

BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

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

VOL. I.

HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C., DEC. 6, 1883.

NO. 46.

Thanksgiving.

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where cloud and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, oh, my God!
For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight;
Where Thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, oh, my God!

Gotham Gossip.

AFTER EVACUATION DAY.—HOW MONEY WAS MADE.—A BLARE OF BRASS MUSIC.—THE DEATH OF JOHN MCKEON.—WHY THE GAMBLERS REJOICE.—A GOOD HATER.—HIS TWENTY YEAR'S QUARREL WITH JOHN KELLY.—THE CATHEDRAL VAULTS.—CHRISTMAS MONIES PRESENTS FOR EUROPE.—HOLIDAY TRIPS ABROAD.—PERE HYACINTHE.

New York, Dec. 3, 1883.
Thank God, Evacuation Day is over, the blare of the brass instruments is ended, and the rattle of the drum is silenced. Such a conglomeration of brass bands has not been heard of in this city since the beginning of its history. Every musical organization, not only in this city, but throughout New Jersey, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany, Troy, and places along the Hudson was engaged. The veteran Tammany Society had actually to send to Utica, a couple of hundred miles away to get a band. They had been a little slow in making their arrangements. The janitors of buildings along Broadway made a good thing by letting out the front windows to sight-seers. The roofs of tall buildings on Broadway, which afforded a view of the river and the parade of steamboats at the same time, brought fancy prices. The St. Nicholas Hotel got thirty dollars each for their four parlor windows. Tenants of a great many offices in buildings opposite City Hall let out their windows for equally good if not better prices. A lawyer with two windows in his office fronting on Broadway, told me that he had earned two months' rent by letting them out. The influx of visitors to town was enormous.

The death of District Attorney McKeon, which occurred last week, removed from New York one of her oldest and most distinguished citizens. Mr. McKeon had many enemies. All men of pronounced individuality have. Their sense of right and wrong was so marked and his courage to carry out his convictions was marvelous. For the gamblers, policy dealers, illicit liquor dealers, keepers of houses of ill fame, burglars and thieves he was a terror. Gambling was actually broken up for the first time in the history of New York. It was only a few days before Mr. McKeon's death that I met a man whom I had seen at the "club houses" at Saratoga and Long Branch, and one extremely "swell" establishment in town. His profession was to roll the ball at the roulette table. "What's the news?" I asked. "Low tide," said he, "very low tide. Can't do any business and don't expect to do any. McKeon has put his foot down on it in such a way that no man dares to risk it. The police would not mind it so much, but hang it, man, when he suspects anything he goes to Pinkerton, engages private detectives, arrests people over the heads of the police, and then arranges the coppers for not doing their duty." No wonder then that the gamblers and policy dealers drew a long breath of relief when McKeon's death was announced, and their associate politicians are moving heaven and earth to induce the Governor to appoint a more kindly disposed man.

Mr. McKeon was a good hater. He and John Kelly, the Tammany Hall Chieftain, though frequently associated on the same side in politics, had not spoken for twenty years up to two years ago, and then a kind of bowing acquaintance was again scraped up, thanks to the overtures of John Kelly. Twenty-five years ago they were both trustees and ushers in the old St. Patrick's Cathedral. A difference of opinion arose between them on some point during a celebration. McKeon, who believed he was right, was overruled by the general board, who held that Kelly's view was the correct one. McKeon never forgave Kelly for this, and many of his political reverses may be traced directly to the stumbling blocks which Kelly placed in his way.

The old man was buried in the vault of the old Cathedral in St. Patrick's Church. Here most of the old Catholic families of the city have buried the dead. The vault of the family of Charles O'Connor, the distinguished jurist, adjoins that of the McKeon family. Here too lie the bones of Bishop Dubois, the first Catholic Bishop of New York. Altogether, there are about one hundred vaults. They run under the church and are arranged after the manner of the Catacombs in Rome. Entrance is gained immediately

in front of the main entrance of the church. When an interment is to be made, a huge marble slab is raised from the ground, disclosing twelve stone steps which lead to the depths below. Broad aisles separate the stone receptacles for the dead, which run from the floor to the ceiling. It is a weird, chilling place, and to the visitor fresh from the light and air outside, it is sadder and more suggestive of death than the grave itself.

The German Steamship companies as usual every year about Christmas time, are doing an enormous business in the way of sending money from Germans in this country to friends abroad. After all the Germans have a stronger fondness for the charms of Christmas than almost any other nation, and be they ever so far from home on that day, they are united in spirit. An acquaintance of mine in one of the companies tell me that the transfers of money across the Atlantic will aggregate at least \$75,000.

On Saturday last, a party of well-to-do Scandinavians left on the Geiser to spend the holidays at home in Norway, where Yuletide is always the principal and most generally observed season of the year. This custom of making a trip home for Christmas is a new one in this country, but it cannot fail to meet with general recognition.

Pere Hyacinthe is a failure, so far as the avowed object of his coming to this country, the raising of funds, is concerned. At his lecture last week the hall was but thinly filled. At his sermon at the French Methodist Church, however, he had a fair attendance. He has preserved his magnetic eloquence of former years, but he has lost that impressiveness and elegance of figure, which years ago made the Lenten sermons of the young Dominican monk at the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, such a sensation.

Our Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1883.
Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

The fun has begun in earnest regarding the Speakership of the House and the Presidency of the Senate. Senator Gorman told me last night that the reports credited him with being "sour" on Mr. Randall were untrue, and that he entertained a very high opinion of Mr. Randall. Mr. Gorman remarked that he had nothing to do with the election of a Speaker, and was taking no part in the contest. Mr. Carlisle also stated that he did not believe the sectional question would have any influence upon the result of the speakership contest, or that Southern members could be frightened by the bloody shirt into voting against their convictions. He was satisfied that sectionalism was dead, and that no effort could revive it. Mr. Randall, in an interview, said that he did not raise the sectional question, but on the contrary he deprecated and condemned it. To a friend he said he would rather be defeated for Speaker than elected upon an issue that revived sectionalism.

Pennsylvania avenue was crowded every afternoon last week with promenaders. The mornings now are given up to shopping by fashionable people and the late hours of the afternoon to walking for walking's sake. That delightful hour which precedes dinner and dusk is the time when the promenade is gayest and best. But the brides and grooms have been out in the full glory of good clothes all day. The hotels have been full of them. They have been doing the sights of the town in a delightfully confused fashion, trying to let on they were interested, when all they thought of was themselves.

Our young women are yearly growing more fond of walking, and the average young man naturally cultivates a similar taste. So walking is the fashionable amusement. There is very little going on at night now among society people returned to the city. Theatre parties are seasonable prevalent.

The advent of winter, with its frozen fountains and lakes, and falling leaves, has caused the practical suspension of work for the season on public buildings and grounds.

The work on the Washington monument will suspend to a great extent this week also. The shaft is now over 400 feet high. When the height of 410 feet has been attained, the laying of marble will stop for the winter, but the dressers will continue all winter. The season just closed shows marked improvements and excellent care of our public buildings and grounds.

AUGUST.

Good Suggestions.

The following timely suggestions by the American Agriculturist should be acted on by every farmer, and they are particularly applicable to all of this southwestern Blue Ridge country. The hint about forming some kind of neighborhood Club among farmers for spend the winter earnings profitably, should be put into practice. The minds that are not brushed up by intercourse and discussion with brother

farmers, become inert—rusty as it were.

Good Books on Fruit Culture are within reach of all, and one or more should be at hand for study and reference. The best work for those not familiar with orchard management is Barry's "Fruit Garden," which, besides full descriptions of fruits, etc., gives all the operations in the nursery in a full and practical manner. "The American Fruit Culturist," by J. J. Thomas, is an excellent work, while Downing's "Fruit and Fruit Trees" has long been the standard for descriptions of varieties.

A Rural Club, by whatever name it may be called, should be formed in every neighborhood. Once a week in winter, this should bring together all who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. At such gatherings, fruit culture will form a topic of frequent discussion, and many useful facts be elicited. Information as to the peculiarities of the neighborhood can only be had on the spot, and local experience is of much more value than general treatise.

The South and her Rail-Roads.

On this subject the New York Commercial World, publishes a very comprehensive article from which we make the following extract. Speaking of the Associated Railways of the South comprising in all 3,785 miles, the Commercial says:

The lines of these Associated Railways form an iron network embracing the chief points in the entire South. From Baltimore a line drawn through Cincinnati, Ohio; Paducah and Columbus, Kentucky; Memphis, Tennessee; Little Rock, Arkansas; and Houston and Galveston, Texas, would enclose the country in which they are the main, in most cases the only routes and means of intercommunication. A direct line from Boston is established to New Orleans, La., to Jacksonville or Cedar Keys, Fla., and to Galveston, Texas, over which direct and in many cases through trains with the latest conveniences and comforts in the shape of parlor and buffet cars, are run at frequent and regular intervals. The interior of the entire southern country is opened up by these roads, and when it is remembered that they traverse the great cotton, sugar and tobacco growing regions, some of the richest coal and iron lands the world can point to, the finest grazing country in existence, and the seat of a most important fruit and vegetable growing industry, their importance will be more readily recognized.

Not only this but they afford direct entrance to a country of most enchanting beauty, with a most delightful climate and abounding in mineral springs, i. e., Virginia, with her famous springs, Western North Carolina, with her picturesque mountains and lovely valleys, North Georgia, one of the wildest and most romantic regions on the American Continent, and Florida, with her lovely orange groves, tropical scenery and balmy breezes. All beauties of the different sections, thanks to the different companies who have placed them before the public, are becoming better known and more appreciated with each succeeding year, and they are the annual resort of many of our wealthiest citizens, no small number of whom have homes here.

Appropos to the above the Baltimore Americans has the following piece of information:

Out of all the discussion and comment upon Southern connections something practical is gradually and surely coming. On the 1st of next month, over the Western Maryland Railroad, and thence over a system of roads ramifying the South, the Great Southern Dispatch Line will begin to run, its operation promising big results for Baltimore. Almost concurrent with the same announcement comes the report that the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association expects in the near future to establish close relations with the Richmond and Danville Road so that regular Southern trains may be run into Baltimore. We are glad to chronicle these tidings. Every advancing step towards completing the system of transportation facilities gives fresh impetus to Southern trade, and opens to Baltimore resources which will increase in value the more they are developed.

All Saints' Day in Paris.

To-day has been a fete day in this city and the shops and many places of interest have been closed and the people out for a holiday. The boulevards from early morning have been crowded with Parisians out for a day, while the streets and avenues leading to the principal cemeteries have been alive with people carrying wreaths of immortelles and bees to lay upon the graves of the departed. In other words, to-day was decoration day in Paris, and the sight was worth witnessing. For days and almost weeks, tiny booths have sprung up around the entrances to the cemeteries, and the owners indeed seem to have turned over a new leaf, for only yesterday it seems they were turning summersaults and vaulting over each other's heads for the amusement of the living and the gather-

ing-in of a few sous. To-day the tinsel and tights, the tricks and the smirks have been put away, and in their place wreaths of violets and pinns and wonderfully made arrangements of beads and wire form their stock in trade to help these itinerant acrobats pay a tribute to the dead and at the same time gather in a few sous. These people adapt themselves at all times to all circumstances, and when it is too cold to shiver in tights and turn flip-flops they erect booths and sell flowers for All Saints' days, or cheap toys for Christmas. I went down to the cemetery of Pera La Chaise this morning, and the sight in the streets leading to this noted resting place of distinguished people was, indeed, wonderful. The pavements were one mass of booths, and the number of floral tributes offered for sale was astounding. The crowd of people wending their way hitherward so blocked the street that it was with difficulty our cab could move; in fact, returning the police forbade our driving down the street by which we came, but made us drive away nearly a half mile. Inside the gates all sorts and conditions of men were hurrying to graves of their beloved ones to deposit a token of remembrance. It was strange to watch the people and their inclinations. The graves of the great political leaders of the champions of the people and of the men who had won fame were literally hidden by flowers. From costly emblems to the franc bouquet, all told their story. I was told that fully 200,000 people visited Pera La Chaise alone, and from the crowd some idea may be gained of the immense amount of money spent in floral tributes alone.

Grange Principles.

Our object and mission has been the gathering of the farmers and their families into this national and fraternal organization and there educate ourselves to a higher sphere in life, and to greater usefulness in the world. We aim to disseminate the fundamental truth that our government is founded upon the principles of equal justice to all men, and that our common interests should be so managed as to deal justly with all, so as to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. We assail no class nor interest, but are the friends of every legitimate and useful enterprise, and we cultivate the relationship that should exist between the different interests and classes. We wage warfare only against error and corruption. These we seek to remove by means honorable and just, so that the errors now much too common may be removed, and peace, happiness and prosperity be re-established throughout the land, and all may again enjoy those inalienable rights vouchsafed to every American citizen, and that all may secure the rewards of their industry and economy. These are the principles of our Order, which are in perfect harmony with good government, and in the interest and for the welfare of the whole people. Such principles cannot suffer long from opposition. They cannot be harmed by adversity, nor destroyed through non-prosperous seasons. They are solemn, living truths that cannot die. Could they even be crushed to the earth they would rise again in all their beauty, and shine like sparkling diamonds, pure and undefiled. There is, indeed, much to encourage every member to renewed energy and effort in the good work. There is much that should attract the attention and enlist the warmest sympathy for outside friends, and especially the farmer, whose interests are identical with our own. Members may at times become discouraged, but upon careful thought and reflection, comparing causes and effects of the present with those of the past, and the magnitude of the work in hand, the opposition we had to meet, and then consider the work already accomplished, the actual advantages enjoyed by the members, and we have enough to encourage the most timid in the darkest hour.—H. Eschbaugh in Farmers Friend.

The Blue Ridge and the Angora Goat.

The following interview between C. J. Jenks and a newspaper correspondent will be of interest to our readers. Who can divine the extent of the Angora goat industry if introduced in these mountains?

STATISTICS.

"How much Angora wool is produced in the world?"

"The annual product is about 12,000,000 pounds. You can see how small an amount that is when I say that California produced last year 56,000,000 pounds of ordinary wool."

"Does not Texas take a leading place among the great sheep-raising states?"

"Texas is the third sheep state in the Union. California ranks highest, next Ohio, and then Texas. It is only 20 years since George Kendall of the New Orleans Picaque introduced sheep husbandry into the Lone Star State. The Angora goat is being raised with some success in Texas. There was a shrewd Irishman, Callahan by name, who went to Texas, bought a few sheep and waited patiently till his flock increased, concentrating all his endeavors to the end of securing a uniform clip of wool. To-day

the Callahan clip is renowned, and the Pacific mills take enough of it to run one department of machinery."

"To make the cultivation of the Angora goat profitable, you must, of course, produce enough 'mohair' to supply the manufacturers?"

"Yes that is the point. There are two mills in the United States which take all the mohair produced here. One of these mills is at Holyoke. Cheney Brothers, the silk manufacturers of South Manchester, Conn., said to me recently: 'Col. Jenks, when you are ready to supply us with 200,000 pounds of mohair yearly, we will build a mill to work it up. It would be a valuable addition to our silk fabrics.'"

THE BLUE RIDGE.

"You believe that the Blue Ridge region is the best place to raise these goats?"

"No other section of our country offers such advantages. The South would find in the rearing of Angora goats an industry which would go far toward building up that section. It is a sure thing, too. These goats are free from diseases, and are liberal feeders, adapted by nature for 'roughing it' in mountain pastures."

"Who are the leading men in the Angora goat business in the United States?"

"There are F. S. Fulmer, Appomattox county, Va.; Col. Watts, Laurens county, S. C.; Richard Peters, Atlanta, Ga.; John Phelps, Nashville, Tenn., and Dr. Scott of Frenchport, Ky."

"Do the goats have any value for food?"

FLESH AND MILK.

"Yes, and the flesh of the Angora goat is entirely different from that of the native goat. It is equal to the best venison. Put into the market, it will compete with the best English Southdown mutton. A cross between the Angora and Maltese goat will give you a milker, producing four quarts a day of as good milk as a Durham or Jersey cow. It is now 30 years since the first Angora goats were brought into the country. In that time the sheep husbandry has assumed enormous proportions. The Angora goat industry has hitherto failed in its possible result of great magnitude, because the climatic conditions of his native habitat were disregarded here. The few importers have not tried to start big flocks, but contented themselves with raising the goats for sale. I have just received from Lord Salisbury, Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the British Government, the private 'blue book' of consular reports. The information regarding the native country of the Angora goat contained in the reports from the consuls in Asia Minor confirms all I have told you. George Campbell of Vermont has taken the two great world's prizes, at Paris and Hamburg, for merino sheep, and this, too, against Spain and other native habitats of the merino. So, with equal care and management, can the Angora goat be reared in this country, and in ten years an industry of at least \$10,000,000 annual production be developed here." PELAYO.

Grains of Gold.

True science is the natural ally of religion, for nature and religion are both alike from God.—Tyron Edwards.

Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.—Bradford.

He who is false to present duty breaks a flaw in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

Consolation is the dropping of a gentle dew from the heaven on desert hearts beneath; it is one of the choicest gifts of Divine mercy.—Spurgeon.

One watch set right will do to set many by; on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we each set to those around us.

O heart, grown wild amid the heat and tumult—
Of years that hasten so, be calm, be strong!

These few brief days may mock thy high endeavor,
But oh, the eternal years of God are long!

The truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.—Wm. McKinley.

The heroic chapters of the Christian annals are those in which emperors and parliaments are on one side, and the disciples of Jesus on the other; when the only endowment is a chieftain of fire, the only patronage a jail, and the only promotion a stake.—Edwin H. Nevins.

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruits, or float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breeze. So it will be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision, or be entirely dissipated by delay.—Rev. T. C. Cuyler.

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love or anything that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but

of a coward; for it is a cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honorable, but to avoid evil.—Aristotle.

Personal liberty ceases when it reaches a point where another is injured. This point is reached by the liquor seller the moment he locates and opens his dram-shop. The neighborhood becomes less desirable and property less valuable.

"He will come, perhaps, at noontide,
When the pulse of life throbs high,
When the fruits of toil are ripening,
And the harvest time is nigh,
Then through all the full-orbed splendor
Of the sun's meridian blaze,
There may shine the strange new beauty
Of the Lord's transfigured face.

The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—Longfellow.

The Black Bear.

The bear is capable of withstanding almost any degree of heat or cold and formerly abounded in every portion of our vast continent, from the eternal snows of the North to the heated swamps of Florida, and in all probability will exist for many years to come, where mountains or swamps continue to offer him protection. He does not confine himself to one kind of food, but with judicious care selects from the varied products of the vegetable kingdom, and also has a fondness for young pork and even fish. In the South he fattens on the leaves of the young cane, the pecan and acorn. Fruit of almost any kind suits his taste, and he considers fully-matured persimmons a decided luxury. In the past line he prefers a young pig, and when one of tender age is not within his grasp he contents himself with a more mature specimen and has thus often proved a great annoyance to settlers in the wilderness. However, after committing a theft of this kind he is sure in the course of a few days to return to the place for a fresh supply and not unfrequently falls a victim to his appetite with a rifle ball through his body. His partiality for sweets is well known. The "bee-tree" offers an occasional opportunity for him to gratify his appetite. He will recklessly ascend a tree to the opening where the bees enter, and thrusting one of his paws in will withdraw it reeking with honey and leisurely lick it off. Notwithstanding that he is surrounded with the enraged bees who endeavor to puncture him through his coarse hair, he continues to "hold the fort" until he is stung on the tender portion of his paw, when he will tumble down the tree at a much more rapid rate than he ascended it and leaves the vicinity as quickly as possible. In a day or two, however, he will return and put the remainder of the stores "where they will do the most good," notwithstanding the objections of the rightful owners. These visits he repeats until the supply of honey is exhausted. So much of the appetite of the bear.

Von Moltke rises early, walks about his grounds and can't work unless his snuff-box is handy. In the evening he plays whist.

Bismarck believes in astrology and has predicted the day and hour of his own death. Wallenstein was equally superstitious.

Dr. J. Marion Sims, the most distinguished physician the South ever produced, died of heart disease in New York recently. Dr. Sims was born in Lancaster county, S. C., January 13, 1813.

Owing to the depression of the iron and steel market, many iron mills are shutting down.

A Chicagoian has invented a new means of locomotion which he calls a "railboat." He refuses, however, to make his invention known to the outside public further than to say that it is after the style of an ice-boat; that he can fasten it to the tracks of a railroad; hoist the sails and whirl along at a rate of speed which would surprise anyone used to traveling on the fastest trains in the country.

It is beyond question that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done and is doing vast good, and is worthy of the place of honor it holds at the head of all remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs.

Hicks Pasha, in command of the Egyptian army, fought a three days' battle with the rebels, under the False Prophet, El Mahdi, near El Obeid, Kordofan, November 3, 5, and was disastrously defeated, with the loss of his entire forces, who were massacred by the enemy.

Why suffer longer from dyspepsia, indigestion, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, malaria, intermittent fevers, etc.? Brown's Iron Bitters never fail to cure these diseases. They not only act on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as belching, heartburn, biliousness, etc. Remember it is the only iron preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Ask your druggist concerning its merits.