

# The Alexander County Journal

VOL. II. No. 37.

TAYLORSVILLE, ALEXANDER COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

\$1 PER YEAR.

### LOCAL DIRECTORY.

#### CHURCHES.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—Rev. A. W. White, pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sunday, at 11 a. m. and at night. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m., A. C. McIntosh superintendent.

**METHODIST.**—Rev. C. A. Gault, pastor. Preaching every third Sunday, at 11 a. m. and at night; every fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night; every first Sunday at night. Sunday School every Sunday at 3 p. m.; W. T. Nelson superintendent.

**BAPTIST.**—Rev. J. B. Marsh, pastor. Preaching every Saturday before the first Sunday at 7:30 p. m. and at 11 a. m. on first Sunday.

#### SOCIETY MEETINGS.

A. F. & A. M.—Lee Lodge No. 253 meets the first Saturday of each month, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

#### COUNTY OFFICERS.

R. M. Sharpe, Sheriff; J. T. McIntosh, C. S. C.; J. M. Oxford, R. of D.; C. J. Carson, Treasurer; J. B. Pool, W. R. Sloan, V. W. Teague, Commissioners; A. C. McIntosh, A. T. Marsh, W. W. Teague, Board of Education; J. J. Hendren, School Superintendent; Z. P. Deal, Coroner.

#### CORPORATION OFFICERS.

A. A. Hill, Mayor; W. B. Matheson, E. L. Hedrick, J. M. Matheson, Commissioners; E. L. Hedrick, Town Clerk.

#### THE MAILS.

Statesville and Wilkesboro, daily. Matter for either of these mails should be in the office by 12 m.

Lenoir—Leaves Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 p. m. and arrives Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 p. m.

Newton—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12 m. and leaves same days at 1 p. m.

Boomer—Arrives Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12 m. and leaves same days at 1 p. m.

Bentley—Arrives Tuesdays and Saturdays at 12 m. and leaves same days at 1 p. m.

Hamptonville—Arrives Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m. and leaves Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.

Rock Cut—Leaves Fridays at 8 a. m. and arrives Saturdays at 4 p. m.

Brushy Mountain—Arrives Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12 m. and leaves same days at 1 p. m.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**ERASTUS B. JONES,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Practices in the courts of Alexander, Catawba, Caldwell, Iredell and Wilkes. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and all other business entrusted to him.

#### HOTELS.

### ALL-HEALING SPRING, ALEXANDER COUNTY, N. C.

This famous medicinal Spring is now greatly improved and fitted up for a Health Resort and Pleasure Retreat. And the Invalid will here find rest, quiet and health. The water from this Spring is

**NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY**  
for all diseases resulting from impurities of the blood, such as Cancer, Rheumatism, Asthma, Liver and Kidney disease, Dyspepsia, Blood and Skin diseases, Secondary Syphilis, &c. Hundreds of testimonials can be had of the curative properties of the water. The Spring is easy of access, as conveyance can be had at any surrounding railway station.

**TERMS:**—Board \$1 per day for a less time than a month (28 days to count as a month); \$20 per month. Special arrangements and terms for families. The best of attention given guests.

Water will be shipped to anyone desiring it at 10c per gallon, vessel and carriage extra.

The following is an analysis of this water as made by State Chemist Dabney: Total mineral matter in solution and suspension, 14.60 grains per Imperial gallon, consisting of  
Silica—Very large amount.  
Carbonate of Iron—Little.  
Carbonate of Lime—Some.  
Sulphate of Lime—Small amount.  
Chloride of Soda—Small amount.  
Chloride of Potash—Small amount.  
Send for circular.

L. R. WIL, AR, Prop'r,  
Ellendale P. O., Alexander Co.

### PATENTS, CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS

obtained and all other business in the U. S. Patent office attended to for moderate fees. Our office is opposite the Patent office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model or drawing; we advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no charge unless we obtain patent.

Refer here to the Postmaster, Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent office.

For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or county, write to  
C. A. SNOW & CO.,  
Washington, D. C.

Oppo. Patent Office.  
**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—If you desire anything in the Millinery line, call on Mrs. A. W. SOWER. No extra charge for trimming hats.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

### The Isle of Man.

The Manx laws retain a many of their ancient peculiarities. The general tenure of land is the customary freehold. Its descent follows the same rules as that of the English crown. The right of primogeniture extends to females in default of males in the direct line. Liberal provision is made for widows. By statute of the year 1777 landed proprietors cannot grant leases for more than 21 years without consent of the wife. Womanly honor is jealously protected. In case of its violation the law is, or was, that "the Deemster shall give her" (a single woman) a rope, a sword and a ring, and that she then shall have her choice to hang him with the rope, cut off his head with the sword, or marry him with the ring. The annals of this unique specimen of criminal jurisprudence do not specify the number of times this alternative choice has been exercised, or with what results.

Tynwald Day is a general insular festival. Cronk-y-Kellon, i. e., St. John's Church Hill, or the Tynwald Hill, is about 200 yards from St. John's Church, near the center of the island, and on the high road between Douglas and Peel. Around it the Manx people have gathered since 1577 to hear the reading of the laws enacted by the Tynwald Court throughout the previous year. It is said to be formed of earth brought from seventeen parishes, is 256 feet in circumference, and rises 320 feet in regular circular platforms each three feet higher than that below, to the level on which the dignitaries stand, while the First Deemster (successor to Druid priest and to the following officials who, until the fifteenth century, judge according to the unwritten breast law, of which they were the depositories,) reads in English and then in Manx the titles and side notes of all the recent statutes. Newspapers give the details and relieve the reader of what once was necessary labor. Seventeen ropes hold taut the canvas shelter from sun and rain, and are fastened to as many rings let into stones at the base of this primitive construction.

Bishop Wilson held this mound to have been the forum judiciale, or Hull of Justice. Cumming and other antiquarians regard the name Tynwald, written Tingualla in the *Chionicon Manniarum*, as identical with the Thingwall of Iceland and Thingvall of Denmark, and as derived from the Scandinavian thing, a court of justice or assembly and volfr, a field or veld—a bank or rampart. The courts of the ancient Scandinavians were held in the open air, generally on natural hills or artificial tumuli. The Tynwald court is the only one adhering to the primitive custom. It is said to have been established in the tenth century by the Icelandic Viking Orry, who conquered Man and the Isles, introduced the legislative House of Keyes, divided the island into sheadings or shires, and caused the laws to be committed to writing.

**In Brief, and to the Point.**  
Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.  
The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cent.

Mrs. A. W. Sower is selling Tricorn Coats at \$1. The best coat on the market. A new lot just received.

### Nature's Wise Provision.

"If we could read other's thoughts, how many a miserable hour it would save and how many a joyous one it would bring." The writer was a lady of more than ordinary intelligence and honest virtue, and she wrote, I believe, with the utmost sincerity. Ah, yes, but how often the thoughts would, if known, bring another pain. How often the soul has kept some deep sorrow that was suffered alone and that would only have caused more thoughts to yearn and hearts to break if it had been told. It is a great folly to suppose that the world would be any better off to be in direct communication each individual with another's thoughts.

By a wise dispensation of Divine Providence people were made capable of having secret sorrows and bearing them alone. Certain wrongs are unconsoled by any sympathy, and an expression would only break afresh violently the perpetual, cankerous heart wound. Many wrongs are conditions that cannot be ameliorated and would only bring more shame to the sensitive sufferer to have the true state known.

Then there is no calculating the supremacy of the mind that will its sorrows in secret, and by such examples of neighborly consideration the soul is strengthened more in nobleness and the person is made better. It is a great favor to individuals that they have been endowed with a dower to suffer silently, for the strength gained by the exercise makes it possible frequently to be an evangelist in their way, giving more joy and happiness and devotedness.

There is so much truth in the saying that the misleading principle is often lost from thinking of the truth. So much of motive is mistaken that in known truth would give supreme happiness that the thing is believed to be wholly true. But evil thoughts come to the most pure souls, and then such misery would be undergone as is absolutely beyond the conception of ordinary capabilities. Jealousies would spring up and blight the fidelity and confidence of two fitting friends. Slight enmities would be returned with stinging indignation, and the little evil in one mind would grow to be a monstrous power of wrong.

Is it not true that a power to know just what truths would produce pleasure or happiness by imputation, and by a wise discrimination through this power an ability be possible to bear in in secret and rejoice in confidence, would give additional happiness to people? But in any conception of any, even superior intelligence, such a condition would be impossible but to also attain features that would entail other causes that produce sorrow.

As a Divine Being has arranged wise for us such things as we cannot improve in any good conception, it is proper for us to put aside any sentimental follies such as this, and knowing the possibilities of nature, conduct ourselves solely in bettering the conditions and relations within the acquisition of these limited powers. Let us discriminate with considerations, and confide in what will be likely to create joy or honor or truth or fidelity, and keep forcibly silent in cases likely to give pangs, regrets, sorrows, or any unkind or unhappy quality or feeling. Our reasoning faculties and motions were given to us for that purpose more than for anything else, and if we can combine them to this advantage, we have used the noblest gifts of the Creator to us well.

Catalogues and price lists a specialty at the JOURNAL job office. Send for estimates.

### What the Trouble Is.

The trouble with the small girl is that she isn't bigger.

The trouble with the big girl is that every pair of scales she steps on gives her a weigh.

The trouble with the small boy is that his big sister never was a small herself and so she doesn't know how a small boy feels.

The trouble with the young man in love is that he is insane enough to think that all the other young men are making just as big fools of themselves about his best girl as he is.

The trouble with the young woman in love is that she doesn't know whether she really loves the young man for himself alone or for the caramels he brings and the prospects of a solitaire diamond to dazzle the other girls.

The trouble with almost all the ministers is that they don't hear other ministers preach often enough to know what a really first-class, bang-up sermon is.

The trouble with a great many editors is that they don't think one-half as much as they write.

The trouble with a great many readers is that they don't understand how much easier it is to point out a tree in a magnificent landscape that is a hair's breadth out of perspective than it is to paint the magnificent landscape itself.

The trouble with the average wife is that her husband is much more prodigal with his protestations of affection than he is with his money, and that he doesn't waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

The trouble with the average husband is that he knows his wife knows he isn't so big a man as he wants the world to think he is.

### A Lady who Phosphorized her Toe.

A lady of this city, whose little feet are always daintily shod, is also the unfortunate possessor of an obstinate and burning corn upon the smallest toe of her left foot. Chiropodist had dug tunnels through that corn, yanked at it with nippers, smeared it with stinging ointments, and, in despair, suggested amputation. The corn held the fort and successfully resisted the assaults of the best razor the lady's husband possessed—used, of course, without his knowledge. Finally a kind friend suggested that if phosphorus was rubbed on the afflicted toe the corn would succumb. The lady determined to try the remedy, and did so just before retiring the other night, and, to her subsequent sorrow, forgot to tell her liege lord what she had done. The hour of midnight had struck in St. Mary's Cathedral clock, when the husband suddenly awoke and was somewhat startled to see the flash of a firefly at the foot of the bed. Sleep was again asserting its mystery when once more the sheen of that firefly caused the husband to open wide his eyes. He could not recollect ever having seen a firefly in California, but he could not disbelieve his senses. Again and again that firefly flashed its beautiful gleam, effectually banishing all thought of sleep from the now thoroughly aroused and wrathful husband. He determined to end his own misery and the firefly's existence simultaneously. He reached out in the dark, grabbed with his hand about the carpet until he felt his own heavy shoe. He seized the weapon, slowly and cautiously raised himself in the bed, and lifting high the sturdy brogan brought it down with a vigorous whack on the innocent firefly. A wild shriek on an avalanche of bedclothes and the husband lay sprawling in the middle of the floor, while his wife rolled around the bed clapping her foot and moaning in anguish. It was not a firefly. It was the phosphorus anointed toe.

### The Country Editor.

Allan Forman, editor of the *Journalist*, says: "Every now and again I see in the city papers sneers at the country papers, and jokes at the expenses of rural editors. It may be that my experience has been peculiar fortunate, but I have found that the average country journalist with whom I have come into contact has more brains, more straight-out, square-toed ability, more pride and interest in his profession, and more money than his city brother. It is the graduates from the country offices who make the best men in metropolitan journalism. I read of the county editor who takes his pay in squashes and cordwood, but I see the country editor who pays me in checks on his local bank, checks which are always good. I read of the poverty-stricken rural newspaper man, but in my experience, and I have met a good many of them, the rural journalist is apt to own a share of the he edits, the house he lives in, a horse and buggy, while the metropolitan writer who invents the highly humorous paragraph concerning his country brother too often owes for the coat on his back. And finally, a good country editor is a kingpin in his locality. He is looked up to and respected as a leader of public opinion, a man who knows what is going on in the world." I can't imagine a more enviable position than that of the owner and editor of a good country paper. Compared to the grind of a city daily, the work is light, and the rewards are proportionately greater."

### Where is all the Money?

A New York special of Sunday to the *Baltimore Sun* says: The money question is the most serious problem that now stares Wall street in the face. A surplus in the banks of only \$3,819,000 is a very narrow margin to work upon, and as long as it remains so small there can be little activity in stock transactions, or at any rate no sustained movement in speculation. Tight money is also depressing speculation in grain and oil and cotton. The question arises, Where does all the money go to? Gold is pouring into this country by the hundreds of thousands. Europe is owing us; we are not sending our money abroad. The government also is buying up bonds, and the cash paid for bonds, it would seem, should relieve the stringency in the money market. But, nevertheless, the surplus reserve grows smaller. The great boom in the South and southwest is, no doubt, responsible in a large measure for the lack of money here. The development there has drawn millions from New York which have never returned. Like a boy grown too big for his clothes has the development been too fast for the financial garment, and "tight money" is the consequence.

### A Perplexed Lady Editor.

I will here state that since the first issue of my little journal sixty-four, more or less direct offers of marriage have been made to me, all from parties I never saw or heard of. From such a list I could undoubtedly select a curiosity worth of mummifying. But the plain, naked truth of the case is that just when I was passing out of my teens a few years since, I actually met a crank face to face. He had the fearless courage to vocalize his offering, and it being the first, with no guardian angel to impress my dreams of the deluge which was to follow, I at first positively refused, directly relented, shortly acquiesced. The fact is I am married and have three youthful daughters and a husband. Gentlemen don't become desperate; there are hundreds and thousands of chances left for you yet.

### Beaten by Regulator.

A telegram from New Albany, Ind., says that James Wilson reached there with a couple of black eyes, damaged nose and several ghastly cuts on his sides. Wilson, who is an old man, came all the way from Crawford county, where he says he was beaten by the "regulators," who drove him from the community for some misunderstanding he had with an erring son, who expressed a determination to join the "White Caps" against the father's protestations. Incidentally the son made the facts known to the gang, who thereupon held a meeting to determine what disposition should be made of Wilson. The same night the "Caps," including the son, went to the home of Wilson and called him out. Upon reaching the door he was overpowered by several men and dragged to the wayside, lashed to a tree and switched. After being released he seized a heavy hickory club and felled two of his antagonists and made his escape. In the scuffle he was badly hurt.

### A Tennessee Sensation.

Marsh T. Polk robbed the State treasury of Tennessee of several hundred thousand dollars some years ago while serving as State Treasurer. He fled, but was subsequently arrested and returned to Nashville. In due time he was reported to have sickened and died. His body was shipped from Nashville to Bolivar, Tenn., where it was deposited in the ground.

Now comes the news that Mr. Gamble, a prominent citizen of Anneton, Ala., has just returned from an extended visit in the City of Mexico, and while there he met Polk on the street and, talked with him. He made further investigation, and found him in business in that city.

The affair has created no little excitement in the State. Gamble was well acquainted with Polk while he was treasury of this State.

### The Wonderlands Vaishing.

Thibet is one of the few things left on the earth which still afford legitimate scope for romantic conjecture. All other lands of mystery have been explored. The Abyssinian campaign dissipated the last shired of wonder about Preston John Travelers have abolished the mountain of the Moon; a Russian railway runs within sight of the Vulture's Nest, the crye of the Assassin and the Old Man of the Mountains; commerce has familiarized us with the lands of the White Elephant and Golden Umbrellas; science has dispersed Atlantis, Utopia and the other "Erewhon" of past beliefs. No Raleigh nowadays would make sail for fabled cities of Mansa, no voyager set his helm for the Hesperides. The Ichthyophagi, Tartarians and Malotrans, with all the other strange races of whom Maudeville gossiped, are now sobered down into matter-of-fact tribes, and the whole world under the ruthless scrutiny of scientific exploration is fast becoming commonplace.

The New York Democrats claim that the temperance plank in the Republican platform in that State will cost the latter 30,000 votes, and that the Democratic ticket will carry the State despite the loss of the labor vote.

Recent washouts on the Southern Pacific railroad, besides delaying trains for several days, will entail upon the company an expense of \$200,000 for repairs. Nearly 1,000 men are employed in repairing the road bed and bridges.

New and beautiful goods just received at the millinery store.