

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

S. P. Roenell

A Weekly Journal for Home and Farm, giving reliable information of this new country.

VOL. I.

HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C., APRIL 12, 1883.

NO. 12.

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT
HIGHLANDS, MACON CO., N. C.

THE HIGHEST TOWN EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A. F. CLARK, Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, Payable in Advance:
One Copy 1 year, postpaid, \$1.50
" 8 months " 1.00
" 6 " " .75
" 3 " " .50

THE ENTERPRISE tells all about the
BLUE RIDGE COUNTRY
OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The Switzerland of America!

Its pure mountain air, cold springs, grand scenery, cool summers, mild winters; a paradise for the HEALTH SEEKER and TOURIST; a land of rest for exhausted WORKERS, and a home for INVALIDS; a garden for the FLOREST and BOTANIST; the delight of the MINERALOGIST, HORTICULTURIST, DAIRYMAN, and BEE-KEEPER.

GEO. A. JONES. RALPH W. SILER.

JONES & SILER,

Attorneys at Law,
Franklin, N. C.

Special attention given to the collection of claims, investigating titles to real estate, conveyancing, etc. 51f

J. JAY SMITH. FRANK H. HILL.

Smith & Hill,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Lumber, Laths and Shingles.

MILLS AT HOUSE COVE.
Our stock contains Dimensional Stuffs, Fence
ing, Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, and Finish-
ing Lumber. All kinds of Oak,
Maple, Birch, Ash, Hemlock,
Poplar, Pine, and Linden
or Bass Wood.

Contractors for the erection of Residences,
School Houses, Stores, and Churches,
which will be executed in the most
modern and approved styles.

We have lately built a new mill with the
latest improved machinery, and with our
facility for timber in quantity, quality, and
variety, we are ready to guarantee our
customers perfect satisfaction. 51f

C. A. BOYNTON,

Millwright & Machinist,
HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Highlands School,

Highlands, Macon Co., N. C.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced
Classes in all English Branches.

WINTER TERM OPENS JANUARY 6TH, 1883.
Terms \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per month.
1-4f O. P. H. ROSE, Principal.

Highlands House,

HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C.

Newly repaired and fitted for the enter-
tainment of the traveling, health and
pleasure seeking public. Good rooms
and other accommodations. Table
supplied with the best that can
be had in the mountains.

Terms:
Per Day \$1.50
Per Week 7.00
Special rates to boarders and families.
1-4f JOS. FRUITS, Prop.

Boynton's Mills,

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Sawing, Planing, Matching, &c., done on
reasonable terms. Lumber furnished.
—GIVE US A CALL—

Cocoanut Grove House,

Lake Worth, Fla.

Fifteen minutes walk to the Sea Beach.
Fine climate for invalids.

Fish and Game plentiful at all times—
House Newly Furnished.

E. N. DIMICK PROPRIETOR.

J. P. McClearie,

HOUSE PAINTER.

AGENT FOR
Ingersoll's Celebrated Rubber Paint,
The most durable Paint manufactured for
a damp climate.

1st P. O. Address HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Highlands Mills.

Cash paid for all kinds of Grain. Wheat,
Rye and Buckwheat Flour, Corn Meal,
Bran and Shorts for sale. All
kinds of custom work done
promptly.

1-4f W. M. PASTERDORF, Proprietor.

Horse Cove Nursery.

Five Miles S. E. of Highlands.

A few hundred well grown Apple Trees,
comprising an excellent assortment
of leading varieties suited to this
region of country. These Trees
are of two years growth
from the graft.

F. G. HILL, Horse Cove, N. C. 1st

Builder & Contractor.

Contracts taken for Buildings. Specifica-
tions furnished on application, or work done
by the day. 51f
HIGHLANDS, N. C.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

BY JOHANN W. VON GOETHE.

Without haste! Without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might!
Haste not! Years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leaves behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, whatever betide!
Haste not! Rest not! Confide past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Business had brought me to the little town of D—, among the New Hampshire hills, and here, much against my will, I was detained for several days, while waiting for instructions from my employers. The nearest periodical store was twelve miles away, and without books or papers, time hung heavy on my hands. The only break in my monotonous life was the arrival of the trains twice a day, and in the dead calm of my existence this little ripple of excitement became as much to me as the opera under more favorable circumstances. It was while lounging upon the platform that I became acquainted with George Seaforth, engineer on the B. C. & M. Railroad. He was a man about thirty-five years of age. Not what would be called an educated man, but sensible and clear-headed. His home was in Concord, where he had a wife and two children. He ran from Concord to D—, and for two hours, while waiting for the "down train," he was in D—.

The acquaintance, at first begun to while away an idle hour, on my part, at least, grew to a strong liking, and to-day there is no one among my acquaintances for whom I feel a greater respect and esteem than for George Seaforth.

He had been on the cars since he was sixteen, first as train-boy, then as brakeman, fireman, and for the last ten years as engineer.

"You must have had some strange adventures in that time," I said one day, as we sat upon the platform of the little station, waiting for the train.

"Strange adventures!" he repeated, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking meditatively across the green fields. "Strange adventures! You may well say that, sir. We train men are always having adventures."

"Suppose you tell me some of them," I suggested.

"Well," looking at his watch, "as there is plenty of time, I don't mind telling you of one queer one I had six years ago, come fall, though I don't often speak of it; for you see when a man's been face to face with death, he can't talk of it very well."

I settled myself on the rough bench that did duty as a chair, as comfortably as I could, took a fresh cigar, and he began.

"It happened in this way. I was running the old Lion from Lee to Fairtown. If you know anything about New England, you know that September's a great month for fairs, and this particular September was no exception to the general rule. We had lots of extra work to do, but, as we had extra pay, there was no grumbling. It was toward the last of the month that the fair at M— came off. Two or three extras were put on, timed so as to run between the regular trains. Jim Turner fired for me then. Jim was as good a fellow as ever lived, but with one fault—he would go off on 'a time' once in a while. He didn't do it very often, and as he'd do more work than any other man on the road, the company kept him. But Jim had been pretty sober lately. I believe he hadn't drunk anything for as much as six months; so I kind of got out of the habit of watching him, and he went and came pretty much as he chose.

"Well, we got along all right this time, till a'bout night we stopped at D— for wood and water. While we were waiting, March, the depot-master, came along, and says he: 'Seaforth, I want you to do me a favor.'

"What is it?" says I, for March and I were pretty good friends.

"Well," says he, 'there's a young woman here who wants to go to Fairtown, and she hasn't a cent of money. She came here to get work, and she's lost her pocket-book, and hasn't any way to get back home. I don't feel at liberty to pass her over the road (they'd be making a row about free passes), and she ain't the kind you'd feel like offering money to. So I thought may be you'd let her ride on the engine.'

"Well, I didn't like to refuse March,

for, as I said before, he and I were good friends, and he had done me many a good turn; but I must say the idea of having a woman in the cab all the way to Fairtown wa'n't very pleasant, and I said so to March, but he was bound to have her go, and said so much that I finally told him to bring her along. She came out upon the platform, a little, pale faced thing, who looked at me with her great, frightened eyes, as though I was a bear, and would eat her up as soon as we left the station. March introduced her as Miss Lord, and seemed to expect me to say something to make her feel at home, but I was all out of sorts, and I only nodded in a surly sort of way. I saw the tears come into her eyes, and you'd better believe I felt kind of mean, but I didn't say anything, and March helped her on the engine.

"I saw her put out a little white hand, not much bigger'n a child's, and lay it on his arm, as she said:

"God bless you, Mr. March."

"And then I went off to look for Jim, who was late.

"I found him the other side of the depot, with a two-gallon can of kerosene in his hand.

"You see," he said, as I asked rather sharply where he'd been. "I'n git this a good deal cheaper here than at Fairtown, an' my wife thinks it's a sight better, too."

"Well, come along," I said, 'for we're two minutes behind time now.'

"When we got back to the engine March had gone, and Miss Lord sat there alone.

Jim started, but I said:

"This young woman's going to ride on the engine to Fairtown. She is a friend of Mr. March. So he put down his kerosene, and took his place on the cab."

"I heard the conductor's 'All aboard,' and then we were off.

"I was busy with levers and valves, for a man who drives a train holds the lives of hundreds on his hand, and one careless motion may send them all into eternity. So you see I hadn't much time to think of anything but my machine, but I noticed that Jim was pretty talkative. At first I thought it was because we had a woman aboard, but by and by I began to suspect it was something worse than that. His voice grew thick and his movements uncertain, and at last I could no longer hide from myself the fact that he had been drinking. Still I anticipated no trouble. We were already more than half way to Fairtown, and I thought he would keep up till we got there.

"At A— the station master handed the conductor a telegram. He read it, and then handed it to me. It ordered us to go on to N— to meet the special. I had expected to stop at the next station, and N— was ten miles beyond, but orders are orders and must be obeyed. So I told Jim to pile on the wood, and I put on all the steam I dared, and we went spinning over the road at a rate that must have astonished the passengers.

"We had gone a little more than half way, and I was beginning to think we might make the distance without much trouble, when Jim sat right down on the floor of the cab, and began to whimper.

"Get up, you fool, and go to work," I cried.

"I can't," he whimpered. 'I'm tired, an' mus' go to sleep.'

"Get up, you rascal!" I shouted. "Don't you know we've got to get to N— in ten minutes, or meet the special train?"

"I can't help it, let her 'o' train come. I tell ye I'm tired. Now, look here Seaforth, 'noddin' his head with drunken gravity. 'You're workin' too hard. Why, man, you won't live out half your days, if you don't take some rest, I tell ye what 't is you'd better take things easy. I'm goin' to, any way.'

"And he laid down on the floor of the cab, and shut his eyes, muttering: 'Take it easy, easy Jim 'll take it easy.'

"I suppose I must have acted like a wild man, for I knew that before I could let the conductor know the fix that we were in, and get help, it would be too late to save the train, and I'm afraid I used some pretty strong words, as a man is apt to when he gets in a tight place. Not that the words help him out of it. I suppose they only let off some of the extra steam, and make him think quicker. So I stormed away there, all the time trying to do my work and Jim's, and knowing every moment that we were losing ground. The steam was going down, and the engine slowing up, spite of all I could do.

"I tell you," and he passed his hand over his forehead, "it makes the sweat start on me now, when I think of that run. It seems to me that I lived a life time in those few minutes. It's an awful thing to have so many lives depending on you. In the cars behind me were hundreds of human beings and the other train had hundreds more, and only a step between them and eternity. All this time, the girl March had put on the engine had been sitting perfectly still, watching everything that went on, and now, when everything seemed lost, she threw off her shawl, and stepped into Jim's place, saying quietly:

"I'll take that man's place, Mr. Seaforth."

"You?" and I looked at the slight, almost girlish, figure in astonishment.

"Yes," she said. 'I am stronger than I look, and I've been watching the man, so I know I can do the work.'

It was a forlorn hope, but our only one, and, after one brief moment of hesitation, I said:

"Very well, you can but try, and if you fail—"

"I did not finish the sentence, for at the thought of failure, the terrible picture of mangled, bleeding bodies, crushed out of all semblance of humanity, rose before me, and I turned away with a groan. A slight shudder passed over the girl, and she seemed to grow paler, but, without a word she took her place, throwing on the wood as I directed, and doing so well, that, spite of my anxiety, I could not but notice the dexterity with which she handled heavy sticks. The strength of half a dozen men seemed concentrated in her slender arms, but spite of her efforts, we hardly seemed to gain ground.

"I looked at my watch, and fairly groaned aloud as I saw that it wanted few minutes of six, and at six we were expected to pass the extra at N—. There was no time to look back, and no chance to stop till we reached N—. There was nothing else for us to do but to go straight on, though I felt that we were going to destruction. As the hands of the watch crept round, telling off the minutes, I watched them with a sort of fascination, feeling as though I were turning to stone. Well, if you'll believe me, that girl, instead of making a row, as most women would have done, never said a single word, though she seemed to know just how things were going, but, after one look at my face—and I suppose I must have looked pretty bad—almost by inspiration it seemed to me, she did one of those things a man would never have thought of. Right behind her was the oil can Jim had got at D—. With a steady hand she lifted the heavy can, and poured half its contents on the wood, then she threw the wood upon the fire, and it blazed up with a quick, fierce heat, that sent the engine flying over the rails at a rate that fairly made one dizzy. Still she piled on the oiled wood, and still we went on faster and faster. The train rocked from side to side, and the engine seemed hardly to touch the rails. I looked at my watch, and then anxiously in the direction of N—. It wanted three minutes to six. Oh, if there could be some delay, something to make the other train even one minute late. But no, away in the distance I could see a faint line of smoke coming nearer and nearer. The girl saw it too, and reached for the oil can.

"It's of no use," I said. "We can't get there, and we've all the steam we can safely carry now."

"Are you sure it won't bear any more?" she asked anxiously.

"I shook my head.

"I'm not afraid," I said.

"But is it possible that it may?" she asked again.

"Yes, possible, but not probable," I answered.

"She asked the questions in a calm, even voice and I think I answered in much the same tone, for, now that the danger I had feared was really upon us, I seemed to have lost all fear, and I watched the line of smoke bearing us so fast with a sort of vague wonder as to what the engineer of the other train would do when he saw us coming, too late to save his train. I was roused from this sort of stupor into which I seemed in danger of falling, by seeing the girl again reach for the oil can. I shook my head.

"It won't do," I said. 'It may be death.'

"But," she said, 'it is death if I don't.'

"I nodded, and, without a word, she poured the remainder of the oil upon the wood, and threw it into the fire. We were close to the station now, and I could see people running across the platform, and hear the women scream as they saw our danger; for right in front of us was the extra, so near that it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save us. I looked at Miss Lord. With that last effort her strength seemed to leave her, and she sank upon the seat, covering her face with her hands, waiting for the death that seemed so near.

"There was a moment of awful suspense, and then we were safe upon the side track, the extra train went thundering by, so near that scarcely an inch separated the engine from the hindmost car. The brakes were put on, and the long line of cars came to a stand-still just beyond the station, and then slowly ran back to where the crowd of alarmed and curious men stood watching us. At the shrill sound of escaping steam, Miss Lord raised her head, and looked anxiously around, then, seeming to realize that we were safe, she tried to say something, but the words died away in a murmur, and the next moment she fell on the floor of the cab like a dead woman. But before I could call any one to help her, for I was pretty well shaken myself, one of the directors, who was on the train, came along in a fearful passion. He wanted to know what I meant by running the risk that I had done.

"Haven't you any brains? and don't you care any more for human life than a

donkey?" he blustered.

"I handed him the telegram I had received at A—, and which, fortunately for myself, I had put into my pocket, and then I pointed to the floor of the cab, where Jim lay in a drunken sleep, and Miss Lord in a dead faint, and I told the story as well as I could. I tell you there was pretty lively times there for a few minutes. The passengers found out that something was the matter, and they came pouring out of the cars, and crowded round the engine, and I had to tell my story over to them. Well, some of the men carried Jim off to the station, and dumped him down on the floor, and Miss Lord was taken into one of the drawing-room cars, and fussed over as though she was one of the greatest ladies in the land; and, before she came to herself enough to sit up, there was a purse made up for her, of more dollars than she ever had in her life, and that wa'n't all, for Mr. Ronalds—the director that was aboard the train—found that she knew something of telegraphy, and put her in the office at C— for awhile, and in a few months gave her a steady job. So you see it wa'n't a bad life for her, after all."

"But what became of her?" I asked.

"Is she still in the office?"

"Oh, bless you, no, sir. She did what most all the women do, sooner or later—got married."

"Well," said I, "such a woman deserves a good husband; I hope she got one."

"Well, I don't know; pretty middling, I guess," and then he nodded, with a laugh; she seems to be satisfied, so I suppose there's no occasion for any one else to find fault."

Just then there was a whistle, and the down train came into view, and, putting his pipe in his pocket, the engineer made ready for his homeward trip, saying, with a sly smile, as he sprang on the engine and said good-bye:

"If ever you come to Concord I shall be glad to see you, and you can ask my wife what she thinks of the husband Miss Lord got."—*Ballou's Monthly.*

GOOD COFFEE.

Everybody wants it, but very few get it, because most people do not know how to select coffee, or it is spoiled in the roasting or making. To obviate these difficulties has been our study. Thurber's package Coffees are selected by an expert who understands the art of blending various flavors. They are roasted in the most perfect manner (it is impossible to roast well in small quantities), then put in pound packages (in the bean, not ground) bearing our signature as a guarantee of genuineness, and each package contains the Thurber recipe for making good coffee. We pack two kinds, Thurber's "No. 34," strong and pungent, Thurber's "No. 41," mild and rich. One or the other will suit every taste. They have the three great points, good quality, honest quantity, reasonable price. Ask your Grocer for Thurber's roasted coffee in pound packages, "No. 34" or "No. 41." Do not be put off with any other kind—your own palate will tell you what is best.

Where persons desire it we also furnish the "Ideal" Coffee-pot, the simplest, best and cheapest coffee-pot in existence. Grocers who sell our Coffee keep them. Ask for descriptive circular.

Respectfully, &c.,
H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale Grocers and Coffee Roasters, New York.

P. S.—As the largest dealers in food products in the world, we consider it our interest to manufacture only pure and wholesome goods and pack them in a tidy and satisfactory manner. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, pure and wholesome, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where customers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is therefore to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use Thurber's brands.

—FOR SALE BY MRS. A. G. DIMICK—

Send stamp for price-list.

ROBERTS
Celebrated Single Breech-loading Shot Gun, at \$12 up. Double-barrel Breech-loaders, at \$20 up. Muzzle and Breech-loading Guns, Rifles, and Pistols, of most approved English and American make. All kinds of sporting implements and articles required by sportsmen and gun makers. Colt's New Breech-loading Double Guns—the best ever yet made for the price.

JOSEPH C. CRUBB & CO.,
712 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Highlands Nursery.

The subscribers offers for sale for the Spring of 1883 a quantity of well grown Apple-trees of the best varieties for this section.

Selected Trees 15c. Each, Per 100 \$10.

No agents employed. Come to the Nursery and get your trees fresh from the ground.

1-4f S. T. KEISEY, Highlands, N. C.

Important to Bee Keepers.

I supply Italian Bees, Eclipses, New American, Langstroth and Simplicity Bee Hives, Honey Extractors, Section Honey Boxes, Bee Vails, Honey Knives, &c. Please send for my descriptive circular and price list. Sent free. Address F. A. SHELLE, Millersville, Carroll Co., Ill. vi-11-1m.

Bees-wax Wanted.

Cash paid for Bees-wax in large or small lots at the office of the BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

Useful Books.

Any of the following named books sent by mail on receipt of price. Any person ordering eight dollars worth of books at one time will receive a copy of the ENTERPRISE one year free.

E. E. EWING, Pub.
B. K. ENTERPRISE.

"A B C of Bee-Culture," (a first rate book for beginners in improved bee-keeping,) paper, \$1, cloth, 1.25

"Bee-Keepers' Guide; or, Manual of the Apiary," by Prof. A. J. Cook. Enlarged, elegantly illustrated, and fully up with the times on every conceivable subject that interests the bee-keeper. It is not only instructive, but intensely interesting and thoroughly practical. Paper, 1.00; cloth, 1.25

"Bees and Honey; or, Management of an Apiary for Pleasure and Profit," by Thomas G. Newman. It contains 160 profusely illustrated pages, is "fully up with the times" in all the various improvements and inventions in this rapidly developing pursuit, and presents the apiarist with everything that can aid in the successful management of the honey bee, and at the same time produce the most honey in its best and most attractive condition. In paper, 50; in cloth, .75

"Bee-Keepers' Text Book," by A. J. King, an experienced bee-keeper of many years experience. No better book for the masses who desire practical instruction in bee-keeping. In paper, 75c; in cloth, 1.00

"Allen's New American 'Farm Book,'" the very best work on the subject; comprising all that can be condensed into an available volume. In cloth, 12mo., 2.50

"Barry's Fruit Garden." A standard work on fruits and fruit trees; the author having had over 30 years' practical experience at the head of one of the largest nurseries in this country. Illustrated. In cloth, 12mo., 2.50

"Compton's Cultivation of the Potato." One hundred dollar prize essay. With an article, How to cook the potato, by Prof. Blot. In paper, .25

"Curtis's Wheat Culture. How to double the yield and increase the profits. By D. S. Curtis. Illustrated. In paper, .50

"Fitz's Sweet Potato Culture." Giving full instructions from starting the plants to harvesting the crop. With a chapter on the Chinese Yam. In paper, 12mo., .40

"Gregory on Cabbages; How to Grow Them." In paper, .30

"Gregory on Onion Raising." In paper, .30

"Lymann's Cotton Culture." It discusses climate, the farm, stock, implements, preparation of soil, and planting, cultivation, picking, ginning, baling and marketing, and gives a calendar of monthly operations. It contains also a chapter prepared by J. R. Sypher, Esq., upon cotton seed and its uses, giving the details of manufacturing the oil. In cloth, 12mo., 1.50

"Onions; How to Raise them Profitably." No more valuable work of its size was ever issued. In paper, 8vo., .20

"White's Gardening for the South." Though entitled "Gardening for the South," the work is one of the utility of which is not restricted to the South. To those living in the warmer portions of the Union, the work will be especially valuable, as it gives the varieties of vegetables and fruits adapted to the climate, and the modes of culture which it is necessary to follow. By the late Wm. N. White, of Athens, Ga., with additions by Mr. J. Van Buren and Dr. James Camak. Illustrated. In cloth, 12mo., 2.00

"American Rose Culturist." Being a practical treatise on the propagation, cultivation and management of the rose, to which are added full descriptions for the treatment of the dahlia. In paper, .30

"Cole's American Fruit Book." Directions for raising, propagating and managing fruit trees, shrubs and plants, with descriptions of the best varieties of fruit, etc. Illustrated. In cloth, 18mo., .75

"Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America." The culture, propagation and management in the garden and orchard, of fruit trees generally, with descriptions of all the finest varieties of fruit, native and foreign, cultivated in this country. By A. J. Downing. Revised by Charles Downing. With nearly 400 outline illustrations of fruit. 8vo., 5.00

"Elliott's Hand-Book for Fruit Growers." By F. R. Elliott. With 60 illustrations. In paper, .60; in cloth, 12mo., 1.00

"Every Woman her own Flower Gardener." A handy manual of flower gardening for ladies. By Mrs. S. O. Johnson ("Daisy Eyebright"). 12mo. In paper, .50; in cloth, 1.00

"Fuller's Small Fruit Culturist." Rewritten, enlarged and brought fully up to the present time. This book covers the whole ground of propagating small fruits, their culture, varieties, packing for market, etc. While very full on the other fruits, the currants and raspberries have been more carefully elaborated than ever before, and in this important part of his book the author has had the invaluable counsel of Charles Downing. Illustrated. 1.50

"Fuller's Grape Culturist." This is one of the very best of works on the culture of the hardy grapes, with full directions for all departments of propagation, culture, etc., with 105 excellent engravings, illustrating planting, training, grafting, etc. By A. S. Fuller. In cloth, 12mo., .20