

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR HOME AND FARM; GIVING RELIABLE INFORMATION OF THIS NEW COUNTRY.

S. P. Rowenel

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NO. 37.

Nutting Song.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Who has no sunshine in his heart
May call the autumn sober;
But boys, with pulses leaping wild,
Should love the brown October.
Along the glade, and on the hill,
The roddy oaks are glowing,
And merry winds are out by night,
Through all the forests blowing.
A shining moon, a frosty sky,
A gusty morn to follow,
To drive the withered leaves about
And heap them in the hollow.

Gotham Gossip.

HENRY LEONARD AGAIN.—TWO STORIES WHY HER BONDSWOMAN SURRENDERED HER.—A WOULD BE SUICIDE AT MANHATTAN BEACH.—A SAD SCENE.—THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD COLLISION.—COMPROMISING WITH THE VICTIMS.—DRESSMAKERS ASSMUGGLERS.—WHY THE GOVERNMENT IS DEFAULDED.—THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON SUNDAYS.—A NEW COLOR.

New York, Oct. 1, 1883.

No doubt you remember the case of Miss Helyn Leonard, the young woman who was so infatuated with a lawyer named Callahan, that she made an attempt to shoot a certain Mrs. Smith, with whom she believed Callahan to be intimate. The woman recovered and the young woman was released on \$1,000 bail to appear for trial on a charge of felonious assault. Her aunt became her bondswoman. The case had passed out of recollection, and would probably never have come up for trial had not the aunt last Friday surrendered the young woman and asked to be released from a charge of felonious assault. Her aunt became her bondswoman. The case had passed out of recollection, and would probably never have come up for trial had not the aunt last Friday surrendered the young woman and asked to be released from a charge of felonious assault. Her aunt became her bondswoman. The case had passed out of recollection, and would probably never have come up for trial had not the aunt last Friday surrendered the young woman and asked to be released from a charge of felonious assault. Her aunt became her bondswoman.

The Long Island Railroad Company has compromised with most of the victims of the recent disastrous collision near the depot at Hunter's Point. The State law does not allow more than \$5,000 for a death on the road. The company sent its representative to the families of the three deceased and offered them \$4,000 each, thus saving them the trouble and expense of a law suit, as well as a long time in waiting. In a similar manner they compromised with most of the injured. They overlooked young Leslie Stosson, the brother of George the billiardist, and he has begun suit to recover \$50,000 damages. The company will probably arrange for a few hundred dollars with him as he is not very badly hurt. The railroad officials thus save money, and they also avoid an exposure of their horribly careless manner of running trains, which would surely occur in an investigation in open court. The Grand Central Road always makes it a point to avoid lawsuit and exposure in accident cases. They did it with all the victims of the tunnel disaster. Had they not done this the consequences would have been very serious. The Long Island Railroad has this year been run in a shamefully cheap manner. As few train hands have been kept in the service as possible, all in the hope of making heavy dividends for the stock holders. The two recent accidents, however, have made a deep hole in the ill gotten gains, and I believe that if there will be a dividend at all it will be a very small one.

The Customs officers at present have their hands full watching smugglers. About this season of the year dressmakers and milliners who have been abroad during the last few months studying styles and inspecting new materials, are returning, and they nearly all bring back large quantities of laces, dresses, etc., which they try to "get through" without paying duty. Many succeed, but many also fail. This week the customs officers seized very nearly \$50,000 worth of materials, and their unhappy owners see no end of trouble, expense and anxiety, lest their efforts be rewarded with a prison cell. I was speaking with a leading modiste on this point. She said, "It is almost necessary to smuggle. A first class dressmaker cannot do business unless she imports, and then the duties are so high and the intense competition which prevails with trade no money can be made unless we succeed in getting in duty free. Some people have brought smuggling down to such a fine art that they have been carrying it on for years without detection. Of course everybody will be found out eventually, but one must take his chances and try to make enough while the opportunity makes up for the expense of the thing when the squall comes." I could not help smiling at her matter of fact cynicism, but if the free trade people want an argument based on moral principles here is one.

Something ought to be done to regulate traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge, particularly on Sundays. Two ladies undertook last Sunday afternoon to walk across it. Before they got half way across it, they were almost frightened out of their wits by the gangs of ruffians which they encountered. "I have never been to a prize fight," said one of them to me, narrating her adventure, "but I could imagine myself going to or returning from one by looking at the faces of the men we met. I saw more broken noses, patched eyes, sinister faces than in all my life before. We were glad when we reached the terminus as the Brooklyn side and then we took the ferry home."

Modistes, everybody thought, had exhausted their ingenuity when they invented such names as crushed strawberry, decayed orange, expiring toad, etc., for tints of colors. A genius has now eclipsed herself by a new name for a dull drab color. It is called Elephant's breath.

Our Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1883.

Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise: As the time for the meeting of Congress approaches the organization of the next House becomes a subject of increasing interest. Candidates for all the positions from Speaker down, are stirring around and seeking interviews with members. For the position of clerk there are three candidates, all ex-members.—Gen. Clark, of Missouri, Gen. Atkins, of Tennessee, and Mr. Martin, of Delaware. The race is regarded as between Clark and Atkins, both of whom have strong friends to back them among members with whom they have served. For Sergeant at Arms, there are also three candidates now in the field Col. Thompson and ex-Congressman Lecdom, of Ohio, and Gen. Coit, of Connecticut. Messrs. Thompson and Lecdom each claim to have the Ohio democratic delegation at his back. Gen. Coit has the backing of all the New England Democrats, and of some from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. He was a Union soldier, and has been a lifelong democrat. For Doorkeeper there are but two candidates—Gen. Field the last incumbent under democratic rule, and Col. James Wintersmith, of Texas. The race between

them is thought to be close. Texas and Kentucky will put Wintersmith forward, while Georgia backs Field. For Postmaster there are four candidates. The Indiana delegation will present Mr. S. Dalton, at present superintendent of the S. C. folding-room. The Virginia democrats will nominate Mr. Fisher, assistant Postmaster of the last democratic House. North Carolina will present Mr. Arnfield, a son of the ex-member of that name, and Mr. George Wedderburn has friends among the members who intend to push him.

The testimony taken by the Blair subcommittee in New York City, will not be of much value in guiding legislation upon the subject of labor. Many of the witnesses have shown that they are mere theorists with ideas utterly impracticable in this country. Officers and agents of large corporations, like President Green of the Western Union Telegraph Co. and Commissioner Fink of the railway freight pool, have told just so much as they felt sure would not injure the interests they represent. It requires no investigation to prove that monopolies and combinations of corporate interests grind the people to the extent of their power. If there is to be any legislation intended to improve the relations between capital and labor it will have to be based upon the intelligent judgment of Congress. Expert testimony on the subject costs money, and is of little if any practical use. The Postmaster General has issued orders to the Postmaster at New Orleans directing him to "deliver to the New Orleans National Bank no registered letters and redeem no money orders payable to it," for the reason that the Department has trustworthy information that that bank has been and still is receiving through the New Orleans office registered letters and money orders for the benefit of M. A. Dauphin, of the Louisiana Lottery Company. "This," the Post-Master-General state, is a degrading scheme on the part of M. A. Dauphin and the New Orleans National Bank to evade the order which has been addressed to you by the Postmaster-General."

Mr. James G. Hill, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, to-day tendered his resignation to Secretary Folger. Secretary Folger accepted the resignation, and it will take effect upon the appointment of Mr. Hill's successor, until which time he will remain in charge of the office. Mr. Hill intends, in accordance with a resolution formed by him some weeks ago, to pursue his profession, that of an architect, in this city after he resigns. He is regarded as an excellent architect.

With the return of cooler weather and the revival of trade of the art interests of the city begin to show signs of life. The artists themselves will not return in any number for a month to come, for these clear autumn days are their chief delights of the year, and they linger on in the country, transferring to their canvases the wonderful effects which the great artist, Nature, at this time paints on the larger surface of "Field and Hill and River." AUGUST.

Zachary Taylor's Monument.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 20.—The unveiling of the monument to ex-President Zachary Taylor was quietly performed this morning in presence of several hundred spectators. The grave is some miles distant from the city, and is not easily reached. About 40 Mexican veterans attended in a body bearing the old flag of the Louisville Legion, carried through Mexico. Bishop Kavanaugh and Dr. E. T. Perkins conducted the religious exercises, and Gen. William Preston, formerly Minister to Spain, introduced the orator of the day, Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden, United States Army. As Taylor's intimate friend and companion in youth, Crittenden was appropriately chosen. He made a warm, though not fulsome, eulogy of the dead President.

After the ceremonies the monument and veterans were photographed. The monument is easily seen from the road. Placed on the top of a high hill it commands a view of the whole surrounding country. The base of the shaft and pedestal are of unpolished granite. The base bears inscriptions giving the dates of the birth and death of the General and of the battles he fought. On the face the coat of arms of the United States is carved in bold relief. In the middle of the shaft which supports the statue is a bronze medallion, and just below it are the initials of the General. Surmounting the whole and standing on a marble base is a beautiful marble statue representing him as in life. The head is bare and the left foot is a little advanced. The right hand rests on the belt which girds his military uniform, while the left holds the cap and clutches a sword.

The Troubles of Ireland.

DUBLIN, Ireland, Sept. 24.—Notwithstanding the proclamation of the Government forbidding the holding of meetings in the Counties of Clare and Limerick on Sunday, several thousand persons, headed by a priest, gathered in Milton-Malloy, County Clare, yesterday, and attempted

to hold an Irish National League meeting. A large police force was present and prevented the organization of a meeting. A magistrate read the prohibitory proclamation and the crowd dispersed, uttering groans for the queen, and shouting "God save Ireland!" The meetings of the Irish National League which were permitted to be held at Bandon, near Cork, and at Tallow, County Waterford, yesterday, passed off in an orderly manner. A Government reporter was present at each.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—The steamer Garth Castle, from Cape Town, with Mrs. Carey and other witnesses of the murder of James Carey on board, has arrived at Plymouth. The detectives who have Mrs. Carey in charge will not permit her to be seen.

The United States Consulate has referred the question of O'Donnell's defense to the American Legation, which is now conferring with Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, in regard to the matter.

Military Activity in Russia.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—A dispatch to the Daily News from Vienna states that Russia is making extensive military preparations along the Austrian and German frontiers. Tenders have been asked for 30,000 military beds. All the railways have been ordered to have military cars in readiness. A list has been made of the private steamers in the Black Sea, and their Captains have been ordered to prepare for the transportation of ammunition, troops, and provisions. These vessels have ceased executing private orders, and the carriage of corn is thus interrupted. Enormous provision depots have been established along the frontier, and two army corps have been distributed between the Vistula and Bog Rivers. A list has been made of all persons who, in the event of war, will be deported from Poland to the interior of Russia.

Completely Cured.

You will certainly ask yourself this question, cured of what? Well, if you had been where I was, you need not have asked, but as you were not, probably I had better tell you. Bat, to begin at the beginning; about two years ago, I was employed by the managers of the Cherokee school to teach the Cherokees. I was told that it was eighteen or twenty miles from my home, but after traveling it over rough roads, still rougher fords, deep and very swift, I found myself at the school house; but it seemed twice the distance to me.

It was a huge log wall, about twenty by thirty-six or forty feet, three or four small windows, and extremely airy for cold weather, situated eight miles from the white settlement, with only three white families in five miles of the place. Thus soliloquizing, it did not seem at all a pleasant undertaking. But, going farther, I thought it would be both eccentric and romantic to teach the Indians, so shouldered my burden and went to work. The house was soon to be occupied by another female teacher, who was going to teach at the public expense. But it was agreed that we could teach together until the expiration of her time, which would be only four months.

So Tuesday morning, bright and early, and as merry as June bugs, we went to school. Found our little Cherokees as shy as any deer in the woods. They would slip up to the house, and peep in, almost scared to death, just as though they expected to find something inside that would bite or snuff at them, (and perhaps did.)

We managed to worry along, till finally we tamed them, and got them in harness, till they worked right well. But the funny part has not come yet, or it may be funny to you, but it was not to me, you may depend on that. After teaching a week or two, we found that our scholars were infested with that most unwelcome traveler, the "grayback," and of course, as was customary, we wore our dresses very long, or as the young lass said while making her first long dress, "with a sweep behind."

The graybacks were so numerous that they would fall off of the children on the floor, and our trains swept up every one they came in contact with, of course. My first sad introduction to them was a most unchristianly bite on the shoulder, which remained as sore as any boil for more than two weeks. What then? Why, I went home, made every dress I had extremely short, by which means I tipped in the bud the fear of graybacks, and never got one afterward. Oh, I tell you, I felt like singing with the poet, that most touching poem, "Wish I was home. Home I ought to be. Wish I was home, where the graybacks went bite me." This was my heartfelt wish, and never since have I had the least desire for a dress "with a sweep behind."

A gentleman who was very well acquainted with my manner of living, said we had lived among them several years, and had not been bothered in the least, said when he got to the house he "just rolled up his breeches and waded in." So young ladies, I will only add, if you are ever among them, you had better follow the advice given above. But this is left to the lady with you. L. Z.

Pleasant Grove, Jackson Co.

Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

Having seen a copy of your valuable paper a few days since, I am constrained to drop you a few notes from our section, which I hope you will attribute to no impure motive. Our neighborhood would subscribe largely to your paper but for the inconveniences of our mail arrangements, Cashers Valley being our nearest Post Office. There is not a newspaper or other periodical taken in this section within my knowledge, simply because we have no mail facilities. There are children here verging on to the age of maturity who never saw a newspaper. Think of such a thing! In this age of enlightenment and improvement to be thus deprived of one of the greatest conveniences of American freedom, and I think you will agree with me in saying that it is unfair and unjust.

We have a fine section of country here, fine fertile lands, abundance of various minerals, convenient to churches, have a good school and all conveniences which are attainable by a hard working, honest and enterprising people. Crops in this section will compare favorably with any I have heard from. Our farmers all seem to be busy sowing their small grain and saving fodder. A great many are sowing herds and other valuable grasses. And we have already some beautiful meadows. Now, Mr. Editor, by a united effort of our people, and the assistance of the good and liberal hearted people of Highlands, I think we can surely succeed in establishing a mail route through this section which would materially benefit both. I hope, sir, you will pardon me for my impudence, but I simply write, hoping to draw your attention to this seemingly overlooked portion of Western North Carolina, and to procure your assistance in establishing a mail route. Hoping soon to be able to peruse your interesting and edifying paper every week, I am
Yours Truly,
FESTUS.

RELIGIOUS.

Why Can't You Trust Christ?

An eminent Christian worker relates the following instructive incident: A young woman in deep distress, came to me last night, and I set her before the way of salvation, and said, "Trust in the salvation of Jesus Christ." "Oh, I feel—" she said. "I don't care," I replied, "what you feel. Will you tell me any reason why you should not trust the Lord Jesus Christ?" "I do not know any reason but—" "Can you trust me?" "Oh, yes, sir, I can trust you with anything." "Then you must not talk in that way, and say you can trust me, a sinful man, and not trust the Lord Jesus Christ. It's ridiculous. Trust a man, and not trust the son of God! Can you tell me any reason why you can't trust Him? Will you show me anything He ever did why you will not trust Him? Will you explain to me on what grounds you dare to say you cannot trust Him?" "But sir, I feel—" "I don't want to know anything about your feeling; I want to know why you can't trust Him?" He says He is able and to save you; can you trust Him?" "But yet, you know—" she said. "But I don't know, and I don't want to know. I want to know why you can't trust Him? Did He not stand in the room and place of every soul that trusts Him? Do you think He is unworthy your confidence?" She looked at me at last, and said, "You won't let me do anything else but think about Christ." "No, why should I? I want to drive you to Him. Tell me why you should not trust Him." She stood up and said, "I cannot imagine any reason why I could not trust Him." "And why don't you?" "Yes, I do! and am I really saved? "If you really trust Him." "Of course I am saved," she said gently. "I see it now. How was it I did not see it before? He says I am saved, for are not these His own words; "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" I am so glad you would not let me talk about my feelings, and kept me to that point; for now I see it all."

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water, held it up, another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman passing by asked, "Who will give me a gift? for I am poor." All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. "And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful, indeed," said she, when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said: "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand that is gauded with fragrant flow-

ers; but the hand that gives to the poor is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time.

Boys And Their Mothers.

Some one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences: "O all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection, I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy 'turn out' badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age, is a true knight, who will love his wife in the serene-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time!"

—Gospel Advocate.

Now Laugh.

A brilliant wedding—The marriage of a redheaded couple. It is claimed that Dr. Mary Walker is the father of the American dude. When a hen retires for the night, it is quite proper to speak of her as a rooster. "We haven't forefathers in this family," said a Utah archer, "but we've more'n four mothers." When one patent medicine will cure so many diseases it is not understood why druggists keep so many kinds of medicine. A School of philosophy aims to give feet to the soul. Therein it differs from cobbling, which only aims to give sole to the feet.

An old farmer said of his pastor, who was exceedingly mild in his preaching—"He's a good man, but he always rakes with his teeth up." Shakespeare never repeated. A little boy in Kentucky resembled the bard to this particular. He very thoughtlessly twisted a mule's tail. In the far West a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows." "What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?"

HASH.

Six lovely schoolma'ams were out rowing on the bay last evening. A bold, wicked man on shore, who was a bad boy a few years ago, instead of taking off his hat as the boat went by, simply replied: "Behold the whaling fleet."—San Francisco Argus. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sending pure blood to the brain, gives a sound mind in a sound body. "No," said the sad-eyed man of the Boston Transcript, "I never press a young woman to play the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow." "Why, what followed?" asked a half-dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day." Rev. G. W. Olney, New Bern, N. C., says, "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best medicines known."

Its praises are heard by the wayside and in the busy marts of trade.

Messrs. Benson & Co., of Hartwell, Ga., Mercopants, in conversation with the popular traveling salesman of the well known house of Cox Hill & Thompson, Atlanta, Ga., said that Norman's Neutralizing Cordial was an excellent medicine and is giving satisfaction wherever used. They sell a great deal of it.

A gentleman representing the Rockford, Ill., Watch Co., told one of our customers that he heard Norman's Neutralizing Cordial highly spoken of by a host of Rail Road men who recommended it to all whose duties called them to different parts of the country where they are subject to disorders of the stomach produced by changes of food and water of which this medicine is a specific counteract.

The fact that good health, strong muscles and sound nerves are attainable, should encourage every invalid to an earnest endeavor in the right direction. Remember all disease owes its origin more or less to a lack of iron in the blood. Iron in the blood means health, strength and vigor. Analyze the blood of an invalid and little or no iron will be found. Healthy men's blood is full of iron. The best method of supplying this lack of iron is by using Brown's Iron Bitters, a sure cure for dyspepsia, general debility, weakness and all wasting diseases.