

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

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

VOL. I.

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The Twilight Hour.

[BY THE "FRANKLIN POET"]

I.
When o'er the distant hills is seen to gleam,
As on some old and antiquated wall,
The sun's last sad but mellow fitful beam,
We note the turbulence of Nature fall
Into repose, so does a tranquil stream;
Then steals upon the ear the welcome call
Of Vesper, fraught with lullabies of rest:
A moment when our love encircles all
Around a happy bedside—oh how blest!

II.
The peasant quits the handles of his plow,
Content that all his seeds are duly sown;
He wipes the perspiration from his brow
And leaves the fields to solitude alone
What is it wakes his breast to rapture now?
'Tis but the music of a cherry tone:
The only consolation of his life,
The comfort of a true and faithful wife!

III.
As home-ward turns the merchant from his
store,
The wretched clerk, alas! performs his
task—
He gives a penny to the begging poor,
And hastens in the love of home to bark.
A "Smiling Angel" meets him at the door
And from his brow removes the clouded
mask.
Which business cares and worldly hopes
Impressed,
And soothes him with her warm and tender
breast.

IV.
The one-horse lawyer most dependant feels,
In this lone hour, when day begins to
wane;
His giddy head, so empty now reveals,
That his poor life, alas! has been in vain,
With a critic's hope, despairingly he deals,
A blow he hopes will give the poet pain;
The latter knows he is a trifling thing,
And scarcely feels the Asp's venomous
sting.

V.
The Statesman who, with eye intent on
fame,
In Senate, Court, or Council, Head of
State,
Would leave behind, when life is done, a
name
Worthy to be enrolled among the great,
In this sweet hour, when home and kindred
claim
His presence there, his labors doth abate,
And strips himself of all his former ways,
To live again, as 'twere, his childish days.

VI.
The sailor in the twilight hour will roam
The lonely deck, or press his weary berth;
And as he plunges through the trackless
foam,
His thoughts revert back to his place of
birth.
Blest fancy paints the loved ones of his
home,
The cherished child, the wife of sacred
worth:
With them he counts the happy moments
spent,
And hails the breeze of the Orient.

VII.
The soldier boy—the young and gallant
brave,
Encamped upon some far and distant
plain,
Beholds again his native mountain cove,
In twilight visions pictured on the brain.
He sees his old domestic shade trees wave,
And listens to the rock bird's welcome
strain,
He feels the parting-kiss his mother gave,
And hears her dear familiar voice again.

VIII.
And many a mother in the evening tide,
With silvered locks and face all farrowed
o'er—
Calls up a shadow by her lonely side,
Whose substance fell amid the cannon's
roar.
Most bravely for his country's cause he died,
Her name upheld, her battle-standard bore;
She drops a tear, and thinks of this with
pride,
Content to meet him on the "other shore."

IX.
And thus we find in this most solemn hour
When Nature weaves a strange and mys-
tic spell
Upon our hearts, like Summer's gentle
shower,
We all delight to pause and fondly dwell
Upon the days of "vasehd sun and flower."
It brings a joy from out its hidden cell
Which is not in the scope of human power
To intimate, far less to fairly tell.

X.
Sweet hour! when converse holds triumph
phant away,
And peace benign, the happy hearth-stone
warms;
When Woman's love reflects its gentler ray,
And willing hearts acknowledge all her
charms.
When truant feet refuse from home to stray,
And arms enwrapped circle loving breasts:
When "Fred" reposes on his mother's breast,
And slumber soothes the darling babe to
rest.

Gotham Gossip.

THE AMERICAN ART STUDENT'S LEAGUE AND ITS GOOD EFFECT.—LIFE STUDIES.—FANNY DAVENPORT'S FEDORA—A DECREASE OF WEIGHT AND AN INCREASE OF SKILL.—THE WAR BETWEEN THE KIRALFY'S AND POOLE AND GILMORE.—A GOOD TEST.—THREE EX-MINISTERS.—DR. TRING, REV. ADIRONDACK MURRY AND PERE HYACINTHE.—THE QUESTION OF DIVORCE.—THE FIELD FAMILY AND THEIR LION.—MR. TALBOY'S, FREDDIE GEBHARD AND MRS. LANGTRY.—CHRISTINE NILSON.

New York, October 15th, 1883.
When in 1875 the Art Student's League

among them anticipated. Up to that time the student was unable to acquire more than the most rudimentary principles of his art at home. At present however so steady and rapid has been the progress that outside of the special instruction to be derived in special departments by European masters of world reputation no better means, no greater advantages for the serious and systematic study can be found in the city. The aim of the League has constantly been to raise its standard of excellence and to introduce new methods and facilities. Hence it is progressive. It is not wedded to ideas which in the march of time have become fossilized, and is therefore full of life and practical energy.

Last year over four hundred students worked in its studio. This year, although classes have scarcely been working a week the number already exceeds that of last season, and before winter sets in there will probably be at least five hundred. A new departure in its curriculum is the increased attention paid to studies from life. Last year an afternoon life class was established for the benefit of women engaged in their studios or in teaching during the day. This year the hours of study in the life classes have been lengthened, and they are now opened morning, afternoon and evening every day in the week. The instructors remain unchanged. Mr. Walter Shirlaw, however, has been added to the staff. He has taken charge of the afternoon class for ladies.

Theatre goes have not yet got over their surprise at Fanny Davenport's remarkably fine acting in *Fedora* at the Fourteenth Street theatre. When it was announced that she would appear in this part even Fanny's strongest admirers shook their heads, and her enemies muttered something about "fools rushing in where angels feared to tread." The fact was that everybody remembered her robust vigorous *Camille* with its elephantine slowness and total failure in the points which go to make up the identity of Dumas' heroine. Much to the surprise of everybody, however, Fanny came, saw and conquered. Whether she used Italianism or not, I am unable to say. Certain it is, however, that her obduracy has all but disappeared and that her figure is presentable. She has evidently studied the part with the most painstaking care and now presents to us an emotional character of the French school with the fluency of a Bertha and the at times impetuous pathos of a Clara Morris. Managements are as a rule inclined to exaggerate, but in the present instance I believe that their statement that last week's receipts were \$2,000 is true.

The theatre going public is getting into the manner in which they are handed over to the ticket speculators, by the suit now pending between the Kiralfy's, the producers of the spectacular play *Excelsior* and Poole and Gilmore, the lessees of Niblo's Garden Theatre. Gilmore it seems sold the privilege of hawking tickets at the entrance during the run of *Excelsior* to Brown the speculator, for \$2,500. The Kiralfy's want half of this sum, claiming that they are entitled to it under the contract. Gilmore says no, and the matter is now in the hands of the court. Gilmore takes the matter very good-naturedly. Said he the other evening: "You can always tell when any play of the Kiralfy's is a success, because they are sure to quarrel with managers and bring law suits. When things go badly they are as soft as butter in the sunshine."

Three Ex-Ministers are now disputing themselves about town, and the spectacle it cannot be said is an edifying one. The first is Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., who resigned the cloth to become an insurance broker in Paris and was a failure at that. The ugly rumors about him personally which at time found their way among people are no doubt untrue, because they never assumed tangible shape. Still it would have shown better taste if he had not resumed the cloth immediately after leaving business. It gives one a bad idea of the holy office of Minister of the Gospel. It brings the sacred profession on the same level as that of drumming for a dry goods house, or managing a theatrical company. It takes away the air of sincerity with which the words of the minister should be invested and makes him appear as if he preached such and such a doctrine solely because it paid better than to preach another. Rev. Adirondack Murry, who has long since lost the respect of Christian people by his vagaries, capped the climax last Sunday by advocating in a public lecture, that divorce should be made easier to obtain, so that even the humblest and poorest of married couples might free themselves from a bond the moment it becomes irksome. And this in the face of the efforts of the bench, the bar and the legislatures which are now being made to throw difficulties in the way of the wholesale disregard for marriage vows, under a thin legal veil which is now going on. Not far from where I sat, was a well known lawyer who had taken his wife and two daughters to hear Murry. As the lecturer expounded his peculiar, worse than heathenish ideas, he arose with his family and left the hall. "Such doctrines as these," he said, "are an outrage." Pere Hyacinthe, the renegade Catholic priest who was one of the leaders in the

old Catholic movement, and then went farther and took unto himself a wife, has come back to this country, arriving here on the Alaska which made port on Sunday. He has been taken up by Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field and in fact the entire Field family, from David Dudley down to the great and good Cyrus W. The Fields have not had a lion to themselves for some time, and although Mr. Loysion is but a very small lion, something on the plan of a French poodle artistically made up by a barber to resemble the King of the Desert; the Fields are satisfied. Pere Hyacinthe is to give a series of lectures by which he hopes to replenish his purse, which has grown very slender abroad.

I met Mr. Talboys, the companion and friend of Freddie Gebhard, and therefore the friend of the peerless Jersey Lily. He said he had left Freddie in Paris, but that he intended to run over to England, to see the Caserevith and Cambridge-shire run before coming home. Mrs. Langtry will probably arrive here next Monday, having left Liverpool last Saturday, on the new steamer Oregon. She evidently means to be a trifle more discreet in her actions this year, for her mother, Mrs. Le Breton, will accompany her and act as her duenna. Mr. Talboys is one of the most genial and amiable of "old boys." He is one of that set which spends its time in Wall Street during the day, and its evenings at or near Delmonico's. He is a good story teller, possesses fine taste both in the domain of art and gastronomy, and is noted for his imperturbable good humor. In fact he is a Sam Ward on a smaller scale.

Christine Nilsson since her arrival here last week, has been about a good deal visiting country houses. She is a first rate lawn tennis player, and has beaten some of our acknowledged cracks at the game. A well known real estate agent has received a commission from her to look out for a fine residence for her not too far from New York. She means to take up her residence permanently in New York, and at the end of the operatic season spend her time amid the pleasures of country life.

The Rattlesnake Industry.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 16.—For many years different persons living in the mountains of Sullivan and Ulster counties have made very snug sums every year in the sale of rattlesnake oil, which is believed to possess wonderful curative powers by a large proportion of the inhabitants of not only those, but of adjoining counties. Many snakes are killed during the summer season, but the grand gathering of the crop is in the fall, when they are returned to their dens and wintering places. These retreats are well known to the snake hunters, and they choose sunny days in October and November for raiding them. On such days the reptiles crawl out of their dens in the rocks and huddle together by the store, different varieties frequently being found massed together. The snakes are dull and sluggish at that time of the year, and come out to bask in the sun.

The hunters arm themselves with the old-fashioned flails, and when they come upon a pile of the snakes proceed to thresh the life out of them. But few escape. The rattlesnakes are assorted from the other species and carried home, where the oil is tried out as laid is from pork. No treatment of the oil is necessary. It is bottled up and is ready for the market. As high as \$1 an ounce has been paid for it by believers in its value as a liniment for rheumatism and all kindred ills.

The snake hunters of the Shawangunk Mountains receive many orders from shrew for live rattlesnakes, for which they receive from 50 cents to \$2 each, according to size and condition; but during the past summer an industry in snakes sprung up which is entirely new and novel, and bids fair to become the most profitable of any of the branches of the trade, for it has its foundation in a new fashion in female adornment.

This industry is the supplying of rattlesnake skins for ladies' belts. Almost every village in Sullivan and Ulster counties is a summer resort for city people, and hundreds of New York ladies spend the heated term there. One day last summer the wife of a well-known chemist of New York, who was stopping in Sullivan county, attended a picnic, and while walking with another lady in the woods was confronted by an enormous rattlesnake, which lay directly in front of her in the mountain path. The lady who was with her screamed and ran away, but the chemist's wife picked up a cudgel and killed the snake. She brought it to the picnic ground. It was four feet in length, and had a splendid set of fourteen rattles. The markings of a rattlesnake are very beautiful, but the skin of this one was particularly perfect and brilliant in color. The chemist's wife caused a shudder of horror to run through the assemblage of her fair companions by saying that if she could by any means have the snake's skin prepared she would wear it as a girdle. She consulted her husband, and he consented to experiment with the skin. It was removed from the snake the next day and stretched on a board. The chemist

treated it with some preparation of arsenic and sweet oil. The preparation was applied daily, and in a few days the skin was cured with all its freshness, brilliance, and pliability preserved. The rattles and head were left on the skin. The husband took it to New York, where it was fitted with a handsome silver clasp, and his wife appeared among the other guests with a girdle that \$250 would not induce her to part with.

That set the fashion, and there was at once a big demand for rattlesnake skins among the ladies, not only in that place, but at scores of other places, for the news of Mrs. ———'s girdle spread rapidly from one resort to another. Dainty damself who a week before would have fainted almost at the mention of a rattlesnake, suddenly became deeply interested in the beauty and dimensions of the deadly reptile, and lost no time in having its many-headed epidemia encircle their slender waists. Rattlesnakes quickly went up in the market, until it was a very modest mountaineer indeed who had not the heart to ask \$5 for a skin with perfect rattles, a sound head, and clear spots.

Next season they expect to do a great business in "hides," and some of them predict that the price will go up to \$10 for primes, with corresponding rates for lower grades for the nurse-girl and ladies' maid market.

Postal Rates Ninety Years Ago.

Now that the two-cent postage law has gone into effect, the following provisions of the first law of Congress on the subject will be read with interest:

Feb. 20, 1792, was the date of the first act fixing rates of postage on domestic letters, and established the following rates, to take effect June 1st, 1792:

Act Feb. 20, 1792, section 9, by land; For every single letter not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents.
For every single letter over 30 miles and not exceeding 60 miles, 8 cents.
For every single letter over 60 miles and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.
For every single letter over 100 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12 1/2 cents.
For every single letter over 150 miles and not exceeding 200 miles, 15 cents.
For every single letter over 200 miles and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.
For every single letter over 250 miles and not exceeding 350 miles, 20 cents.
For every single letter over 350 miles and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.
For every single letter over 450 miles, 25 cents.
For every double letter, double the said rates.
For every triple letter, triple the said rates.
For every packet weighing one ounce avoirdupois, to pay at the rate of four single letters for each ounce, and in that proportion for any greater weight.

Beating All Records.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—The sporting fraternity are wild over the performance of Johnston, the pacer, at the Driving Park this afternoon. A brisk rain in the morning had dampened the course considerably but there was little wind, and it was a cloudy day. After he had had a warning-up heat in 2:22, Johnston again appeared upon the track.

Jogging once around, he came flying to the wire, with Peter nodding his head for the word, which Secretary Hall was not slow in giving, while the click of a hundred watches told of the interest that was taken in the event. Like an arrow from a bow he sped away around the turn, reaching the quarter in 33 seconds. A cry went up from the stand that 2:11 3/4 would not be beaten, the watches showing only a 2:12 gait. Down the backstretch flew the gallant little bay, and as he flashed by the half, Mr. Dorsey of Kentucky said: "1:03 1-2."

"He'll do it," was shouted on every side. Urged simply by the force of his driver he sped around the lower turn, and nothing broke the silence save the click of the time pieces registering 1:36 as he dashed by the three quarter pole. Entering the stretch he caught the wind in his teeth, but on he swept without a falter in his stride. At the distance stand Peter touched him lightly once or twice with his whip, and letting out another link he passed under the wire in 2:10. H. W. Bemis, H. D. McKinney, and others made the time 2:09 3/4.

Johnston is owned by C. A. Mather, a banker, of Berlin, Wis., who last summer paid \$10,000 for a half interest held by a Milwaukeean. He is 6 years old, a bay gelding, and \$50,000 would not buy him to-night.
Peter V. Johnston, his driver, told the SUN correspondent that he had recently made a quarter mile in 30 seconds. His work to-day was as quiet as that of Maud S.

The Daily Grind of Woman's Work.

The quiet fidelity with which a woman dishes up her life away for her husband

and children is a marvel of endurance. Here is the servitude of woman heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Men take jobs, work on them, finish them, and they are over for good and all. The prospect of ending them and drawing pay for the labor is alluring, but no such allurements are held out for the wife. She washes Monday after Monday the same garments until there is nothing more of them to wash, then they are replaced by others of new material just like them, and the rubbing and wringing goes on forever. She mends the stockings with tireless fidelity, the same holes meeting her gaze week after week, for if there is a darned place in a sock "he" invariably puts his irrepressible toe through it. Every morning the rooms are put in order, only to be in the wildest disorder by the time 't'ight falls. There are no jobs, each one different; there is no pay day. The same socks, the same washing, the same room, every time. There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupations. The "nurse" in a house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health both of body and mind is worth more than additional acres of land, or finer live stock. The heart should not be allowed to grow old. Life should not have lost its charm, the heart its spark, and the body its elasticity at forty years. And yet how many women are faded and wan, and shattered in mind and health, long before they are forty. All the joy of life is not in youth's morning. If we so will it, we can to the last moment of life be at least negatively happy.—*American Farmer.*

The Lost Man.

Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

If my memory fails me not, in the month of January, 1882, that the alarm was made of which I am going to speak. The man of whom I am going to speak was afflicted with fits and his mind was badly deranged. He was once a man of good sense and good education; he was well informed and was hard working but he has now lost his mind and is unable to work. He was at some times wild as the beasts of the forest. One day when he was in one of these wild ways, he slipped away from his family and was completely lost in the woods. His family immediately made a search for him, but the search was vain. They then alarmed the country and the countrymen fished in search of him; but it seemed to be all in vain. This crowd gathered about dark, and hunted by light. They made a breast of some thirty or forty, and searched out the best they could about half a mile square. About ten o'clock the search was given up for the night by most of the men. They were partly scattered to look for more people to make a daylight search. As the sun spread its broad light the wood was full of men and women. Every ounce attention was drawn to the search. They first made a breast, then they seemed to scatter in almost every direction. Twelve o'clock that day found them without the man.

The search was continued. About the middle of the afternoon another wide and deep breast was made. It was understood that when he was found that the news would be given by the sound of the horn. They soon found him, since his awkward steps could be easily traced. As he had gone over cliffs and other rocks where other men would hardly go in daytime. He was now found. The horns blew loudly and every one rushed to the sound. He was yet alive, but was badly bruised. He had slid or rolled over a rock that seemed almost impossible for him to escape death. He was carried home, and has now lived nearly two years in his terrible disposition, guarded by his family and by a plank wall some six or seven feet high. This man is known by the name of John Bowman, so I must come to a close.

G. W. S.

Charleston, N. C.

Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

Our Railway work has now taken a form in which the people may see for themselves as to what is really meant. About 200 men are detailed back to the Balsam Mountains to fill up all deficiencies in grading, and to proceed with track-laying; so that as soon as not before the month of September next the cars may be expected to run some miles beyond this quarter.

Yours Faithfully,
W. W.

RELIGIOUS.

What Is In Thine Hand?

What is in thine hand, Shamgar? An ox-goad, with which I urge my lazy beast. Use it for God, and Shamgar's ox-goad defeats the Philistines. What is in thine hand, David? My sling, with which I keep the wolves from the sheep. Yet with that sling he slew Goliath, whom an army dared not meet. What is in thine hand, disciple? Nothing but five barley loaves and two small fishes. Bring them to me—give them to God, and the multitude is fed. What is in thine hand, poor widow? Only two mites. Give them to God, and behold the fame of your riches fills the world. What hast thou, weeping woman? An alabaster box of ointment. Give it to God; break it, and pour it upon the Saviour's head, and its sweet perfume is a fragrance to the Church till now. What hast thou, Dorcas? My needle. Use it for God, and these coats and garments keep multiplying, and are clothing the naked still.

You are a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a man of leisure, a lady of fortune, or a student, or a sewing-woman. God wants each of you to serve him where you are. You have your business; use it for God. Order it in a godly manner. Do not allow any wickedness in it. Give goodly wages; preach Jesus to your clerks, not by a long face, but by being like him—doing good. Use your profits for God—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, comforting the wretched, spreading the gospel far and wide. Use your wealth, which in your hand is as easily moved as the pen which gives your signature, to keep that family in their home, and not to eject them.

What a field you have to glorify God in just where you are! If you have nothing else, use your tools for him. He can glorify himself with them as easily as he could with a shepherd's stick, an ox-goad, a sling, or two mites. A poor girl who had nothing, but a sewing-machine, used it to aid a feeble church. All her earnings above her needs were given toward building a house of a ship, and in a year she had paid more than others a hundred times richer than she. So you can do if you will. Think of the widow with her two mites, the woman with her alabaster box, and Dorcas with her garments. You can do as much and have as great a reward.—*Free Church Record.*

Serious Living.

Is there a life hereafter? To ask the question is to answer it. The very doubt, the very fear, teaches what the soul thinks. The universality of this experience, the prevalence of the question in all literatures, indicates that under every sun and in every age such thoughts find lodgment in the human breast, and with pathetic helplessness find intense expression from human lips:

"'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

Yes, Heaven points it out, not only as Cato soliloquizes after reading Plato's on Immortality, by the inevitable and stern destruction of *reason*, but Heaven has revealed it. God has made positive the uncertain judgement of the soul. Revelation makes sure what reason guesses. If this be so—if there be a future state, where justice shall not be cheated of its ends—and the fearful irregularities and inequalities of present existence shall be righted, how serious a duty it makes of this life! The inspired seer tells us, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. The heavens shall pass away with a great noise. The elements shall melt with fervent heat. The earth also and the work that are therein shall be burned up." And then, with admirable reasoning, adds: "Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

Have we not fallen upon times when it is the fashion to make fun of all things? Even the slow-moving carriage of grief, in which some soul is bowed with unpeakable sorrow, is not infrequently the target for the weak jest of fools. Things serious and sacred and precious are not exempt. The ministry, the Church, the creeds of devoted saints, hallowed and hoary, the Sabbath, the prayer service—things around which cluster the holiest memories and the most beneficial capabilities are joked about, laughed at, ridiculed—until devout and serious souls are bewildered, alarmed and indignantly.

Life is no joke. It is serious, and on its issues rests eternal existence. Let there be happiness, yes mirth in its season. But let those who quote with such approval "a time to laugh, a time to dance," recall the same word, that adds in solemn and significant juxtaposition, "a time to mourn, a time to weep, a time to keep silent, a time to die." How often the papers insinuate irreverence, irreverent ways of thinking and speaking into the minds of the young—insinuate—rather boldly and unblushingly teach these things. It is time for intelligent people, whether professionally pious or not, to rebuke this tendency of the times. Children grow up pert, servants become insolent, respect and reverence are lost, the beautiful and decorous deference of other years passes away, and all because we do not look to the future and live as if life were a song—without order or law—and the most foolish and irreverent jests are retailed and printed, and if a hint of profanity or double meaning is couched therein all the more are they relished.

The world gives us a great deal of its happiness when it submits to a robbery of its sacred things. And they are wise who still find duty sweet and obedience a delight, and who remember that idle words heap up a fearful account.