INTERESTING DATA CONCERNING THE NICKAJACK TRAIL

W. W. Scott Writes in News and Observer of the North Carolina Link of Indian Route From Florida to Great Lakes—Traced by Late Col. C. A. Cilley.

Since the days of St. Paul it has been the delight of the thoughtful students of the law, ecclesiastical and secular, to "sit at the feet of Gamaliel," some beloved preceptor of literary taste and cultivation of high intelligence, profoundly versed in the lore of history, human nature and the humanities, and to drink as deep from the waters of the Pierian spring as he could fill their small chalices. Such a one was Colonel Clinton A. Cilley, of Lenoir North Carolina, and the men—his "boys," he called them—who were initiated and who "read law" under him had their study of the dry science of the law beflowered and illumined by charming lectures that were not always confined within the limits of the text.

In the nebulous days before the war between the States, Clinton Albert Cilley, a New England lad, a nephew or grand-nephew of that Senator Johnathan Cilley of New Hampshire, who died in a duel with Graves of Kentucky, passed through Harvard, graduating as an honor man, and hit the trail by Michigan. His destiny was burning him along and he reached Michigan territory (of which he became colonel) and came scouting to the South. After four years of this he showed up at Salisbury with a commission as a "Canby Judge," surely a shabby sheepskin for a man who had to present for practice as judge or lawyer in a North Carolina court. But opportunity often comes in the guise of a cockle burr from which the wise gardener may pluck some with impunity. The administration of the County Judge was changing hands at such a time. Perhaps the courtesy and slight consideration for the feelings of a brave and stalwart people that this embarrassed him, added his name the debit side of him and his Confederate "comrades" at work upon uniting the State and moulding the old South into a New South, and gave him to wife a patrician lady of the county. This gracious lady, who survived her husband, was daughter to Col. James C. Harper, of Caldwell, and passed away herself at Hickory, North Carolina, only a few weeks ago.

Mrs Cilley took much interest in the colonel's law class and it was a question whether the students were crazier in the head about the Boss or Old Miss; in the mild and pleasant weather the "lecture room" was the long and broad porch or veranda along the whole broadside of his spacious residence in Lenoir, and oftener than not Mrs. Cilley "sat in" with the class when reciting there, occupying herself with such feminine employment as knitting, sewing, etc., and frequently interjecting criticisms upon the asinity of the law, as Dogberry would style it. There probably never was a lay school with such charming and romantic surroundings as this one. The news of the death of Mrs. Cilley saddened the hearts of the surviving alumni of the law school and some of the "boys" harked back into the past and recalled the happy faculty of the old Preceptor in placing them in the most favorable points of view for observing the scope of any particular branch of jurisprudence, its relation to other branches, and of stimulating them to investigation of matters not directly connected with their studies. The most interesting of these latter disquisitions was in relation to

The Nickajack Trail

It is like displacing a faded daguerrotype for one of these students to attempt to reduce the gist of this or any other of the quasi-lectures after so long a time; or to change the figure, it is like the descendant of a brave and noble pirate attempting to discover the hiding place of a buried or shipwrecked treasure from maps and descriptions of places handed down by the respected ancestor.

Colonel Cilley was deeply interested in everything connected with the history of the North American Indian, and in comparing it with that of his southern brethren, the Indians whom the Spaniards found in Mexico and Peru when they first entered those countries. The latter, compared with the conditions of the former, as observed when they were first encountered by the whites, some fifty or seventy-five years after the Mexican and South American were first touched upon by the whites) were highly civilized and enjoyed much of economic and political organization. The former knew little about organization except that limited kind that forced certain cognate tribes to keep up a sort of loose community of interests that might be called temporary.

The Mexicans and Peravians were road builders; the North Americans were not, their only roads being beaten paths or trails made and beaten down by constant travel. The North American—excluding the Mexican—was not constant as to his habitat and each tribe, of course, had its own trails in and around its own particular habitat for the time being. Then there were national or international trails used by all tribes, local to none, that is to say, local and monopolized once intruders should be taboo. Forts or place, upheld by force of arms might also be thrown away. In the whole range of the country there were several such inter-tribe trails, the one now under consideration being the Nickajack Trail, from the great Lakes to the Florida coast. The origin of this trail is a mystery, no one certainly in the county has ever found out. The presence of the Spanish settlements on the Florida coast nearly one hundred years before there were any English settlements north of them, may have been caused by the desire of Indians in the vicinity of the Great Lakes, and they may have been led to make excursion down in that direction out of curiosity; or the trail may have existed before the coming of the Spaniards. At any rate there is not any and never has been any tradition of a number of their race slain in battle before ever the white man came into the country. Tradition stands for the existence of the road and trail through this gap for a length of time the beginning of which is not in the memory of man.

Colonel Cilley vouched for the Indian Grave Gap road and the Linville Mountain road being parts of the Nickajack Trail. The only way to get from Indian Grave Gap to Linville Mountain is along the Wilkesboro Rutherfordton road by way of Mulberry, Moore's Crossroads and Linville store, and it is along this road that the Wilkes and Yadkin Valley recruits traveled to get to Kings Mountain, and the Tennessee and Virginia recruits traveled down the Linville Mountain trail to Linville store on the old Wilkesboro-Rutherfordton road and took that road from Kings Mountain.

The investigator discovered vestiges of another old road running north and south, the only remains of which were under the vestry room of the Episcopal church in Lenoir. Nobody could tell anything about it. And five or six miles south of Lenoir, on the "Rippeto old place," now owned by David A. Griffin, Esq., he came across long stretches of an ancient road in a pine forest, leading through the forest and through corn rows among giant oaks and pines. As old man Rippito emigrated to "the Eelynoy" in 1817, the road is 105 years old at least. But these two pieces of old road are not guaranteed to be part of the Nickajack Trail. It is not remembered whether Colonel Cilley knew the origin of the name Nickajack.

MOUNTAIN AGRICULTURE

Banner Elk was for a long time a rustic mountain hamlet, isolated and comparatively unknown, but a wise man came along in the course of time, and the public was shortly thereafter hearing of the Lees-MacRae Institute. The beginning was, as a matter of course, in a modest way, but the outside world soon had evidence of the good work being done there and the possibilities for extension of the work. Banner Elk has now developed into an educational center that is attracting wide attention. It is no longer a rustic mountain hamlet, but the center of an educational plant of imposing featurers, the architecture having run in rock construction. Lawyer L. D. Lowe is contributing some descriptive information to the Watauga Democrat which should prove entertaining to the people throughout the State. He reports that three stone structures have been completed and others are on the way. The first of the completed buildings is the Presbyterian Church; the second is the rock house on the corner called the "Tea Room" the first of the three buildings of the Woodrow Wilson Junior College is nearly completed. The building has a slate roof, the rooms have been plastered and it will be ready to be occupied by Spring. As soon as this buildnig is completed work will be begun on the construction of the second. It is understood that the two other college buildings will be of the same as the one nearing completion, and the three will be designated as the North Carolina, Virginia and Tennesee buildings respectively. Such buildings as these college buildings will cost from $40,000 to $50,000 each.

The important point is that the workmanship in these stone structures is done by native talent. A vast amount of cement is used to tie the stone together, and it would require something like a tropical earthquake to jar one from its foundation.

During the fine weather considerable headway was made on the hospital. This building is to be of Tennessee brick, with concrete basement and concrete floors throughout and steel will be used where wood is usually employed for building and the building will be absolutely fireproof, so there will be no more danger of fire than there would be in a vault. The hospital is to have a heating plant in the basement, a laundry, three sun parlors and all equipment and appliances are to be mordern and up-to-date in every respect. It will require an expenditure of something like from $40,000 to $50,000 to construct and equip this hospital and grade and beautify the surroundings. —Charlotte Observer.

FARMING PREACHER TELLS WHAT AILS COUNTRY CHURCH

(Winston-Salem Journal)

To the Editor of The Journal:

As it is drawing near the close of the year and there are so many things, I want to say, will you please let me speak through the Public Opinion column again? I was standing in front of a great church in Winston-Salem the other day and a gentleman stepped up to me and said he wanted to see another letter if not more from the "Farming Preacher." In the church at that time there was being discussed the great problem of the country church.

I am interested in the country church as much as is possible, and I hope that I will not be saying too much when I say that possibly what we call an educated ministry has had as much to do with tearing down the country church as any one thing. You may take the average country churches and four of them are not able to support a preacher, let him live in town, educate and dress his family. I want the public to realize the fact that we are living at too rapid a rate. It is taking more money than can be had, especially by the ordinary man and then he cant meet his obligations. Consequently the church is put off as it is only supported by free will offering. Were it not that the sheriff collects taxes for public education it is very doubtful whether we would have any public schools.

I spoke of an educated minister. I mean that kind that leaves God and the spirit out. Now if we had Mose preachers of the Billie Myers and Green Brown type scattered over the country and had what we used to have, a converted membership, it would be the country church.

We also have a type of preacher, I'll call them semi-atheists, who think that everybody who is not converted under their order, if not direct by under their necromancy, ought to go to the devil. They will go about here and there, preaching everywhere and for anybody, calling themselves modern day evangelists. They go into the backwoods district, and the back alleys in town, beg and do stamp and pay. Well, I am just sick to even think of them. Yet a great many city people rally to such things.

We need in the country, men who are called of God, who are educated in the modern literature, and who have religion in their hearts as well as in their heads, who will mix with people of common means as well as the wealthy, who will stay on the job in good old country style, and who can appeal to reason more than to emotion.

It seems to me that if we could get back to where the preacher might plow a little, and where we could go to meeting in a wagon if not an ox-cart, also where the young men might wear their brogan shoes and the girls their homespun dresses, we would be making progress in the right direction. The people of North Caroiina and I suppose of the whole South are paying their public school teachers for twelve months and having them teach six.

May God in his wonderful providence lead the people from under such a cloud of misapprehension to where we will have, along with our modern improvements, the pure Gospel of Christ preached from the sea to the mountains.

FARMING PREACHER

Cycle, North Carolina.

HARRISON WINKLER ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

While hunting birds near Lenoir this morning Mr. Harrison Winkler suffered a very painful accident, his gun accidentally going off and shooting off about half of his left foot, according to a long distance message to Hickory this afternoon.

Details of the accident were meagre but it was thought that his gun went off when he stumbled against some underbrush or a limb brushed against his arm as he was going through the woods.

Mr. Winkler and family have been visiting relatives in Lenoir during the holidays.—Hickory Daily Record.

"AIN'T NO USE, BILL, IT'S BURGULAR PROOF."

A repository in which you have your money deposited, and maybe your valuables stored, should be strong enough to resist the attacks of the burglar. Entrust them to us. They will be absolutely safe. With an account opened with us you can pay by check, thereby insuring accuracy and system in your methods of keeping accounts. There is no greater convenience and safe-guard for handling money than—

A BANK ACCOUNT

Bank of Blowing Rock

Blowing Rock, N. C.

PROGRESSIVE PROSPERITY

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

AS WE look into the immediate future and greet a New Year there is one figure that we want to see upon the field of history, the figure of prosperity. It may be that we think that we do see it while we are really gazing upon a mirage. Hope always tells a flattering tale and is ready to be the father of thoughts. Imagination is akin to faith, but requires no real basis. If our optimistic outlook is warranted it is so because we can believe in a prosperity that is to be real because it will be the product and the possession of us all.

¶ Civilization is the sum of co-operative intelligence. All the capital in the world could not mine coal without miners, and all the miners in the world could not do it without capital. Idle wealth has proved no more than accumulated uselessness in eastern countries; men have starved to death in the midst of vast but unappreciated natural resources. While the employment of money and the wise direction of labor have given to the West its immense advantages of social and economic riches and well being.

¶ Russia is perishing under the incubus of a stagnant communism that takes away the incentives of progress, banishes leadership lives upon past accumulations while they last, and starves afterwards. The interchange of abilities is cut off, the social circulation of necessary differences in people is arrested, the reward is of a genius for affairs are withheld, production is ended and prosperity lynched. It is like a vast body wherein there is no circulation of social life blood.

¶ America has thriven and must thrive upon the largest encouragement of individualism that a true collectivism admits of. When the crew cannot navigate the ship there is no advantage in killing the captain. It isn't necessary to have tyranny in order to have a captain, but society and business must have leaders and governors, and there cannot be two captains on any ship.

¶ After all, men hardly expect to pass for more than they are worth. The real kick in our democracy is against false differences. Ours is the land of a fair chance. It is the home of opportunity. No crust keeps merit down. In an interchange of values every one here has had and must have a chance to make the most of himself.

¶ In doing this he will need and use his fellows. No one ever succeeded yet in being great or prosperous as a hermit. We climb up upon each other. It takes us all to make and to keep civilization. A man owes himself and his fortune to society in a very large degree. Are we not all members of a great and wealthy body politic, wherein no one can live to himself or die without loss to the rest?

¶ Let a dozen men, each man owing his neighbor five dollars, sit in a circle. Let one of these take a five-dollar bill from his pocket and pay his debt to the man next to him. Let this man pay his neighbor and the next man pay his until the bill shall have gone round the circle and returned to the man who started it on its round. This man may return the bill to his pocket with the happy consciousness that he has paid his debt and also received what was due him, and that every other man in the group has the same satisfaction. But if the first man had not started the bill going there would have been no such results. He would then have illustrated Russia, instead of America.

¶ The secret of civilization is the circulation of ability. It is the secret of prosperity. Let every man circulate his worth to society, so shall there be a true communism, also a true capitalism. There is a conundrum which asks why one should prefer a dollar bill to a gold dollar. The answer is, "Because, when you put it into your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases." Prosperity progresses as we pass on what we are and have.

A TIMELY RESOLUTION

"Ralph," said his father, "what good resolutions are you going to make for the new year?"

"I'm not going to fight with Frank Ross any more," replied Ralph.

"I'm glad to hear that, my boy," said his father; "but why did you make that resolution?"

"'Cause," was the answer, "I always get licked."

Tutt's Pills

Induce regular habit, good digestion. Relieve the dyspeptic and debilitated and tone up the system

AGAINST MALARIA

COMMISSIONERS ATTENDANCE—FOR 1922

G. W. Robbins served 25 days at $4.00 per day	$100.00
Traveled 210 miles at 5 cents per mile	10.50
Total	$110.50
J. C. Miller served 25 days at $4.00 per day	$100.00
Traveled 192 miles at 5 cents per mile	9.60
Total	$109.60
L. H. Holler served 24 days at $4.00 per day	$ 96.00
Traveled 72 miles at 5 cents per mile	3.60
Total	$ 99.60

I, E. M. Harman, Register of Deeds for Watauga County, and Clerk to the Board of County Commissioners of Watauga County, hereby certify that the above are true copies as the same appears on record in my office of the attendance of the County Commissioners.

This December 4th, 1922.

E. M. Harman,
Register of Deeds.

North Carolina:
Watauga County:

To the Board of County Commissioners of Watauga County.

I hereby render my annual report of trust funds and all funds in my office on the first Monday in December, 1922.

For Paul Grimes and Minnie Williams,	$ 50.54
For Heirs of Avery Penley,	111.24
For Inez Gragg,	129.94
For Blanch and Alma Lewis and Stella Greer,	431.08
For Ethel Madron,	160.74
For Robert Thomas,	347.84
For Harrel, Francis, Iron and Emily Harman,	241.86
For Dana Harman,	91.13
For Heirs of Ed. Teague,	85.83
For Annie Lee Luttrell,	42.36
For Heirs of Mary Cline,	7.40
For Russell Vannoy,	419.80
The above amounts are on deposit in the saving department of the Watauga County Bank at 4 per cent interest	
For the heirs of John Blair,	35.47
This amount is in the savings department of the Peoples Bank and Trust Company, at 4 per cent interest and the interest has not been computed since May 21st, 1920.	
For Florence and Dale Vannoy,	838.28
This amount is loaned to O. L. Coffey on secured note and draws 6 per cent interest.	
For Carrie Miller, note on G. C. Robbins, secured by mortgage deed, drawing 6 per cent interest,	976.73
in Watauga County Bank, subject to check:	
For W. S. Williams,	16.47
For Letha Williams,	16.47
For Mary McGinnis,	95.80
Total,	4,098.98

I certify that the foregoing is a true and perfect report of all trust funds and other funds in my hands on the first Monday in Dec. 1922.

This the 4th day of Dec. 1922.

A. W. Smith,
Clerk of the Superior Court.

My Nice Line of Groceries

was never more complete than at this time. Everything fresh and of the best quality. I cater especially to the business of the discriminating people.—"If its to eat I have it."

WATCH REPAIRING

In connection with my grocery business I operate a modern watch and jewelry repairing place, and render the best of service in this line. Nothing but good material used and work done under guarantee. I also carry a most complete line of good jewelry at all times.

W. A. THOMAS