

THE MORGANTON STAR.

VOLUME II

MORGANTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1886.

NUMBER 2.

H. B. Sprague, THE MORGANTON STAR.
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
—OPPOSITE—
Post-Office.

W. C. ERVIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LENOIR, N. C.

SAMUEL J. ERVIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MORGANTON, N. C.

ISAAC T. AVERY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MORGANTON, N. C.

JOHN T. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY & CONSELLOR AT LAW,
MORGANTON, N. C.

WM. H. BOGER,
JEWELER
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks and Good Jewelry,
MORGANTON, N. C.

A NEW INDUSTRY.
Two blind boys, J. R. Winters and N. McCurry, desire to state to the public that they are prepared to make Masses, Brooms and repair chairs. They will be assisted by D. L. Winters. Their shop is two doors above the Seagle Corner, Morganton, N. C.

RESTAURANT.
John Ervin will open a First-Class Restaurant in Morganton Feb. 23rd 1886, to accommodate the public. I will have at all hours, Ham, Pies, Cakes, Chicken and everything suitable to a first-class restaurant. Coffee only on special orders. Something that has long been needed in our town. I hope to merit the patronage of the public. Very respectfully,
JOHN ERVIN.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS
Obtained, and all other business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to for moderate rates.
Our office is opposite the U. S. 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.
We refer here to the Postmaster, the Sup't. 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.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

CONTRACTORS,
BUILDERS
AND
MANUFACTURERS OF
SASH
DOORS
BLINDS
MULDING
CEILING,
WEATHERBOARDING.

are prepared to furnish
to build a house in
short notice. We
stock dressed and
and ceiling for our
small quantities.
back from Court
noir and heard

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

T. G. COBB, Editor and Proprietor.
R. A. COBB, Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
CASH IN ADVANCE.
One Year, \$1.00.
Six Months, .50.
Three Months, .25.

SPECIAL OFFER.
By special arrangement with the Editor of *Country Homes*, published at Asheville, N. C., we will send that paper free for one year to all old and new subscribers who pay their subscriptions to the STAR to one year in advance. Thus you will get two papers for only the price of one.

Country Homes is a four column, sixteen page paper devoted specially to the interest of the farmers, industrial pursuits, and the development of the natural resources of the State and the South. Printed on good paper, clear type, stitched and trimmed, and the subject matter properly arranged in departments—thus making it an attractive and valuable paper for any family.

This offer will be open only a short while, so all our readers will do well to take advantage of it at once. You can see sample of *Country Homes* by calling at this office.

A FAMOUS MOONSHINER.
Louis Redmond, the Retired North Carolina Outlaw.

NEW YORK WORLD.
ASHEVILLE, N. C. Feb. 13.—The country has heard a great deal from time to time about the illicit distillers and tax dodgers of this section of the Union. Among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains just across the South Carolina line, there lives in retirement a man, now only middle-aged, whose name was once a terror to revenue officials, and whose notoriety as a moonshiner of dauntless courage and cool desperation is still as wide as the fame of the illicit dew drop which he and his accomplices, as well as his ancestors, have for decades coaxed into existence. This celebrity of Louis Redmond, the outlaw—a name in Western North Carolina synonymous with "smuggler" and redolent with "sweet mash." His life from boyhood to the time of his apprehension in 1881 was full of the thrilling interest, daring adventure and hair-breadth escapes from the clutches of vigilant and equally daring revenue officers. His former home, far up on the Tennessee River, in Swain County this State, was strikingly picturesque in its location. The position of his log cabin was such as greatly insured the safety of the inmates. It was on a bluff commanding a view both up and down the roaring highland stream, and was unapproachable from the overhanging mountain save by one narrow pathway along the ledge of rocks around the cliff and away then among the wilds. No windows were cut in the huge logs of this moonshiner's home save three openings, like port-holes, one looking down the river bank another up the stream and the third commanding an excellent view of the pathway up the mountain side. Equipped, as he was known to be, with a small armory of the finest make, with a cool courage that death itself could not diminish, and as concealed within his house of logs, he was for intervals entirely undisturbed by the revenue officers, who were ever seeking and generally, in that section, finding many moonshiners not so dangerous nor so well fortified and not so skillful in covering up all evidence of their unlawful operations. Redmond usually had about him several of his subordinates and followers, who were ever ready to do his bidding. On the occasion, however, as a deputy marshal tells your correspondent, a posse of six revenue officers, under command of this marshal, found this famous moonshiner in a convivial rather than a watchful mood, and after nightfall four of them came cautiously up

the margin of the river and three down the stream and reached the yard in silence. They could hear the arch moonshiner within, exhilarated by the magic beverage of his own distillation. Three of the posse forced an entrance at one door, while through the other rushed the remaining four. The wife of the famous distiller, his two children and a harmless-looking mountaineer were the inmates. No search for secret doors and in the nooks and corners revealed the somewhat chagrined officers any trace of the much sought Redmond, save his half empty small jug which sat on the side-table with a gourd beside it, from which vegetable vessel this child of the cliffs preferred to quaff the enlivening juice wrung from the vapor of mountain maize. But he was gone. It was afterwards discovered that exit was made by way of the huge, low chimney up which and down which he sped like a flash and was soon among the peaks and crags that were to him the faces of friends.

It was in the year 1879 when Redmond established himself on the waters of the upper Tennessee for the purpose, as he said, of breeding and grazing cattle for the South Carolina market. This statement coming to the ears of the revenue officers was not received with credulity, and their espionage in no wise ceased. It was before he removed to the valley of the Tennessee that Redmond earned the title of outlaw. He then resided in Transylvania County, in the wildest of the Blue Ridge Mountains and near the South Carolina line. Into that State he carried by wagon contraband beverage. And while on the trips into the lowlands many were the adventures and escapes which tinged career with the glamour of romance. He had under his direction a number of willing confederates who, though less intelligent and daring than he, were always ready to risk their lives for their leader, whether they were aiding in the distillation in the mountain fastness or were cautiously supplying the wants of the thirsty cotton planter or the festive villager of the upper South Carolina. But in 1879 while on his way to the lowland market, with his one-horse wagon laden with the magic juice of the mountain "mubbin," he killed Deputy Marshal Duckworth, who, it is said, endeavored to arrest the moonshiner without a warrant. He fled then, and unmolested by any avenging Nemesis—for such things follow a victim discretion—he took up his abode in the remote and picturesque section where his home has been described. Among these peaceful surroundings he passed two watchful, anxious years, his restless spirit in strong contrast to the scenes about him. He had left beyond him, in the wilds of the Transylvania mountains, his faithful confederates, now disbanded, and would never again hear them wind their horns to warn him of danger, or see the curling smoke signal sent up from some distant elevation, telling plainly as words that a raid of revenue officers was on. Such services they skillfully, adroitly, rendered their leader, and thus kept him beyond the reach of the law's strong arms. But in his new home he had hoped to lead a life more quiet. The sleepless eyes of justice, however, were upon him, and in the spring of 1881 he was apprehended by the officers of the Federal law. It seems that Redmond had gone up among the mountain sides in quest of squirrels for his family. He heard his dogs barking and thinking they had found some game, hastened to them, only to find himself in the midst of a posse of revenue officers, who demanded his surrender. With characteristic coolness he brought his gun into position for firing, when it fell shot from his hands by the officers, and his body almost riddled with bullets—seven of which to-day are still in him—fell heavily to the ground. He was carried to his house, and though said by the physician to be fatally wounded, assured his friends that he would pull through. In two weeks he was removed to jail at this place, where your correspondent gleaned from him at the time much in regard to his career. He was soon removed from this place to Greenville, S. C., for imprisonment, as it was rumored that a plan for his rescue was on foot among his former confederates; was tried there on every count known to the bills of indictment for distilling, removing and selling illicit whiskey, was found guilty and sentenced to four years' imprisonment at the

Federal prison at Albany. From this penal servitude he has recently been pardoned through the efforts of Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina on the grounds of ill-health.

The retired outlaw now lives in the utmost quietude under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, and from his humble cabin door he can look up towards the northwest and see in the distance the blue mountains which once were the scenes of his wild, romantic life, where the perils and the pleasures of the moonshiner's days were strangely mixed and mingled and where he, suffering as he is with a half-dozen stubborn bullet wounds, will never again rove and ramble. But his name will pass into tradition and be handed down in local history as the boldest most daring, dashing opponent of what he considered a restriction of personal liberty—a name that will carry with it the title of Moonshiner Chief in Western North Carolina at a period when illicit distillation of the mountain dew was more extensive and when from the remote ranges of mountains went up the curling smoke from a thousand stills.

The true life of Maj. Redmond, the subject of the above sketch, can be had by sending 10 cents to R. A. Cobb, Morganton, N. C., who acted a very important part in the capture and final arrest of Redmond the Outlaw and Moonshiner.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

Catawba.
Western Carolinian.
The *Enterprise* says Mrs. Chadwick, nee Miss Shearn has engaged to complete the unexpired term of Miss Sober, as Music teacher in Catawba College.

Dr. Eugene Grissom has at his disposal a free scholarship at Rutherford College. Any young man or woman who desires a collegiate education at a school presided over by so excellent a teacher as Dr. Abernethy would do well to correspond with Dr. Grissom.

There is a holly tree in Mr. F. Drum's yard at Drumville in this county which is three and a half feet in diameter near the ground and three feet in diameter eight feet up the tree. It has served as a chicken roost more than 50 years in which nothing has ever been known to disturb the fowls, though owls are plentiful in the country.

Newton Enterprise.
Mrs. Gilmer, of Morganton, visited her relative, Mrs. Gilmer Brenizer, last week.

The members of the German Reformed Church of this place propose to build a five-thousand dollar church this year.

Wheat, we are told, is looking much better than it did this time last year and the prospects are unusually good.

Judging by the amount of seed oats being sold there will be a large crop raised this summer. The acreage of fall oats is unusually large and the crop is looking well.

Claude, the little son of Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Abernethy, has been very ill with catarrhal fever for the last week.

McDowell.
Bugle.
Robt. E. Poteet, residing two miles from Marion, died on Friday, evening last. He had suffered long with that fatal disease consumption.

Rev. E. C. Murray, the talented and popular young minister in charge of Marion Presbyterian church, went to Morganton, on Monday to spend a few days with the Rev. Dr. Anderson.

Robt. H. McCall an old and highly respected citizen of McDowell living ten miles north of Marion, on Armstrong creek is suffering greatly with cancer on his breast and it is thought he will not live many days.

Col. R. A. Johnson, of the Southern Construction Company, General Wiader, of Tennessee, Cap. Geor. John Gudger, Sheriff Wisemen, of Mitchell county and others, were in Marion during the past week for the

purpose of attending the railroad meeting which came off on Friday.

Cleveland.
Shelby Aurora.
Mrs. Ann E. Moore formerly of Shelby and late of Hickory has moved to Texas.

A correspondent from No. 1 township writes us the farmers are busy making preparation for planting. A great deal of plowing has been done in the last two weeks.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Rutherford Railway Construction Company held in Kithersfordton last week Col. Frank Cox was elected trustee of the Rutherford county bonds, in place of Judge G. W. Logan.

Mr. G. L. Falls, son of Ex-Sheriff J. Z. Falls of Cleveland county, died at Boonsville, Miss., the 14th of Feb. leaving a widow and five children. His widow is a daughter of Thos. F. Elliott of Cleveland county. At the age of 17 Mr. Falls entered the Confederate army and served till the surrender at Appomattox. He brought home a piece of the apple tree under which Gen. Lee surrendered. After the war he went to Mississippi. Last year he was elected Tax Assessor of Prentiss county, Miss., which position he held at his death. He was buried with Masonic honors and was also a Knight of Honor.
[Mr. G. L. Falls was a brother of Mrs. R. A. Cobb, of Morganton.]

Caldwell.
Lenoir Topic.

Married last Saturday week by Rev. J. R. J. Annas at Hudsonville. Mr. Mack Kaylor and Miss Lou Jones.

Mr. John Eli Corpening has killed perhaps the largest and heaviest hog that was ever butchered in the county this winter. It weighed 512 pounds after it had been quartered.

Sunday before last a young sprig from Lovelady station went over to Granite and proceeded to paint the village red. His outrageous conduct was borne patiently until he began flourishing his pistol and snapped it in the face of Mrs. Mize when the villagers caught him, tied him and bound him to a tree. A message was sent to his friends, who came and took him away.

Gone to Join the Mormons.

A Jonesboro, Ga., dispatch of Saturday says: Miss Laura G. McKinney left here yesterday for Chattanooga, Tenn., where she will meet a party to-day. They will leave for Utah to-morrow. They will join the Mormons. Miss McKinney is the daughter of Rev. M. McKenney of this county. He was very much opposed to his daughter going, and tried to persuade her not to go. She grew desperate over the matter, and said she would go, and remarked if she did not like Utah she would return. Miss McKinney is about 21 years old.—*Exchange.*

Miss McKinney needs a good whipping, or be forced to marry a man who eats onions, smoke an old pipe, and drinks mean whiskey. That would satisfy her appetite for Mormonism.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

Correct the first promise, the second provides a husband, a mighty mean one, but too good for such a woman.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

The best thing to be done for such poor, silly, degraded creatures as the above, would be to turn them over to a committee of women who have been married two, three and four times to husbands who have all made slaves of their wives, and let each give her a lecture, and if that failed to have the desired effect, turn loose on her with broom-sticks, fire shovels, hot water, and dish-clouts until she is willing to say, "I am willing to live with one man."

Itch, Prairie Mange and Scratohes of every kind cured in 30 Minutes by *Woolford's Sanitary Lotion.* Use no other. This never fails. Sold by John Tull, Druggist, Morganton, N. C.

Schedule of Time and Connections on the Western N. C. Railroad.

The management of the Western North Carolina road are always on the alert, and meets every demand of the traveling public as quickly as it can be done. The new schedule, now being run on that road is designed for convenience and cheapness of both freight and passenger traffic to points in the southwest, west and northwest. The change shortens the time to all points in the directions indicated. To illustrate, the time now made by this schedule of connections from Salisbury to Chattanooga is 17 hours; Nashville, 24 hours; Memphis, 29; Cincinnati, 44; Louisville, 31; St. Louis, 44; Kansas City, 55 and Dallas, Texas, 54. There is only one change of cars from Salisbury to Chattanooga, which is at Morristown, Tenn. It is the most direct and convenient way for emigrants going west of the Mississippi river, as it gives them more daylight travel and makes the changes at points where confusion is not likely to occur. The transfers are made in daylight and the connections are close and sure, which is a matter of great importance to all classes of the traveling public. This route takes the traveler through the finest agricultural, mineral (iron and coal) and forest regions of central United States, and the scenery along the way is unsurpassed in America.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

Doubling Postage.

New York World.
A bill has been introduced in the Senate doubling the postage on fourth-class matter. This is a direct hit at the "parcel post" system, which is now doing such good service in almost all civilized nations, and, in fact, has become by usage to be little less than a public necessity. As the postal service was not instituted for money-making purposes, but with a view chiefly to utility, and as it is pretty sure to become self-supporting again at present rates before very long, there is no good reason for lessening its value in the way proposed. Transactions between city merchants and their out-of-the-way customers involving the sending of samples, merchandise, etc., in small packages by mail have become very extensive and are to the mutual advantage of the parties concerned. Doubling the rates would put an end to much of this and would save Government nothing to speak of. It might do the express companies some good, but the strength of such an argument as that will not meet the popular endorsement.

Local Option Wit.

Dr. Lafferty of the Richmond *Christian Advocate* says:
The Lower House of Virginia Legislature has had under consideration the question of local option. It is a sore puzzle to the average politician. The small statesman hangs in the air between heaven and earth like Mahomet's coffin—rather between the meeting house and the dram shop. He is in a "ticklish position." He halts between two opinions. He wishes to burn incense to God and Satan out of the same censer. How to ride both sides of the sapling at the same time is taxing his skill to the uttermost. An hour in the House of Delegates on Friday furnished rare amusement for the spectator. Politicians know now to trip each other. They attempt to tilt the water "carried on both shoulders," but the trimming demagogues outdid the "science" of the champion "ratlers" in the afternoon sports at a General Muster of Militia.

The President of the University, Dr. K. P. Battle, has been invited to deliver the annual address before the University of South Carolina at Columbia, on the 23d of June, 1886. This is a well merited honor, and we have no doubt that Dr. Battle will deliver an instructive and entertaining address on this interesting occasion.