

# The Alexander County Journal.

VOL. II. No. 42.

TAYLORSVILLE, ALEXANDER COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 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. Prayers-meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a.m., A. C. McIntosh superintendent.

**METHODIST.**—Rev. W. T. Nelson, 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. Henderson, 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.

### RAILROADS.

S. & W. R. R. Schedule in Effect Oct. 16.

SOUTHWARD STATIONS.		NORTHWARD.	
6:20 a.m. lve.	Taylorsville	10:20 p.m. arr.	
6:43 " "	Holdenite	9:57 " "	
7:03 " "	Sloan	9:37 " "	
7:30 " "	Iredell	9:10 " "	
8:00 " "	Statesville	8:40 " "	lve.
8:35 " "	Statesville	8:30 " "	lve.
10:30 " "	Charlotte	6:35 " "	lve.

### 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 (25 days to count as a month); \$20 per month. Special arrangements and terms for families. The best of attention given to 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.

I. R. WILBAR, Prop'r., Ellendale P.O., Alexander Co.

**\$100 TO \$300 A MONTH CAN** be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1013 Main St., Richmond, Va.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—IF YOU DESIRE anything in the Millinery line, call on Mrs. A. W. SOWER. No extra charge for trimming hats.

If you want to keep posted in your county affairs, subscribe for the JOURNAL—only \$1 a year.

Mr. Linney's Recent Manifesto Discussed by "Jeffersonian," interspersed with some Sound Democracy.

From the Charlotte Chronicle.

I have read the article of Hon. R. Z. Linney which appeared in the Statesville Mail wherein he shows conclusively that he is not a Democrat, and that the Republican party is the party for him. I noticed later a very unjust attack on Mr. Linney by the editor of the Newton Enterprise, who takes exceptions to some of Mr. Linney's arguments. But I take pleasure in denouncing the attack as base and declaring to the world that the position of Mr. Linney is unimpeachable.

In the first place, I concur with Mr. Linney in his bellicose attitude towards the *Landmark*, which paper exposed to the public in a very humiliating manner the essay of Mr. Linney on "Hard Times." I honestly don't blame Mr. Linney for deciding that he was subscribing for too many papers. Moreover, everybody knows that Joseph Caldwell had the audacity to stick to his party after it had actually made a law which he opposed. A man who will stick to his party under such circumstances is certainly a bad man. Mr. Caldwell should immediately have turned to the Republican party, although that party had passed a thousand laws which he opposed. Then he would have carried out the true idea of patriotism and loyalty, such as, perhaps, would have rivaled the patriotism and loyalty of Linney himself.

Likewise, Mr. Linney shows conclusively that the assessors of Sharpe's township of his county have valued that property higher than the assessors of Iredell valued some of the township of Iredell. It is, therefore, a disgrace, to the Legislature of 1886 that the assessors of Sharpe's township failed to execute the law justly.

Second, Mr. Linney shows that North Carolina is about to die on account of the internal revenue taxation. In 1866, according to Mr. Linney himself, 200 articles bore internal revenue tax. At that time the South was impoverished by a war to such an extent that no statistics would give an idea of the prevailing poverty. With all this heavy burden of taxation the South lived and flourished. Every kind of industry has been promoted. In the last eight years our own State has increased in wealth fifty millions. It is, therefore, evident that our country is going to pieces under the yoke of internal taxation and to use Mr. Linney's conclusion "it is demonstrated to a mathematical certainty that we cannot bear the burden." Admirable logic! Hurrah for Mr. Linney!

Yes, fellow-citizens, the unjust revenue ought to be abolished. Just think of it; the poor South has to pay 20 millions to the North's 97 millions. Illinois alone pays more tax than all the Southern States together which shows how the poor South is imposed upon.

It has been the popular impression of statesmen for some centuries that taxable articles are paid by consumer. Ignorant statesmen contend that the dealer or seller who pays a tax adds it to the price of his article and gets the tax back. But the statesman of Taylorsville has exploded that idea. Dealers in whiskey in this State have been under the impression that the spirits they ship to South Carolina, Virginia, and other States, are paid for including the tax by their customers in the States. But Mr. Linney has demonstrated that the money other States pay for our whiskey, burdens us and the money we pay other States for their whiskey, makes them poor indeed. Alas for poor Illinois. Lovers of whis-

ky from all parts of the country send their cost to that State to help them to tax-pay their spirits amounting to 24 millions a year, over burdening that State. It is a wonder she does not cry out for succor. And the people up there are ignorant. They are trying to pay tax on all whiskey they can make. Mr. Morrison of that State is fool enough to oppose the abolition of the tax. If Mr. Morrison sees this article, he is informed that Mr. Linney's address is Taylorsville, Alexander county, N. C., via. Junebug Railroad, where he can get new ideas about taxes.

O yes, abolish the internal revenue; turn the Collector office into a saturatis of intoxicating liquor to gladden the hearts of all poor men and women.

In the union soldiers want any more pensions, or the Republican party wants a millions to protect the poor manufacturers of the North why we will be delighted to see the money raised by increasing the tax on sugar, wool, and such luxuries.

Some people imagine that the dislike of the revenue system by the Democrats was executed under Republican rules. But not so. We now have a decent Collector who administers the law with as much mildness as is compatible with respect for it. One half his officers are old Confederate soldiers. The office distribute among the people about twelve thousand dollars a month on account of salaries, which would be sadly missed if taken away. But let us abolish the system. Let us get red of all the money we can. It is not the abuse of the law which has prejudiced Democrats against the system, but it is the fact we cannot bear to pay tax on whiskey.

Mr. Linney and myself want to see the taxes levied on necessities exclusively. I will draw a picture of a plot from so there can be no mistake about it:

Free List. Tax List—Actual Tax.

Whisky	Sugar	80 Per cent.
Lager beer	Rice	113 " "
Tobacco	Salt	83 " "
Snuff	Wool	71 " "
Common cloth		91 " "
Shawls		87 " "
Cotton bagging		54 " "

If the whisky tax can be abolished the people of Alexander need not fear losing the privilege of paying double value on all necessities as long as they live.

Now fellow citizens, it is plain that the tax on whiskey should go. Then we would have no more revenue officers, but everybody could have his own distillery and make and drink under his own vine and fig tree.

Let us pay all our taxes on necessities so that our money will emigrate North to help out the poor manufacturers of that section.

I glory in Mr. Linney's spunk. Shays he, "I deem it a duty I owe to the fifty-one souls living on my lands" to shake off the oppressive yoke of internal revenue taxation (of which not a dollar is paid by a distiller or manufacturer in Mr. Linney's county, so I am informed.)

When I contemplate the joy of those fifty-one souls to be relieved of this heavy burden, my patriotic heart swells in my bosom. Those oppressed fifty-one souls should hold a mass meeting and nominate their chief for some office commensurate with his great love for them.

Of course, if there are any objectionable features of the internal revenue to be modified or wiped away, the Republican party is the remedy. We all remember how that noble band of Carpet Bagners reformed North Carolina a few years since; spreading sunshine and peace, building public schools, railroads, issuing bonds

and reducing taxation generally. We remember how the Republican party reformed the Star Route service, how by close economy they built the first Navy in the world, and taught benighted man kind the blessedness of Kleptocracy.

The Republican party has always favored repealing the internal revenue, while the Democrats have labored to perpetuate it. It is true, the *Congressional Record* shows that nearly all the votes for abolishing the internal revenue since the war were by Southern Democrats. But the *Congressional Record* is not reliable. Mr. Linney has the latest edition of "Blum's Almanac" which contains the only true account of politics, and besides he reads the *Statesville Mail*.

To further prove Mr. Linney's familiarity with standard works, he states that Thomas Jefferson favored national aid to public schools. Now the letter to Congress in which Mr. Jefferson mentions about that subject which statesmen read and study, states that an amendment to the Constitution would have to be made in order to inaugurate such a measure. He was not in favor of over-riding the present Constitution with any such humbug or rotation of its articles. Yet Mr. Linney's edition of the latter is quite different. Besides a man is foolish to think that Mr. Linney had not a right to misrepresent Mr. Jefferson if he liked. There was no law made by the pets of 1887, or any other Legislature, against such misrepresentation or display of ignorance.

Thirdly, it is shown that Mr. Craig should have turned out one of his clerks and put in Linney's friend, even in doing so (as I am informed) the man would have to be discharged that Mr. Linney recommended to a former Collector (before he turned Republican).

Finally, fellow citizens, who can doubt the patriotism of Mr. Linney in joining the Republican party. Many a time and oft has he climbed upon a dry goods box to pour out his vocabulary of vulgarity and barnyard venacular over the heads of the men he now folds his dotting arms about his kisses. Is not that truly patriotism?

It is not for office that Mr. Linney turns his coat. No! Neither is it due to any changes of the moon. But pure love of country. If he had ever exerted himself or intruded to be a Legislator, Solicitor, Judge or Congressman or ever run as a bolting Democrat or Independent, his patriotism might be questioned. But we know he has had a self-sacrificing life on the sunny glades of the Brushy mountains, peacefully plowing his favorite steer as he meditated on the principles of taxation and the blessedness of true patriotism.

It is beautiful to contemplate the evolution and progress of his political ideas. First a bolting Democrat again McIntosh, the unanimous nominee his part, then Democrat straight, then independent, then Republican, then Anarchist. (O, excuse me, not Anarchist.) He has not yet risen to that height and I must congratulate him on drawing the line at present, at Republicanism, for I notice in Chicago they have a fondness for hanging anarchists. However, at the present rate of evolution he may hope to enslave himself into the highest type of anarchism. But as I remark, the Republican party is the place at present. In its camp he will be free from the vulgar and obscene hereafter will be composed of ladies suited to his refined English and polished manners. Blaine and Sherman (as we all know) are especial friends of the South and

the Confederate soldiers and are in favor of repealing the tax on whisky. Mr. Linney can tell them about taxation principles, Jefferson politics and other matters and they will immediately get up a bill to relieve the 51 souls on Mr. Linney's land from the oppressive revenue tax and to pension the Confederate soldiers.

In conclusion, fellow citizens let us rejoice that Mr. Linney has spread his broad protecting wings over the human race and given the world a true example of patriotism.

### How I Came to North Carolina.

B. A. Goodridge, editor of the *Pine Knot*, Southern Pine, writes to the *News and Observer* as follows:

One morning during the winter of 1885 I said to myself: "I'm not an Esquimaux or a polar bear, and I don't know why I should continue to live where the mercury goes to 25 degrees below zero and my hand sticks to the frosty door latch."

My wife's health was failing under the continued stress of New England weather, and the necessity of seeking a home beneath some milder sky was every day forcing itself upon me with more and more insistence. But I didn't know where to go. Florida, with its low lands, swamps and dengue fever was not attractive. California was too far away. The place for me must be high and dry, with a mild climate and not hopelessly distant from New York and Boston. Such condition of atmosphere were absolutely essential to my wife, to whom a moist air would have been fatal. I was sure that the right place could be found somewhere in the South, and in order to determine where I set about reading up the descriptive articles on the Southern States in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* for which I had just subscribed. Rather a round-about way, it would seem, to get information concerning a not very distant section of my own country; but it was the best I could devise, for I had neither friend or acquaintance in any Southern State.

The next day after Volume XVII of the *Encyclopaedia* arrived I left my wife cutting the leaves and making what discoveries she could among its contents, while I went to my school duties. When I came in at lunch time she was so excited as to be almost comfortably warm, a thing unknown for months and said decidedly, "I am going to North Carolina. Meekly I replied "All right; can I go too?"

The description of North Carolina by the lamented Prof. W. C. Kerr was what had fired her heart. She who must be obeyed insisted that I should write to Prof. Kerr at once. I addressed him at Washington, asking for information about North Carolina, with especial reference to a mild climate and healthful location.

While waiting for his reply, something quoted from the *News and Observer* caught my eye, and knowing that a newspaper is generally the surest index of the character of the community in which it is published, I sent for a sample copy.

I remember that the papers came promptly (two, I think, though I only paid for one), and that I read every word in them, advertisements and all, and formed a very favorable impression of Raleigh, which I have never been able to overcome. After a little delay I got a letter from Prof. Kerr at Thomasville, Ga., whither he had gone in a hopeless quest for health. He recommended me to Moore county for a climate adapted to the cure of lung troubles, and advise me to write to Mr. J. T. Patrick, commissioner of immigration, and Mr. Edward Fasnach, well known in your city, for

further information and advice. These gentlemen gave me much valuable information and I got pretty well acquainted with Mr. Fasnach before leaving my home in Massachusetts.

The latter part of March I got the trustees of the school over which I presided to release me from the completion of a five year contract, sent away my wife and baby, and, with the assistance of a stout Irish woman, broke up horse-keeping and packed up and stored away the fragments.

On the 3rd of April, 1885, I left the corner where three States met (Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire) to go to Raleigh. Mother earth still had on her winter blanket, good eight inches thick, but there were holes in it, indicating that it might in time become "a thing of shreds and patches." At New York, the blanket was gone, and in its place appeared faint streaks of green, that promised to become grass, but as yet served only to aggravate the hordes of hungry goats that made ineffectual nibbles at it. Norfolk was just putting on the freshness and tender glow of early spring, and I well remember the half-sad, but altogether pleasant hour I spent that Sabbath evening in strolling about St. Paul's churchyard and listening to the chirp of innumerable birds among the vines that clambered over that venerable church. The night found me comfortably horizontal in one of the cars of the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad, heels pointing northeast, toward New England, head southwest, direct for Raleigh, where I arrived Monday morning, bright and early.

That was in the time before horse cars had made their appearance at our State capital, and I was a good deal dismayed at the extraordinary grandeur in which I was obliged to appear on Fayetteville street. I don't know what the vehicle that bore me is rightly called, but judging by the dust it kicked up, I should say it was a brougham (pronounced *broom*). Now, thanks to the horse cars, a modest stranger can make his first appearance in your lovely city without such laceration of his feelings as a ride in one of those open carriages entails.

This tells how I came to North Carolina, which is all the story that I started to tell. I will only add that my wife has regained her health, and that we are both exceedingly well pleased with the Tar Heel State and its good people.

"I'm thinking of building me a house," said Brown, last evening. "Good idea; how much money have you?" "About three thousand dollars." "Three thousand dollars; well, that will build a very neat twenty-two hundred dollar house—with economy."

**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, regular 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 keeps health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Twenty-five cents.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.** The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25c. per box. For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. A. W. Sower is selling Tri-corn Corsets at \$1. The best corset on the market. A new lot just received.