

S. P. Ravenel

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

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

VOL. I.

HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C., NOV. 29, 1883.

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Our Scale Offer

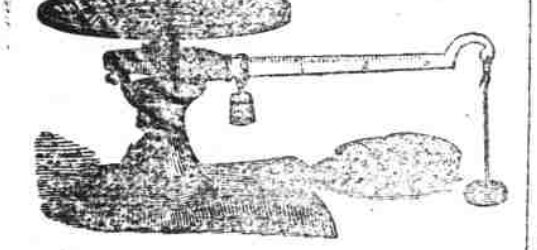
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For Family, Office or Store, Weighs from a quarter ounce to 25 lbs.



This little scale is made with steel bearings and brass beam, and will weigh accurately any package from one quarter ounce to 25 pounds. It is intended to supply the great demand for a house-keeper's scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$10. Every scale is perfect and will last a person's lifetime. It is also valuable in every office for weighing mail matter. There is no better scale made for postmasters, as it is as nicely adjusted as any letter balance. We will furnish this scale boxed and shipped from the factory to the nearest railroad depot to subscribers, with a copy of the BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE for one year for \$3.50, freight paid by consignee. Address BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE, Highlands, Macon County, N. C.

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83 A GRAND COMBINATION '84

THE BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE AND THE LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL

One year for only \$2.25. Two papers for little more than the price of one. By paying us \$2.25 you will receive for one year your home paper with the COURIER-JOURNAL, the representative newspaper of the South, Democratic and for a Tariff for Revenue only, and the best brightest and ablest family Weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the COURIER-JOURNAL can do so at this office.

An Unpublished Poem by George W. Bungay.

Shortly after the opening of the war of the rebellion, Geo. W. Bungay, at that time in the height of his popularity as a poet and story-teller, was on a lecturing tour through northern New York. In a city on the St. Lawrence he stopped at the house of a friend of *Musical People*, and at the request of the daughter of the house, wrote the following for an Album. It has never before appeared in print, though it will compare with almost anything of the kind in all the flood of rhymes called forth by the great struggle:

THE SNOW FLEECE.
God grant that the descending snow,
Which whitens all the scene below,
Like Gideon's fleece,
May promise triumph in the blow
We strike for peace.
Vast as the sheet in Peter's dreams,
This fall of woven flocks seems,
Dropped softly down,
On silent hills and frozen streams,
And forests brown.
As charity's broad mantle white,
Conceals our faults from human sight,
The falling snow
Hides from our view the stains that might
In crimson glow.
A white veil, woven in the air,
Falls on the young bride's golden hair,
Whitening her head,
And on her hero husband where
His blood was shed.
O build beneath our stormy sky,
A shaft of snow ye winds that fly
Above his grave,
But wait not, for they never die
Whose hearts are brave.
May sorrow, like the snow-flake soft,
Fall on our hearts from skies aloft,
And disappear—
And we like rubins in their cleft,
Sing songs of cheer.

Our Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)
Washington, D. C., Nov. 23, 1883.
Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

Without entering anyone's house here I think it can be said that the ladies are as beautifully numerous, but not so numerously beautiful as in New York. It is high tide here at 8 o'clock, and you see riders of them following in all directions from the departments. Of course these young ladies are not in what is called society yet. But many of them are better born, and better bred, too, than some who are there. Taken as a whole, I think they are most worthy and deserving. They work hard, are honest and good. Nearly all their earnings go to help some helpless ones at home. No, they are not of the social element, of which I began to write. And they ought to be glad of it, too. They are doing better.

But the world wants a social capital in America as well as an art capital, a sort of winter Newport or Saratoga. But the extreme north is too cold; the extreme south is dull, stagnant, of doubtful interest to the young in quest of social excitement; to mamma with daughters, to young men who, in the course of time and nature, will woo and wed them. And so with the nucleus of foreign legations to begin with where we touch the topmost reach of social eminence, "society" is slowly, but very surely, coming to make this her capital this side of the Atlantic. So far as the winter months go "society" has been pivoting about between Boston, New York, Washington, and some of the winter quarters South for some years, but it has at last, this year, for the first time entirely, I think, decided to settle down by the Potomac. I may be mistaken, and it is a matter of very little importance too, but I put it down as a prophecy that Washington City is to be this winter and all succeeding winters, the social capital of our country.

The "season" proper, reckoning from the first of January, will be just fifty-seven days. A period of perhaps greater, certainly quieter, enjoyment will run through this and the coming month, and in the way of wedding festivities, dinner giving and the domestic cheer which has its outlet about Christmas, almost as much again of social life will be enjoyed. It is an easy prophecy to make about this time that the coming winter will be a brilliant one. There are very few Washington winters any other way to the charmed circle who make it so, and whose movements are watched with more interest here than they would naturally receive elsewhere. The President is credited with a good deal of this prospective brilliance, so much chattered about.

In the early part of the series of entertainments which will be given in honor of Gen. and Mrs. Grant, on their visit at the residence of Gen. Beale, will set the giddy whirl in motion. It is not so definitely announced, but is quietly spoken of among a chosen few, that the wedding of a wealthy young lady near or on Shrove Tuesday will make as happy a closing festivity as that which marked that busy day last season.

Secretary Folger has been offered the English mission. He declined the offer, but has since been urged to reconsider his decision. This is pretty conclusive evidence that President Arthur is trying to find an honorable place for Mr. Folger outside of his own Cabinet. He is a very useless man in his present position.

Roscoe Conkling, when he was here the other day, criticized very severely the present Administration. Some of his remarks should go upon record. He said that this Administration had passed from a listless existence into a comatose condition. The only sign of life was a feeble beating of the pulse represented by the Department of Justice. AUGUST.

MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

The Thermal Belts.

In October the autumn woods which crown these mountains, is all aglow with spangled foliage, nature's cerements for her wintry grave which will soon be provided for every green leaf and blade of the vegetable kingdom. The changing hues of autumn reveal the famed thermal belts which wind their warm zones round the mountain sides, where frost does not appear till all herbage above and below these favored belts has been smitten. These belts are protected from the early frosts of autumn and the still more destructive late frosts of spring, and afford the best sites for tender fruits, such as the peach, cawaba, and grapes of the Delaware, and other fine varieties. The thermal belts are generally but 10 to 40 perches in width, extending round the mountains a few hundred feet above broad valleys; winding often over the tops of ridges that lie between the higher peaks. The warm air from the valleys is pressed up by the colder air descending from the mountain tops as the sun disappears below the horizon, and these favored thermal belts, by the mingling of the counter currents, are kept near an even temperature during the night, and but little dew or frost is formed within their limits. When these wild mountain forests have partially given way before the changing process of agriculture, these belts will be the favored locations for orchards of the finest varieties of fruit, and a yearly crop almost reduced to a certainty.

LAUREL THICKETS.

The laurel of various species is found here in all its guarded magnificence, from the gigantic, gorgeous, blooming rhododendron, down to the tiny, dwarf ivy and kalmia. These dense laurel thickets, in some places covering hundreds of acres of low, level bottom of the most fertile, loamy soil, when cleared up, which requires considerable labor and expense to accomplish, make the most productive meadows, and produce abundantly all crops, especially onions, cabbage, potatoes and various root crops. The laurel has a shallow root, which is scarcely beneath the surface, re-sprouting in this respect, the quince, and I am persuaded, when cleared and brought under cultivation would prove the most quinces spot for that dwarf tree. The quinces I have seen produced here were of the most and finest in appearance I have met with anywhere.

TROUT STREAMS.

Winding through these beds are always found, clear, sparkling mountain streams, inhabited by no other fish than the speckled trout. No species of fish are found in these mountain waters but trout, and it has not been many years since this game fish was introduced into many of these higher waters, by the Hamptons of South Carolina. Senator Wade Hampton and his brother, in ante bellum days used to resort to these mountains to hunt and spend the summer, and finding no fish of any species in the streams, brought trout from lower down and planted the mountain rivulets, and ere long they were sporting in every spring brook that glances from the mountain side. Any land owner may have a trout pond here who will take the trouble to make it, and protect the fish from poachers.

HEALTH SEEKERS

from all parts of the country are finding this region out and are resorting here for protection from the trying climate of the northern winters and the malaria poisoned atmosphere of the Gulf States; the one seeking refuge from the stealthy steps of consumption, and the other from the parching and wasting fires of fevers; and with them the prospector for mines (for all kinds of minerals are found in these mountains, the geological report of North Carolina giving 187 varieties found in the State) the tourist and pleasure seeker; and leading on the heels of the former the men of industry, the farmer and mechanic, who come to redeem the land from its primitive state and better fit it for the habitation and comfort of man. Soon the Rabun Gap railroad will extend through these mountains, crossing the Blue Ridge at Rabun gap, opening up this magnificent country to the approaches of the outside world. This region is entitled to the name given it as the Switzerland of America, and in the near future will rival the alpine foot hill, if not surpass them in its productions of honey, fruits, butter and cheese, and its crowds of tourists in search of health, recreation and mountain scenery.

What the Grange has done for the Farmers.

The *Farmer's Advance* publishes an article by R. S. Thompson of Ohio, from which we make the following interesting extracts:
The power of the Grange, through public agitation and the influence of the Grange press, has already put a check on the aggression of railway corporations. The question whether Legislatures have the right to control corporations has been tested and determined in favor of the people. In a number of States, as California, Kansas and Texas, the result of this agitation has been the passage of suitable laws reducing the cost of passenger travel. Numerous suits have been tried in the courts and the fact settled that railroad companies may not, even under common law, discriminate between customers.

The constant agitation of the question, of people rather than party, from the Grange platform and through the Grange press, is already awakening the people to their duties and their rights, and we hear the machine politicians bewailing the fearful amount of scratching that is being done.
But further and better, the direct influence of the Grange has had much to do with making the Michigan Agricultural College the success that it is. The State Grange of Ohio secured the change in the Ohio State University, whereby it has been made in some measure an agricultural school. The same work has been done in Illinois and Wisconsin. The Ohio and Illinois State Boards of Agriculture have completely changed complexion under the influence the Grange has brought to bear upon it.

The work of the Grange among the farmers in teaching them to think and training them in the methods of managing meetings, has made possible the plan of holding farmers' institutes by the State Boards, a plan by which great advancement in agricultural education is being made. True, these institutes have not been held by the Grange, but under the auspices of the State Boards of Agriculture, and with the aid of the State Agricultural Colleges, but the leading workers in them are constrained to confess that except where the Grange has prepared the way, it has been impossible to make of these institutes a success.

The Grange has been of incalculable value in awakening discussion concerning the farm and the farmer. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of farmers who have never united with the Order are to-day reaping benefit from the spirit of advancement which the Grange has awakened. The very opposition to the Grange has been a good thing in calling attention to the fact that farmers need to bestir themselves and provide better homes for their families, and better cultivate and manage their farms.
The spirit of hospitality and fraternity that has been developed where the Grange has been successfully carried on is a wonderful testimony to the value of the Grange.
But time and space would fail us in attempting to record one-tenth part of the work the Grange has already accomplished. Nor do we think this is the most important question. It is not what the Grange has done, but what the Grange has to do that most concerns us to-day—or perhaps it would be better stated: What the farmers have to do by mutual assistance and combined effort in the Grange.

Fashion Points.

Velvet is all the rage.
Hosiery is very cheap.
The favorite balmoreal skirt is black.
Wool costumes are the correct street wear.
Blouse effects on tight waists remain in favor.
There is a retrun of favor to clinging dress draperies.
Russian green combines with black, gray, or deep red.
It is again fashionable to wear a fancy pin in the bonnet bow under the chin.
Basques, as a rule, are short, and are pointed both back and front.
Colored flannel skirts edged with woolen lace are preferred to white ones or balmoreals.

Change of Time.

Every body wants to know about the change of time that has recently been made. This change, which went into effect ten days since, will change the railroad running time between fixed parallels, but will not necessarily change our clock or our dinner hours. Prof. J. K. Rees, of Columbia, S. C., in a recent lecture, thus explains the matter:
He said that there was a common misapprehension in regard to clock time and sun or actual time. Clocks do not keep pace with the sun, and there are only four times in the year—April 15, June 14, August 31 and December 21—when the sun and the clocks agree. As an instance of the difference, on November 3, the sun is

The favored colors for woolen goods are elephant gray, giraffe color, different shades of strawberry, and "blue sapote." These materials are covered with all kinds of fancy designs, generally arranged in large groups, placed very far apart. The designs are horseshoes, full moons and parts of moons, or bunches of flowers.

Petting A Polecat.

(FROM THE WESTCHESTER (PA.) VILLAGE RECORD.)

Mrs. John Raser, of New Centerville, Tredeghin township, is the owner of a beautiful tame polecat, that appears to be very much attached to her. The animal was caught by her son last spring, when it was quite small, and cared for. Soon it commenced to grow very rapidly and showed a decidedly wicked temper when any one else than Mrs. Raser came near it, making an effort to bite all who attempted to touch it but her. She could stroke its back, take it in her lap, or do whatever she pleased with it, at will, and in a short time it commenced to follow her around like a kitten. It was allowed to wander about the kitchen when she was about, and did so in as frolicsome manner as a playful kitten of the domestic species as long as she was alone, but the moment any one else appeared it would run and hide out of sight. Mrs. Raser is the owner of two English Beagle hounds and one large Newfoundland dog. For the two former the little animal from its infancy always showed a decided hatred, and soon commenced to attack them whenever they came near, always succeeding in clearing them out of the house in perfect terror, by reason of the severe bites that it was able to give them with its sharp teeth and frisky movements, whenever it caught them inside. They have now got so that they keep well out of his reach. Toward the large dog it has always shown a different disposition, however. Instead of attempting to bite, it made friends with him, and now it can be seen following him in a frolicsome manner attempting to catch and play with his large, bushy tail whenever opportunity presents itself. "The other day," said Mrs. Raser to a *Village Record* reporter who visited her home, "the Newfoundland dog came in with his tail matted with burs that had become entangled in his hair. As soon as Jumbo (meaning the polecat) noticed the burs he set to extricate them, doing so as nicely as it could have been done with the most nimble fingers, and the dog let it go on with its work until they were all picked out."

The cat has now grown to its full size and feels perfectly contented with its home. It has grown less shy of the other members of the family and of strangers, but still insists that none but Mrs. Raser shall touch it. It has made its nest in a closet, and whenever Mrs. R. is not about it will seek this and go to sleep. It has learned to know the hours when the family takes its meals, and as regularly will put in an appearance to be fed at such times. It will appear in the dining-room and sit up on its haunches, begging at the side of Mrs. Raser, until she serves it with its meal. If it chances to be shut out of the room it will come to the door and tap with one of its paws until it is heard and admitted. Its hair is unusually long and very glossy. Immediately over its eyes there is a spot of white hair extending squarely across its forehead and then, after ending abruptly on both sides, passes backward, growing narrower as it does so until a complete triangle is formed; but there the white divides into two lines about one-half inch in width each and six inches long, which curve gracefully off into opposite directions, terminating on each side of the body just back of the shoulders. The rest of the hair is glossy and perfectly black. Altogether, the animal is a very pretty one, and about the house it is perfectly cleanly in its habits. It is not the first animal of a wild disposition that Mrs. Raser has tamed in a similar manner, she having been equally successful two or three years ago in domesticating a ground hog, which last spring chanced to wander out on the track of the Chester Valley Railroad, near the house, and was killed by a passing train. To show that the polecat has become thoroughly domesticated, Mrs. Raser informed our reporter that a few nights ago it had been left out all night, and next morning was found curled up on the door-step.

An Ohio postmaster has resigned! N. B.—It was a woman who wanted to get married, and couldn't as long as she held on to the office. An Ohio woman who would prefer a husband to a postoffice is a disgrace to the sex of her state.—*Hartford Post.*

A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident and couldn't stop. Finally, a doctor was called in, and he couldn't quiet her; and she might have died laughing if a telegram had not arrived just then saying that her husband's mother was coming on a short visit.—*Philadelphia Call.*

If disease has entered the system the only way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood. To this end, as is acknowledged by all medical men, nothing is better adapted than iron. The fault hitherto has been that iron could not be so prepared as to be absolutely harmless to the teeth. This difficulty has been overcome by the Brown Chemical Company of Baltimore, Md., who offer their Brown's Iron Bitters as a faultless iron preparation a positive cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney troubles, etc.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied: "Yes, I think he might, but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."—*Lowell Courier.*

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at the meridian sixteen minutes and twenty seconds before the New York clocks indicate noon. Local time is the keeping of accurate mean time at any given place, mean time being reckoned from a mean or second sun. Although the City Hall Clock and the clock on the Columbia College observatory both point to noon at the same time, there is a difference of eight seconds in the actual time of the two places.

Some years ago the rail roads in the United States had nearly 100 different standards of time, regulated by local times. Various plans were suggested for a more uniform system. Prof. Dowd, of Saratoga, proposed four standards, taking Washington as the meridian. Then it was proposed that there should be a single standard for the whole country; but this was not found practicable. In Maine, for instance, by the the single standard, it would be 4 o'clock when by the local time it ought to be 6 o'clock. In 1875 Prof. Abbey suggested that the time be fixed for every 15 degrees of longitude, beginning at the 75th meridian and extending to the 120th meridian. This gives four standards of time, dividing the country into four belts of about 1,000 miles wide in this latitude. By this system the time in Maine, New York and Savannah would be the same, and in each of the other meridians or belts there would be a similar uniformity. It is this plan which has been adopted by the rail roads and some of the cities, and which takes effect next Sunday. It will put back New York time four minutes.

One Hundred Years Old.

Mrs. Anna M. Greene, widow of the late Nathaniel Greene, celebrated her one hundredth birthday at Newport, R. I., Thursday. Her husband's father, Gen. Nathan Greene, was the friend of General Washington. Mrs. Greene is in possession of all her faculties. Her eyesight was remarkably good up to about four years ago, but by the use of glasses she can read and knit rapidly. Her mind and memory are as clear as ever, and she takes a great interest in the events of the day. Mrs. Greene has in her possession a handsome piece of jewelry of the initials of General and Mrs. George Washington, which was presented to her father-in-law by the father of his country. Interwoven in the initials is a lock of hair from the heads of the donor and his wife. She is in excellent health.

Facetia.

Practicing Economy.

"Would you mind standing here till I go in and get a cigar?" he asked. "Of course not," she replied; "but don't you think, Henry, that smoking is offensive, and that it will be easier practicing economy after marriage if it is practiced during courtship?" "You're right," he said; "I shan't smoke any more, sweet," and she looked unutterable love at him as they resumed their stroll. Just then they came to an ice-cream saloon, and he said: "There, now, I meant to treat you to ice cream, but as you say, it is best to practice economy during courtship. Ten cents for a cigar, 30 cents for two ice-creams—40 cents saved in a single night. Let's go over to the fountain and take a drink of water." They went, but she was mad enough to bite her own head off.

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