

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

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The Editor's Table.

BY WILL M. CARLTON.

The editor sat in his sanctum, countenance furrowed with care; His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair; His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head; His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread— There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals topped, And a short requisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper stopped; There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, concerning sweet flowers and zephyrs, And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, describing a couple of heifers; There were billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two; And his best leader hitched to a letter, which inquired if he wrote it, or who? There were raptures of praises from writers of the smooth and mellifluous school, And one of his rival's last papers, informing him he was a fool; There were several long resolutions, with names telling who they were by, Canonizing some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse than to die; There were traps on that table to catch him, and serpents to sting and smite him; There were gift enterprises to sell him, and bitery attempts to bite him; There were long staring "ads" from the city, and money with never a one, Which added, "Please give this insertion, and send in your bill when you're done." There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants, and their laws—Which said, "Can you print this announcement for the good of our glorious cause?" There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties and shows, Wrapped in notes, with "Please give a notice," demurely slipped in at the close— In short, as his eye took the table, and ran over its ink-spattered trash, There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting, perhaps—it was cash.

Where Are You Going, Young Man?

Where are you going so fast, young man? Where are you going so fast? With the cup in your hand and a flush on your brow, Though pleasure and mirth may accompany you now, It tells of sorrow to come by and by; It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh; It tells of a shame at last, young man,— A withering shame that will last. Where are you going so fast, young man? Where are you going so fast? In the flush of that wine there is only a bait; A curse lies beneath that you'll find when too late; A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup— A monster is there that will swallow you up, A sorrow you'll find at last, young man— In wine there is a sorrow at last. There's a reckoning day to come, young man, A reckoning day to come; A life yet to live, and a death yet to die, A sad, parting tear, and a sad, parting sigh; A journey to take, and a famishing heart, A sharp pang to feel from death's chilling dart, A curse if you drink that rum, young man,— The bitterest curse in that rum.

Our Saratoga Letter.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 27, '83. *Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:* The baggage porter at the Union, who has been connected with the Saratoga hotels (most of the time with that one), for fifty years, says that generally are not bringing as many trunks as usual with them this year. They average at most, four apiece, where a few years ago they often brought eight. The prevailing fashion for wearing short dresses partially accounts for the lessening of the amount of baggage. The above mentioned baggage porter remembers when only one trunk, and that not a large one, sufficed to contain a lady's outfit. There is one New York lady at the United States Hotel, however, who has the reputation of bringing three hundred dresses here with her and six maids to take care of them. She wears three different dresses per day, and never while here is seen to wear the same one twice. Her diamonds are numerous and gorgeous, and she keeps a lady who is in reduced circumstances constantly employed embroidering her clothing, including stockings as well as dresses and parcels. A Philadelphian who seems to be very well informed of such matters tells me that ladies wear garters embroidered to match their stockings; that he sees them as they get into or out of their carriages. Also, he affirms that it is a fashion with some ladies to wear their stockings of contrasting colors, one pair being blue and the other yellow, or one red and the other black. Opportunities for such observations are not wanting, for I saw a young woman on the front balcony of one of the largest hotels at mid day, when the porch, as well as the street below,

was crowded with people, sitting with her chair tilted back against the wall and her feet on the upper rounds of the chair in front of her.

The crowds at the many hotels for which Saratoga Springs is noted, increase daily. The race-course is thronged, balls and hops are of nightly occurrence, the usual display in dress and diamonds is everywhere observable, and betting, gambling, and indeed every phase and variety of fast living is the leading feature of the place. As for society people, if under that head are to be classed the refined, the educated, and the genteel mannered, they may or may not be here. If they are, they are completely lost in the vortex of fast and furious living, and fail to exert any influence upon the place or people who fill it. Even the young children at Saratoga are drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation, and dance and dress and flirt to an extent that promises badly for their own future and for that of their parents and country. Children's hops, children's gowns, children's fancy balls, and garden parties are a regular feature of the season both at Saratoga and Long Branch, and Newport is now the only watering place from whence details of children's gauds and dissipations do not come. The folly and wickedness of these unnatural displays is abundantly evident in the whole after career and development of these unfortunate little ones. At ten years of age the little girl of the day is an insipid coquette, at fourteen she is a finished woman of the world, and, as some one aptly remarked, "knows as much as her mother, and enjoys her knowledge a great deal more." And this false and hurtful training does not belong to Newport or New York, or to any other city or section of our country, but is most largely to be noticed at cosmopolitan assemblages like Saratoga, where, East, West, North and South are all represented. What the result will eventually be is a grave and serious question. At present it might draw tears from the hardest worldling to see the wholesale destruction of nature's most beautiful work, which is going on.

Newport is still a little behindhand in spite of dinners and luncheons every day in the week, casino hops, polo, yachting parties, and a great deal of morning visiting, which last everybody declares to be a bore, but everybody is careful not to neglect it, lest they all be neglected when cards for dinners and dances are sent out. Mr. Wm. R. Travers, probably the pleasantest and most popular rich man that ever lived, celebrated his birthday by a dinner and clam-bake on Monday last. His old friends, Senator Bayard and Governor Doasheimer, were among the many who heartily and without mental reservation wished him a long and uninterrupted prosperity. Preparations are all ready in progress for the dramatic representations to take place at the end of August. AUGUST.

The Advantage.

"You have the advantage of me," said the cashier, blandly. "You will have to get some one to identify you."

"Identify me? Why, I am your son, just back from college for the summer vacation."

"May be, may be," answered the cashier, "but my son did not look like a fool, wear a cockney hat, monkey tail coat, skin-tight breeches, tooth-pick shoes, nor did he suck cane handles. When my wife returns from Europe, in September, you might present your claims to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to college. In the meantime I would suggest that you earn your living hiring yourself out for a tailor sign. Good-day, sir."—*Philadelphia News.*

The First Victim.

"Didn't you say you never knew that dog to bite?" cried the lightning rod agent as he climbed up a maple tree and left a large section of the west end of his pantaloons in the dog's mouth. "Yes, I did," said the farmer, "and I told the truth. You are the first man I ever saw that dog bite. You see, I bought him conditionally. The man I got him of guaranteed him. If he bit the first lightning rod agent that came fooling around the premises, I was to pay \$5 for him, and if he didn't, I was to send him back. I am satisfied with him; I would not sell him now for \$15. Wait till he comes down, Towser."—*Middletown Transcript.*

It is said that Dr. O. W. Holmes had this same pair of razors for fifty years. This statement, if true, proves two things: Mrs. Holmes is exempt from corns, and she has an oyster knife in the house.

An Americanized Chinaman.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. Aug. 16.—Frank Wayne, an Americanized Chinaman, formally declared his intention in the office of the Prothonotary of the Common Pleas Courts to day of becoming a citizen of the United States. He was neatly dressed in the prevailing mode. His coat was a fashionable Prince Albert, and in the folds of his fine silk necktie a large diamond sparkled. He wore a high silk hat and carried a slender cane. His cue had been cut off and his hair was permitted to grow all over his head. He retained one queer notion suggestive of the superstitions of the Celestial land. He wore for good luck a bright penny stuck in the open space of his right ear. He gave his age as 27, and said that he had been in this country for 11 years, during the greater part of which time he had lived in the West and made an excellent income by acting as interpreter in the courts and in the transactions of business affairs. He now controls a laundry under the name of Chung Lee, on Ridge Avenue. He also acts as interpreter here when required, and turns many an honest dollar by procuring the services of lawyers for those of his countrymen who may require legal aid. He receives a commission from both the attorney and the client. He is said to be moderately rich and to own considerable real estate. He is not married, and swears on the Bible. He speaks English fluently and with hardly a trace of foreign accent. He reads easily and signed his name to the papers in an excellent round hand, ending with a long flourish.

The Cut Through Florida.

The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Florida Ship Canal and Transit Company adjourned yesterday after a session of four days. Among those present were the Hon. John C. Brown, President, the Hon. G. C. Gorham, Secretary, Gov. Cameron, Senator Mahone, Gen. Grover, and A. W. Jones, of Virginia; Townsend Cox, Michael Jacobs, and S. T. Meyer, of New York, and Senator Mann and Charles H. Jones, of Florida. A report of Chief Engineer Stone was adopted. In the course of his report Gen. Stone says:— "I have computed that a tidewater ship canal of sufficient width and depth to allow the passage of two seagoing steamers of the first class without inconvenience can be constructed at a total cost of \$46,000,000, as follows: Excavations, \$36,000,000; harbors at terminal, \$4,000,000; engineering, right of way and contingencies, \$5,500,000. The total length of the canal would be 137 and 1/2 miles, and the highest elevation in crossing the water-shed, 143 feet, but this deep cut would be only for a short distance. The saving of distance to steam vessels between New York and New Orleans would be 500 miles; New Orleans and Liverpool, 412 miles; New York and Pensacola, 600 miles. The gain by avoiding the dangerous passage through the Florida Straits would be very great, and not the least important commercial advantage of the proposed canal would come from the saving on insurance, which is now much heavier for Gulf ports than for South Atlantic ports, and in the expense, which on a large steamer is \$500 to \$800 a day. Gov. Brown expressed the belief that parts of the work would be under contract in 90 days.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Damage Done By Storms.

TORONTO, Ontario, Aug. 20.—A terrific rain-storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, visited the north-western portion of Ontario yesterday. At Listowel the water was 2 feet deep in the streets. Several bridges and buildings were carried away, and the damage to property was generally very great. At Wingham the River Mainland rose 12 feet, and the railway bridge and track was washed away, and the country roads covered with 4 feet of water. A large quantity of standing grain was destroyed.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., Aug. 20.—A disastrous rain-storm, accompanied by remarkably severe lightning, passed over Sullivan county on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. At White Lake two barns were struck by lightning and consumed, on Saturday afternoon, with their contents. At Duch Pond, the barn of Floyd Pelton was struck by lightning the same afternoon and burned. The barn was filled with recently gathered hay and oats, and everything was lost. The two large farm barns on the Hiram Tower place, two miles from Monticello, were struck by lightning on Sunday afternoon. The rain was falling heavily at the time, and although the buildings were fired, it was thought they would be saved. But when the storm passed over the flames burst out anew and accomplished the work of destruction. A great quantity of hay and oats and other valuables were burned.

The fall of water in the two storms was very heavy, although the storms were brief. As a consequence much damage has been done to highways and fields, in which large gullies have been washed.

Expulsion of Jews from St. Petersburg.

LONDON, England, Aug. 22.—The Times correspondent at St. Petersburg, in his dispatch referring to the expulsion from St. Petersburg of an American Jew in accordance with the law forbidding Jews to live in that city, says it is not likely that the Russian officials have been over-strict in such cases, in view of the repeated protests by the British and American Governments in regard to the treatment of the Jews. The Jew who was expelled declined to ask the Prefect as a favor to allow him to remain until he had transacted his business, as he could not demand such treatment as a right. The correspondent adds that the Jewish difficulty is more of an economical than a religious one, there is little prospect of the removal of the prohibition against Jews living in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The thousands of Jews, who do live in both places either belong to the privileged class or evade compliance with the law.

Killed by Lightning.

ATHENS, Ala., Aug. 22.—Mrs. Fowler, with her four year old daughter and babe, sought shelter from a storm under a tree near here. Lightning killed the two former, while the baby was found quietly clinging to the arms of its lifeless mother.

The Crescent Flour Mills of Augusta, Georgia, have been burnt. Loss \$50,000.

Fatal Stabbing at Wadesboro.

WADESBORO, N. C., Aug. 27.—During a quarrel between two colored boys at Wadesboro Wednesday afternoon, one of them became so enraged that he struck the other on the neck with a chisel, inflicting an ugly wound and severing the carotid artery, causing death in a very short time. The boys were about fourteen and fifteen years of age, and worked with Mr. H. Behrends, a building contractor. The remains of the murdered boy were taken to Louisville, where his family reside. The murderer was arrested and is in jail at Rockingham.—*Wilmington Star.*

The "Rev. Mr. Mosely's Game"

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 17.—Last Spring the Campbellite Baptist Church, at Ellenton, Barnwell County, S. C., secured the pastoral services of the Rev. W. L. Mosely. He started out well and soon captivated his flock. He boarded with L. A. Ashley, a pillar of his church and a prominent merchant and planter. As soon as Mosely had gained Ashley's confidence he told him of a guano deposit on an island on the coast of Florida that he said there was "millions" in it if he only had the capital to work it. Mr. Ashley was soon persuaded to form a copartnership with Mosely to put this fertilizer on the market. The copartnership was entered into in due form and the papers recorded. Mosely went on to Washington, D. C., and returned with what purported to be a right from the United States Government to work this guano-bed. He went to Florida and claimed to have had the island surveyed, an estimate of the quantity of guano taken, and to have gone to various other expenses necessary for their arrangements to be successful. In addition, he said, he had bought a sloop on which he placed a lot of samples and started to return home, when a storm capsized his boat, and he and his crew of two men had to battle with the waves for several hours, but were finally rescued, with the sloop damaged, but all the samples lost. He, however, sent back and got a sample of guano, which was analyzed in Charleston, and said to be worth \$77 per ton. Ashley had been advancing money to his clerical partner all the while, but a bomb was now suddenly thrown into the camp by a card published in a Western Campbellite paper, which pronounced Mosely unworthy of any confidence. This card was numerously signed by church members, and on further investigation it appeared that Mosely was an ex-convict from the Iowa Penitentiary. Ashley was hopelessly swindled out of over \$900, but he refused to prosecute Mosely, who has left the State. He was last heard from in Augusta, Ga.

Snake-Hunting in Connecticut.

NORWICH, Conn., Aug. 19.—Next to rattlesnakes, copperheads, or red snakes, are the most venomous vipers in New England. They are not often found in this part of the State. A few days ago J. C. Maynard, of Salem, a rural town 10 miles west of this city, discovered five rattlesnakes near Rattlesnake Lodge, in that town. He killed four of them. On the next day two young men, hearing of May-

nard's luck, set out to hunt snakes. They went to the chaotic wilderness around the lovely shores of Carr Pond and saw a party of snakes in a tangled thicket among the great ledges. As they could not penetrate to the lurking place of the reptiles, they kindled a fire in the dry brush, and soon crawled out, hissing and squirming. Twelve were slaughtered. Near the place is Indian Oven where the snakes winter.

The Whipping-Post in Canada.

MONTREAL, Canada, Aug. 17.—A vicious convict named Bernard at the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary yesterday received 60 lashes from the same cat-o'-nine-tails that inflicted 20 lashes on DuBois in the jail on Tuesday. The latter convict stood his punishment without finching, and said when all was over that he would get even with his tormentors. It was for attempting to escape a second time that he got the cat.

The Rising in Barcelona.

LONDON, England, Aug. 22.—The correspondent of the London Times at Barcelona says that after careful inquiry it has been found that the people of Barcelona had no sympathy with the recent rising. The only pretext for the alarmist reports put in circulation was a demonstration by twenty-five men who were hired to arm themselves. This movement has since been clearly traced to a Bourse manoeuvre. King Alfonso will remain in Barcelona until to-morrow, so gratified is he at his reception by the people.

Bismarck's Warning to France.

BERLIN, Germany, Aug. 22.—The North German Gazette, Prince Bismarck's organ, replying to the attacks of French journals on Germany and their cry for revenge, declares that France alone threatens the peace of Europe. It says that such a state of affairs cannot continue without serious danger, and that the passions fomented by the agitation may burst the bounds of peace.

LONDON, England, Aug. 22.—The Times' correspondent at Vienna says the report that Spain will join the Austro-German alliance is idle gossip.

Most of the papers agree that too much importance should not be attributed to the language of the North German Gazette.

Three Murderers Hanged.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Aug. 17.—Clyler Banks was hanged at Scottsboro, Ala., to-day for the murder of Turner Woods. Banks has been cheerful since his sentence, and talked readily of the affair. He made a full confession a few days since, when all hopes of a pardon were despaired of, saying he had been offered \$1,500 in gold by Wood's wife to commit the deed. His last right was without special incident. He ate a hearty supper and slept soundly, and woke up with a good appetite. In an interview with the Times' correspondent shortly before the execution, he declared himself ready to die. When being taken to the scaffold he smoked a cigar. While sitting on his coffin before he reached the gallows he made a speech to the crowd, asking them to take warning by his fate. He was calm on the scaffold, and made a few remarks, saying he was prepared to die. He died in 17 minutes, without a struggle.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 17.—Perry Cely, colored, was executed at Greenville to-day for the murder of Perry Anderson, also colored. The drop fell at a few minutes past 12 o'clock. The rope slipped to the back of Cely's neck and he was strangled to death in 13 minutes. There was a large crowd in the town, but the execution was private. Cely had been unduly intimate with Anderson's wife, and in consequence had been ordered to keep away from the latter's house. On the night of April 22 last, Anderson returned home and found Cely in the yard talking to his wife. Cely said that he had come for a friendly talk. Anderson told him that he did not want to talk, and started to go into the house, when Cely drew a pistol and shot him through the head, killing him instantly.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 17.—Dono Casat, a white man, was hanged in the jail-yard here to-day for the murder of George Barnes, time-keeper in the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad shops at Argenta, opposite Little Rock.

Quick Work With a Murderer.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 16.—On the 26th of last July, Thomas Sayle, a young merchant of Oakland, Miss., 60 miles south of Memphis, was assassinated by an unknown person, who mutilated the remains in a most horrible manner. Suspicion pointed to a negro named Joe Payne, who was arrested. Yesterday he made a full confession, and it was given out that

he would be publicly hanged to-day at noon. A special from Oakland to the Appeal thus describes his taking off: "To-day, at 2:35 P. M., Joe Payne, colored, was hanged with the almost unanimous vote of 500 or 600 citizens. The proceedings were quiet and business-like. Sheriff Pearson made an eloquent appeal in favor of the law taking its course, but the crime was so revolting, and the man's confession of a cold-blooded, deliberate murder so clear and complete, that the Sheriff was overpowered and relieved of his charge. A court was at once organized, the Hon. J. M. Moore, Mayor of Oakland, presiding. W. N. Fitzgerald and W. V. Moore, attorneys, conducted the prosecution. Payne made a full confession. He said that on the night of the murder he went to Sayle's house for the purpose of killing him for his money, and that he waited there until Sayle came out, when he joined him. They walked about 200 yards, when he knocked him down and cut his throat, throwing the body into a deep gully, after he had rifled the pockets of money and the safe and safe keys. Then he went to the store and got what money was there, amounting to about \$30. After the confession a vote was taken, and death by hanging was the verdict of the crowd, who acted as jurors. A gallows was erected at once, and the prisoner mounted the scaffold with a firm step. He made a speech, again confessing his guilt, and advised everybody to teach their children to avoid evil thoughts. The black cap was then adjusted, and in ten minutes he was pronounced dead. The colored people were as clamorous as the white for avenging the atrocious crime, and the people think they have done right."

Temperance.

A writer in the St. Louis Evangelist declares that the Mormon question is next to the liquor question in importance to the American people; and surely, it is a shame that under the guise of religion such a blot upon our civilization should disgrace us in this nineteenth century. It may be that political parties are a necessity in our form of government, but it is unfortunate that it is so difficult to get a decided and emphatic decision of the people on any great moral question. There is so great danger that the party be injured by a decisive, upright and downright policy on any prominent evil, that party managers continue to keep these questions in the back ground, and bring forward candidates for office who will apologize for the great evil of our times, or evade and postpone a decision upon them, whenever such a course is possible. We can not doubt that could our people vote to-day, entirely untrammelled by party, they would by an overwhelming majority, unhesitatingly declare that all the power and stringency of law should be brought into requisition, to overturn and destroy both polygamy and the liquor traffic. If there is no means of getting at this through existing political parties, then let us organize one with this end in view, and let the people exhibit their manhood and morality and Christianity by setting the seal of public condemnation on these great evils.

We believe that it is both impolitic and immoral to legalize any evil; that the effort to regulate such a wrong as the liquor traffic is unwise and wicked. If it could be shown there was just as much liquor sold and drunk under prohibition as under license, yet prohibition would be the only rational, consistent and Christian policy; but if the curse of license must rest upon us, let us by all means have the Breckton plan; let the town authorities or the city officials take the matter into their own hands, purchase and sell the liquor and put the profits into the town or city treasury. Let us have no middle men to reap the big profits that everybody knows pertain to this business; let the city officials scatter the firebrands and death directly, instead of entrusting it to other hands; let them attend to the manufacture of papers and criminals themselves, instead of delegating the work to another party. Let us have a magnificent grocery at one end of the city hall, presided over by the mayor and alderman, and then for convenience sake the lock up should be underneath, the jail in the rear, and the gallows in the back yard, so that our public functionaries could follow their work through its legitimate stages to its terrible consummation. Yes, by all means, if we must have a legalized grog shop, let the mayor draw the liquor, and the alderman wash the glasses; but would certainly be far more manly than the transparent attempt to dodge the responsibility by authorizing some one else to do the dirty work, and allowing them to reap a pecuniary advantage by ruining their fellow citizens.—*New Era.*

Old bachelors go fishing and hunting in the woods. Old maids go fishing and hunting at the Summer hotels. In the Fall it will be known what they catch and bring down.

Mr. M. E. Hawkins, Ridgway, N. C., says: "My daughter was thin, emaciated, with no appetite and much debilitated. Brown's Iron Bitters gave her health."