

# The Alexander County Journal.

VOL. II. No. 46.

TAYLORSVILLE, ALEXANDER COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 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. 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. 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.

### RAILROADS.

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

SOUTHWARD STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
6:20 a. m.	ive Taylorsville	10:25 p. m.	arv
6:43 "	" "Hiddeonite	9:57 "	" "
7:03 "	" "Sloan	9:37 "	" "
7:30 "	" "Iredell	9:10 "	" "
8:00 "	arv Statesville	8:40 "	ive
8:35 "	ive Statesville	8:30 "	ive
10:30 "	ive Charlotte	6:35 "	ive

### 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 supplied 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. 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.

Taylor's Premium Cologne at the Millinery Store.

## NEW YORK LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.

The campaign which closed last week in a sweeping victory for the Democracy, has been one of the hottest conducted in this city for many years. The Republicans resolved to every trick or corrupt bargain which presented itself, but were met in each move by a wonderful adversary. The heat of the fight in the metropolises was for District Attorney, and was between the regular nominee of the united Democracy, and a disgruntled would-be standard bearer who deserted to the evening. New York can stand a great deal, but her special antipathy is a political traitor and this one was "snowed under" by 25,000 majority. The result kills the Blaine boom, and, in the judgement of prominent leaders of both parties, Cleveland will have to beat Sherman next year—a comparatively easy task. The Republican leaders throughout the canvass sought to impress upon their followers that "as gives New York in '87, so goes the Union in '88." The elected District Attorney, Col Fellows, is a Southerner by birth and an ex-rebel, but has so identified himself with the best interests of the city as to be considered a native.

Sunday is a great day for the children New York who are not given to its close observance as a time of rest. Paradise Park and the streets of the more thickly populated parts of the city are alive with them; but if you want to see children having fun in the widest sense you must go to the upper end of Manhattan Island, where they have more room to disport themselves. The small boys in the neighborhood of one-hundred-and-twenty-seventh street and eight avenue have a spirited sparring club. Two of them were matched to a finish last Sunday, and a crowd was on hand to see the sights. It was a gamey encounter. As the fight progressed a friend of one of the combatants said: "Hold on; dat aint 'cordin' to de Queensbury rules!" The referee declared that it was, the complainant called him a liar, and the referee proceeded to lick him. The combatants then turned their attention from their own fight to help along the skirmish between the referee and his enemy. A general riot and several bloody noses was the result, and a man had to come in and quell the disturbance.

A block north of the scene of this diversion well-dressed boys were playing rumbles, which game is just now regaining its former popularity with the boys of the metropolis. Some girls who had been contemptuously debarred from the game went aside and consoled themselves by playing jockstones. This game, too, ended in a war. One girl had on a new hood. Another, who still wore her summer hat, criticised the hood in an uncomplimentary manner, whereupon the owner of the hood said: "I know what ails you. Your ma haint got money enough to buy you a hood, so there!" The majority of the players took sides with the wearer of the summer hat and persecuted possessor of the hood was boycotted and went home in tears.

Probably the most exciting and novel entertainment was that in which some boys were participating near the corner of one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth street and St. Nichols avenue, where a high mass of rocks is being blasted. A big derrick worked by hand stands alongside the rock. The boys attached the tackle to a flat rock, one of their number took his seat on it, and then they hauled him high in the air and

swung the derrick around rapidly. It was so great fun that each boy clamored for his turn to ride on the derrick and begged to be allowed to remain up in the air for a longer period, but his comrades dropped him to the ground very suddenly and there was no appeal from their action.

### THE GOAT.

A vacant lot nearly opposite the derrick contains a shanty, a goat shed, and usually a demure goat. Some young lads use the lot every Sunday as a foot-ball ground. They were kicking the ball about with great glee when the goat came out of the shed and Mrs. Doolan, its owner, came to the door of her shanty. The goat gazed with disapproval on the bounding ball, then levelled its horns and went out to meet it. The encounter was not conducive to the goat's peace of mind, and it essayed another attack. The boys by common consent made the goat the goal of the game and pelted it with the big ball until it was knocked over on its side, and Mrs. Doolan rushed among them to rescue it and barely escaped being hit herself.

Just before you reach Manhattan street on the boulevard you pass some old shanties. There is at least one goat to each shanty. Two boys crept into the shanty village and lassoed a goat of the color of a dirty door-mat. They led it away despite its protest, rigged up a bridle, put in improvised bit in its mouth, and whipped it into a canter. They drove it up and down the street and then in a movement of unwisdom born of too much fun they galloped it near its residence. They were driving it to beat all previous records when there was a yell from among the humble huts, and a very large and muscular woman among the drivers and retainers of the goat and scattered blows on their heads as she yelled: "Ah ha, ye young spalpeens! Oive caught ye now. Now Oif know why me goat keeps so poor all while. Ye've been driven him to death widout me knowledge. Take that and that, ye young devils!"

The race was declared off and the exhausted goat was taken home.

Real estate in New York city has been booming for several years. That boom is now upon the giddy verge of a collapse, and builders and lot-owners are staring bankruptcy in the face. The speculators who are bound to suffer by the collapse of this boom have only themselves to thank for their disagreeable position. It is due not at all to any inactive demand for real estate, nor to any business stagnation or financial distress, but entirely to hoggishness of the speculators.

This boom has been developing as a matter of fact, since the elevated railroads penetrated the northern part of Manhattan Island, and thus made a vast extent of land to the west and northwest of the park available for habitation. Fortunes were made in a remarkably short time by speculators in land and buildings in that vicinity. The matter grew to be a great craze as any land boom in the western mining district. The result was that three years ago builders put every dollar they could raise into new houses, mortgaged them at once and built other new house, and so multiplied their investments until every dollar put into premises at the beginning was represented by about six dollars in improved land. Such a complicated state of affairs, of course, could not endure unless purchasers were quickly forthcoming. The demand for houses continued as great as it had been and the builders shoveled up to an un-

reasonable height. They made up their minds that they were going to make 100 per cent upon their investments, and when the would-perchasers stared aghast at the prices demanded the builders simply sat back in their chairs and waited. They waited too long; prices for buildings and land on the west side of the city were twenty years in advance of real values.

The height of the real estate boom was reached last May. Since then there has been a steady although quiet decline, and the best observers predict that there will be a sudden rush of prices downward within the next three months. The city has been overbuilt in the vicinity of the park, but it is not so much the overbuilding that is causing the uneasiness and that will cause actual ruin to a great many investors, but the fact that the investors have set their ideas although too high.

### The Chicago Anarchist Hung.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single white shrouded figure, above which was a face of yellowish pallor—the face of August Spies—passed the first post of the gallows. The gaping crowd, ten feet below, half rose involuntary from their chairs at the first glimpse of the apparition advancing across the scaffold. Spies looked calm and glanced at the reporters with a trace of his old-time smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of the deputy, to the fullest edge of the gallows. Following close came Fischer—close enough to touch Spies's shroud had his hand not been pinioned under the white muslin.

Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glister totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features and in strange contrast with the dead lack of color in the pinched linen of Parsons'. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last, a withered old man. He had aged twenty years since the day, scarce twelve months before, when he tripped lightly into court before Judge Gray and flippantly said he was ready to be tried at once for his life. The moment his feet touched the scaffold Parsons seemed to completely lose his identity and feel his spirit was no longer part of his body. He had wrought himself up to an air of solemn self glorification. Only he—the one American—seemed to realize that he must die in a manner to impress, if possible, on all future generations the thought that he was a martyr. No tragedian that has paced the stage in America ever made a more marvelous presentation of a self chosen part perfect in every detail. The upward turn of his eyes, his distant, far-way look and above all the attitude of apparent complete resignation that every fold of the awkward shroud only served to make more distinct, was by far the most striking feature of the entire gallows picture.

The squat form of Engel, with stupid, wide-jawed face made a hideous contrast to Parsons' assumption of the halo martyr. Fischer was head and shoulders taller than the other three, making his occasional looks of too evident bravado more noticeable than they might otherwise be and at a sorry disadvantage compared with the steady coolness of Spies. The latter's exhibition of quiet, through nerve far surpassed as a wonder the demeanor of any of his comrades. The four burly deputies standing to the rear of the four condemned men began without delay to adjust the ropes, Spies' noose being the one first placed. He did not appear to re-

gard it of any more consequence than a new linen collar. The knot was slipped down, the cord closed against his neck. Spies did not show a tremor, but when the same process was being carried out with Fischer he turned and quietly whispered to the bailiff some suggestion concerning the rope. Fischer's occasional ardor was quite noticeably less when he felt his strand. Engel bit his under lip hard when his turn came. Just then Dr. Murphy, a young physician standing back of Engel, whispered a joke at Engel's ear. Incredible as it may seem, the low-browed anarchist laughed outright with the rope around his neck and while another was being fastened on Parsons' by his side. But the laugh stopped in a single instant, and Parsons, meekly as a saint, turned his eyes upward at the dangling line above him. Before the four anarchist had an inkling of what was to be done, white caps were deftly slipped upon their heads and drawn quickly down to their necks, shutting off the view of each as completely and with less warning than does the camera cloth of a photographer. August Spies was the first of the four doomed men to make use of his wits while he could. In a tone of intense bitterness of spirit he, the man who wrote the infamous "Revenge" circular, hissed out between his tightly clenched teeth: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are stragling to death." The last syllable of Spies' concluding words, hoarse with passion, had not reached an end when Engel, raising his voice, wildly cried: "Hurrah for the anarchist!" Fischer caught the fire of utterance and more loudly exclaimed: "Hurrah for Anarchy!" adding: "This is the happiest moment of my life!" There was a silence like that of the grave, broken abruptly by the slow measured intellect of Parsons like the white robed priest before the altar of sacrifice. Not a dying request but rather like a command or warning, he sounded forth: "May I be allowed to speak?" There was another agonizing pause. Muffled through the shroud broke out in natural, hollow accents, "Let the voice of the people be heard!" A crash as of a falling houses thundered through the corridors. The slender ropes were taut in full view of the two hundred men. In front were four white and withering shrouds. The ropes could be seen slowly tightening about the necks that, between the caps and shrouds, could be noticed blackening and purpling. Nine minutes passed. Then it was known to a certainty that not a neck had been broken. The four Haymarket murderers had been literally throttled and strangled by the law which they had defied.

Gov. Gordon, of Georgia, in a speech at Cincinnati on the 28th ult., in speaking of Jefferson Davis, said: "If we should turn our backs on that man, refuse him our sympathies, we would merit the scorn of every brave man in this audience, and you would feel an absolute contempt for us. I am not going to do it." Yes; they may as well understand that the South will always love Jeff. Davis, and if that is treason they can make the most of it. The subject leads us to mark that there are some fanatics in this country whose hatred of the Southern people because they love Davis is the only patriotic sensation they ever experienced. —*Salisbury Watchman.*

**The Speed of Heat and Cold.** It has been asked which travels fastest, heat or cold; and answered heat. Because any one can catch a cold. It therefore follows that every one should keep Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

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

## North Carolina News Notes.

It is learned that Judge James H. Merrimon, of the twelfth district, intends resigning his seat on the Superior Court bench in about sixty days.

So rapid was the rise of Nuse river that a number of negroes living on lowlands near Goldsboro were in great peril. All were rescued by means of boats.

It is reported that ex-Congressman A. M. Waddell, of Wilmington, is an avowed candidate for Banson's seat in the Senate. It is certainly well understood that Minister Jarvis will press his claims for that position.

The Arrington divorce suit, which has been in the courts for several years, ended at Henderson Saturday. It was decided in favor of Mrs. Arrington, who thus gets property worth some \$20,000 in addition to the custody of all her children.

The reports which will be presented to the State Baptist Convention will be very gratifying to members of that denomination. They will show that work has been unceasing in all departments and that there has been an increase of membership amounting to some 10,000.

A portion of the great storage-sheds at the cotton seed oil mills at Raleigh and fell with a crash. The massive brick foundation had given way under the weight of over 1,000 tons of seed, and all went down in the wreck. The loss will be several hundred dollars.

It is stated in telegrams from Washington that J. M. Brown, who in the last election beat Ried for Congress in the fifth district, will be the Republican candidate for Governor. Prominent Republicans, when asked about this statement, said there was nothing in it so far as they knew.

There has been an unbroken week of perfect weather. Farming operations have been resumed on high lands. Bottom lands are too wet in nearly all cases to be ploughed. The main damage by rains was done east of Greensboro. The mountain section escaped. Two more washouts on railways are reported; one at Tar river, on the new railway from Rocky Mount to Nashville. One abutment of the bridge was swept away. Communication in Nash, Edgecomb, and Franklin counties is like that in Wake, Johnson, and some other counties—badly interrupted by the loss of bridges. Altogether in a distance of sixty miles from Raleigh it is calculated that over 100 important bridges are washed away or ruined. The loss on bridges foots up many thousand dollars, while that of crops is far greater, and the aggregate in the State is hundreds of thousands. Saturday the great freshet made itself felt near Goldsboro. After threatening the track of the North Carolina railroad, as reported, it attacked that of the Wilmington and Weldon road. It made a break of about fifty feet and delayed trains greatly. A large force have been at work there and the damage is repaired. The damage in Wayne county is also heavy. This great freshet will never be forgotten. People have in some cases to drive forty miles to get only ten in an air line. They are cut off from their usual markets. Cotton, corn, and fodder are swept away in many cases, and streams are yet choked with all kinds of debris. Princeville a negro village on Tar river, opposite Tarboro, has been under water, and its residents were driven to the Tarboro side for refuge.