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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, Alpacas, 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.

LANDRETH'S PEDIGREE SEEDS SEEDS FOR THE MARKET GARDEN SEEDS FOR THE PRIVATE FAMILY Crowned by ourselves on our own farms. DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA

Our New York Letter.

Correspondence of The Topic.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1882.

LONGEVITY IN AMERICA.

Nearly every day you may see in the Sun's death column, records of old age that are a standing evidence of the fact that people live longer in this country than many wise folks are willing to believe. Only a few days ago, I clipped from the paper just named a batch of ten death notices which showed that the persons named therein had lived an average of 90 years and 6 months. The oldest in the list had completed his 103d year. A few days ago there died in New Jersey a Mrs. E. Gouverneur Parker at the age of 92. She was the last of the race of Gouverneurs and was connected by birth and marriage with several families closely connected with the history of New York and New Jersey. Among her relatives were Commodore Kearney, General Warren, Cortlandt Parker, W. A. Whitehead, all men having made their mark and attained some kind of celebrity. She was laid to rest in a small cemetery on the New Jersey shore, and in that same cemetery are found the burial stones of many who lived over 75, 80 and even 90 years of age.

PEACHES.

Sixty four car loads of Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey peaches arrived here yesterday. A large proportion of them are splendid yellow Crawford's, that are now selling from \$1. to \$1.60 per basket at Washington market. There is no danger now of a peach famine; nor is there any danger of a glut in the market, seeing that all the fruit is taken within an hour after it is unpacked. The season promises to be a good one and to last till September. Prices will begin to advance in a few days and the quality of the fruit will improve.

TWO BLACKMAILERS.

A bold attempt at blackmailing resulted in failure yesterday. On the day before Mr. Mercadante, a fruit merchant, received an anonymous note demanding \$500 as the price of the writer's silence in regard to certain horrible things not mentioned. "If the money is not paid to our messenger, who will hand you a pistol cartridge as a token he is from us," you will soon feel the keen blade of the stiletto in your heart." Mr. Mercadante is an Italian and the threatening letter was written in the language of his country. He treated the affair with unconcern, but before many hours had elapsed he received a call from a young Italian who bore another note and who silently delivered a pistol cartridge with it. Mr. Mercadante did not exhibit any emotion. "I have not that much money with me," he said, but if you will come down to my office, on Pearl street, this afternoon, I'll see what I can do." The young man was on hand, and as he entered the office a detective who had been employed quietly took him into custody. A companion in villainy was awaiting him outside, and he too was gathered in. If justice is meted out to these precious scamps, there will be soon an increase in the population of Sing-Sing.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S MOVEMENTS.

There is no special Court Journal in New York; but no newspaper of any standing would be tolerated, now that the City is honored with the presence of the President, if it did not daily chronicle his every movement. From the columns of this morning paper, I glean the following very interesting and important facts in regard to our distinguished visitor. "Yesterday the President remained secluded all day in his study. He spent the morning at Central Park and in the afternoon drove over to Brooklyn and dined with Henry C. Murphy. He was very reticent even to his most intimate friends. In a long conversation with Mayor Grace, he set forth at length his views in regard to the Star Route Cases, and predicted that the Brooklyn Bridge would be opened to the public as soon as it should be found possible to complete it. He took a light lunch after which he had an interview with

Secretary Frelinghuysen and Hugh Hastings. The President is remarkably well. He is suffering with catarrh and has a severe attack of dyspepsia. Although not confined to his room, he has not been able to go out for several days."

These are items carefully collated from the morning papers. They seem to be somewhat contradictory, but I have no doubt that, in the main, they are correct.

NUZZETS.

The city is crowded with visitors. At many of the up town hotels, guests are accommodated with cots and shake downs in the parlors.—A gentleman representing himself as from Mobile, amused himself and delighted a crowd of gamins in Bleeker Street, yesterday, by scattering a few hundred dollars worth of gold and silver coins among them. He was not molested.—John M. Chew, 20 years old, a member of the Senior class of Columbia College, a candidate for holy orders and a son of T. C. Chew, formerly financial agent for the State of Texas, lay on a bench at Central Park, Wednesday afternoon, face down, intently studying the movements of a colony of ants. A policeman, after much abuse, arrested the young student and, as the courts were closed, he was locked up all night in a cell. Yesterday young Chew was discharged, but not until the officer, Driscoll by name, has proved himself a perjurer. Chew Senior intends to make it warm for Driscoll. Students of natural history, in visiting Central Park should remember that the revised edition of the Scriptures according to the police contains some startling improvements upon the original King James's. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," now reads "keep away from the ant or I'll slagg you."

—A brigade of the Salvation Army was arrested yesterday for parading without a permit. Also for making the day hideous with their noise. Likewise for attracting a crowd, and generally for making themselves ridiculous.—The mystery surrounding the many escapes from Riverlead jail has been solved by the finding of two false keys in the cell occupied by James Cash, an old and very pious prisoner. It has been proved that Cash made the keys, and that when ever he wanted to enjoy a sensation, he released a prisoner. He never tried to release himself, no doubt entertaining a conscientious scruple against thus defeating justice.—Another fool was advertised to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge yesterday, but he had more sense than his friends gave him credit for. He didn't jump, but took a seat on a cross beam and "loafed and invited his soul" until sun down and then went home.—Mason, who, by the unfair ruling of the jury has just missed winning the 1st prize in the international chess tournament in Vienna, is a New Yorker. The best checker player is a young man in Washington market, and the man who can play the cornet longest without taking breath and without noticing the kind remarks of his neighbors, lives in 25th street. He is deaf, but toots like a trumpeter. BESSIE.

PLOTTING WHOLESALE MURDER.

MOBILE, ALA., Aug. 21.—In Choctaw county, Ala., Tuesday the 15th instant a bundle of papers disclosing a well organized plot among the negroes to kill the entire population of that county was found near one of the rendezvous by two gentlemen. The matter was laid before the Solicitor on Wednesday 16th, a quiet meeting of the citizens of Mount Sterling and Butler was called at Butler to consider the best mode of suppressing the intended outbreak and massacre. After discussion it was agreed that following ringleaders Jack Turner, F. D. Barney Jesse Wilson, Peter Hill, Willis Dymau, Aaron Scott, and Range West to whom had been assigned the duties of leading the squads to Butler, Mount Sterling, DeSotoville and other places and killing all the whites at each place should be arrested and lodged in jail. Their arrest was effected on Thursday the 17th without disturbance or bloodshed. The same day a mass meeting of the citizens of all classes was called

for Saturday to decide the fate of the prisoners. The plot had been in existence since 1878, and the conspirators now number 400. They now have powder, shot, and guns. They think themselves sufficiently strong to accomplish their fiendish design. Sunday night the 17th of September, had been appointed as the date for its consummation. The papers further showed that this day was selected because white people would be at the camp meeting unarmed and could then offer no resistance. The meeting called for Saturday brought together 700 persons among whom were about 150 negroes who after hearing the papers read by almost unanimous vote decided that Jack Turner was a turbulent and dangerous character, regular firebrand of the community and that the public safety demanded his immediate death. He was accordingly hung about 11.50 p. m. in the presence of the assembled multitude. The crowd dispersed and all the signs of disturbance ceased. Everything was quiet Saturday night. The other prisoners are still in jail to await further developments.

A SENSATIONAL HOAX.

Baltimore American. A mendacious journalist, employed somewhere in the backwoods of North Carolina, recently set afloat a sensation concerning an alleged party of girls who were tramping through the mountains of that State. By investing them with good looks and making a slight reference to the shortness of their skirts he created the sort of item that the exchange editor, who understands how to meet the tastes of the masculine readers, invariably swoops down upon with his shears. The interesting little item has had a magnificent run in the newspapers, and now it turns out to be a fraud. Or, at least, the North Carolina miscreant filched a venerable fiction from a Colorado patent inside and localized it for his own purposes. The tyrant despots of effete monarchies may, after all, be right in restricting the freedom of the press.

THE TAR HEELS.

Wilmington Star. A Greensboro correspondent proounds this inquiry: "How did the term 'Tar Heel' originate and become to be applied to North Carolina?" Who can answer? We have an impression it originated the war and was first given in in derision, because of the naval stores produced in the State. But if so, the splendid soldiery of the State glorified it and turned it into a title of honor. No soldiers ever had the sticking qualities more highly developed than those given to the cause of the South by North Carolina. There were more of them, too, to stick, by tens of thousands than any other State furnished. Truth, every word of it. Reh! for the immortal "Tar Heels!"

A HORNED SNAKE.

Newton Enterprise. David Propst, a citizen of Conover, was walking through the woods on his farm, and came across a snake. He stopped and watched the movements of the snake very closely and shortly the reptile formed himself in the shape of a hoop, striking a very large tree standing near him. The snake died shortly and also the leaves of the tree soon began to wither. Mr. Propst drew the sword of the snake from the tree and carried it into town to show for itself, any one can see it that comes to Conover.

THE WESTERN INSANE ASYLUM.

The Morganton Index says the commissioners of this clarity, together with Dr. Fuller of Raleigh asylum have been in session here for several days of the past week, making an inventory for the purchase of furniture, and perfecting details looking to the opening of the building. We are informed that by the first of November accommodations will be provided for one hundred patients, and the officers necessary to the care of that number. The force now at work upon the building will at once be increased, to secure its completion by the date above specified. We congratulate Gov. Jarvis and the Democratic party upon the management which has throughout been displayed in connection with this building.

DR. CRAVEN IN BALTIMORE.

Greenboro Patriot. Dr. Craven has gone to Baltimore for medical treatment. He has recently been examined by Drs. Opie and Lynch, of the "College of Physicians and Surgeons," two of the most eminent physicians in that city, and they pronounce it a case of nervous prostration caused by overwork and worry. Proper care they say will restore him to health. Dr. Craven writes us that he will be able to direct the affairs of the college at the ensuing session and is hopeful of a speedy restoration to health.

THE FUNERAL OF SENATOR HILL.

ATLANTA, Aug. 20.—The remains of Senator Hill were placed in a beautiful bronzed casket exactly like the one in which President Garfield was buried. At 3.30 o'clock yesterday the casket was carried to the First Methodist Church under an escort of 100 members of the Atlanta bar and a committee composed of Senators Lamar, Mississippi, Beck, of Kentucky, Morgan, of Alabama, Butler, of South Carolina, Johnson, of Virginia, and Pendleton, of Ohio, and Congressmen Pettibone, of Tennessee, and Brumm, of Pennsylvania. The sermon at the church was preached by Rev. C. A. Evans, after which the procession went to the cemetery. Many State and city officers and others of prominence were in the cortege. Mayor English acted as marshal, with several prominent men as aides. The pall-bearers consisted of the most prominent men in the State. All business was suspended.

NOT ALWAYS THUS.

Several parties had stopped to look at a patent churn as he exhibited its workings in front of a grocery store in Jersey City, and one of the group finally observed: "Have you been long in this business?" "No sir; I assure you that I have seen better days." "Had to come down, eh?" "Yes, sir; I have seen my palmy days as well as other men." "It must have been a hard blow?" "It was; it nearly crushed me." "Beg your pardon, but may I ask if you were a broker or capitalist?" "Neither one, my friend," replied the man as he wiped a tear from his eye. "Excuse my emotion, but when a man who has sold washing machines at a profit of \$4 apiece has to come down to peddling churns at a profit of \$6 per dozen, it rangles and stings and degrades him in his own estimation. Take home a circular to your wife—easy to work—never gets out of order—certain to bring the butter, and the children cry for it."

FRED GRANT AS A FISTICUFFER.

Boston Herald. Fred Grant was, during his four years' course at West Point, continually in hot water on account of his pugilistic propensities. The very first day he entered camp he had a fight with a fellow pleb, who made a remark derogatory to young Grant's father. It happened in this wise: It was the Fourth of July, and the plebs were watching from the doors of their tents the evolutions of the cadet corps, when Grant's tent-mate made a remark to the effect that George Washington was the greatest general that ever lived. Grant said: "I think he was the greatest man that ever lived, but not so much of a general as my father." "Pooh, pooh," retorted the other, "there is no more comparison between your father and George Washington than there is between a plucked hen and the American eagle." At this Grant struck him, and one of the hottest fights of that summer's camp occurred then and there. An officer appearing on the scene, the affair was a draw. This was but the beginning of young Grant's pugilistic career. He was thrashed beautifully once during his pleb camp for refusing to carry a bucket of water for a first-class man, and, after a three years' course, had transformed him into a first-class man, he, in turn, thrashed a pleb for refusing to perform a like service.