTS FAIL.

The record of mercantile failures in New York and its vicinity, for the first seven months in the year, is not so alarming as it has been in years past showing that the general condition of trade and industry is healthy throughout the United States. Speculation has not approached the extreme to which American trade sometimes reaches, and therefore the commercial situation is one of our normal activity. The failures in the South and West are due, for the most part, to the exaggerated credit system, which prevails in those sections, leading country dealers to advance more largely than their capital justifies. In New York, there has been a marked caution in all branches of trade, and despite the mischief done by the freight handlers strike which was altogether the fault of the railroad companies, the business of good houses has been excellent, and the outlook is promising. Yet, while it is logical to look for an increase of trade disasters to accompany an increase of population, we may moderate our fears when we consider that the system of commercial credits is improving, and that there is a more liberal use made of printer's ink, than ever before. Merchants in the city as well as in the country, must pay for their penny wise folly, when, on the score of economy, they refuse to make themselves known to the world. Hasty and ill judged ventures contribute their quota of mishaps to the general scores followed by speculations in Stock, which have forced several firms to succumb; but a glance at the list will satisfy the observant reader that in the majority of cases, the merchants who have come to grief were those who, like the cat in the adage: let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' and instead of using the types, have saved their pennies to buy mourning with. Men who advertise, seldom fail.

THE SOAPMAKERS HORSES.

It is not generally known that B. T. Babbitt, the great soap manufacturer, raises his own horses—those magnificent animals which draw his elaborately painted wagons to and from his immense factories. The most of them are noble greys, 16 hands high, and weighing from 1000 to 1600 pounds. A few years ago he imported a number of Percheron stallions and mares from France, paying an average of \$1,500 apiece for them. He now owns about 50; and the large sturdily built, heavy-limbed and well-groomed, bright-eyed fellows that possess a great deal more intelligence than many bipeds who do much less for a living, are a never failing source of

admiration to the crowds who watch them stalking through the streets during business hours.

HAMILTON—BURR.

It was a little more than 78 years ago that Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton. A few years afterward Aaron Burr was united in marriage to Mme. Jumel, in her picturesque old mansion, a short distance from the Grange, Alexander Hamilton's country seat, at the upper end of Manhattan Island. In 1834 Mme. Jumel, who then described herself as Eliza B. Burr, conveyed an interest in her immense estate to John Church Hamilton, eldest son of the man her last husband had killed. By a subsequent deed he transferred the property to Mrs. Burr and her daughter. In 1816 Aaron Burr adopted a young Frenchman, the natural son of Count Verde de Lisle. The boy took his new father's name, went into business in New York as a jeweller and diamond importer, and as the "Opal King," amassed a fortune. After spending some years in travel, he founded the American Honduras Company, and at one time, before the days of gas and electricity, served the city as Lamp Inspector, an office which added to the millionaire's income at least \$100 a year. Aaron C. Burr died on the 27th ult. and two days afterward died John Church Hamilton at the age of 90. He and the adopted son of his father's slayer had often met, and were the best of friends. Aaron Burr died in a little tavern at Port Richmond, Staten Island; his victim died at his home in New York; Aaron Burr's namesake died in New York; and Alexander Hamilton's son at Long Branch, N. J. Only one of the four was a New Yorker by birth—Hamilton's son. His father was from the West Indies, Aaron Burr was a native of Newark, N. J., and Aaron C. Burr was born in the South of France.

PELLETS.

Contrary to the hope and belief of the community, the strike of the freight hauliers has failed.—Young Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, who, three or four years ago, abandoned the pulpit for a more profitable desk in an insurance office, is now before the Court to settle a claim of \$5,000 which seems to be a little balance due on stock transactions in Wall Street Time was where Dr. Tyng looked upon Wall Street as the Devil's Parade ground, and classed the dealers in stocks as among Satan's body guard.—J. R. Adams, for some years cashier of the West End Hotel, Long Branch, has committed suicide. He was a native of New Orleans, but his parents reside in St. Louis—A respectable woman was yesterday arrested and taken before Judge Murray, charged with having ecchims and fever in the street. The Judge in discharging the prisoner, remarked (extra judicially) that if a few of the New York policemen would arraign themselves on charge of being unrevived fools, he would stretch a point, and have them sent to the Lunatic Asylum.—The three Milk Inspectors boarded an "Orange County Milk" wagon yesterday morning at day break. "You needn't waste your time in examining the milk" said the driver. "It's all skimmed." The milk was then emptied into the Hudson River.—A firm advertises this morning for a "shaper and striker that does not get drunk every time he is paid off."—The girl, Cora H. Lent, abducted from a Poughkeepsie a week ago, by a member of the 22nd New York city regiment has returned to her home. She had been held here it is thought for a reward.—Hunter's Point, where the pools are sold, is now the resort of all the thieves and blacklegs of New York. The policy dealers whose business was broken up by District Attorney McKeon, the other day, are among the unwelcome visitors to that malodorous suburb. Bessie.

BOSTON LAWYERS' FEES.

Boston Advertiser.

The writer was conversing on this subject not long ago with a successful and very observant member of the profession, and the following questions were asked and answered: How many lawyers in Boston make \$20,000 a year from their practice? You can count them on the fingers of one hand.

And how many make \$10,000? Not a dozen. How many make \$5,000? Perhaps a quarter of the active bar. How much do the others make? A good many pick up \$1,500 to \$2,000; many work at other things to help support them. Some live from hand to mouth, and some nearly starve. What becomes of all the young lawyers who get admitted every month? A few who have fathers or relatives already prominent in the profession go in with them and find enough to do. A good many, by slow degrees, build up a fair practice for themselves. Some keep an office for a few years and do nothing, and then drift into some other occupation. Some go West and some go to—the devil.

A FASHIONABLE BARBER.

Baltimore Sun Long Branch Letter.

The day of my arrival here I went into the barber shop of one of the leading hotels and dropped into the first vacant chair. The eminent and accomplished professor who presided over this chair, after making the usual depreciatory remarks about the style in which my hair had been last cut, &c., glided off into a flow of gossip. He communicated the intelligence that he had waited on Gen. Grant in that chair the day before, and then paused a moment as if he expected me to rise and bow profoundly to the chair. Resuming, he said that to him had been entrusted the honor of scraping the chin and cutting the hair of Gov. Cornell during the stay of that distinguished functionary at the Branch, and he added, "Gov. Cornell always paid fifty cents for shaving and a dollar for hair cutting." I innocently inquired how many times Mr. Cornell had his hair cut. At this he hesitated a moment, as if summing up the aggregate, and then replied: "Well, he had it cut once. But," he went on to say, and this in that peculiarly insinuating style which barbers know so well how to assume, "all the gentlemen who come here pays for their shave, and then gives a quarter to the man who shaves them." I suppose this knight of the razor thought he was playing it very fine on me, for as I stepped out of his chair he half stretched out his itching palms. But summoning up all my nerve I remarked apologetically, that it was only the sons of rich men who could afford to be so generous. But he had his revenge, for as I turned away without bestowing the anticipated doimeur he fired at me in a stage whisper. "Yes, some men would sooner spend their money at the bar than help the poor barbers."

NOT DOWNED BUT SLEEPETH.

Greensboro Patriot.

Whilst fishing on South Buffalo, last Saturday, Sam Coffin, an old issue "free nigger," fell into the water. He sank and rose a couple of times, when his companion, Dick Johnson, seeing that he made no effort to save himself, got hold of him and drew him to the bank. It was discovered that Sam was still asleep, his cold bath having no effect on him whatever. Dick managed to awaken him by rolling him in the mud and wearing out two or three lightwood knots over his head. When Sam awoke he expressed much surprise to find his clothes wet, and demanded an explanation.

AN UNKIND REPLY.

Texas Siftings.

There is a slight misunderstanding between McGhinnis and his wife's mother. It came about in this way: Hostetter McGhinnis is thinking of taking a trip to El Paso for his health, but his mother-in-law has been telling him that there is danger of his being scalped by the Indians, and that he had better stay right here in Austin. "Nonsense," replied Hostetter McGhinnis, "there used to be Indians on the El Paso road, but they have all been driven off. I don't believe there is an Indian in the whole country."

"Very well," replied his wife's mother, "when you get out on the plains, and one of those wild beasts comes at you whooping and yelling, then you will think of me."

"I don't doubt it," replied Hostetter McGhinnis and now the entente cordiale has been spoiled, and there is a coolness between them.

THE LATEST OUTRAG.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"The country is just going to the dogs. That's my opinion," said Mr. Knowall, ordering another whiskey bouquet, and winking at the bar-keeper to make it extra stiff.

"Right, you are," said Mr. Bighead, draining his glass, and also ordering a fresh supply. "There ain't a man in public life I would trust a minute out of my sight. What does a man pay \$50,000 to get into Congress for, I should like to know, if he isn't sure of getting it all back again with a handsome sum added? Why, there isn't any honesty on either side, and that's my opinion."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Knowall. "Just see this last move in Congress. What would the old stock say to such a job as that?"

"Yes that river and harbor bill is one of the worst I ever heard of," said Mr. Bighead. "What a year would have believed those Congressmen would have the cheek to pass it? Just think of going deliberately to work appropriating all the rivers and harbors in the country and only allowing the people a few millions of them. Well, if that ain't check, there isn't such an element in the American character."

"Yes, it is just shameful," said Mr. Knowall. "I don't see how New York let the beautiful harbor slip into the hands of those fellows without a kick. It's just shameful. The next thing we know they will be appropriating our towns, and before long they will buy every man, woman and child up bodily."

"Expect so said Mr. Bighead. "It is only a question of time, sir, and now they have secured all the harbors and rivers they can keep us from escaping to a decent land. It is just the most high handed piece of business I ever heard of, and I shan't be surprised if it brings about a revolution."

"Nor I," said Mr. Knowall, and then they ordered the cigars and departed.

A HEALTHY SIGN.

Greensboro Patriot.

Southern crop reports have caused a sharp advance in Richmond & Danville stock. Another cause is the announcement that the R. & D. has placed in London \$3,000,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the Georgia Pacific Railroad, which it is engaged in building. The price received is not stated, but the amount is sufficient to insure the completion of the Georgia Pacific to Birmingham. The extension Company has completed and turned over 100 miles of road west of Atlanta. The Richmond and Danville Railroad controls the Extension Company and consequently the road it is building, though the Richmond and West Point Terminal owns 51 per cent., of the stock of the Extension Company. The Richmond and Danville road is increasing its freight equipment to meet the carrying demand which it is expected will be made on it on account of the large crops along its line, and also because it expects, upon the completion of the Georgia Pacific, to receive a considerable amount of traffic from the coal fields of Alabama.

DEAD, MY LORD, AND MORE'S THE PITY.

Charlotte Observer.

Ben Withers, the negro man, who, on the 14th day of last March, committed the brutal outrage upon Miss Moose, on the farm of Mrs. Cynthia Hampton, in Lemley's township, this county, and who has since been confined in the jail at this place has escaped punishment for his horrible deed upon earth. He died in his cell Sunday morning, after a lingering illness of "jail fever." Sunday afternoon his body was buried at the expense of the county. In the death of Withers the gallows is most grievously cheated. Not one of the readers of this paper have forgotten how, upon a bright Spring Sabbath day, this brute waylaid Miss Moose, who was on her way to church and wound up his hideous assault upon her by cutting her throat, and leaving her for dead in the fence corner. He has gone to face his victim before the Judge of all, the Judge who never errs, and from whose decision there is no appeal.